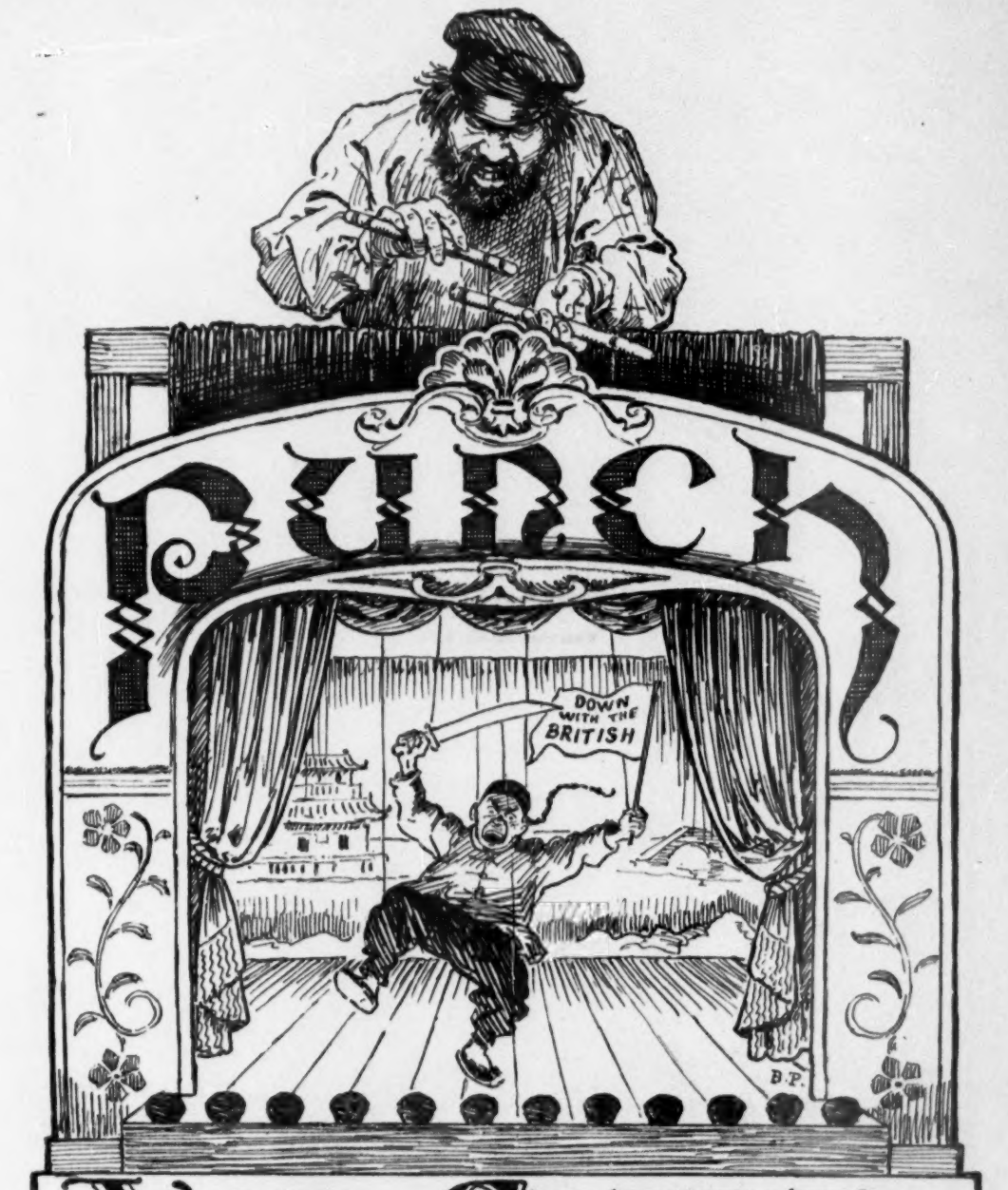


VOL. CLXXII.

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1927.

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PUNCH



Almanack 1927

(1/-)

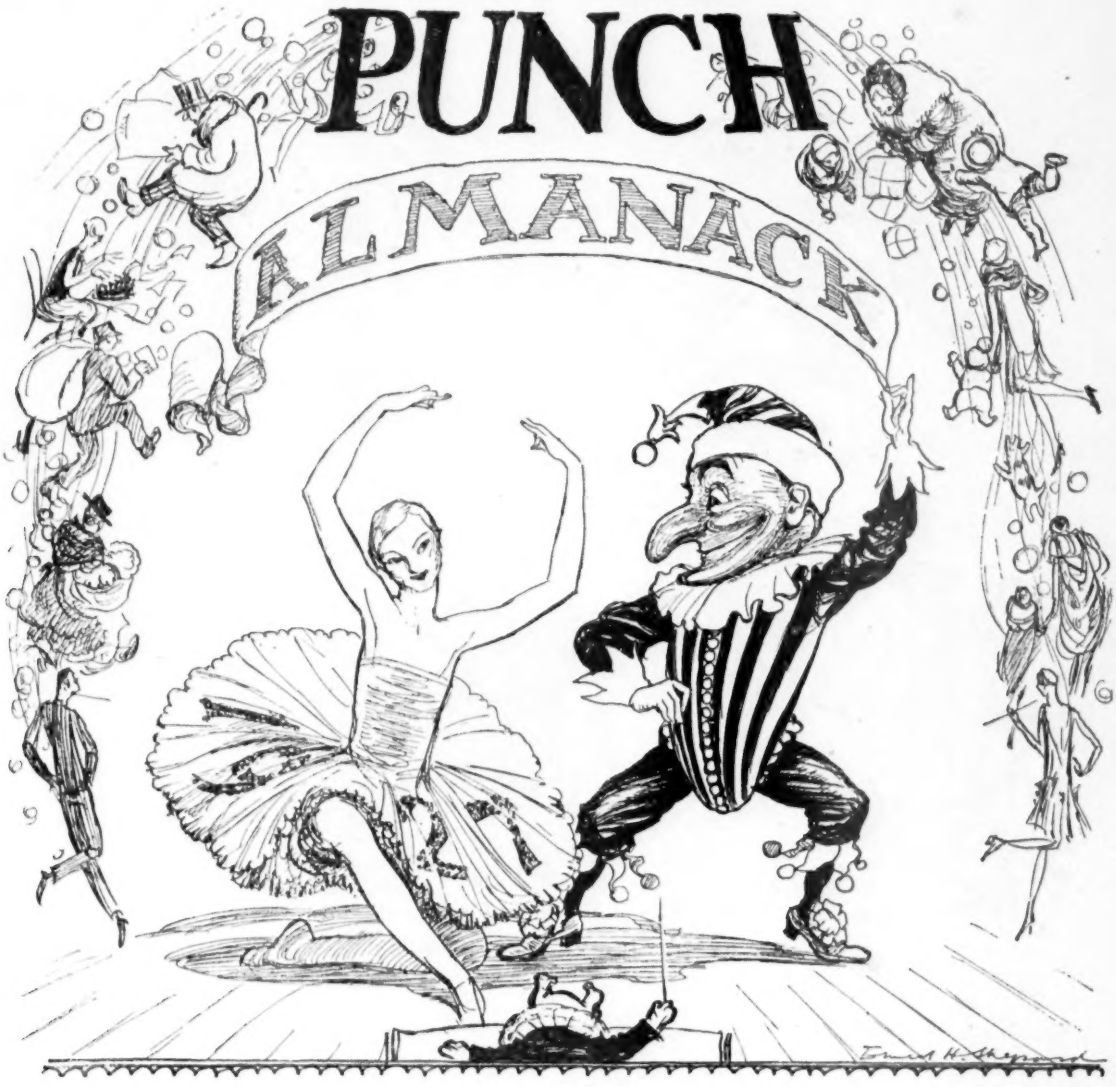
Postage—Inland & Canada 1½d. Foreign 2½d.

"Bang goes Saxpence —but it's wuf it!"



"Eat only SHARP'S SUPER-KREEM TOFFEE the best"

Punch's Almanack for 1927.



Calendar 1927.

January							February						
S	....	2.	9.	16.	23.	30	S	....	6.	13.	20.	27.	....
M	....	3.	10.	17.	24.	31	M	....	7.	14.	21.	28.	....
Tu	....	4.	11.	18.	25.	....	Tu	1.	8.	15.	22.	....	....
W	....	5.	12.	19.	26.	....	W	2.	9.	16.	23.	....	....
Th	....	6.	13.	20.	27.	....	Th	3.	10.	17.	24.	....	....
F	....	7.	14.	21.	28.	....	F	4.	11.	18.	25.	....	....
S	1.	8.	15.	22.	29.	....	S	5.	12.	19.	26.	....	....

March							April						
S	....	6.	13.	20.	27.	....	S	....	3.	10.	17.	24.	....
M	....	7.	14.	21.	28.	....	M	....	4.	11.	18.	25.	....
Tu	1.	8.	15.	22.	29.	....	Tu	....	5.	13.	19.	26.	....
W	2.	9.	16.	23.	30.	....	W	....	6.	13.	20.	27.	....
Th	3.	10.	17.	24.	31.	....	Th	....	7.	14.	21.	28.	....
F	4.	11.	18.	25.	....	....	F	1.	8.	15.	22.	29.	....
S	5.	12.	19.	26.	....	....	S	2.	9.	16.	23.	30.	....

May							June						
S	1.	8.	15.	22.	29.	....	S	....	5.	12.	19.	26	
M	2.	9.	16.	23.	30.	....	M	....	6.	13.	20.	27	
Tu	3.	10.	17.	24.	31.	....	Tu	....	7.	14.	21.	28	
W	4.	11.	18.	25.	....	....	W	1.	8.	15.	22.	29	
Th	5.	12.	19.	26.	....	....	Th	2.	9.	16.	23.	30	
F	6.	13.	20.	27.	....	....	F	3.	10.	17.	24.	....	
S	7.	14.	21.	28.	....	....	S	4.	11.	18.	25.	....	

July							August						
S	....	3.	10.	17.	24.	31	S	....	7.	14.	21.	28.	....
M	....	4.	11.	18.	25.	....	M	1.	8.	15.	22.	29.	....
Tu	....	5.	12.	19.	26.	....	Tu	2.	9.	16.	23.	30.	....
W	....	6.	13.	20.	27.	....	W	3.	10.	17.	24.	31.	
Th	....	7.	14.	21.	28.	....	Th	4.	11.	18.	25.	....	....
F	1.	8.	15.	22.	29.	....	F	5	12.	19.	26.	....	....
S	2.	9.	16.	23.	30.	....	S	6.	13.	20.	27.	....	....

September							October						
S	....	4.	11.	18.	25.	....	S	....	2.	9.	16.	23.	30
M	....	5.	12.	19.	26.	....	M	....	3.	10.	17.	24.	31
Tu	....	6.	13.	20.	27.	....	Tu	....	4.	11.	18.	25.	....
W	....	7.	14.	21.	28.	....	W	....	5.	12.	19.	26.	....
Th	1.	8.	15.	22.	29.	....	Th	....	6.	13.	20.	27.	....
F	2.	9.	16.	23.	30.	....	F	....	7.	14.	21.	28.	....
S	3.	10.	17.	24.	....	....	S	1.	8.	15.	22.	29.	....

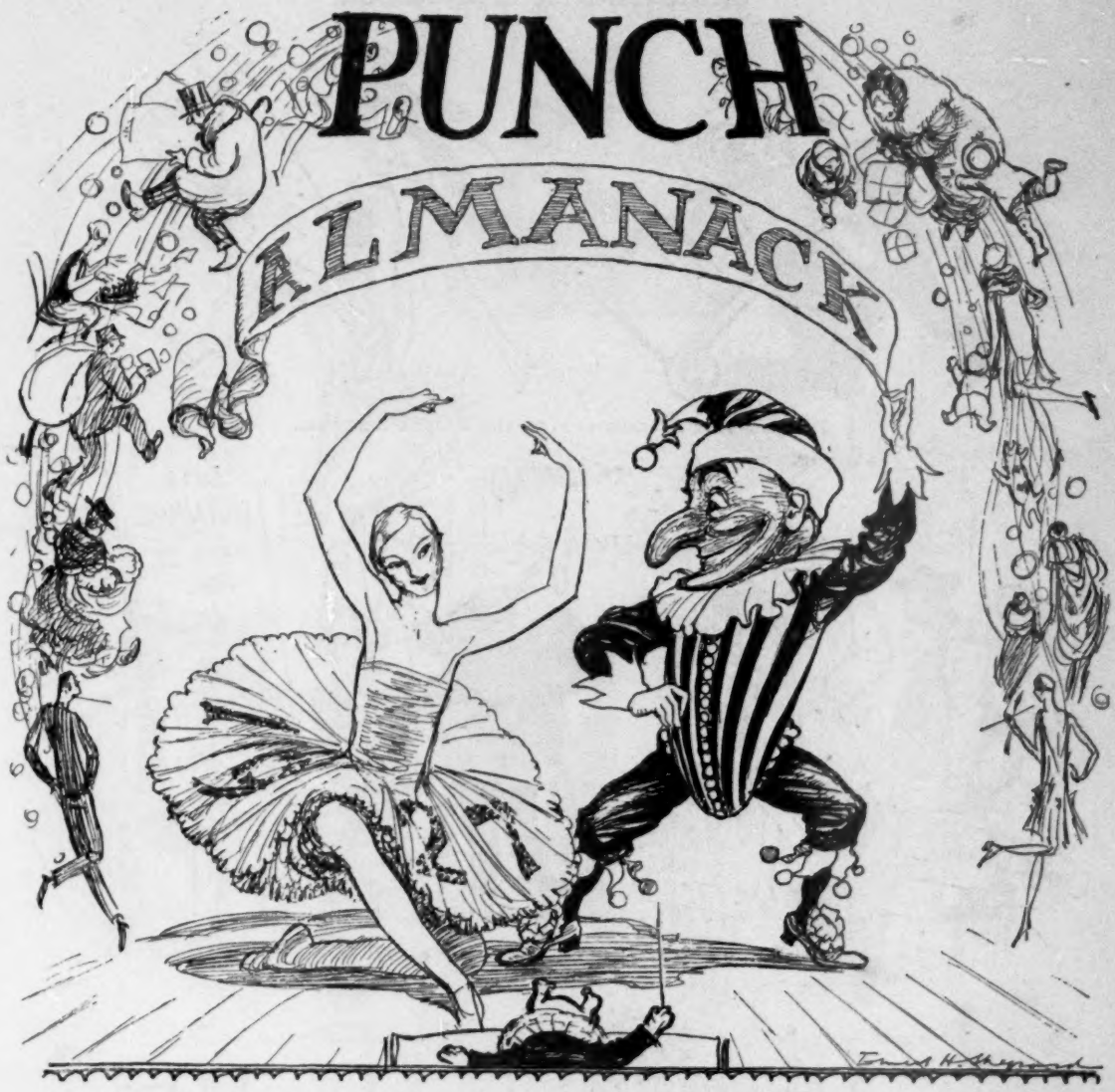
November							December						
S	....	6.	13.	20.	27.	....	S	....	4.	11.	18.	25	
M	....	7.	14.	21.	28.	....	M	....	5.	12.	19.	26	
Tu	1.	8.	15.	22.	29.	....	Tu	....	6.	13.	20.	27	
W	2.	9.	16.	23.	30.	....	W	....	7.	14.	21.	28	
Th	3.	10.	17.	24.	....	....	Th	1.	8.	15.	22.	29	
F	4.	11.	18.	25.	....	....	F	2.	9.	16.	23.	30	
S	5.	12.	19.	26.	....	....	S	3.	10.	17.	24.	31	

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M ... 3. 10. 17. 24. 31	M ... 7. 14. 21. 28. ...	M ... 7. 14. 21. 28. ...	M ... 4. 11. 18. 25. ...	M 2. 9. 16. 23. 30. ...	M ... 6. 13. 20. 27
Tu ... 4. 11. 18. 25. ...	Tu 1. 8. 15. 22.	Tu 1. 8. 15. 22. 29. ...	Tu ... 5. 12. 19. 26. ...	Tu 3. 10. 17. 24. 31. ...	Tu ... 7. 14. 21. 28
W ... 5. 12. 19. 26. ...	W 2. 9. 16. 23.	W 2. 9. 16. 23. 30. ...	W ... 6. 13. 20. 27. ...	W 4. 11. 18. 25.	W 1. 8. 15. 22. 29
Th ... 6. 13. 20. 27. ...	Th 3. 10. 17. 24.	Th 3. 10. 17. 24. 31. ...	Th ... 7. 14. 21. 28. ...	Th 5. 12. 19. 26.	Th 2. 9. 16. 23. 30
F ... 7. 14. 21. 28. ...	F 4. 11. 18. 25.	F 4. 11. 18. 25.	F 1. 8. 15. 22. 29. ...	F 6. 13. 20. 27.	F 3. 10. 17. 24. ...
S 1. 8. 15. 22. 29. ...	S 5. 12. 19. 26.	S 5. 12. 19. 26.	S 2. 9. 16. 23. 30. ...	S 7. 14. 21. 28.	S 4. 11. 18. 25. ...

July	August	September	October	November	December
S ... 3. 10. 17. 24. 31	S ... 7. 14. 21. 28. ...	S ... 4. 11. 18. 25. ...	S ... 2. 9. 16. 23. 30	S ... 6. 13. 20. 27. ...	S ... 4. 11. 18 25
M ... 4. 11. 18. 25. ...	M 1. 8. 15. 22. 29. ...	M ... 5. 12. 19. 26. ...	M ... 3. 10. 17. 24. 31	M ... 7. 14. 21. 28. ...	M ... 5. 12. 19 26
Tu ... 5. 12. 19. 26. ...	Tu 2. 9. 16. 23. 30. ...	Tu ... 6. 13. 20. 27. ...	Tu ... 4. 11. 18. 25. ...	Tu 1. 8. 15. 22. 29.	Tu ... 6. 13. 20 27
W ... 6. 13. 20. 27. ...	W 3. 10. 17. 24. 31.	W ... 7. 14. 21. 28. ...	W ... 5. 12. 19. 26. ...	W 2. 9. 15. 23. 30. ...	W ... 7. 14. 21 28
Th ... 7. 14. 21. 28. ...	Th 4. 11. 18. 25.	Th 1. 8. 15. 22. 29. ...	Th ... 6. 13. 20. 27. ...	Th 3. 10. 17. 24.	Th 1. 8 15. 22 29
F 1. 8. 15. 22. 29. ...	F 5. 12. 19. 26.	F 2. 9. 16. 23. 30. ...	F ... 7. 14. 21. 28. ...	F 4. 11. 18. 25.	F 2. 9. 16. 23. 30
S 2. 9. 16. 23. 30. ...	S 6. 13. 20. 27.	S 3. 10. 17. 24.	S 1. 8. 15. 22. 29. ...	S 5. 12. 19. 26.	S 3. 10. 17. 24. 31

Punch's Almanack for 1927.

CHRISTMAS À L'ANGLAISE.



They fly from England to avoid the English Christmas.



They arrive.



"Ecco, Signora! ze English meestletoe!"



"Ze stocking for Signor to 'ang!"

Punch's Almanack for 1927.

CHRISTMAS À L'ANGLAISE.



"Benissimo! Ze Plom Poudang."

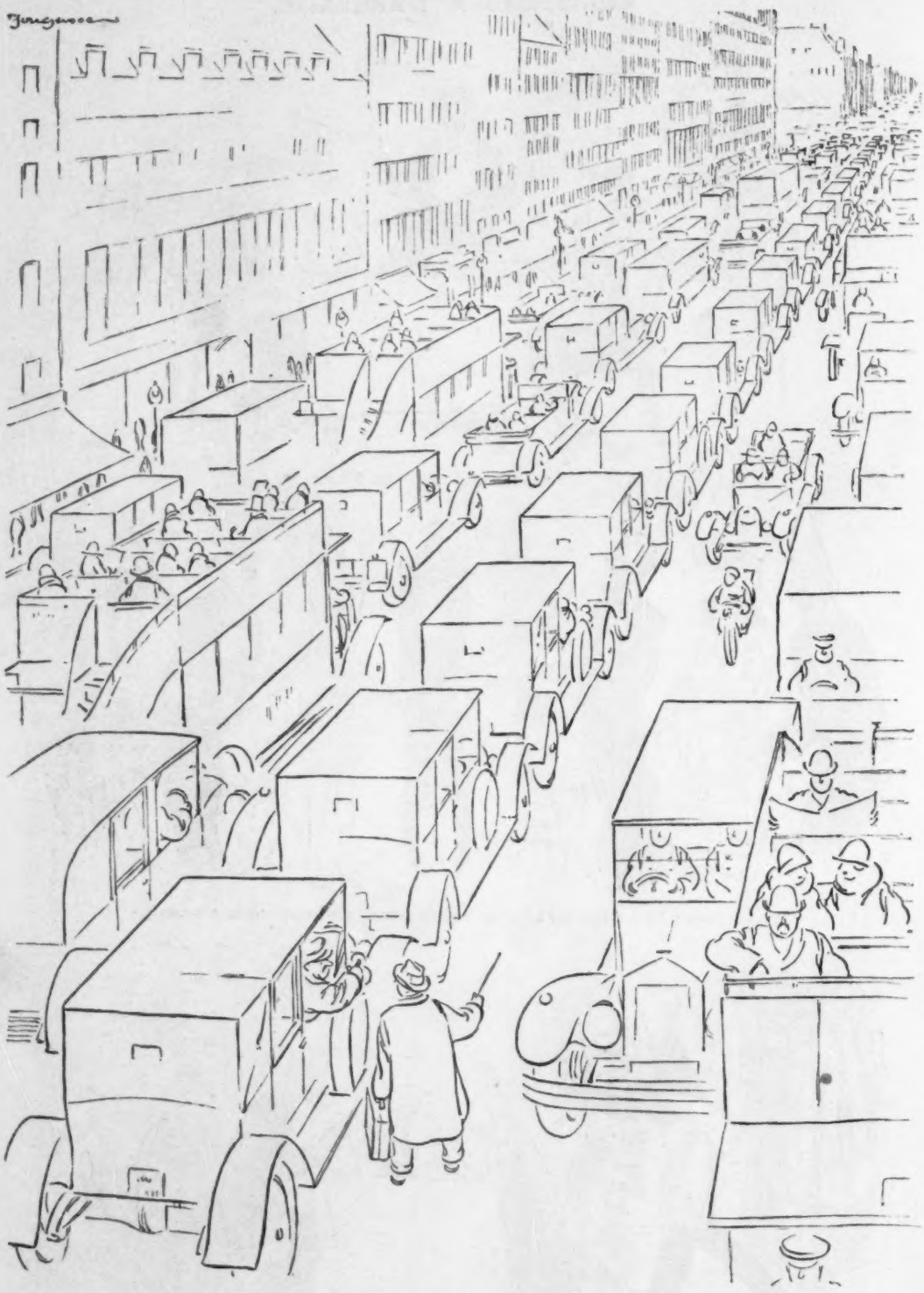


Finally, the "Auld Lang Syne" with perfect strangers is too much for them—



and they return to Soho for a Continental meal.

Punch's Almanack for 1927.



"DRIVE ME TO KING'S CROSS, WILL YOU?"
"SORRY, SIR, YOU 'LL HAVE TO TAKE THE FIRST ON THE RANK."
"WELL, DRIVE ME AS FAR AS THAT."

Punch's Almanack for 1927.



BRIGHTER BARONIAL HALLS.



"OH, GEORGE, THE FLOWERS I 'M WEARING HAVE JUST COME AND THEY 'RE HEAVENLY. SMELL."

Punch's Almanack for 1927.

MANNERS AND MODES: THE ARTIST'S MODEL.



IN THE NINETIES.

The Artist. "IT 'S ONE O'CLOCK, MISS TOMKINS. WE 'LL STOP NOW, AND I 'LL SEND YOU IN A CUP OF COCOA TO DRINK WITH YOUR SANDWICHES."

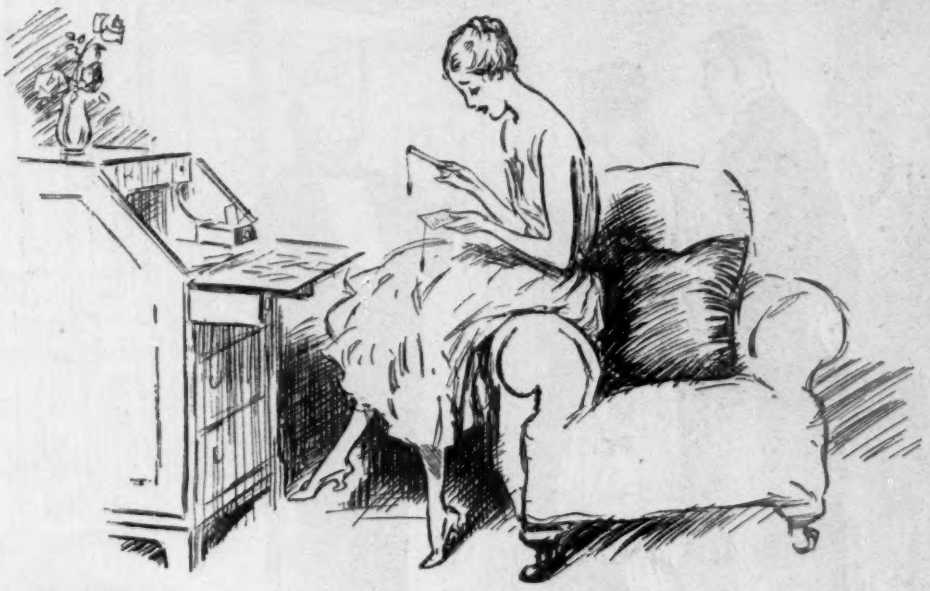


TO-DAY.

The Model. "QUARTER TO ONE, OLD THING. WHAT ABOUT RINGING UP A TAXI? I 'M DUE TO LUNCH AT THE FITZ AT ONE."

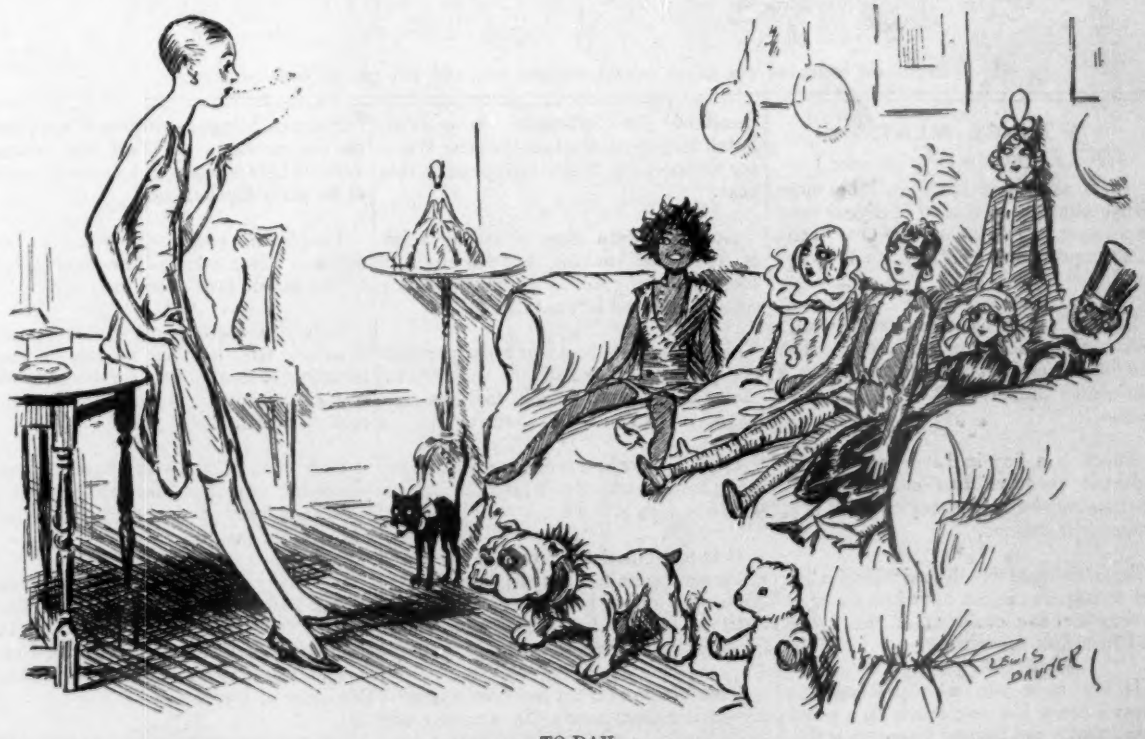
Punch's Almanack for 1927.

MANNERS AND MODES: THE SOUVENIR.



IN THE NINETIES.

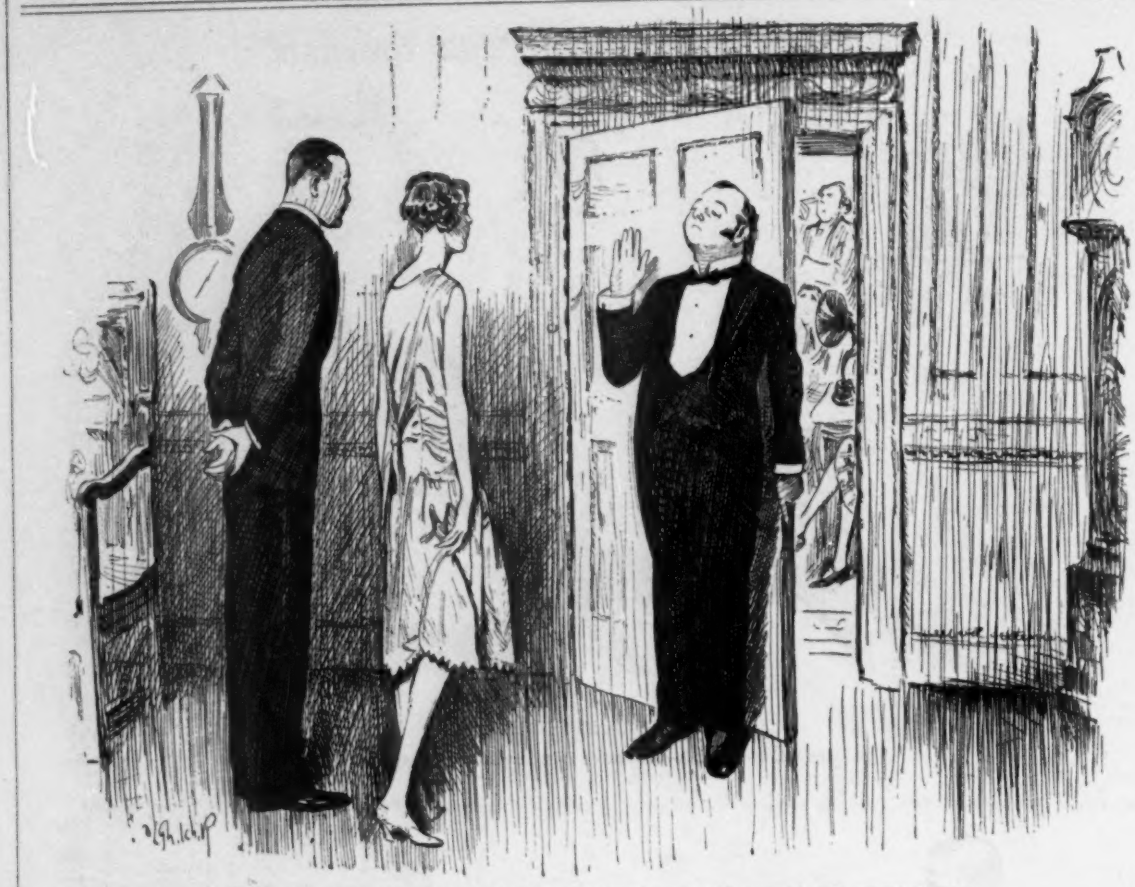
SENTIMENTAL YOUNG LADY REVIEWS HER MEMENTOS OF THE SEASON.



TO-DAY.

HER DAUGHTER DOES THE SAME.

Punch's Almanack for 1927.



HIGHBROW WIRELESS FAN KEEPS GUESTS WAITING TILL THE END OF THE MUSICAL ITEM.

MINCE MEAT.

(By our Charivariety Artistes.)

IT is said that there will be more pantomimes in Scotland this year than in any year since the War. One of the most popular will be *Haggis in Wonderland*.

* * *

Labour leaders have eaten their words before now, and we understand that the *pièce de résistance* of Mr. A. J. COOK's Christmas dinner is likely to be roast parrot.

* * *

There is a boy in Liverpool who is reported to have two stomachs. It seems almost unnecessary to wish him a merry Christmas.

* * *

The war-horse which said "Ha, ha" to the trumpets cannot have known what it was to have children in the house on Christmas morning.

* * *

It's a wise son who pretends he doesn't know his own father in a white beard and a red flannel dressing-gown.

* * *

There is to be a record exodus to the Continent for Christmas. It is attributed largely to the fact that the Waits are threatening to use saxophones this year.

* * *

An up-to-date store is selling a set of tools for making snow-men, but there's nothing like a common spade for getting the real EPSTEIN touch.

* * *

Flesh-coloured stockings are so popular this year that it is thought that Santa Claus may mistake them for legs and be too refined to touch them.

* * *

Half the world doesn't know how the other half can afford to spend Christmas where it says it does.

* * *

It is rumoured that we are to have radio carols again this year, but wireless waits will never be really satisfactory until somebody invents a method of broadcasting a pail of water.

* * *

A performing turkey has been appearing on the Continent. It is said that in rehearsing a difficult trick the trainer makes the bird clearly understand that it's either success or Christmas.

Plum-puddings have already appeared on the counters of West End stores. Locally this is regarded as an indication of an early Christmas.

* * *

People are said to be going to bed earlier. Even some of the smartest go to bed before breakfast now.

* * *

It is pleasing to learn that the party of artists who left last month for Iceland to get local colour for our Christmas-cards have returned with some really original ideas.

* * *

Now that they've invented an unbreakable toy-drum for children it's time somebody produced the same kind of drum for father's ears.

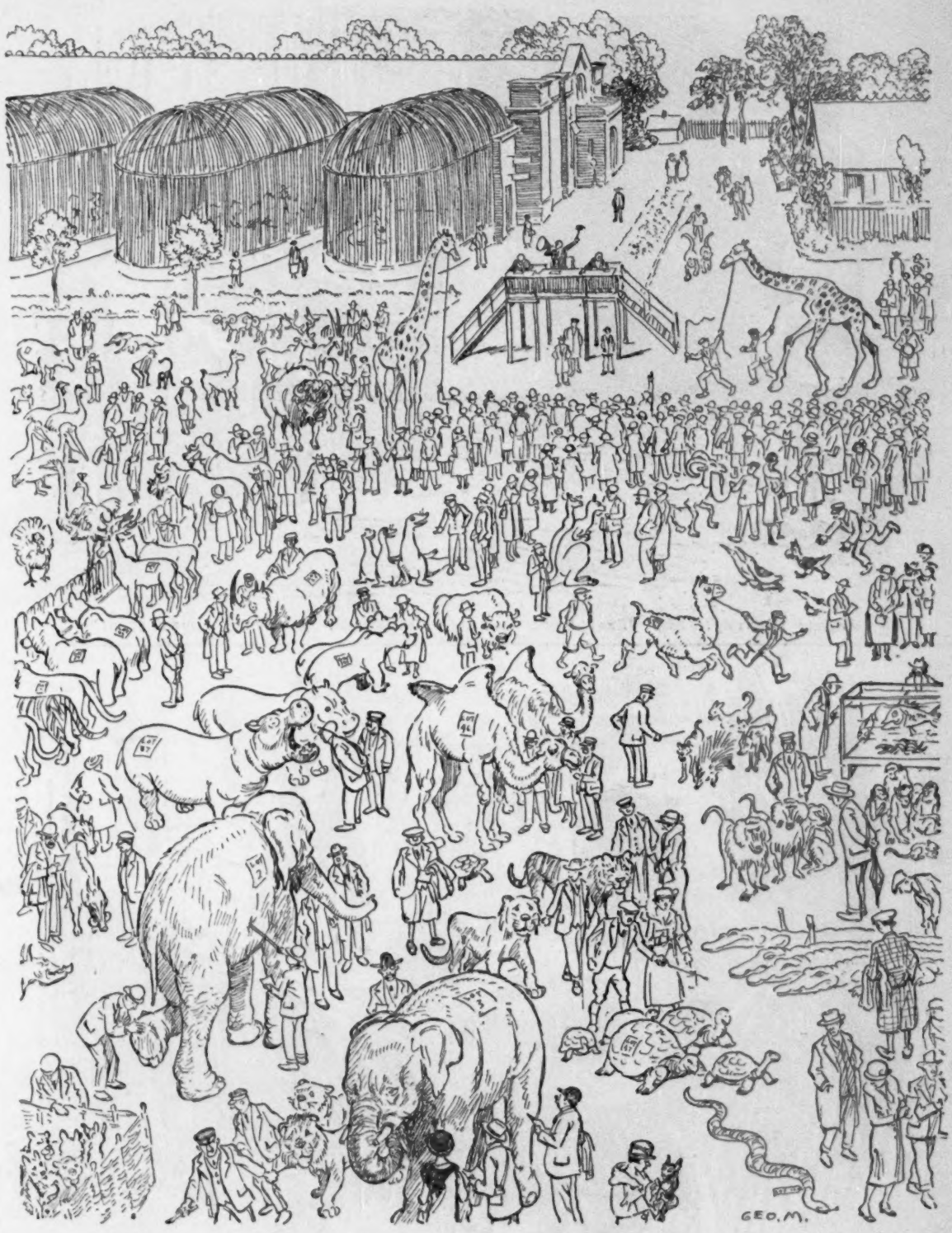
* * *

It was recently asserted that no author had written anything in praise of a good Christmas dinner. This of course is not true. What about Professor Bismuth's classical treatise, "The Romance of Dyspepsia"?

* * *

We are now approaching that period of the year when the calendar is lamenting the fact that its days are numbered.

Punch's Almanack for 1927.



UNFAMILIAR LONDON SIGHTS.

SALE OF SURPLUS STOCK AT THE ZOO.

Punch's Almanack for 1927.



Professor (rehearsing the trio). "'ERE! STOP! THAT AIN'T CAROL-SINGIN'. 'ARF OF YOU 'S OUT O' TUNE!"



Peter (after close observation of Aladdin's "Mother"). "MUMMY, I THINK ALADDIN MUST TAKE AFTER HIS FATHER."

Punch's Almanack for 1927.



WHAT SHALL HE HAVE—



THAT SCARED THE DEER?

Punch's Almanack for 1927.

I'VE ONLY MET TWO CLASSES OF EIDERDOWN—

Jongasse



THOSE WHICH ARE LIGHT ENOUGH —



TO BE KEPT ON—



ALL NIGHT—



BUT TOO LIGHT—



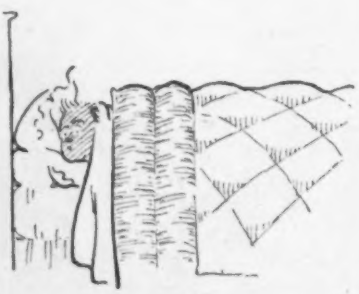
TO STAY ON—



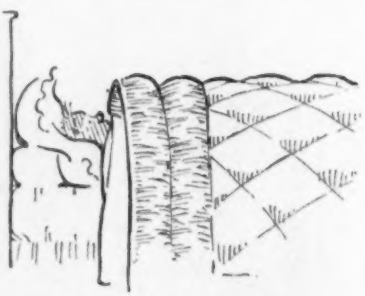
ALL NIGHT —



AND THOSE WHICH ARE HEAVY ENOUGH—



TO STAY ON—



ALL NIGHT—



BUT TOO HEAVY—



TO BE KEPT ON—



ALL NIGHT.



CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

SIXPENCE for money,
A ring to be wed,
But thimbles are old maids,
Pamela said.

We stirred and we stirred it,
Especially me,
And we all wished our hardest
What we would be.

Pam 's the best dancer,
Joan 's good at sums,
But *I* want the thimble
We stirred with the plums.

Money and marriage
May both be a sell,
But I do the hemstitch
Most *frightfully* well.

EVOE.







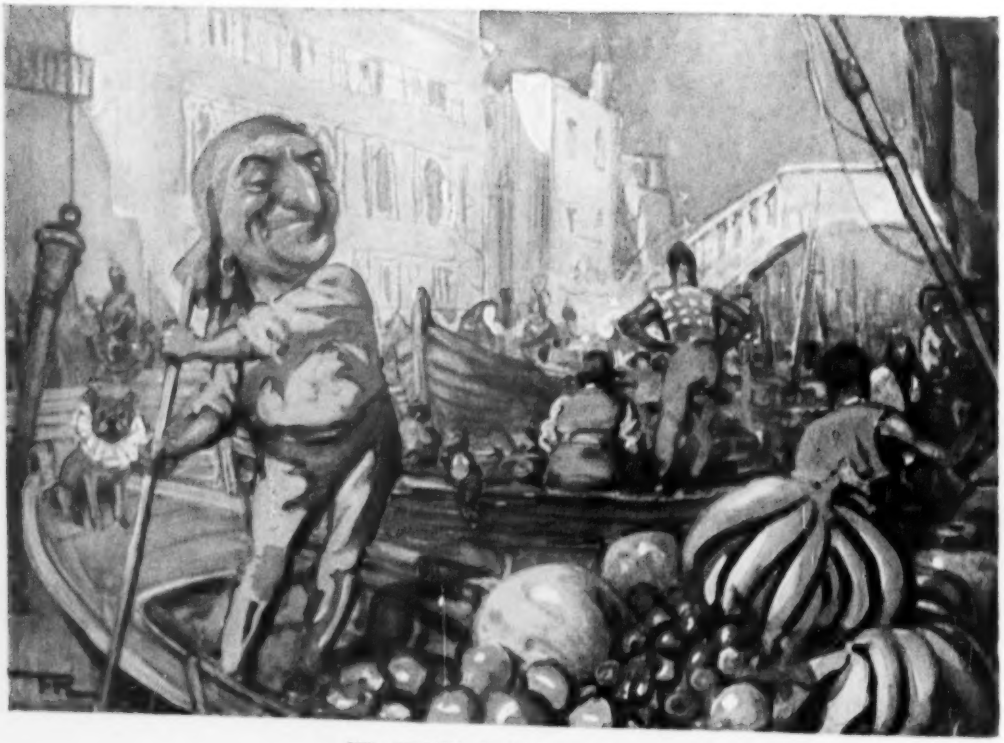
MR. PUNCH HAS HIS PORTRAIT PAINTED BY—



SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, R.A.

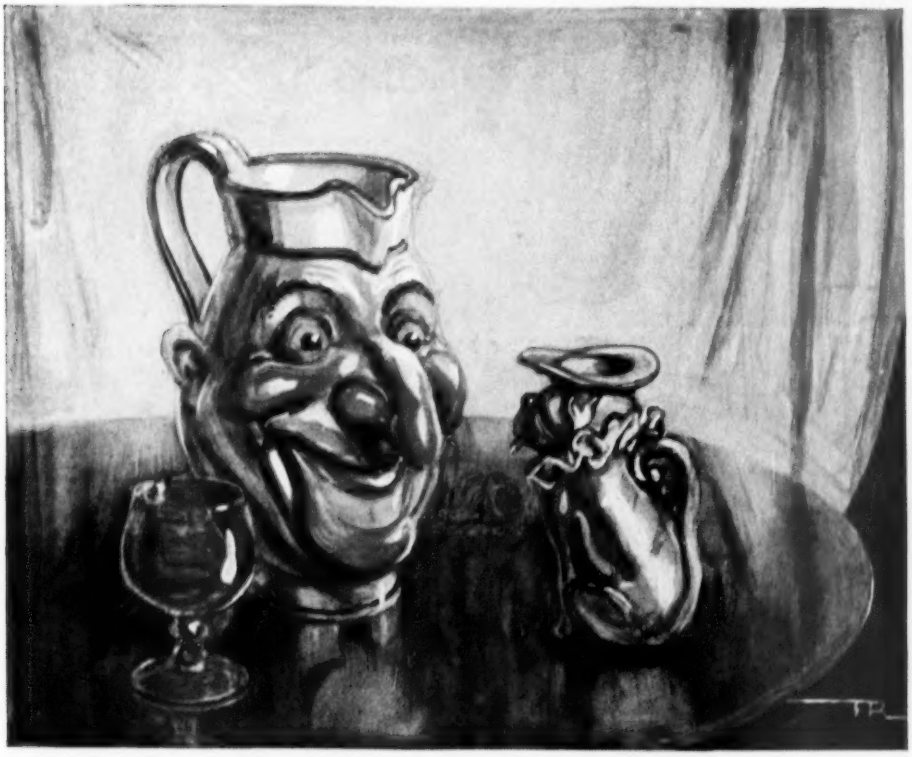


MR. AUGUSTUS JOHN, A.R.A.



MR. FRANK BRANGWYN, R.A.

MR. PUNCH HAS HIS PORTRAIT PAINTED BY—



MR. WILLIAM NICHOLSON.



Mr. A. J. MUNNINGS, R.A.



SIR SIMON DE TWYCKENHAM WAS A KEEN SPORTSMAN;



HE EXCELLED AT BIFFERS—



AND GOOGER—



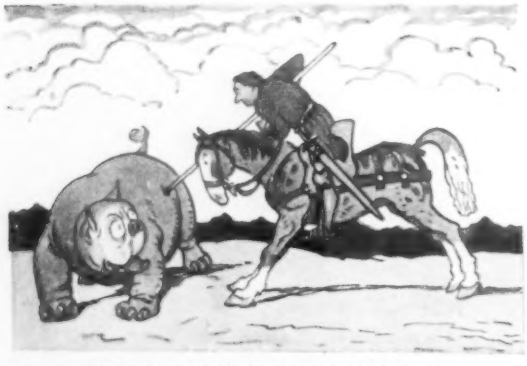
AND HOIKERS—



AND YIRK—



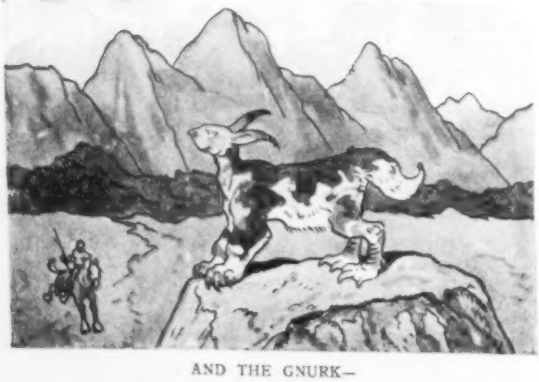
AND SPLURGE,



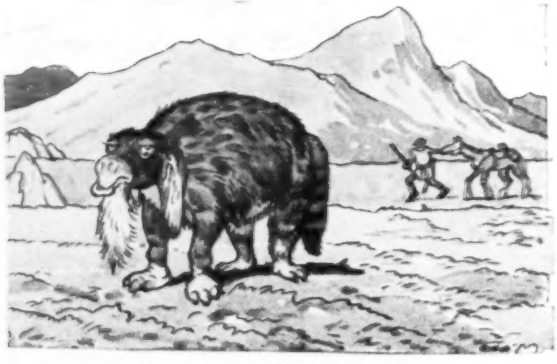
AND HE HUNTED THE WHITE-FACED GURGLE—



AND THE KTULLICAN—



AND THE GNURK—



AND THE GREAT BEARDED UMF.



—ALSO HE WAS A FAMOUS EXPLORER



AND IN BATTLE HE WAS INVINCIBLE; SO IT MAY SURPRISE YOU TO KNOW—



THAT IN HIS SPARE TIME HE LOVED DIBBLING—



AND BODGING—



AND SLOSHING—
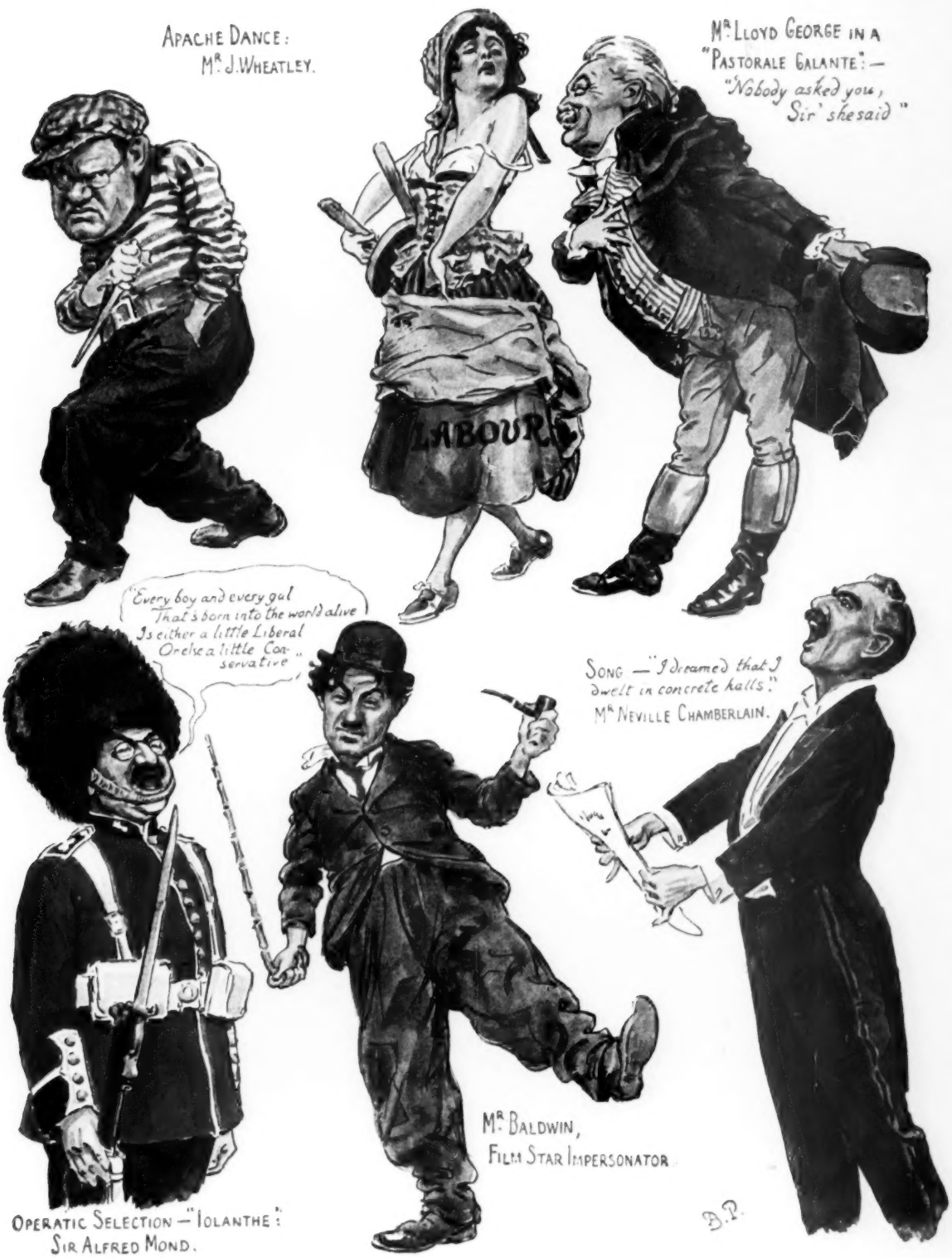


AND HANKING—



AND TAKING HIS WIFE AND FAMILY OUT FOR WALKS ON PEACEFUL SUMMER EVENINGS.


THE WESTMINSTER FOLLIES: SECOND EDITION.
NEW TURNS! NEW DRESSES!
A HORNPIPE BY MR W. C. BRIDGEMAN
LIBERAL PARTY
MR J. H. THOMAS IN HIS SOCIETY MONOLOGUE, "PEERS WHOM I CALL BY THEIR CHRISTIAN NAMES."
'ERBERT 'ENERY OXFORD, THE COSTER COMEDIAN, IN "MY OLD DUTCH."
'We've been tergether now fer forty years,
An' it don't seem a day too much."
P.M.G.
SIR W. MITCHELL THOMSON IN HIS SLACK WIRELESS ACT.
SONG SCENA: "THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH." BY LORD HALDANE.
B.P.


APACHE DANCE:
MR. J. WHEATLEY.
MR. LLOYD GEORGE IN A "PASTORALE GALANTE":—
"Nobody asked you, Sir' she said"
LABOUR
"Every boy and every gal
That's born into the world alive
Is either a little Liberal
Or else a little Conservative"
SONG — "I dreamed that I dwelt in concrete halls."
MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN.
MR. BALDWIN,
FILM STAR IMPERSONATOR.
OPERATIC SELECTION — "IOLANTHE":
SIR ALFRED MOND.
B.P.

PRIDE OF RACE.

IT SEEMS A GREAT PITY THAT IT IS ONLY IN THE FAR NORTH OF THESE ISLANDS THAT PRIDE OF RACE STILL TAKES—

Tenniel



ANY OUTWARD FORM—



AND THAT THE SAXON DOESN'T SHOW ANY PRIDE IN HIS ANCESTRY—



AND EVEN NORMAN BLOOD GIVES NO HINT OF ITS PRESENCE.



SURELY A PLANTAGENET COMEDIAN MIGHT BE CONSIDERED WORTHY OF MENTION—



OR PURITAN STOCK—



OR, ON THE OTHER HAND, FAMILIES WHICH SPRANG INTO PROMINENCE UNDER THE STUARTS.



ANYHOW, DESCENDANTS OF THE CRUSADERS MIGHT ADVERTISE THE FACT—



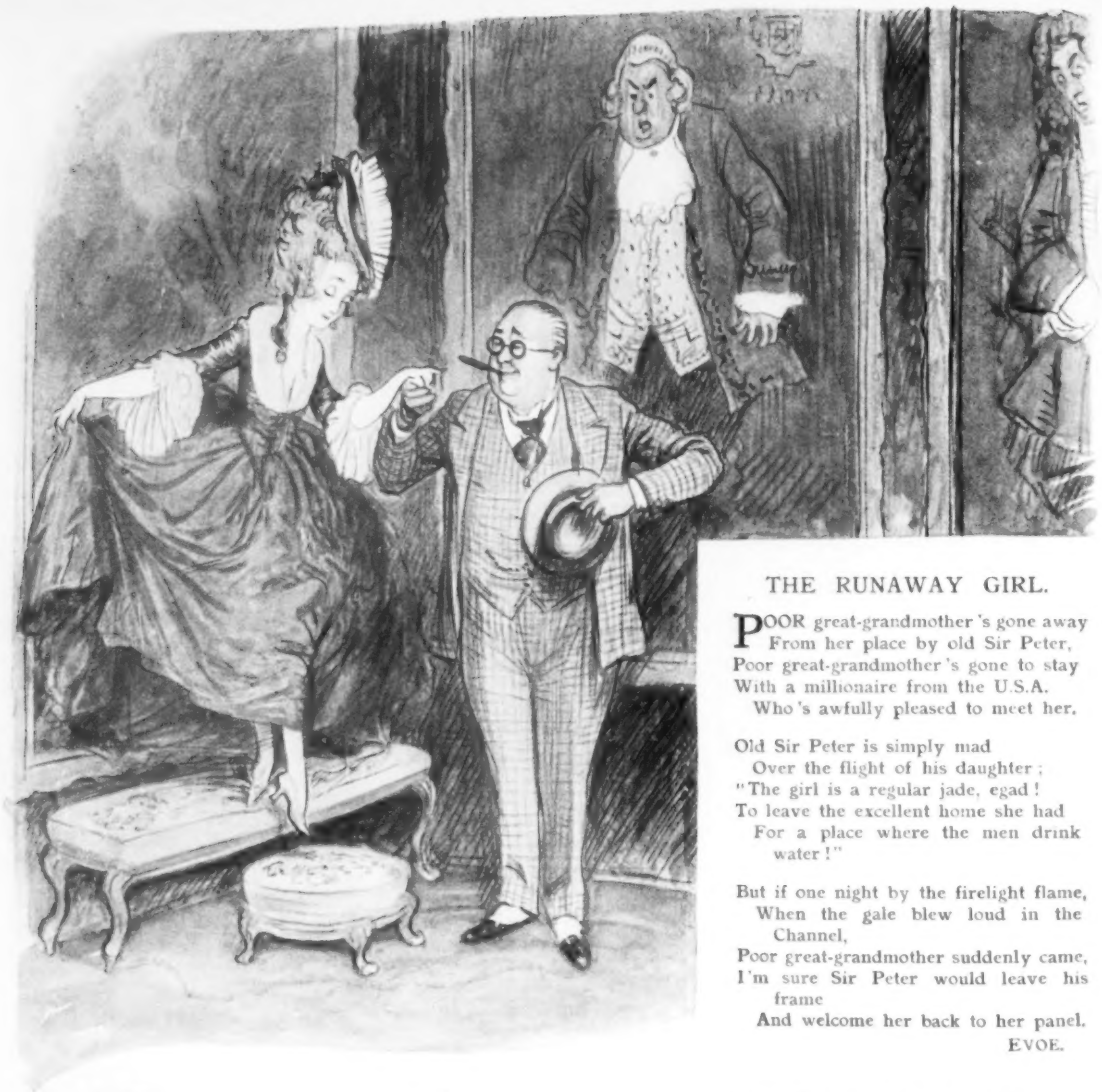
AND, WHILE POSSIBLY THERE AREN'T VERY MANY WHO CAN PROVE THEIR CONNECTION WITH THE DANISH INVASIONS—



AT ALL EVENTS, SURELY MOST OF US CAN SAFELY FALL BACK UPON THE ANCIENT BRITONS.


I do like my
Bunko
HERE'S LUCK
TUSHOL
FOR TIRED TEETH
That's the stuff to
It's time for my
HA! HA!!
CHEERIO OLD BEAN
HAVE A GHAS-PAR
A CUP of CABBOS
WHAT ABOUT
A SPOT OF
I DOTE ON
Forgasse

THE KILLJOY.



THE RUNAWAY GIRL.

POOR great-grandmother 's gone away
From her place by old Sir Peter,
Poor great-grandmother 's gone to stay
With a millionaire from the U.S.A.
Who 's awfully pleased to meet her.

Old Sir Peter is simply mad
Over the flight of his daughter;
"The girl is a regular jade, egad!
To leave the excellent home she had
For a place where the men drink water!"

But if one night by the firelight flame,
When the gale blew loud in the Channel,
Poor great-grandmother suddenly came,
I'm sure Sir Peter would leave his frame
And welcome her back to her panel.

EVOE.





Ernest H. Shepard

Punch's Almanack for 1927.

THE RIVAL MAGICIANS.

Once upon a time there was a King who ruled over a country called Barabia, and at the time of this story there was a bad deadlock over the choice of a new Court Magician. The previous Court Magician had died of a spell caught while strolling in a rival's rose-garden, and there were two claimants to the position. One was an antique, who had been about the Court for years; the other was a youngish fellow of some power, called Arod, who lived in the neighbourhood. He cultivated roses as a hobby.

Most people fancied Arod, for the old chap, Norval, had been going on for some time and was certainly getting a bit beyond his job, though there was a little magic left in him still, as one or two incautious people, now residing in the Royal Zoological Garden, had discovered when they ventured to suggest he might find the work a little too heavy for his strength. But the Vizier and the diehards of the Court stuck by old Norval, with whom they had been boys together, remembering how he used to produce frogs from his hat in school hours.

And that was the deadlock. Neither party dared say much for fear of the other side's candidate; while there was a centre party of courtiers who were waiting to see which the King would choose; but he, a cautious sovereign, had not yet been heard to express an opinion.

Into this delicate state of affairs there drifted one day a young man from a neighbouring kingdom. He had sharp beady eyes and a pointed cunning sort of face, and his only luggage was three much-worn playing-cards. He looked as though he had travelled hard and fast at the instigation of someone behind him, and he told the sentry on the City Gate that the people of the neighbouring country were a suspicious and vindictive set of people and no gentlemen.

The next day, having apparently heard about the Court Magician business from his landlady, he appeared at the Palace dressed in red and yellow, the most fashionable spring harmony in Barabia that year, and in an audience of the King's Private Secretary stated that he had devised a way out of His Majesty's deadlock, though he was careful only to refer to it as a Highly Important State Problem.



The King, prepared to explore any avenue, gave him a private interview; and the young man, whose name was Komo, explained his idea so well and laughed so heartily at the King's story—the one about the ostrich, which everybody knew by heart—that he ended by being given a bag of gold and appointed to the newly-created office of Grand Master of the Highly Important State Problem.

For the next few days intense speculation prevailed in the capital of Barabia as to what the G.M. of the H.I.S.P. would do, and the excitement was only intensified by the knowledge that he had been seen to pay a private visit to each of the claimants. On Monday morning, however, everyone knew, for there appeared enormous posters on the palace walls reading as under, in red letters:—

GRAND
THREE-ROUND CONTEST.
On Saturday Afternoon Next,
In the Palace Courtyard,
NORVAL, THE WORLD'S WIZIEST WIZARD,
WILL OPPOSE
AROD THE SPELL-BINDER
FOR THE
TITLE OF COURT MAGICIAN.
Win on Points or Knockout.

All weapons and tricks of magic are permissible, but opponents must not change either themselves or their adversaries into animals of any kind during the contest.

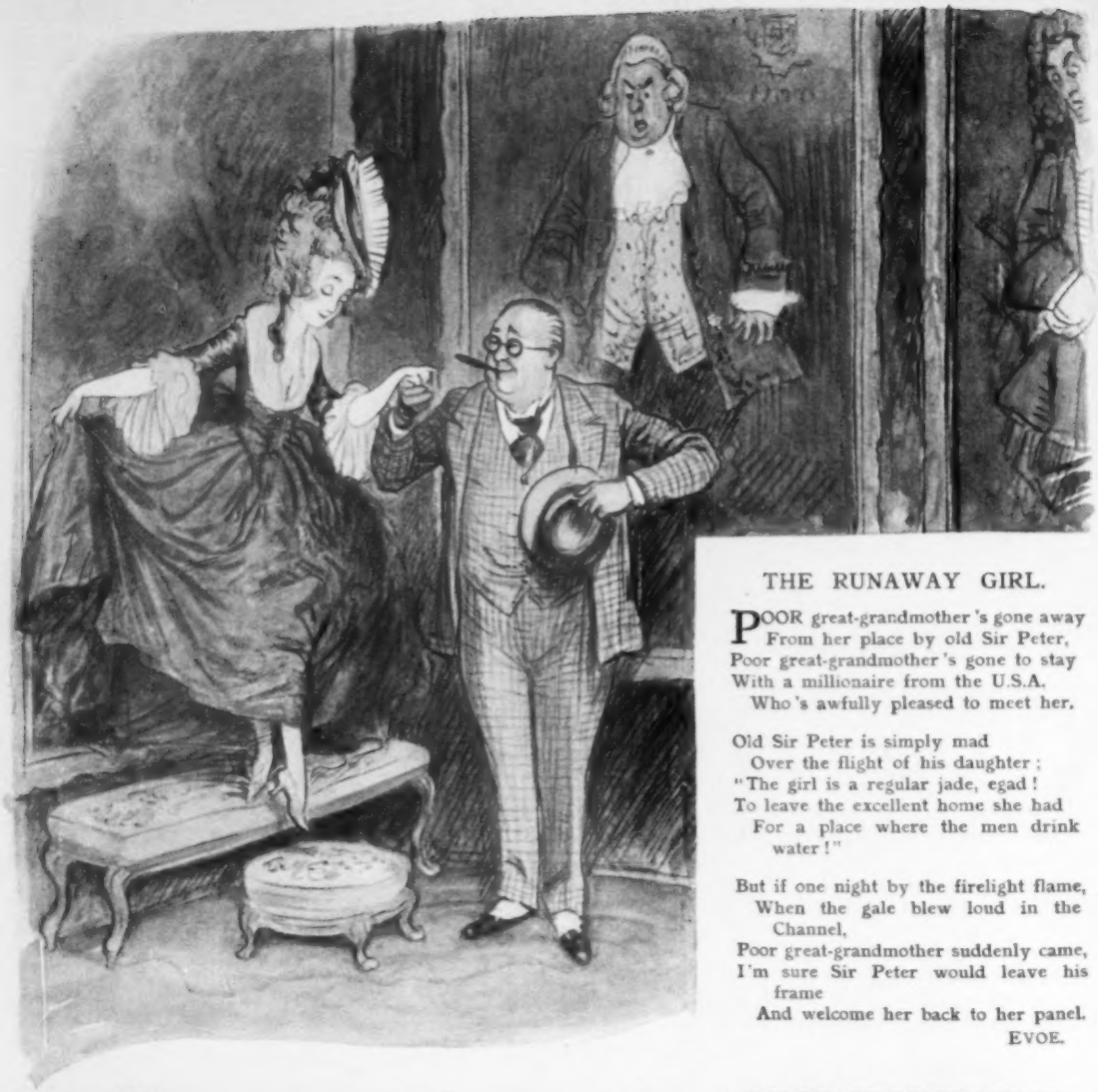
Invisible cloaks may not be worn.

For Reserved Seats apply to the G.M. of the H.I.S.P.

Early Doors 2.30 p.m.



During the next few days Komo did a roaring trade in tickets, though it was to be noticed there was not much of a rush on the ring-side seats, the populace being evidently afraid of stray bits of magic missing their mark during the fight. Komo became terrifically popular both because of his idea and because the news got about that he was willing to lay two to one in gold-pieces (less betting-tax) against Arod. This seemed lovely, thought the townsfolk. You gave Komo a bit of gold and he gave you a written promise to pay you two (less betting-tax) if Arod won. Half the populace, Arod's half,



THE RUNAWAY GIRL.

POOR great-grandmother 's gone away
From her place by old Sir Peter,
Poor great-grandmother 's gone to stay
With a millionaire from the U.S.A.
Who 's awfully pleased to meet her.

Old Sir Peter is simply mad
Over the flight of his daughter;
"The girl is a regular jade, egad!
To leave the excellent home she had
For a place where the men drink water!"

But if one night by the firelight flame,
When the gale blew loud in the Channel,
Poor great-grandmother suddenly came,
I'm sure Sir Peter would leave his frame
And welcome her back to her panel.

EVOE.





Ernest H. Shepard

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Punch's Almanack for 1927.

availed themselves of the offer to back their favourite, and Komo had to buy another safe. He refused however to lay at all against old Norval.

By Friday evening the city could hardly sleep, and the King had had to enrol special constables, an equal number from each faction, to arrest the more turbulent spirits of the opposite party. Komo, it was noticed, paid another private visit to each of the combatants, and next morning there were three articles side by side in *The Barabian Times*. One was by Norval, called "My Forthcoming Success"; the second by Arod, "Why I am Confident of Winning"; and a third by Komo himself, called "The Difficulties of Contest-Promoting."

By 2.35 P.M. that afternoon the palace courtyard was packed. Even the royal slaves were there, the King having generously given them free seats at the ring-side.

At a quarter to three Komo made his appearance and was loudly cheered, and collecting-boxes were sent round among the audience to provide a suitably engraved memento for the Grand Master of the Highly Important State Problem in recognition of his services to Barabia.

At 3.0 o'clock both contestants appeared in the ring. Arod was dressed in white and carried a magic wand; the ancient Norval wore his black-and-gold sparring suit, with triangles and circles on it, and was also observed to be fighting with a brazier and several packets of mystic powders. Komo had a short talk with each, and the Court photographer took groups of everybody, reading from left to right.

Round One opened with some virulent spell-weaving by old Norval, most of which was deftly countered by charms. One swift one, however, got past and resulted in the lengthening of Arod's nose to eighteen-and-a-half inches, at which point its owner arrested the growth by a smartly applied talisman. An unexpected return incantation materialised a chain and an enormous ball of iron round Norval's left ankle, which encumbered him for the rest of the round. Profiting by his adversary's surprise Arod reduced his nose to normal and had nearly completed a magic circle of immunity when the old man came up to it again by creating two large and stupid pigeons, which flew blunderingly round and round his opponent's head and necessitated a defensive attitude.





After some further sharp exorcisms Round One closed amid deafening applause.

During the interval the pigeons were killed and the Royal Armourer took a cold chisel and knocked the chain off old Norval's leg. The King was heard to express himself thoroughly pleased with the whole affair, and contributed ten gold pieces towards Komo's testimonial.

Both the contestants came up fresh for Round Two, which was decidedly in the older man's favour; for at the outset he created a sharp local snowstorm over his adversary, which followed him everywhere he went during the round, wetted him to the skin and obscured his aim. As a result of this his counter-charms were somewhat wild, and on one occasion two slaves who were sitting near the ropes got a hunchback and a pair of bow-legs each from an ill-directed "over."

Old Norval, with rather a superior air, was preparing for a knock-out rune when Arod, almost *in extremis*, just found the time to materialise a large umbrella, and then completely turned the tables in his own favour by disintegrating all his adversary's clothes into thin air.

The round was instantly stopped, and Arod was solemnly warned by the referee against low tactics, while new garments were brought out from the pavilion and the Queen and her ladies pointed out to each other how nice the afternoon light looked on the distant western mountains.

The rest of the round was uneventful, Norval having been severely shaken and contenting himself with concentric rings of counter-charms.

The interval, owing to the accident to the two slaves, was marked by a general movement of the forward benches to the "Standing-Room Only" enclosures, and by the appearance of men among the audience selling small amulets and talismans against catching stray magic, which were eagerly bought at high prices.

The Third and Final Round com-

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menced with a very fine spell by Norval, and Arod suddenly disappeared. Norval looked anxious and instantly retired inside a pentagon, half-thinking that his adversary, despite the rules against invisible cloaks, was up to some very dirty ring-craft. Soon, however, he realised that he must have produced a more powerful spell than he thought.

The referee, at once commanding silence among the crowd, which was busily shouting "Foul!", ordered Arod, if invisible through his own agency in contravention of the rules, to appear or else forfeit the match. Nothing happened. Arod was then solemnly counted out and the match was officially awarded to old Norval on a very masterly knock-out.

An objection by Arod's seconds that it was against the regulations was over-ruled, for it could not be stated that Norval had changed his opponent into an animal; he had merely caused him to disappear. Arod was posted as "Missing, believed killed."

Komo, refusing the royal invitation to dine but accepting a gold chain, visited Norval's tent and congratulated him, and then went pensively home. Many people thought how lucky he had been to decline to lay any bets against Norval.

On arrival at his home Komo carefully locked the door on the inside and then said, "Well?"

"Well?" replied Arod, getting out of his invisible cloak, "here I am."

"You did it very well. Not a hitch."

"Where's my money?"

Komo counted out a hundred-and-ninety gold pieces. "Here you are! Two hundred—your half-share in the bets I laid against you, less ten pieces to me for suggesting and writing your article on "Why I am Confident of Winning." It's worth two hundred, isn't it?" he added, "to lose. You would only have found the post of Court Magician very unremunerative, if not dangerous."



Arod chuckled. "I'm glad you put me up to the dodge of losing," he said.



"A more paying game. But," he added admiringly, "you must have done well out of this."

"Oh, not so badly," replied Komo, and smiled to himself. Considering the selected bets, the percentage on the gate-money which had passed through his hands, the collection he had had taken up before the contest, the King's gold chain, the money for suggesting the various newspaper articles, including Norval's "How I Won" to appear in to-morrow's Press, the sale of talismans by his employees in the interval, and last but not least the fee of a hundred pieces from Norval for ensuring a win, he had not really done so badly.

"Now," he said briskly, "we must hurry off and pack if we're going to get into the next kingdom before dawn. Remember our new game. You go ahead and put a spell of warts on everyone you meet and I'll follow behind selling the bottles of Wart-Banisher. A. A.

THE MOUNTED BAND.

WHEN he hears the sound of music the Colonel waxes pale,
He sighs and moans and glares and groans, and thereby hangs a tale:
The Colonel wrote a gallop for his regiment's mounted band,
And he had it played upon parade when the General was at hand.
The flutes and oboes bolted at the heels of the bassoon,
The trumpet ducked and the big drum bucked when they heard the Colonel's tune,
The trombone kicked the cornet, the cornet bit the horn
And settled a debt with the clarionet for trying to pinch his corn.
The General's horse got staggers and rolled upon the ground,
And the General swore so loud a roar it was heard for miles around.
So the Colonel's on the retired list, half-pay is all he's paid,
And he sighs and moans and glares and groans whenever music's played. G. B.

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The Major. "WHERE'S THE MANAGER? CALL HIM AT ONCE! THIS FOOD ISN'T FIT TO EAT."
Waiter. "SORREE, SAR, BUT ZE MANAGAIRE 'E IS GONE OUT TO LONCH."



Newest Inhabitant. "WHAT'S THE DEPTH OF THIS POND?"
Oldest Ditto. "WELL, 'TWERE ALWAYS RECKONED PRETTY DEEP IN GRAN'FEYTHER'S TIME, AN' 'TWERE ALWAYS RECKONED PRETTY DEEP IN FEYTHER'S TIME, SO I 'SPECT IT BE PRETTY DEEP NOW."

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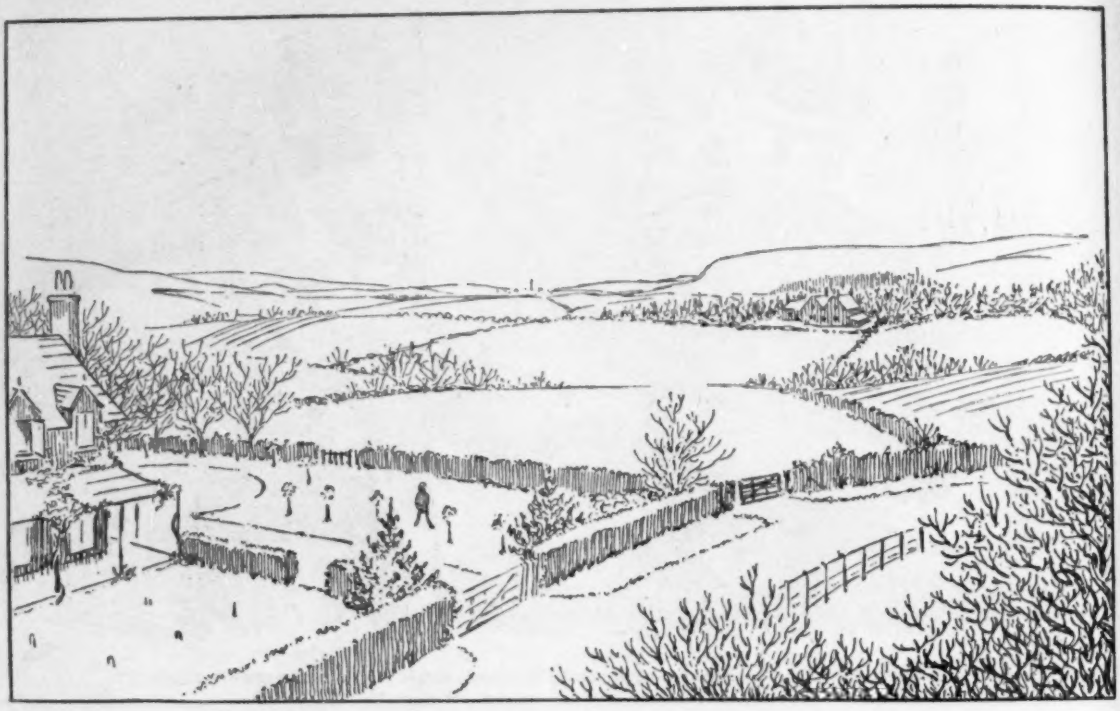
First Aberdonian (observing some Barnardo strip matches in friend's hand). "CAN YE NO GIE ME A LICHT?"
Second Aberdonian. "BUT AH SEE A BOX OF MATCHES IN YER AIN HAND."
First Aberdonian. "AY, BUT AH THOCHT AH 'D NO MIND HELPIN' A GUID CAUSE."



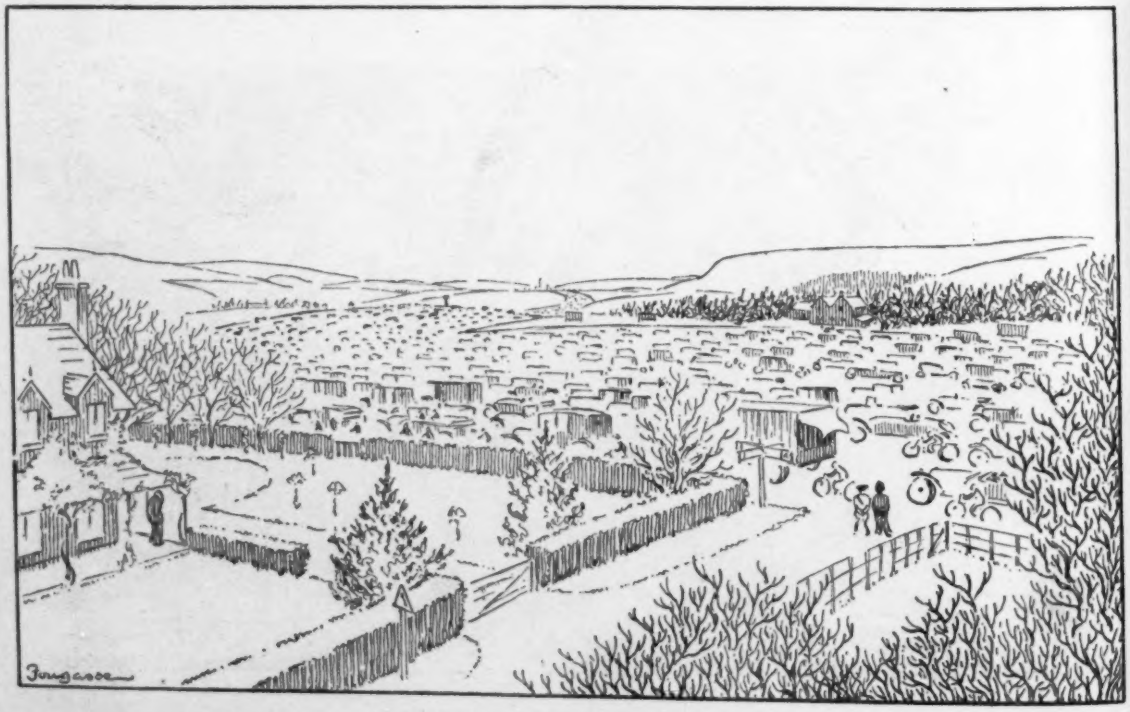
Stalker. "YON WAD BE A GR-RAN SHOT, A GR-R-RAN SHOT WHATEVER, IF IT WASNA JUIST AN IMPOSSIBEELITY."

Punch's Almanack for 1927.

OUR ARTERIAL ROADS.



The Robinsons' house used to be some distance away across the fields.



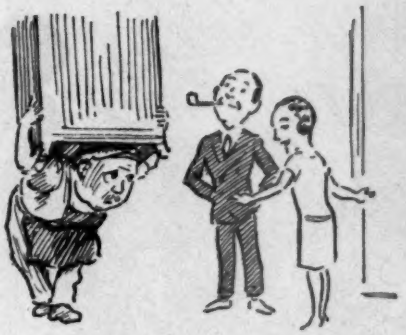
Now it's only just across the road.

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THE NEW CABINET.



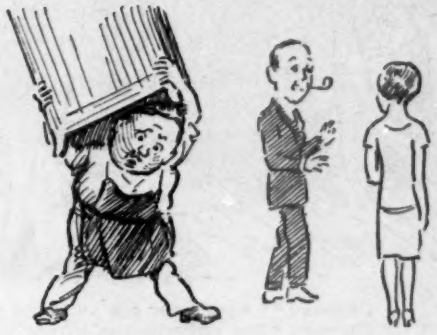
"ISN'T IT JUST SWEET, PETER?



PUT IT DOWN HERE IN THE HALL.



NO, TRY IT FIRST IN THIS ROOM.



NO, I THINK THE HALL IS THE ONLY PLACE.



WELL, BEFORE WE SETTLE—



LET'S TRY UPSTAIRS.



NO, I THINK—



IT WILL HAVE—



TO BE—



THE HALL."

Punch's Almanack for 1927.



Customer. "I WANT A TOY FOR MY LITTLE BOY, BUT HE DOESN'T SEEM TO CARE FOR ANY OF THESE."
Shopman. "OUR PSYCHOLOGICAL EXPERT WILL ASSIST YOU. FIRST FLOOR, MADAM."



Host (to very nervous humourist). "I SAY, COME, COME, COME, OLD MAN, YOU HAVEN'T SAID ANYTHING FUNNY YET."

Punch's Almanack for 1927.



The foolish dancer who asked the band to play "Valencia."



The Big Man. "What the deuce d' ye mean by doing the Charleston on this crowded floor, Sir?"
The Little Man. "I'm not, curse you; we're trying to get out."

Punch's Almanack for 1927.



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Punch's Almanack for 1927.

THE VAGABOND HAT.



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Mr. Badger, a painter of the Old School, and Mr. Gadgett, a strong Modernist, exchange views on Art over dinner—

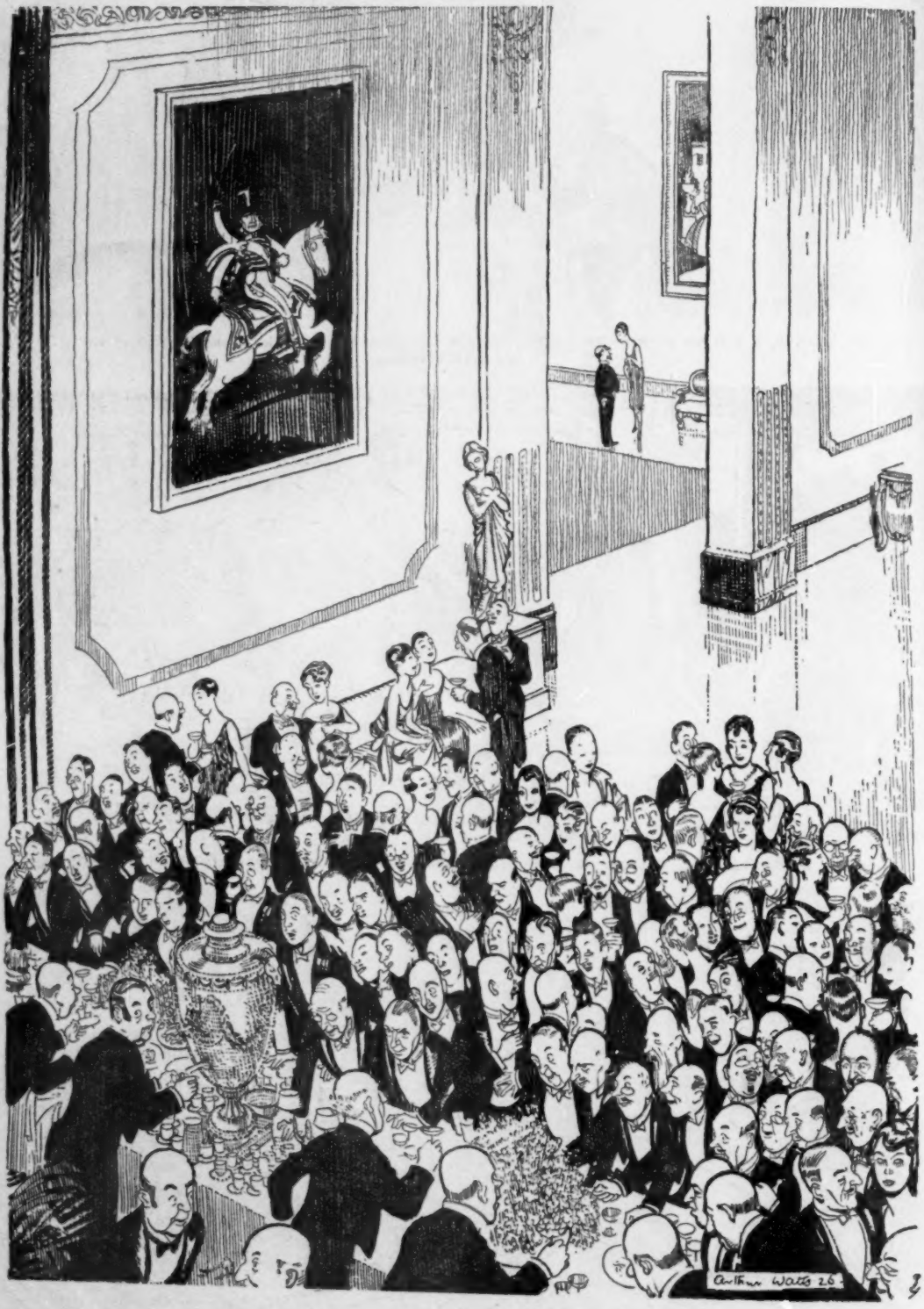


with the result that Mr. Gadgett has a nightmare and finds himself in one of Badger's compositions—

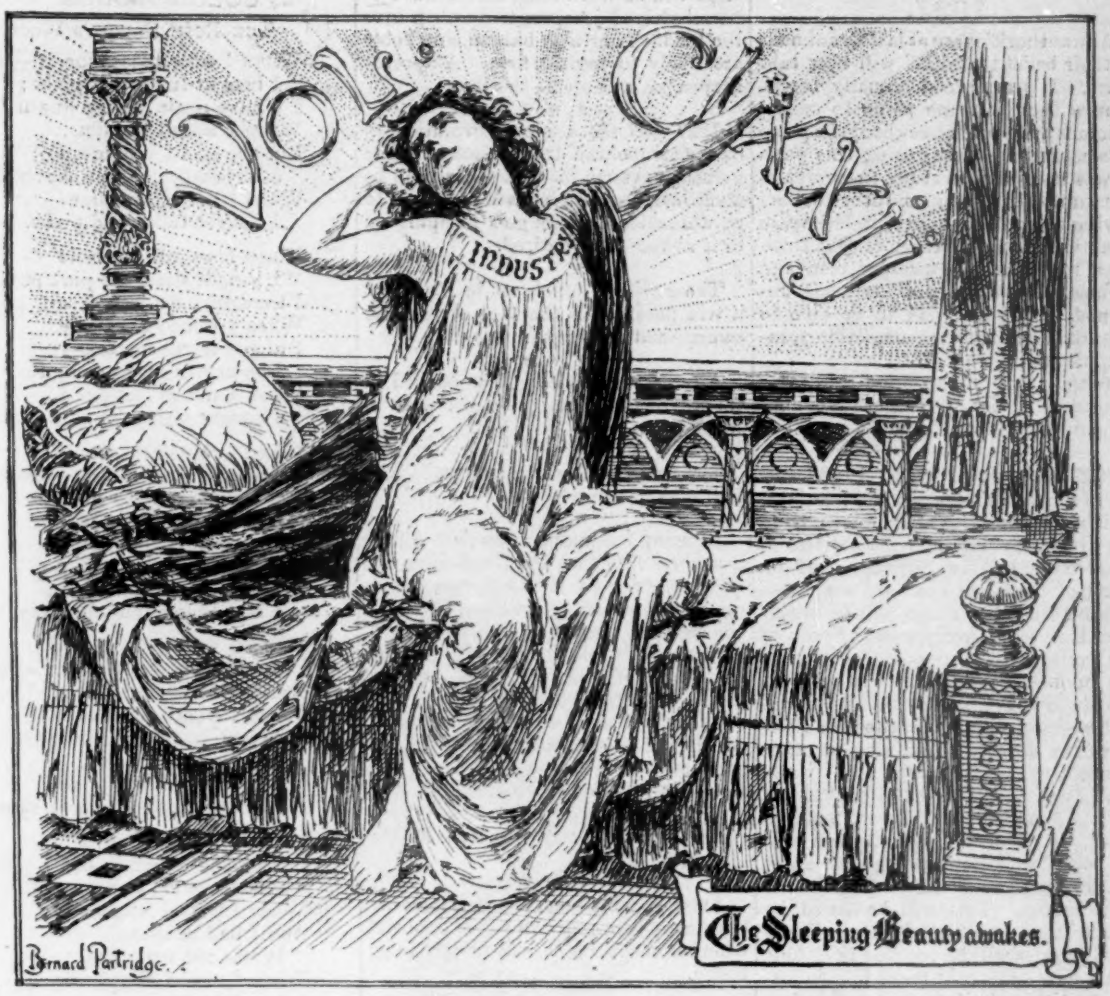


while Mr. Badger dreams that he becomes involved in a Gadgett masterpiece.

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A NUMBER OF DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE ASSEMBLED AT LADY X'S HOUSE LAST NIGHT TO MEET THE BORAVIAN CHARGÉ D'AFFAIRES.



The Sleeping Beauty awakes.

MAY-FEVER.

I HAVE had a rather severe attack this time, with very high temperature, fits of depression and moments of intense irritation. I look forward to 1927 with much misgiving.

Of the seventeen Christmas cards I received, each with its motto or message beginning with "May," the first bore the following kindly hope:—

"May Christmas bring you joy sublime,
And may you have a Happy Time."

Thanks to the other sixteen the hope was not fulfilled.

I was made very uneasy by the one addressed to me by an old friend who is also my doctor. What did he mean when he sent me:—

"May you this day enjoy full Christmas Cheer,
And Health attend you through the Coming Year"?

I could not help feeling that he had some sinister purpose in sending that card, was trying to lead me on, perhaps. As a prudent man I deemed it expedient to go cautiously, and, while I think I baulked him, I did not have quite the time I had planned for the festive season.

Why do people with power to make a thing a certainty for you content themselves with merely hoping you will get it? Uncle Richard's card said:—

"May every care be banished
This Christmas in your Home,
And Plenty give you Comfort
Throughout the years to come."

He could have seen the thing through himself without missing a bean; but no, he prefers a ready-made pious three-halfpenny hope. I am convinced that Plenty will not give a hoot for my comfort throughout the years to come unless something definite is done.

But it was my coal-merchant who capped all when he sent me the following:—

"May hearts beat fonder at this Happy Season,
And Bitterness and Strife be swept away,
And you with me in Friendship be united,
That winter may be brighter day by day."

Nothing now shall prevent me from saying to him, when next we meet, what I have always said I should say.

From a Law Report:—

"Even great men like Tennyson, went on counsel, sometimes wrote 'stuff of no great merit,' and as an example he quoted the following lines:—

'My little room,
No room so bright,
Wherein to read
Wherein to writh.'

The Judge: It does not sound very well as you give it."

An *obiter dictum* with which we cordially agree.

1927.

ALL authorities are at last unanimous in their belief that 1927 will now take place. It has indeed actually begun. I have been at some pains to collect opinions and prophecies about the probable course of events during this year. It was necessary to study the works of ZADKIEL, OLD MOORE, and other writers having the gift of augury, and compare them with the utterances of Big Business, politicians, newspaper men and divines. No stone has been left unturned, and I am glad to be able to present the following remarkable paragraphic summary.

Where authorities differed I was obliged to exercise my own judgment. Where they agreed, I did the same.

* * *

1927 will be a full year. It will consist of three hundred and sixty-five days, which will be calculated according to the Gregorian calendar. Fifty-two of these days will be Sundays, and on many of them we shall get a glimpse of the sun. The moon will be visible from Herne Hill every second Friday of the month. It is impossible to calculate the number of striking days in 1927, but there is every hope that they will be fewer and softer than those in 1926. Days not devoted to striking or other amusements will be given up to work. Trade will revive, and the cricket-ball will be smaller (no, sorry, not till 1928). A new type of influenza will be introduced, consisting of short sharp barks and a violent pain in the right instep. This will be cured by whisky and ultra-violet rays. Crossword puzzles will be popular in Ealing, and a new spirit will enter into industry, costing a halfpenny a gallon less than the old. The first of April will be All Fools' Day.

* * *

A new chapter in the history of British Wireless opens this year, containing many startling innovations. The time-signal from Big Ben, while consisting of the same number of strokes as usual, will be completely under Government control, and every stroke will be liable to instant recall if the tone is considered unsatisfactory by the HOME SECRETARY. Radio-telephony will be exploited by the B.B.C. Also photo-telephony, motor-telephony, oscillometry and the use of the globes.

* * *

Income-tax will be paid cheerfully in 1927. Forms will arrive in buff envelopes, unstamped, and accompanied by an invitation to eat more seaweed and keep that schoolgirl complexion.

* * *

Sex-determination will set in in 1927. Legs will be worn long, and a wave of barrel-striped jumpers will sweep over the land. Hair may harden, and boots are likely to remain firm. A spotted aconcagua will die at the Zoo.

* * *

1927 will see a great revolution in our Metropolitan traffic-control. The gyratory system for motor-cars will be abolished, and London will be caused to gyrate instead, passengers stepping on to it at the point desired.

* * *

There will be much art in 1927, but it will pass off in the face of resolute commercial enterprise.

* * *

A new super-shop will be opened in Oxford Street to supply super-wear to super-women.

* * *

The Derby will be run as usual. The first horse home will win.

* * *

Dancing will remain popular. There is a possibility that the Charleston will be superseded by the Ogopogo, a new dance from Central America, in which the ears are flapped as well as the feet. A posse of Pueblo Indians will give an exhibition of this delightful exercise towards the end of February in the reading-room of the British Museum, which will be specially cleared for the purpose. It is hoped that Mr. C. B. COCHRAN will be able to attend.

* * *

Rapid strides will be seen in the cinema in 1927.

* * *

Aviation will render the world smaller than ever this year, and it is doubtful whether enough of it will be left to go round.

* * *

Turning to science, we note the promise of a new pulsographic psychomometer, to be fitted to telephone receivers, which will enable the caller to ascertain whether the speaker at the other end is telling the truth. This will improve both commercial and social relations. An invisible ray has also been invented which permits the operator to see exactly what other people are doing in the dark. I have tried to buy this ray, but it has not yet been put on the market.

* * *

The last day of 1927 will be the thirty-first of December, and due notice will be given in the Press.

EVOE.

The note parental (flowers culled from our public elementary schools):—

"DEAR SIR,—Please let Tommy go to the clinic with his face. He has had it a long time and it is spreading."

"Please, George is ill this morning. He had a bad blow yesterday afternoon, so he could not come back to school on his head."

COLOUR-SONGS.

III.—THE ROSE PRINCE'S WOOING.

WHEN I wooed Rosaline
I bought tulips and pinks;
I 'd have made her my queen
When I wooed Rosaline,
But she said I was mean
(They cost more than she thinks).
When I wooed Rosaline
I bought tulips and pinks.

When I wooed Rosabelle
I bought strings of pink pearls;
I thought I did well
When I wooed Rosabelle,
But you never can tell—
She proved ficklest of girls.
When I wooed Rosabelle
I bought strings of pink pearls.

When I wooed Rosalind
I bought rose-pink brocade;
But the Fates were unkind
When I wooed Rosalind,
For she altered her mind—
And the bill isn't paid.
When I wooed Rosalind
I bought rose-pink brocade.

When I wooed Rosamond
I bought mice with pink eyes;
I was foolish and fond
When I wooed Rosamond;
They got drowned in the pond—
I was rather unwise.
When I wooed Rosamond
I bought mice with pink eyes.

When I wooed Rosemarie
I bought cokernut-ice;
But she sneered at poor me
When I wooed Rosemarie,
And I had to agree
It was not very nice.
When I wooed Rosemarie
I bought cokernut-ice.

When I went to woo Rose
There was nothing to pay;
I had but to propose
When I went to woo Rose;
No "Perhapses" or "Noes"—
We were married next day.
When I went to woo Rose
There was nothing to pay.

From an article in a provincial paper describing Christmas at a hospital:—

"The little girls, propped up on their pillars."

Like patients on a monument.

"Mlle. ——, the charming young Austrian actress now appearing in 'Sweet Kisses,' a popular new play in Vienna, receives forty-seven kisses during each performance. As there are seven shows a week, it means that she receives a total of 658 kisses a week."
Weekly Paper.

We make it only half that number; but that, of course, is without allowing for the rate of exchange.



THE WHY-GO-ABROAD MOVEMENT.

WINTER SPORTS IN SCOTLAND: TOSSING THE FROZEN CABER.



Speed-merchant (taking his friend, the Landscape Painter, to see the country). "TELL ME WHEN YOU 'RE STRUCK ON ANY PARTICULAR VIEW."

DIARY OF A MONDAINE.

Mayfair Mansions.

THE restaurant and night-club habit has gone from strength to strength this little season. People have seen hardly anything of each other in their own homes. For instance, the Easthamptons have both been at their town house part of the autumn, and it chanced that Easthampton had one or two little things to say to Delia, but he never could meet her. She was always out when he was in, and whenever she was in he happened to be out. So he was reduced to putting an advertisement in the personal column of a daily:—"Delia! Have booked a table for supper at the Go-as-you-jolly-well-please to-night. Have one or two things to say to you. Try to come.—EASTY."

She came, and the one or two things Easty had to say turned out to be not quite nice—about running bills and pledging his credit and other harmless little naughtinesses with which our Delia had tried to brighten her existence. Delia, *qui a la langue bien pendue*, countered fluently, and a charming little matrimonial squabble ensued which probably rather spoilt their supper.

That is as far as I can vouch for the truth of the incident. The rest is from Chatterton Soames. He says the Go-as-you-jolly-well-please Band (Jack Lupton's) was broadcasting that night; that by some mischance the Easthamptons' supper-table was placed too near the microphone, and *par conséquent* that a couple of million listeners-in had the privilege of hearing, in addition to Jack Lupton's famous Jazz Band, the *very* newest and most pungent things an angry husband can say to his wife, together with the most utterly modern retorts and reproaches *de la part de Madame*.

Weddings have simply raged this autumn and everyone's been trying to strike a new note. Quite the newest was struck at the wedding of the Chadboroughs' girl, Lucilla, and Bobby Brandon. There were twelve mechanical bridesmaids, six dark, six fair, all perfect beauties, deliciously gowned. Everything went with a rush, though certainly the chief bridesmaid whirred and clicked a little while the bishop was tying the knot; and when the bride's left-hand glove was given her to hold she threw it up in the air and someone had to catch it. Still, on the whole things went without a hitch, and there was such a mob outside the church to see the bridesmaids that the police could hardly hold them back.

There was a dance at Chadborough House in the evening "To meet the Mechanical Bridesmaids," and they were such a riot that the poor girls who were unlucky enough to be real and alive got scarcely any partners and had to dance with each other. Bertie Bibbingham, who *will* mix his drinks more than is judicious, proposed to one of the mechanicals after supper, and later was found in tears because, to quote himself, "The divinest thing I ever struck has first led me on and then turned me down."

Quite a good little story about the Oldlands and their boy Curfew is going round. The Oldlands are about the only really *feudal* old family left. Chatty Soames says they ought to be exhibited in a glass-case with the label: "Put a shilling in the slot and hear these sole survivors of a vanished civilisation say, 'Duties of our position,' '*Noblesse oblige*,' and other slogans of a defunct social system." Curfew, their only child, was dropped on his head by a careless nurse when he was a wee

babe and grew up only fit for diplomacy. For the last year or two he's been attached to one of our legations at the uttermost ends of the earth. Lately he came home on leave. Instead of going straight to Domesday Hall he stayed in town and was reported to be rather going in off the deep end. Thanks to his having been kept so close by his feudal parents, to his having been at the uttermost ends of the earth for two years and to his not being naturally bright, he was out of touch with the London world, which would account for his not knowing about—but wait!

When he presented himself at length at Domesday Hall he announced to the startled Lady Oldlands, "Mother, I've fallen in love for ever and ever. Mother, don't faint when I tell you that, instead of making what you always call 'a suitable matrimonial alliance,' I am going to make the biggest mésalliance of the century. She is one of a troupe of acrobats and trapeze artistes who have taken London by storm."

Lady Oldlands sprang out of her chair. "What is the name of the troupe?"

"It is a trio, Mother, and it calls itself 'Tag, Rag and Bobtail'; it consists of two men and an angel. Tag is the angel."

"Thank Heaven!" cried Lady O., snatching up a paper. "This paragraph appeared in the last number of *West End Whispers:* 'It is a secret known to quite a good few that the woman acrobat, Tag, of the popular trio, Tag, Rag and Bobtail, who are bill-toppers at the variety theatres just now, is Lady Jasmine St. Adrian, a daughter of the Duke of Midshire.' It is a terrible thing, of course, that an ancient and noble name should be so degraded," went on Lady Oldlands, "but, as you *have* fallen in love with one of a troupe of tumblers, thank Heaven she is your equal in rank. Like ourselves, the St. Adrians quarter the arms of Plantagenet."

And Curfew, instead of being glad, was completely disillusioned. "The glamour is gone!" he cried; "she is not the real thing. She is one of *Us*! As I watched her hanging by her toes from a trapeze, playing a ukulele and smoking a cigarette, I gloried in the thought of raising this wonderful daughter of the people to be the future Marchioness of Oldlands. But now—now—— There, Mother—it's all off."

And so Curfew was cured of his infatuation.

"Shorthand-Typist Wanted. Middle-aged. Able to take care of petite cash."—*Daily Paper.*

Which, as everybody knows, is very apt to take French leave.



Husband. "MY DEAR! WHAT ON EARTH'S ALL THIS?"
Wife. "OH, GEORGE, I—I'VE LOST MY LIST OF NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS."

FAMILIARITY . . .

A PASTRY-COOK is not the man
  Ever to fancy cake;
"Bring me," he murmurs, "if you can,
  Something I did not make;
When I am feeling really limp
I like a cucumber or shrimp."

It never is the doctor's wife
  That asks him for his skill;
She trusts him otherwise in life,
  But takes a patent pill.
"No oysters, thank you, waiter," say
The men who dredge in Naples Bay.

Good Mr. BRADSHAW of the *Guide,*
  He travels in a bus;
He never dares to go inside
  The trains he plans for us
(This may be fiction—I forget;
He is a man I have not met).

A broker once, as I am told,
  Versed in financial lore,
Kept all his notes and all his gold
  Just in his bedroom drawer;
He knew about the ten-per-cents.,
But said they were for other gents.

So, while you utter joyful screams
  At poems made by me,
I sit and read, between my dreams,
  A stodgy Quarterly,
Or MILTON, till I've had enough.
I do not like facetious stuff.

At a night-club:—

"On one occasion donkeys were introduced into the club."—*Provincial Paper.*

Only once?

MRS. HASH.

X.—OLD AND MILD.

"No, nothing for me, thank you all the same, Mrs. Henn. I don't take anything, not between meals. Well, just a little something, then, to hold in the hand. What shall we say? Port-wine and lemonade, that 's the ladies' drink, I believe, and when in Rome it 's birds of a feather, I always say. What 's Treasure having—old and mild? Well, that 's suitable too; you can't do better. Old and mild, old and mild, that 's the secret of the old country when all 's said and done. Old for body and mild for flavour. And look what a colour you get!"

"It seems a shame to drink it, Mrs. Hash."

"You 're right, Mrs. Henn. You might let it be for a spell, Treasure, while me and Mrs. Henn admire the colour."

"Very well, Harriet, if you 'll let me have a good long look at your port-wine and lemonade."

"You 're welcome, Treasure; I 'm in no hurry, whatever others may be. No, I 've often said if it was only the glass that brought me to the 'Black Swan' I should never darken these doors again, and there 's many in this parlour to-night as can say the same. And when you go into Parliament, Henry Treasure, you can tell some of your colleagues what I said. Of course I know there 's houses and houses, the same as there 's drunk and sober, but, look through the length and breadth of the land, Henry Treasure, and you won't find a quieter, soberer, more respectable lot of ladies and gentlemen than you 'll find round the fire in this parlour and all like a family party. Well, there 's one or two here that don't live in the neighbourhood no more, but they 're not above paying for a penny tram-ride to spend a sociable hour at the 'Black Swan,' and another penny back very likely. Am I right, Mrs. Bush?"

"That 's right, Mrs. Hash. People are that faithful you 'd be surprised."

"Well, what I say, there 's more in it than beer when a man does that, Henry Treasure, for, if that were all, he can get his half-pint at every corner and save the tram-ride. Take myself, Henry Treasure—wild horses wouldn't drag me into one of them flashy gin-palaces in the High Street, not if you was to tell me, I should never touch port and lemonade again. And take young Albert that comes every Friday to meet his two brothers, and all in their stiff collars. And there 's old Andy from the ferry, that can't hardly crawl unless it 's in his boat, and he walks here three-quarters-of-a-mile every night of his life for his glass of beer, and passes four or five houses on the way. And do you mean to tell me it 's the beer that brings him?"

"You might say it wasn't the beer so much as the bonhomy, Mrs. Hash."

"You might say that, Henry Treasure, but the English language is good enough for me. We come here, Mrs. Bush, for the pleasures of the intelleck and a little society; old friends and mild ale—that 's your motto, I think, Mrs. Bush. It 's the poor man's Carlton, that 's what it is! And are you going to tell me that you and me have qualified for a Preventive Treatment, Mrs. Henn? Are you going to tell me, Henry Treasure——?"

"I 'm not telling you anything, my dear."

"Don't excite yourself, Harriet. We 're not arguing."

"We 're all on your side, Mrs. Hash."

"Well, if you 'll tell me how a person is going to carry on an argument if nobody 's going to argue with a person, I 'll be glad, Mrs. Henn. It isn't like you, Mrs. Henn, to sit drinking in my words without so much as a back-answer."

"I was thinking, my dear."

"Well, isn't that just what I was saying? If you ask me, there 's more thinking done in a house like this than anything else. There 's some would call the 'Black Swan' a low drinking-place, but what I say is you might just as well call it a high-thinking place."

"Quite right, Mrs. Hash. And in my experience there 's as much harm done by too much thinking as by anything else."

"My sentiments exactly, Mr. Treasure. Well, I 've sat in this parlour since I was—since a long time, and I never yet saw Andy the worse for liquor, though I 've seen several the better for it. I 've never seen no one reeling home incapable, not from this parlour, and I 've never seen Joe Murphy brawling in his cups, like you read in the newspapers. I 've seen men buying boats that didn't know a boat from a beef-eater, and I 've seen men selling boats that ought to know better; but if men didn't buy rotten boats in one place they 'd buy them in another, and that 's nothing against the 'Black Swan.' But it 's this thinking that does the mischief, as you say, Henry Treasure, that and the friendly atmosphere, as you might say. I 've seen young men come in here and sit down and listen to a friend's misfortunes, and they 've got that sympathetic that before they know where they are they 're little better than Socialists! Well, you can put that down to the drink, if you *like*, but I never saw anything worse."



"DON'T FORGET YOU 'VE GOT TO SEE THE DENTIST TO-DAY, DEAR."

"There couldn't be anything worse, Mrs. Hash. I 'm sure if Henn turned Socialist in a public bar I 'd never let him touch ginger-beer again."

"Well, there you are, you see. But what I say is that, bar that, you couldn't want for better behaviour if you was in the House of Commons."

"And wouldn't get it, I daresay. There 's no cause for Parliament to be throwing stones at the 'Black Swan,' from all I hear."

"Oh, well, I daresay they fortify themselves now and again. Who wouldn't, in a place like that?"

"I wouldn't mind betting there 's many a Viscount is enjoying himself at this moment a lot worse than what we are. And no trouble about licences. Nor hours neither. Do you know how old this house is, Mrs. Henn?"



WHEN WE HAVE THE PROMISED ALL-WORLD WIRELESS TELEPHONE SERVICE, SOME VERY STARTLING RESPONSES MAY COME FROM THE WRONG NUMBERS.

"I know it 's very old, Mrs. Hash, because you 've said so, more times than I could count."

"Well, it 's the fourteenth century, Mrs. Henn, or may be the sixteenth; it 's up on the board outside——"

"Never mind, dear. They 're all the same."

"Well, GEORGE THE THIRD slept in the bed upstairs, so that will tell you it 's old. And do you know what 's going to happen at the next licensing?"

"Couldn't say, I 'm sure, Mrs. Hash."

"Well, one of your friends in Parliament, Henry Treasure, will say there 's too many licences in the neighbourhood, so they 'll cut 'em down. An' when they come to cut 'em down the brewers will say that this is a small business, and there wouldn't be no more business if it was the seventh century instead of the fourteenth. So there won't be no licence for the 'Black Swan,' Mrs. Henn, but there 'll be licences for that gim-crack gin-palace, the 'Red Hart,' where nobody don't look twice at you if you don't take a double crême de la menthe, and a half-a-dozen like it, all looking-glass and la-di-da, and nothing homy about 'em at all, where you get all the riff-raff for miles around crowding to the same house, instead of scattered about among several, and then you wonder there 's trouble. And that 's your Social Reform, Mrs. Henn. Mind your own business, Mrs. Henn, that 's the reform what 's wanted more than any other."

"No personal reference, I hope, Mrs. Hash."

"None intended, my dear. But I see what you mean."

"Well, as I was saying, that 's a beautiful colour, and no mistake, Mr. Treasure."

"Beautiful!"

"Old and mild—you can't beat it."

"And now, ladies, if you 've done reflecting, I think I 'll drink my glass of beer."

A. P. H.

"The result of to-day's inquiries by the Press Association's representative can best be summarised in a remark to him by the night watchman. 'It is all untrue. I never saw a ghost.'"
Provincial Paper.

And he, if anybody, ought to be an authority on apparitions.

Masculine Wear.

"Splendid double-breasted cock Turkeys."
Sunday Paper.

In our opinion the single-breasted are smarter.

"The all-important part of the Cat is capably personated by Will ——, whose antics create shrieks of merriment among the children, especially when he squashes the air balloon, with which he plays with typical canine agility."—*Provincial Paper.*

This cat seems to be a bit of a dog.

"The first and last principle to be observed, no matter what school of beauty treatment is followed, is to devote time and care to the facial toilet. The woman who hastily dabs on a little rouge and powders her nose will never rival the memory of Helen of Troy and the Venus de Milo."—*Ladies' Paper.*

Is this the judgment of Paris up-to-date?

"The speeches at the Imperial Conference on Imperial defence show practical unanxiety on the part of the Premiers of the Dominions and the representatives of India on the question. Among the leading principles discussed were homogeniously of mb mb mb mbmb."
Indian Paper.

Intrepid fellows, these Premiers. Fancy their showing unanxiety after that!

MRS. CARMICHAEL AND THE MEDITERRANEAN.

NEVER, in going to the Mediterranean, fall into the hands of one who knows it from shore to shore.

"*Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Smith will leave London on February 1st for Hôtel Mondieu, San Paradiso, returning to 14A, Mulberry Avenue, at the end of the month.*"

How simple it sounds! But then Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Smith (possibly) may not know Mrs. Carmichael. If they did (and were truthful) the notice would run:—

"*Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Smith have received the final consent of Mrs. Carmichael to go to San Paradiso on February 1st, and will remain there, Mrs. Carmichael permitting, till the end of the month, when they will return to London to render thanks to her for her kind advice.*"

Because Mrs. Carmichael understands the Mediterranean. At least her relations do. Directly she heard of our intention she took the matter in hand. We wanted sun. We ought to be very careful where we went to get it. She had a sister who . . . and another sister who . . . We must let her make inquiries at once.

Her earliest intention was to send us to a quiet little place that her second sister knew of, where the oranges ripened first and the hotel prices ranged from fifty to a hundred francs a day. I have forgotten its name now.

But the oranges will have to ripen without us, for Mrs. Carmichael soon wafted us away.

"I don't think you can possibly go *there*," she said the next time we met. "I've just remembered that I have a niece who went to it last year, and she told me the hotel was awful. It was full of impossible people from Huddersfield."

"Surely there are no impossible people from Huddersfield," I argued. "Improbable, I grant you; but impossible, no."

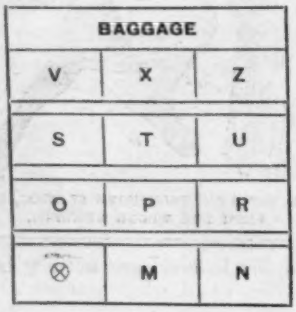
However she moved us on.

It became clear to us after a time that Mrs. Carmichael's relatives practically controlled both sides of the inland sea. Not a bay, not a promontory but held their boding presence. After haling us from point to point along the northern littoral, she began a kind of intensified propaganda on behalf of Algiers. She talked Algiers. One was never safe on the telephone from Algiers. The sudden ringing of the bell was like a muezzin crying from a mosque. We had letters about Algiers. Opening brightly with an invitation to lunch next Friday, Mrs. Carmichael would continue calmly overleaf, "My second cousin writes: 'Who to-day can believe that malaria once ravaged the plain where the pretty little villages of Bouffarik, Beni Mired and Blidah peep from amongst the eucalyptus and orange-trees?'"

Or else: "At Laghouat native fêtes are held in honour of the tourists, a feature being the dancing of the girls of the Ouled Nail tribe."

All, as the intelligent reader will perceive, coming straight out of *The Magic of Islam*, page 5.

I put up some faint show of resistance to Algiers. I said that I thought the dancing of the girls of the Ouled Nail tribe might corrupt my mind. Mrs. Carmichael immediately sent us a postcard with three camels on it. I said that I did not like the second camel from the left, the pale one, kneeling down. It seemed to me to have an unkind face. She responded by posting us a little tract containing the ground-plan of a motor-car in which she had decided that we should dash through the African desert. It looked rather like this:—



"What's the thing in the bottom left-hand corner?" I asked her. "A eucalyptus or a rose?"

"Neither," she said; "it's the steering-wheel. I think you two ought to book places at O P."

After that we caved in. We had no sooner done so than Mrs. Carmichael deleted Algeria from the map.

"I have come to the conclusion that I must take you away from Algiers and send you to Corsica instead," she wrote. "I have a connexion who went to Corsica last year and found it perfectly delightful. It isn't ruined, like so many places. There are bandits there."

"Are you sure *we* shouldn't ruin *them*?" I asked. She said no, and that the spring flowers were too beautiful to be believed. I had a vision of multitudes of bandits almost entirely surrounded by squills.

The Corsican vendetta raged for nearly a week, after which Mrs. Carmichael discovered she had a great-aunt who found Majorca positively adorable in 1923. We waved farewell to the bandits with regret.

"Bother Majorca," I said.

"Mayorca," corrected Mrs. Carmichael.

"Bother Majorca," I said.

It was at this point, I think, that I sent Mrs. Carmichael a postcard, inquiring:—

"Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?
All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
In silence, ripen, fall and cease;
Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful ease."

But she made no reply.

We really thought now that we were going to Mayorca. We had relinquished the European coast, we had abandoned the African hinterland, we had ceded the bandits and the flowers. A week later Mrs. Carmichael announced to me on the telephone that she had just had a note from—who do you think? I could not think. "From an uncle in Carthage," she said.

I really thought I had her there.

"Carthage," I said, "is destroyed."

"What?" she exclaimed.

"Ruined," I said, "by the Romans in 146 B.C."

"Not at all," answered Mrs. Carmichael. "There is a very good hotel there. My uncle finds the environs most entrancing." And she told me how the prices ranged. It seemed that all the work of the younger SCIPIO had been in vain.

As I write we are leaving 14A, Mulberry Avenue, in about a month's time, to proceed to Carthage. But Heaven only knows what may happen to-morrow. There is scarcely any spot where Mrs. Carmichael's family may not order us to undo our corded bales. Another cousin in Sicily, another sister in Spain, and I intend to give it up and go to Bexhill.

EVOE.

A Village Scandal.

"The Churchwarden's wives have very kindly promised to have a good afternoon tea ready for any one who would care to come between the hours of 3.30 and 6 P.M."

Parish Magazine.

"TRUTH IN ADVERTISING.

The Daily —— is a Member of the Association of Newspaper Classified Advertising Managers, which has for one of its aims the elimination of fraudulent and misleading classified advertising.

MARRIAGES.

Wanted, Stenographer in the Office of the bureau of measurements, Vancouver School Board."

Consecutive advts. in Canadian Paper.

We don't say that the headline to the second announcement is "fraudulent" or even "misleading," but it looks as if the printer had jumped rather hastily to conclusions.



Lady Passenger. "WOULD YOU MIND OPENING THE WINDOW AND LETTING A LITTLE FRESH FOG IN?"

THE ROCKING-HORSE.

"IT 's awfully kind, of course,
And nice of Uncle Dick
To send his pretty horse,
But, hang it all," said Mick,
"It 's precious little use
To woman or to man."
"There 's simply *no* excuse—
Such *childishness!*" said Ann.

"He knows when you were born;
He knows that I am *ten*,
And hunting with the Quorn
Two days a week. *Well, then—!*
There 's nothing more to say;
You can't give people *brains;*
Oh, *take* the thing away—
It gives me pinny pains."

"I trusted Uncle Dick,
I gave him heaps of hints,
I *showed* the chap," said Mick,
"That bike in lots of prints."
"And didn't I *suggest*
Just last week to the man
A horse-rug with a crest?—
And look at *this!*" said Ann.

"And *for us both*—please mark—
A grown-up girl and boy!
Why not a Noah's Ark
If he must send a toy?
It 's rotten luck," said Mick,
"How rich old uncles *can*
Behave like Uncle Dick."
"The dear old ass!" said Ann.

W. H. O.

"A link W.A. has with the great Liberal leader, the Right Hon. the Earl of Balfour, better known as H. H. Asquith, seems to have been overlooked."—*West Australian Paper.*

It is certainly a missing link to us.

"The —— Dinner Suit for Men, Ready-to-wear in fifty-five fittings."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

And so it should be after being tried on that number of times.



THE NEW YEAR SHOOT.

L'Enfant Terrible. "HOORAY! GRAN'PA'S BROUGHT HIS SAXOPHONE."

HINTS ON HEADLINES.

THOUGH England has no longer her "thin red line,"
Though tanks bid fair to supersede her horse,
We have at least, to help us, in the headline
An instrument of most compelling force,
Which also serves to show, as on a dial,
Each palpitation of the public's heart,
In joyous mood, or in the hour of trial
When we are in the cart.

This instrument, it may be well to mention,
Not everyone who runs correctly reads;
And, to promote a clearer comprehension
Of its concise but oft perplexing screeds,
I offer, after years of patient gleaning
Wheat from the tares of dark deceptive clues,
Some hints that may elucidate the meaning
Behind the headline news.

Things that are strange, abnormal or mysterious,
Things that arrest, alarm, astound, amaze
(Though not intrinsically grave or serious)
Are duly summarised in fitting phrase:
The fees of saxophonists or trap-drummers,
The crimes of crooks who baffle Scotland Yard,
The woes of mimes, the tragedies of mummers,
Are reverently starred.

So when the outlook is of dismal presage
And our diurnal oracles are mute,
Or, in the place of some consoling message,
Hail the revival of the Russian boot,
Or chronicle a waterspout at Welwyn
Or the proposal to erect a rink
Upon the hoary summit of Helvellyn,
My spirits droop and sink.

And yet, although his function is to bellow
And pitch his utterance in a strident key,
The headline artist's megaphonic "Hello!"
Allows this one extenuating plea,
That, while perforce a Stentor and a stunter,
He illustrates precisely what is meant
By the old tag: *Curæ leves loquuntur*
But *ingentes stupent*.

Besides, this silence may not be portentous
Of ominous risk; it may be simply due
To genuine lack of incidents momentous
And justify an optimistic view.
So, when I read of some film actress quitting
Her thirteenth husband for a convent cell,
I see no cogent grounds against admitting
The world is going well.

Where the Rainbow Ended.

"The Rainbow Fair held in the Wesleyan Schoolroom realised the sum of £114.

The Rainbow Fair held in the Wesleyan Schoolroom has resulted in a sum of £11 4s. being realised."—*Provincial Paper.*

We trust that this is final, and that another edition will not tell us that the real amount was £1 14*s.* 0*d.* or, still worse, 11*s.* 4*d.*

Our Genteel Advertisers.

"For Sale.—Adorable Red Pekingese Girl Puppy; 10 weeks old; very strong; inexpensive to good home; great pet: also Litter of three ready after Xmas; two girls and a boy."—*Advt. in Morning Paper.*

"The following is the forecast for to-day:—Wind S., freshening, fair at first apart from fog and rather cold, becoming cloudy or dull, and milk with local rain or drizzle later."—*Irish Paper.*

Well, that gives the local dairyman an excuse.

THE BREAKDOWN OF THE BEST-SELLER.

"HAVE you heard about poor Beale?" asked Fothergill.

"No," I said. "Has he disappeared?"

"Worse than that," said my friend sadly. "You know the fearful mental strain of producing best-sellers? The sort of stuff Beale writes leaves one ab-so-lute-ly exhausted."

"Too bad," I said.

"Ah!" said Fothergill. "And Beale does not merely write detective yarns under his own name. Last year he published two South Sea Island stories and a desert romance under different pseudonyms. Now the poor chap is paying the penalty. His grey cells have fused or something and the three styles have got hopelessly mixed. He gave me a page of the thing he is working on now. It's positively tragic. Look at it."

He passed me a crumpled and blotted sheet of foolscap, and I read:—

"CHAPTER I.

"'Hallo! Is that Scotland Yard? This is the Duke of Dumpshire's secretary. Will you send somebody at once? His Grace is in the dining-room. Under the table? No, murdered. Hull? No, skull. There 's nothing the matter with the hull——'

"Three minutes later Dick Peveril of the C.I.D. was admitted to the magnificent mansion in St. James's Square. Wilkins, the duke's elderly butler, vivid, alluring, with a scarlet hibiscus bloom between his false teeth, showed him into the morning-room, where the Dowager Duchess awaited him. Dick had seen her only the previous day, an imposing figure with her abundant white hair, her old lace and her diamonds, opening a bazaar at Cricklewood. Now she looked down coyly, twiddling her ten brown toes. 'White man like Tetuana girl plenty much?'

"Dick answered with a touch of sternness, 'I must view the body first.'

"Inspector Gosh would be here presently, but meanwhile they were alone. Alone! Dick's pulses thrilled madly as he realised it. His dark eyes gleamed. He gritted his teeth as he flung a handful of dried dates to his racing camel and crushed her fiercely to his breast. Alone! But were they? The little waves broke on the dazzling white beach with a rhythmic murmur. A land-crab emerged hurriedly from its hole and rustled away on its stilt-like legs. Had the violence of his passion shocked the crustacean or was it merely bored? Dick, with a reckless laugh, flung back his handsome head.

"'Beloved——'

"The Dowager Duchess pointed wildly. 'Look!' There was a shrill whirring sound behind him. Quick as thought he snatched up the telephone-receiver. The struggle was fierce and protracted. When at last he was through he flung himself on the ground and lay there panting like a dog. The Dowager Duchess crouched beside him, crooning endearments and fanning him with a leaf torn from the Post Office Directory.

"The door opened and Inspector Gosh appeared on the threshold. Dick sprang to his feet.

"'I have several clues,' he said rapidly. 'His Grace's skull—an abnormally thick one, by the way—was fractured by a cokernut dropped from a considerable height. So far the case is simple, but it presents some unusual features. Why was the Duke wearing a dress-shirt and tie with plus-fours? And what is the significance of the three tortoises tattooed between the shoulder-blades of the second housemaid?'

"The evening breeze stirred the copra and the setting sun gilded the beach-combers. A star shone in the zenith. A taxi-driver sounded his hooter."

"Yes," I said as I handed back the page of manuscript. "It's frightfully sad. Obviously he needs a rest. Why not give it up and take to literature?"

"He said it might come to that," Fothergill admitted. "Poor beggar!"



Curate. "I HEAR A MAN STAYING IN THE VILLAGE HAS UNEARTHED SOME OLD ROMAN COINS."

Rural Shopman. "THANK 'EE, ZUR, FOR THE WARNING."

"Rochester, N.Y.—The lame, the halt and the blond to-day awaited the 'cures' promised by Abram George, eleven-year-old Indian 'healer,' who visited this city yesterday."
Canadian Paper.

To judge by his taste, young ABRAM seems to be quite the little gentleman.

THE TALE OF A TORCH.

HE was one of the Loves, one of those pretty little proxies for Cupid that came to Italy from Olympus once upon a time and, when not up to some prank or other, were wont to go as models to certain favoured artists of the middle age. His name was Danilo, and he was as jolly a little immortal as possible, with beautiful blue-and-gold wings, rosy cheeks and a snub nose, in fact he 'd an impertinence of a little face, but a rather engaging one.

Messer Benedetto Trovato was as spendthrift a young artist as ever wore scarlet trunks, kissed a contessa or fought a duel. At the time I write of, which is hundreds of years ago, he had just had his latest experiences in the two last-named ploys, the one a consequence of the other. By further consequence Benedetto had thought it better for his health to accept a commission to paint picture ceilings at White Ladies, in Leicestershire, England.

"*Ecco*, Benedetto," coaxed Danilo (he was fond of Benedetto, who was a good sort and jolly decent about letting you squeeze his colours out for him, a thing all little boys like doing), "take me with you."

"Body of Bacchus!" replied Benedetto, "I 've a good mind to; we should make a sensation, Danilo *mio*."

But the English ("A race of pigs, my Danilo," said Benedetto, "and of a stolidity——") hardly looked at the tall, dark young man and the little bare pink-and-white boy that came hand-in-hand down the wet Melton road on a mild October afternoon. They turned in at the lodge, where a gamekeeper asked their business and looked uncommon hard at Danilo's bow and arrow, and on, under great oaks, up the avenue to the Most Noble the Marquis of Quorn's most noble house of White Ladies. The family were away during the alterations, but a mighty fine lady, Mrs. Sarah Lunn, the housekeeper, received them kindly—most ladies *did* receive Benedetto kindly, for he was a comely and graceful youth, trained in all manly pursuits and with as good a wrist for a rapier (as we 've learnt) as for a brush, and what he could do with a brush all the world knows. Nobody took much notice of little Danilo and his wings and want of clothes; he came from foreign parts and so nothing could be surprising in him, though, to be sure, he 'd have looked a deal more natural had he been a blackamoor; the big chap was obviously the half of one, anyhow, for all his fine looks.



"HAND-IN-HAND DOWN THE WET MELTON ROAD."

Now, if you have ever visited White Ladies (you pay sixpence on Tuesday afternoons), you will have seen the lovely ceilings that Benedetto painted. The one in the drawing-room I like best; it represents Olympus and is full of glorious clouds and blue skies and splendid gods and goddesses, and it has a perfect riot of rosy little *amorini*, lots and lots of them, and Danilo sat for every one.

On the whole Danilo liked Leicestershire, and the lollypops that Mrs. Lunn fed him on were agreeable enough after the imitation ambrosia to which he was accustomed at the Cupids' College in Florence. But in December came a bitter black frost. Everybody in Leicestershire is bored when it freezes, and Danilo was no exception; besides he was accustomed to light and sunshine, and the cold made him as drowsy as a dormouse. The Olympic ceiling was now nearly finished, and in the grey days Benedetto's dainty pantheon and its blue and vivid skies became very enticing to a cold and sleepy little *amorino*. There was no one in the great pale room, and Benedetto's ladders and scaffold stood handily for a little boy who wanted to go up to bed. Cupids, you see, cannot fly, their wings being purely symbolical.* Danilo ran up a ladder as knowingly as a hibernating squirrel and on to the scaffold. That deep and glorious blue was now only just beyond his rosy touch. A jump would do it.

When Benedetto came in and saw Danilo asleep, his bow beside him, supine in the ceiling, hard by the sumptuous tail of Juno's peacock and within a skip of the cornice, he said that that was that. For Benedetto, like every young artist, knew that, if once you let Love go to sleep, be it in a ceiling or a heart, 'tis impossible to waken him again till he wants to wake. So Benedetto made



"SO BENEDETTO MADE DANILO A LITTLE ROSY CLOUD BLANKET TO LIE ON."

* They mean that Love, who must be caught before you can keep him, takes a lot of catching.

Danilo a little rosy cloud blanket to lie on, took away his bow and gave him instead a lighted torch ("A night-light, my lad," said he)—for the Loves may carry torches in place of armouries do they so desire—and "There," said Benedetto merrily, "good-night, Danilo *mio*, and may your dreams be around the mulberry-bush!" And so they were for many a long day.

Now, although you are only a little Italian *amorino*, you cannot be in a house like White Ladies for a few hundred years without becoming unconsciously fond of it and friendly to the family—yes, even if you've spent your time there asleep on the drawing-room ceiling.

But *amorini* are, after all, very like other little boys—I mean, if they go to sleep, then, sooner or later, they, like KINGSLEY'S *Tom*, wake up again. So Danilo, early on a summer morning of some years ago, woke up. So early was it that the two young people that he saw in that vast white-and-gold room had not yet gone to bed. They were, in fact, the regnant my lord and my lady themselves, who had come from London by car after dinner preparatory to a week-end party at home. The bigwindows—those that open on to the long shallow flight of marble steps which lead to the terraces—were wide. Morning came a-tiptoe, and you could just distinguish the glow of the big red roses on the standards outside. Indoors, by soft and paling lamplight, Mark and Joyce—for so they called each other—were at the strawberry stage of a tray-and-sandwich supper. They were both rather dears, and had been married just over six months. They were—but they didn't know it—at that momentous stage when the moonshine of a marriage of glamour and youth either turns to love or else doesn't. Joyce was slender and dark and lovely, and her dress was like the movement of green water; Mark looked jolly too. Danilo sat up and approved them both.

Mark lit a cigarette and pulled a poetry-book out of a shelf at chance. He loved poetry in a sort of shy way. And Joyce? Well, Joyce had grey eyes with a dream in them.

Mark opened the book at random, and he read, murmuring half to himself,

"If Love were what the rose is——"

"*Yes*," said Joyce. "Go on, Mark."

And Mark went on, self-consciously enough at first, but, as the lilting loveliness of the lines gripped him, he forgot and read them really well.

"If you were April's lady,"

he read, and so to the next verse—

"If you were Queen of Pleasure
And I were King of Pain,
We 'd hunt down Love together,
Pluck out his flying——"

"*Mark*, oh, Mark," cried Joyce, jumping up, "there's one of the Cupids got out of the ceiling and it's coming down the curtain!"—she was half laughing, half crying. "Why, it's run down the steps on to the terrace—and, oh, Mark, we *must* catch it!"

"Yes," called Danilo over his little bare shoulder—"yes, you *must* catch me!"

Poems and Ballads was on the floor and Mark on his feet simultaneously. "This," he observed, "is ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE to the ounce! Come on, Joyce."

Together they raced down the shallow paleness of the steps into the owl light. They could just see Danilo speeding before them, like a white moth, among lawns and statuary.

I do not intend in any detail to describe the ensuing chivy or dwell unduly on Danilo's dodging powers; I can assure you, though, that when, five minutes later, Joyce grabbed him as he fled round the piping marble Pan in the rosary, Mark and she had hardly enough wind left between them for a "*Who-whoop!*"

"But," said Joyce, when they had all three been back in the drawing-room for about an hour, "you must never go to sleep like that again, Danilo; we want to keep you awake, Mark and I."

"It doesn't matter if I *do* go to sleep, Madonna," replied Danilo, "for my torch (O kind and clever Benedetto! Yes, the peacock's taking care of it for a minute in case I'd set fire to the curtains)—my torch shall burn for you, Joyce and Mark and White Ladies, for always and always. But now aren't *you* both sleepy? Why, it's morning outside."

So Mark and Joyce left the little Danilo sitting alone in an enormous gilt-and-crimson chair; little,



"'IT 'S COMING DOWN THE CURTAIN.'"



"THE ENSUING CHIVY."



Pupil. "A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU, SIR."
Tutor (who has a horror of the phrase, "The Same to You"). "THANK YOU, SMITH; AND I SINCERELY TRUST THAT THE ENSUING TWELVE MONTHS WILL BE FRAUGHT WITH UNBOUNDED JOY FOR YOU ALSO."

but lord none the less in their great house of White Ladies.

Yet, when Mark and Joyce came down to breakfast, they told each other that it was all an amusing dream, for lo, Danilo was back again on his rosy cloud, soundly asleep as usual.

"But his torch," says Joyce, "*surely*, Mark, his torch looks brighter than ever?"

Do you know I firmly believe that to-day, did the sky or even the drawing-room ceiling fall, Love's torch would still stay "brighter than ever" for Mark and Joyce; but whether this, their happy fortune, is in any way due to Benedetto and his little Danilo, or even to the encouragement of Mr. SWINBURNE, I cannot of course pretend to say.

P. R. C.

OFFICERS *v.* SERGEANTS.

VI.—THE MESS DANCE.

THIS is hardly an occasion for rivalry except in politeness, but it is by no means the least important of our social functions. The Sergeants' Mess dances come off about once a fortnight, and there are always little signs to tell us when one is intended, the first being the appearance on the Adjutant's table of a slip of paper from the Regimental Sergeant-Major, reading:—

"SIR,—May permission please be granted for the lights in the Sergeants' Mess to be kept on up to 2.0 A.M. on the morning of Saturday next, please? The occasion being the Fortnightly Dance, please."

The next sign is a worried look on the face of whichever warrant-officer is president that month, a noticeable leakage of spare chairs from various offices and rooms all over the barracks, and the arrival outside the Sergeants' Mess of a large lorry from the local brewery. Finally a little card with scalloped edges appears on the board in the Officers' Mess, asking the officers (in politer language, of course) to roll up and hit the place a crack.

The sergeants, I must say, have good ideas on dances. None of your 9.0-to-1.0 A.M. affairs about it. They start at 7.0 P.M. and go on as long after 2.0 A.M. as they think the Colonel will stand for. The dances, by the way, are always on a Friday. It is, I think, felt that a missing sergeant or two is perhaps more easily overlooked on a Saturday morning, because week-end leave has probably set in among the officers with all its accustomed severity on the previous afternoon. Besides there are generally so many different little parades on a Saturday morning that a sergeant who, you think, ought to be on one of them may conceivably have been detailed at the last minute by the Company Sergeant-Major to go on another. At least that's how it's always explained to you.

The officers, of course, are not expected to turn up at the dance at 7.0 P.M. They don't have Mess till 8.0, and then generally sit about till 9.30, or the duration of the port, whichever is longer. After this the column leaves the Officers' Mess in good formation and five minutes later it is being welcomed by the sergeants. The Regimental Sergeant-Major's welcome is always attractive. It has a charm and a grace about it that can hardly be equalled. With stately old-world gallantry he draws you aside into a little room and says, "Now, Sir, what 'll you have?"

After about half-an-hour you are allowed to penetrate to the dance-room itself, where you dance with Mrs. Sergeant-Major Magazine, the elder Miss Quartermaster-Sergeant Fourbytwo and Mrs. Sergeant Grenade. The talk on these occasions is of a kind that you never find at other dances. At least, at few dances elsewhere do you meet with partners who know more about the regiment than you do, and can touch lightly on such topics as Allowance Regulations and the state of married quarters, interspersed with local scandal, such as the finding of the damaged rifle in one of "A" Company's barrack-rooms and who really pinched half the Second-in-Command's fence for firewood. This lends zest even to a Valeta.

Having done your duty in the dance



THE FIFTEEN-POUND TOUCH.

JOHN BULL. "THAT YOU, SAM? A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU."
UNCLE SAM. "YOU SAID A POCKETFUL, JOHN! THE SAME TO YOU."



ON THE ROMAN WALL.

Officer (referring to a batch of prisoners). "PICTS AND SCOTS, EH? HOW DO YOU KNOW WHICH IS WHICH?"
Orderly. "IT IS DIFFICULT, SIR, BUT OUR SYSTEM IS TO THROW A FEW DENARII AMONG THEM. THE PICTS NEVER GET ANY."

line for a bit, you find yourself once more outside having "one" with Sergeant Haversack. Conversation with him generally turns first on—

(*a*) How the sergeants beat the officers at football last time.

(*b*) How the officers / sergeants are going to whack the sergeants / officers next time.

(*c*) How the new officer who only came a week ago is a very good footballer and once played for England or for the Army.

This last statement is, as I pointed out elsewhere, not strictly true, but it never fails to make conversation interesting, not to say heated. Personally it is a marvel to me how often the sergeants believe it.

All around you hear officers talking to sergeants about this and that, punctuated with "Will you have another drink with me, Sir?" and "Good Heavens, Sergeant-Major Magazine, I haven't finished this yet!" The hospitality of the sergeants on these occasions is such that the moment you have taken a sip out of a full glass of beer you are supposed to be ready for another with someone else. You refuse politely but very firmly. He instantly orders it.

There are two ways of dealing with the situation thus created: (*a*) finish up your beer rapidly before the other comes; (*b*) put your beer down on an obscure shelf before the other comes. It is considered bad form to hold a glass of beer in each hand.

I don't recommend (*a*), as it may lead you into difficulties before the end of the evening. It is better to stick to (*b*). Generally you occupy your time at a Sergeants' Mess dance in taking the top quarter of a succession of glasses of beer and trying to remember where you put the rest. You never find them; but then I have a strong suspicion that there are several opportunists among the members.

You chat pleasantly for what seems like a bare hour or so to all the sergeants about you, and sometimes learn a few things about yourself and your idiosyncrasies. At intervals your conversation has been interrupted, you remember vaguely, by a perspiring sergeant, the Master of the Ceremonies, who puts his head in at the door and says, "Partners for the Paul Jones, gentlemen, please. Come along, gentlemen, please. Lot of ladies sitting out." Or else, more tersely, "Now, then, Grenade, put that beer down and do some dancing." But when you look at your watch you are surprised to find it is a quarter to two. You make attempts to leave and fail signally each time. At a quarter past two you get away amidst crowds of sergeants telling you with increasing friendliness that the night is yet young and won't you stay a little longer?

It is not till you are on your way back that you realise the reason of this sudden excess of hospitality. The longer an officer stays in their Mess the longer the lights stay on, for of course it would be a great breach of discipline to turn a light out at an officer.

Next morning, on parade at 8.0 A.M., you stare Sergeant Grenade coldly in the eye as though you had never seen him before.

A. A.

Notice issued by a South African Golf Club:—

"The Snake-bite Outfit is now kept at the Club House."

Handy for the nineteenth hole.

"The Olympic Committee of the A.A.A. has provisionally arranged for the 1928 championships to take place at Stamford Bridge on June 22, 23 and 25, 1918."—*Evening Paper.*

But won't the War interfere with them?

CHARIVARIA.

WITH reference to the shortage of crime during the holidays, as reported by the Metropolitan Police, our feeling is that it is churlish to begrudge the criminal classes a little relaxation.

* * *

"The small-sized woman is catered for at the sales as well as the out-sized one," says a daily paper. Still, it is usually weight that tells on these occasions.

* * *

We are asked to say that there is no truth in the rumour that a famous Chelsea sculptor has threatened to make a bust of Mr. A. J. COOK.

* * *

A morning paper suggests that there should be some device to save the housewife from going down on her knees. Why not higher floors?

* * *

Members of the Stock Exchange have been warned that they must not throw fireworks at each other. Nothing is said about kiss-in-the-ring being prohibited.

* * *

The course of true love seldom runs smooth. We understand a Bermondsey woman is applying for a separation on the ground that every time she throws a plate at her husband he ducks his head.

* * *

A musician tells us that saxophone music is not what it used to be, but wisely omits to tell us what it used to be.

* * *

Engagement bracelets which enable young women to advertise the number of times they have been betrothed are the latest innovation in U.S.A. This should lead to American women wearing longer arms.

* * *

According to Professor A. M. LOW the latest malady is radio rabies. One of the first symptoms is that a man wearing the headphones suddenly jumps up and bites the mantelpiece when any person present begins to talk.

* * *

Most men play golf for love of the game, says a well-known professional. Some of the men we have gone round with seem to play it for spite.

* * *

A recent case at Bow Street Police Court seems to have upset a popular superstition. It now appears that it is not lawful to do bodily injury to a jazz-band musician.

* * *

According to Professor A. V. HILL it is possible to make our nerves produce a noise like the bagpipes. This is the first scientific intimation we have had that there is a noise like the bagpipes.

* * *

Mr. JACK HYLTON has been making records of the traffic noises in London. We hope he did not get a too vivid record of a pedestrian firing on one plug only.

* * *

The Paris authorities insist on motor-omnibuses being fitted with appliances to prevent the splashing of pedestrians with mud. London drivers disapprove of this kill-joy spirit.

* * *

A Leicestershire coroner commented on the case of a man who, after receiving only one lesson in driving, collided with a motor-lorry and knocked a man down. The explanation is simple. The fellow is a born motorist.

* * *

This latest innovation of community singing at football matches has its drawbacks. While the spectators were singing the other day the referee escaped.

* * *

A correspondent writes to *The Daily Mail* suggesting that seats should be provided on tube platforms. In the event of this daring experiment being tried, rush-hour passengers are hoping that it may ultimately lead to the provision of seats in the trains.

* * *

A surgeon says that the skin of the palm is seventy-six times as thick as that of the eyelid, but even so a waiter can tell the difference between a half-crown and a penny in the dark.

* * *

On the assumption that sound-vibrations never actually cease, a scientist is suggesting that some day we may be able with special instruments to hear the voices of the great men of the past. So that at last we shall really know what Mr. GLADSTONE said in 1882.

* * *

The moral of the discovery of a historic diamond in an apple which a maidservant was eating is that we should eat more apples.

* * *

To a symposium promoted by McGill University on the question, "What is the Ideal Girl?" an undergraduate contributed the view that she should be able to wear clothes. He evidently had in mind the possibility of clothes coming back into fashion.

* * *

The projected New York building a hundred-and-ten stories high, which, it is claimed, will be the highest in the world, is also regarded as a notable advance in New York's encroachment upon the next world.

* * *

A County Court judge has expressed the opinion that a man is entitled to fight occasionally. This is great news for heavy-weight champions.

* * *

While suffering from loss of memory recently a boxer is said to have been under the delusion that he was training for a fight that took place fourteen years ago. A more common delusion among boxers is that they are training for fights that will take place fourteen years hence.

* * *

In conservative hunting circles there is a strong feeling that, at Hunt Balls, those who dance the Charleston should be required to wear a "kicker's" red ribbon behind.

* * *

A man was fined at Willesden for exceeding the speed limit with a motor-hearse. There was no suggestion, however, that he was doing so with an eye to the improvement of business.

* * *

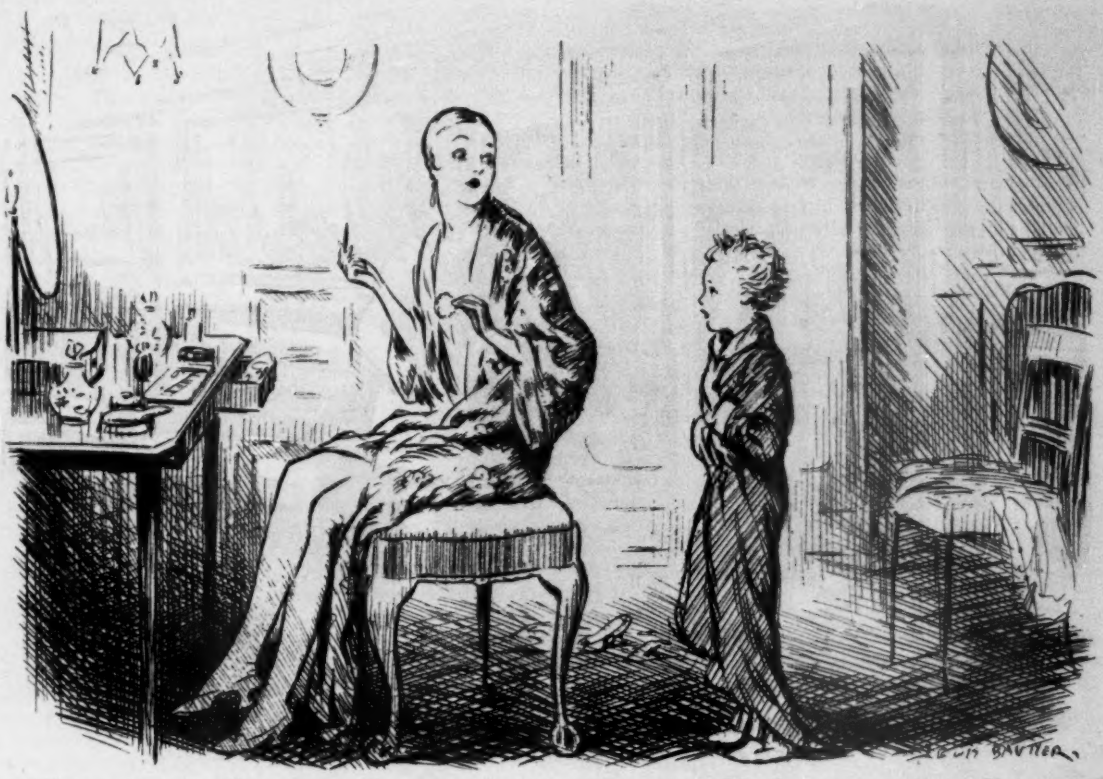
Lieut.-General Sir GEORGE MACMUNN has written an article explaining why we call cats "Tabby." We can only say that that isn't what we called the ones on our tiles last night.

* * *

We understand that while waiting at a railway station the other morning a traveller deliberately lit the waiting-room fire. The stationmaster fainted.



First Family Ghost (to Second). "I WISH YOU WOULDN'T CREEP UP BEHIND ME LIKE THAT. YOU GAVE ME QUITE A TURN."



"WELL, GOOD-NIGHT, MUMMY DEAR. I HOPE YOU 'LL ENJOY YOUR PARTY. I CAN'T KISS YOU, BECAUSE I'VE JUST HAD MY BATH."

BALLADS FOR BROAD-BROWS.

WHAT'S THE GAME?

Night Thoughts on the Embankment.

YES, it 's my birthday. And it 's not the first
I 've sat and wished that someone would explain
Why I was born and nourished up and nursed,
Instead of dropped down some convenient drain.
Well, no one wants me, though a lot have tried;
My luck is out, my reputation 's torn;
Nobody 'd care a button if I died—
Yet what a fuss there was when I was born!

I was a beautiful baby,
And everyone crowded to see,
For everyone swore that no baby before
Had been quite such a baby as me;
But now I'm not wanted no more,
Unless it 's for scrubbing a floor,
And if that 's what a person is for—
Well, what 's the Big Idea?

I done my part in this depressing scene
And never grudged a drop of elbow-grease;
I 've scrubbed my steps and left my dishes clean,
And reckon I 'm as good as the police;
And when some beetle throws his weight about
I answers back with pardonable scorn—
"All right," I says, "my glamour 's gone, no doubt,
But you should have seen the fuss when I was born!"

I was a beautiful baby,
The wonder of Paradise Row;
I was a lamb in my little blue pram
As I rode about sucking my toe;
The neighbours would stand in a queue
To hold me a minute or two,
But now I 'm a blot on the view—
Well, what 's the Big Idea?

I must have been a little beauty then;
Still, what did my poor mother want with me?
Well, I was number nine—or was it ten?—
So Father took her purse and went to sea,
And Uncle knocked him down and went to jail,
And Father died of jaundice off Cape Horn,
And Grandpa popped it when he heard the tale—
Oh, dear, there *was* a fuss when I was born!

I was a wonderful baby,
And the prettiest bud on the bough;
I 'd only to speak and they 'd laugh for a week,
But no one don't laugh at me now;
But if no one don't want me no more,
What for was I wanted before?
Well, what I mean, what am I for?
Oy! what 's the game?

A. P. H.

From a paragraph on a dictionary:—

"In the same readable book mathematical conventions are employed to explain musical chairs. We are told that this is 'a game in which N—1 players circulate round N chairs until the music ceases, when one player is eliminated.' Precisely."—*Daily Paper.*

Precisely what? It was a mathematician who described musical chairs as a species of harmonical progression; but he would never have passed this formula.



Butler (showing new Huntsman round the picture-gallery). "THEY SAY THAT 'S ONE OF THE OLD MASTERS—NAME OF VAN DYCK." *New Huntsman.* "MASTER, WAS HE? WELL, HE AIN'T MY IDEA OF A HUNTING MAN."

IN DEFENCE OF THE DOONES.

(By our Topographical Expert.)

THE wave of scepticism which has inundated the columns of the Press at the expense of the DOONE family is not only to be regretted in the interests of romance; it is open to convincing retort by all students of topography, genealogy and local history.

Perhaps the best starting-point for a really scientific inquiry into this problem is to be found in the index to *The Laws of England*, that monumental work edited by the late Earl of HALSBURY, where, under the heading "Donkey," we read the illuminating reference, "see Ass." The nomenclature here presents an abrupt divergence, but the principle involved is the same, viz. that identity is often disguised under variant forms. It is true that the surname Doone is not to be found in *Who's Who* (either English or American) or in various books of reference which treat of the nobility or landed gentry of the British Isles, though in the comparative form of Dooner it still survives. But when we turn to topography the evidences are widespread and point unmistakably to the Gaelic or Celtic origin of the famous family. In Scotland the name Doon is attached to a river and loch, two hills, three castles, and in the form Doune to a village, a castle, a mountain, an oval flat-topped mound, and to the seat of the Grants of Rothiemurchus. Ireland is even richer in these memorials, furnishing a promontory, two old castles, a lough, a parish, an old fort, and a well in Donegal still frequented for purposes of healing. The name is also immortalised in the reduplicated form of Doonooney, a parish in Wexford.

I have not been able to trace any indication of predatory tastes on the part of the Irish or Scots Doones, or to ascertain the motives of their migration to Exmoor. But the phrase "Bonny Doon" used by BURNS seems to argue that they were originally of an amiable disposition and owed their lapse from orderly life to the unsympathetic attitude of their Saxon neighbours. Hence no doubt the phrase "hadden-doon," *i.e.* oppressed, maltreated. They resented this victimisation, as men of spirit always will, with results that were not conducive to their longevity or that of their tyrants.

Only this morning I have read a letter in *The Times* referring to the tragic end of a Doone who managed to get in the way when a lady of the name of Rhydd discharged a very long and ancient gun on the occasion of his entering her house without an invitation. In this context I may note that the *English Dialect Dictionary* gives the word "Doon" as formerly used in Lincolnshire to indicate a place of confinement for prisoners in a village. From the same source I gather the information that the word "Doondie" is still used in the Orkney Islands for a lean or diseased cod-fish.

The subject might be pursued further, but I think enough has been said to prove that the DOONES not only existed, but were a notable and high-spirited family whose decline and ultimate extinction were due to their inability to accommodate their unflinching individualism to their new surroundings.

"Owen Morshead, who was made King's Librarian a few months ago, is delighted with his new quarters at Windsor. So charming are they that he scarcely regrets his beautiful panelled rooms at Magdalene, overlooking the 50-year-old apple trees and the gigantic ewes of the Fellows' Garden."—*Scots Paper.*

Is this Magdalene's answer to the swans which the Fellows of St. John's preserve?

AT THE PLAY.

"ROBIN HOOD" (CENTURY).

IN the legends of the noble Earl of HUNTINGDON, *alias* ROBIN HOOD, who took up the cause of Labour against Capital, and of his wife, *nés* Lady MARIAN FITZWALTER (it sounds just like Mr. OSWALD and Lady CYNTHIA MOSLEY), there is matter enough for drama, if you mix them up with the known history, suitably distorted, of the time. But Mr. ALFRED NOYES was not satisfied with a chance that others have taken before him. He wanted, as poet, to embroider his theme with lyrical imagery. And here to his hand was the Forest of Sherwood, of which the old ballad-makers had taken little notice beyond remarking how "merrie it was in greenwood shawe."

Perhaps he had thought of BROWNING'S words:—

> "The forests had done it; there they stood;
> We caught for a moment the powers at play."

Anyhow, he would do a little anthropomorphising; he would create Spirits of the Woodland and give them the immortality of Fairyland. "The Forest shall conquer!" is their opening refrain. This was to mean something more than the physical or moral triumph of the Forest over the grey stone walls of a cruel feudalism which had crushed the freedom that was the birthright of its denizens. It embraced the conception of a Heaven reserved for the Faithful of the Forest; that "Shining Glen" which received the spirits of *Robin* and *Marian* at the last, when they had been laid to rest in the glade where his last arrow, shot at the setting sun, had come to earth.

That here was an element of something more than Nature-worship or Romance, or even a blend of the two, is seen in the recurrence of a strain of Christian feeling in the play. It is revealed early—and a little abruptly—as soon as, like *Jaques*, we have "met a fool i' the forest." *Shadow-of-a-Leaf*, as they call him, has achieved second sight by the loss of his mortal wits. He tells the foresters how he has seen a vision of their "master's Master" riding on an ass through Sherwood, with none but the *Fool* to cry "Hosanna!" And it is taken up at the end, where, rather cryptically, the *Fool* makes sacrifice of himself for love, that others may win immortality. And, as the curtain falls, *Blondel*, whose earthly king is dead, still goes singing through the forest in search of "the great King" who lives.

All this embroidery, half pagan, half Christian, which he imposes upon the main theme, however great the distinction which it gives to Mr. NOYES' work, necessarily delays the action of the drama; and in itself, though always expressed in the true language of poetry, it suffers from a certain obscurity which is not entirely dispelled by a study of the book.

Another motive—it runs through the first half of the play—is the anticipation of *Cœur-de-Lion's* return. As soon as "the King comes home from the Crusade" the tyranny of his Regent, *Prince John*, will be suppressed and all will be well with the Forest. And when, very opportunely, at the moment of *Will Scarlet's* rescue from the scaffold, *Richard* turns up in disguise (I wasn't expecting him just then, and in his black barred vizor I am ashamed to say that I mistook him at first for the executioner) he does put things right, and *Robin* gets back his estates and is restored to favour at Court. But scarcely have he and *Marian* completed their honeymoon when the *King* is off again to the wars, and the wicked machinations of *Prince John* and his abominable sister, *Elinor*, are resumed.

Mr. NOYES is excusably concerned to bring in as many historical characters as he can without regard to the possibility of their being there at the time. Thus we first meet *Blondel* (who ought to have been on the Continent in search of *Cœur-de-Lion*) pursuing his quest through Sherwood, the most unlikely of places for the *King* to be lost in. And when, later, during a masqued ball at the palace, news comes of *Richard's* death and *John* is acclaimed king, young *Prince Arthur* is present (pathetically labouring under the impression that he is king now) when he ought, I think, to have been somewhere in France. But what is the good of being a poet and a dramatist if you haven't a soul above *Little Arthur's History of England*?

It was a brave performance of the



Vicar's Small Daughter (to Oldest Inhabitant). "OH, AND MOTHER SAID I WAS TO BE SURE AND WISH YOU A FEW HAPPY RETURNS."

"Lena Ashwell Players," with their small stage and sketchy scenery. Mr. GODFREY KENTON made a good *Robin*, swift in action and sympathetic in speech. Mr. PATRICK GOVER'S *Prince John*—not the "broad-shouldered man" of the author's description, but a slim, sleek popinjay—did his shocking villainies with a pleasant air of languor. He was admirably abetted by his sister, *Elinor* (Miss AGNES LAUCHLAN), who retained her bloodless calm throughout the bloodiest enterprises.

The hardest task fell to Miss ESMÉ CHURCH as *Shadow-of-a-Leaf*, notably in the long concluding lyric, with its insistent triple refrain in each verse, "The Forest has conquered!"—a lyric that cried out to be sung and not said. She brought to her work a very nice intelligence.

I have no space to mention other individual performances, but I can say that in their elocution, if not always in their gestures and movements, the whole company, not forgetting the youthful *Forest Sprites*, reflected some very careful training on the part of Miss LENA ASHWELL.

Mr. NOYES' verse-drama was not built for a popular success—it is too well done for that; but I could wish—and this is not to imply any reflection on the achievement of the players who performed it under very difficult conditions—that we might have had a chance of seeing it in such a setting as was given to the work of STEPHEN PHILLIPS in the old days when the Managements of our big theatres were less afraid of good writing. O. S.

"second largest industry in the United States"—bootlegging—whose directors and drummers can command a sales organisation of armed gangsters, ready to persuade purchasers, if necessary, and defend their defined "territory" from the competition of rival firms. The device of setting a grim tragedy against the background of a cabaret-show in rehearsal and in action is, I think, quite novel and handled with remarkable dexterity. There seems nothing very unlikely in a man or two's being shot between the turns of such a show in such an environment; and by keeping



THE GUNWOMAN, U.S.A.

Pearl . . . . . Miss KAREN PETERSON.
Steve Crandall . . . . . Mr. BERNARD J. NEDELL.

young chorus-girl, *Billie* (who is being honourably if oddly wooed by the ingenuously ambitious comedian, *Roy Lane*, and unscrupulously hunted down by the relentless bootlegger-in-chief, *Steve Crandall*) and her fellow-artiste, whose intended husband, "*Scar*" *Edwards*, is *Steve's* rival and victim.

If a serious doubt suggests itself as to whether full marks should be awarded for absolutely strict observance of all the rules of this diverting game, it is due to the impossibility of supposing that a man under the influence of such deadly fear as *Steve* could have been sufficiently unpreoccupied to continue the pursuit of the blameless *Billie*. Perfect fear, one feels, effectively casts out lust. Perhaps Mr. BERNARD J. NEDELL overplayed the fear, though one recognises his dilemma; he had to be the bully turned coward, the ready killer with his nerve steadily broken by the nonchalant detective *Dan McCorn's* leisurely, indirect and deadly method.

The play was most capably produced. Exits and entrances, even the removal of dead and dying—one must allow a little licence in that difficult business—were plausibly contrived. The staircase which led to the dressing-rooms cleverly allowed a good deal of reasonable and enlivening movement. As no producer's name appears on the programme one must suspect either or both of the authors to have been responsible for a very effective piece of stagecraft which, more than the individual quality of the actors, carried this show to success.

Not that the players were found wanting. Mr. HARTLEY POWER'S detective was a new one on us, and a most adroit performance. It is always rather difficult to present a villain to the sophisticated. I don't think Mr. NEDELL failed in his difficult task, though the earlier and easier phases were more convincing. The cautiously-curbed sensuality of his passages with *Billie*, so easy to scare, was particularly well handled.

Mr. LUNDEGARD'S vehement "*Scar*" *Edwards*; Mr. JOSEPH CREHAN'S fleshly "*Porky*" *Thompson*, sober or drunk, bluffing or afraid; Mr. CARLO DE ANGELO'S sinister frightened *Dolph* (those two were lieutenants of the desperate *Steve*); Mr. WALTER ARMIN'S bullying, cringing Greek cabaret-proprietor, and Mr. BEN

"BROADWAY" (STRAND).

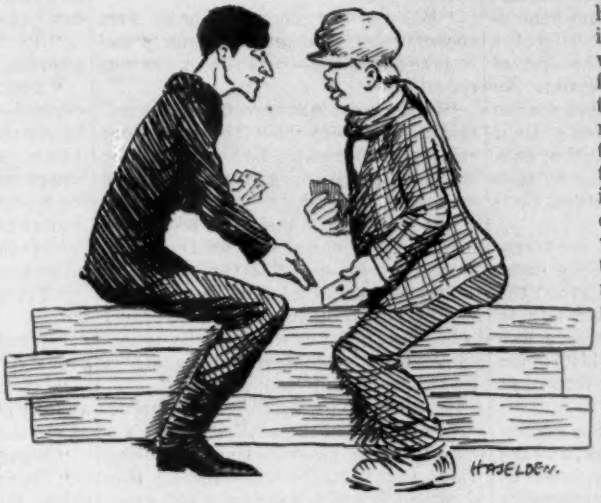
This imported *Broadway*, by Messrs. PHILLIP DUNNING and GEORGE ABBOTT, must share with the native *Ringer* of Mr. EDGAR WALLACE the distinction of being the best show of their kind now to be seen in Town. *Broadway* has perhaps the advantage in that, while nearly as exciting, it is definitely more plausible. Nobody can seriously believe in the *Ringer*, his disguises, escapes and vendettas, though one can completely persuade oneself to accept the illusion while it lasts, which is all that is required for satisfactory entertainment. It is quite possible, on the other hand, to accept as more than just merely plausible this picture of a phase of the the two strands of humour and grim seriousness mainly separate, rather than interwoven—quite in the Shakespearean tradition, as a colleague aptly whispered to me—the authors successfully avoid those distortions which the maladroit mixture of the two styles is apt to expose to the critical intelligence. The ingenious authors contrive much fun out of the strictly professional way in which the cabaret performers at the very instant, not a moment before, the doors are flung open for their turn, call a halt to their personal quarrels, love-makings or jollyings, and assume the mask of their parts. They also artistically contrive contact between the two main groups of folk concerned through the

WELDEN'S lazy waiter, were all skilful performances; and Mr. ROY LLOYD made a thoroughly human and entertaining thing of the warm-hearted, self-satisfied, honest little comedian, *Lane*. The ladies of the company had less on their shoulders (in more senses than one) and carried it very well. The piece sets a standard in its class. T.

"LILIOM"
(DUKE OF YORK'S).

Herr FERENCZ MOLNAR'S "legend," *Liliom*, is one of those plays concerning which the critic from whom the fairy godmother has withheld the blessed gift of cocksureness has to ask himself the question, "Is this on balance a good play or a jolly bad one?" Has it, that is to say, in attempting something deeper than its surface meanings, succeeded well enough, or has it failed to such a degree that one is forced definitely to wish that the author had not essayed something so far beyond his powers? Seeing that it holds the attention to the last sentence, with the help certainly of M. KOMISARJEVSKY'S imaginative scenery, lights and noises, one may, I think, hazard the kindlier judgment, with no more than the mere hint, in devil's advocacy, that the texture of *Liliom's* dream was altogether too coherent and sophisticated for verisimilitude—so coherent, in truth, that the disclosure of the fact that it was a dream, and not some bizarre exercise in the Expressionist mode, came to us with the suggestion of a rather unfair piece of spoof or theatrical sharp practice.

The scene is set in the outskirts of Budapest. *Liliom* is bellman and crier to a roundabout show—a handsome ne'er-do-well, who has been jugged more than once. His scanty earnings are supplemented by the contributions of servant-girls and that unashamedly sensual Jewess, his employer. But when little *Julie*, so simple as not to understand what is involved in being shut out from her employer's home for the night to spend it, because he has been kind to her, with the handsome vagabond who has just lost his job, the best in *Liliom* (which was never very good) rises to the surface. Abandoning his usual technique of promise of marriage in favour of the actual thing, he swells with pride at the thought of his approaching fatherhood. Seriously contemplating an adventure which involves the elimination of a cashier by way of raising funds, he visualises the result of his project and the real dark background of his own soul while he sleeps between the preliminary dallying with the idea of highway robbery with murder and the settling of the details with his wholly villainous friend, *Ficsur*.



DISHONOUR AMONG THIEVES.

Liliom . . . . . MR. IVOR NOVELLO.
Young Kalman . . . . . MR. DAN F. ROE.

M. THEODORE KOMISARJEVSKY must have thanked the gods for such a chance of proving how the significance of a scene can be heightened by the producer's elaborations, and he fairly let himself go. The piece opened with a prologue, in which for seven or eight minutes we were subjected to the blare and glare and press of a crowd among the booths and side-shows of a fair by night. I think we had more of this than was necessary to produce atmosphere without the reaction of boredom; though what was done was done well enough. The most successful setting was the sombre railway embankment, with the arch through which the sinister silhouettes of the industrial quarter of the city gloomed in the distance, a combination of realism with expressionism which was entirely successful—except that, to be captious, the galloping horses of the mounted policemen were obviously not approaching but merely marking very quick time just OFF.



THE INTRODUCTION THAT FELL FLAT.

Julie . . . . . MISS FAY COMPTON.
Wolf . . . . . MR. DOUGLAS JEFFERIES.
Marie . . . . . MISS BERYL HARRISON.

The hall of judgment or higher police-court, where the defiant *Liliom* was questioned as to his action and motives and doomed to revisit the earth, after a six-

teen years' purgatory, to see his daughter, was admirably presented, and this scene alone was a sound demonstration of the new magic that the dramatist who will take the risk of experimenting may now command. No doubt, though, our playwrights are too deeply conscious of the hatred of their countrymen for anything that they cannot understand without effort to take chances that do not dismay their Continental brethren.

It did not seem to me that the translators' work had been plausibly done. It is, we know, difficult to avoid the American idiom nowadays, but I think *Liliom*, an exceedingly primitive and unsophisticated soul, was the last person to be capable of breaking out into it, as he constantly did.

Mr. IVOR NOVELLO continues his uneven but, I think, on the whole, upward course. He is surprisingly good at moments; surprisingly conventional or careless or obvious at others. *Liliom* was alive, however, and that is much to achieve. Miss FAY COMPTON presented to us with her too-accustomed skill the adorable simplicity, gentleness and tenderness of little *Julie*, with her stiffening of real character. Mr. CHARLES LAUGHTON as the unredeemed and scarcely credible villain, *Ficsur*, gave us a soundly full-blooded piece of work. Miss BERYL HARRISON'S *Marie, Julie's* friend, kindly but with a shrewder eye to business, was well done; and Mr. DOUGLAS JEFFERIES made an excellent thing of *Wolf*, the hotel porter, afterwards the successful *restaurateur*. Miss VIOLET FAREBROTHER cleverly made us conscious of the meanness and grossness of the proprietress of the merry-go-round, *Mrs. Muskat*. I ought, I think, also to mention Mr. DOUGLAS BURBIDGE'S successful rendering of the ring-and-umbrella turn in the fair scene. To the increasing number of those who are interested in theatrical technique I would strongly recommend this stimulating affair. T.

"WARDER OF ALDINGWORTH" AGAIN.

AFTER the conversation with his mother that I was able to report the other day, Warder's first question was whether any of his brothers and sisters were still there. When he had left the kennels there had been two of each.

"No," said his mother, "they've all gone. They went at once. Our strain is so good, you know. Where they went I haven't a notion, and unless any of them are sent back for a holiday, the same as you, I don't suppose I'll ever see them again. In the old days I used to catch up with the family now and then, by chance, at Shows. But they don't show me any more, thank Sirius!"

"But I always thought Shows were so wonderful," exclaimed Warder; "and to take a first too—isn't that a glorious sensation?"

"It's agreeable to succeed, of course," said his mother; "but the conditions are far from ideal. You have a long journey there and back; you are cramped for room; you get no proper exercise; if you see an old friend, or a brother or sister, or even one of your own children, there may be no opportunity of any talk at all; while all the time you are at the disposal of the people who crowd in to stare, many of them totally ignorant—merely inquisitive—and some so debased as to call you 'Doggie.'"

"Still, to take a first!" said Warder.

"Yes," replied the mother, "that's a compensation, provided the judge gives it for the right thing. But all this about Shows you'll find out some day for yourself, for you're a splendid fellow and I'm very proud of you. Don't ever let that tail droop."

"My ears aren't quite as upright as they should be, I'm afraid," said Warder.

"No, but don't worry," said his mother. "The left one is all right now, and the other soon will be. For the first year they're always going up and down. Teething, partly. And now," she added, "I'll show you what you looked like when you went away, because, although your own brothers and sisters have gone, there's a little bunch of new ones who will be delighted to have you with them."

"Same old dad?" Warder asked.

"Yes, dear, same old dad."

"I suppose there's still no chance of seeing him?" Warder continued.

"No, dear, he's miles away: a whole hour in a motor-car."

"It seems funny that none of us have ever seen him," said Warder. "Is he nice?"

"Nice?" replied his mother. "He's wonderful. Such a marvellous pedigree. But come and be introduced to your brothers and sisters."

"Any of them as good as me?" Warder inquired rather anxiously.

"Well, not better, at any rate," said his mother.

When they heard who Warder was the puppies were filled with excitement, but all that they wanted from him was information about the world.

"Of course," said one, "mother's told us a lot. But it's more interesting coming from you. What are they like?"

"Who?" asked Warder.

"They. Masters and mistresses."

"They're all right," said Warder, "if you behave. But they've got one peculiarity that you must watch out for if you want to have an easy time and lots of petting. They hate it if you don't obey."

"So does mother," said one of the puppies.

"Yes, but it's different," Warder explained. "Mother doesn't like you to be disobedient; but that's the end. These people, if you're disobedient, whack you and tie you up, and go out for walks without you. Nothing's so dull as that."

"Have you been disobedient?" another puppy asked.

"I was," said Warder; "but no longer. It doesn't pay."

"What was the naughtiest thing you ever did?" they all wanted to know.

"I stole eggs," said Warder. "They're awfully good: raw eggs. I found a place to get them."

"What happened?"

"They were furious. They seem to think more of eggs than anything, even meat. The gardener saw me and the cook beat me. You must remember about gardeners. They are very dangerous, because you never know where they are and therefore whether or not they are watching you. Masters and mistresses are simple problems, because they have habits; but gardeners hide behind bushes and watch."

"And cooks?" asked an eager voice.

"Cooks are frightfully important," said Warder. "Whatever you do, don't make an enemy of the cook."

E. V. L.

THE FIRST STEP.

[A doctor declares that children should be encouraged to get out of breath as an aid to their physical development.]

GOOD wife, you wrong me when you say
That I'm inclined to be
Too energetic in my play
With James, our prodigy,
And overtax each little limb
By my too furious pace
Till breathlessness has rendered him
All purple in the face.

It is not thoughtlessness; the deed's
Deliberately done
That I may serve the training needs
Of our amazing son;
He'll win, when many a romping game
Its fruit begins to bear,
A widely-boomed athletic fame,
And bless me for my care.

When week by week he gains a prize,
And in their choicest prose
The sporting columns advertise
The energy he shows,
He'll think of me in grateful mood
And thank me sure enough
For having given him a good
Preliminary puff.



George Belcher.

THE EARL OF CLARENDON.

Here is the Head of the Corporation
That casts abroad to the British nation;
And, when it decides exactly what
Is good for our ears to hear or not,
Its choice is bound to be based upon
"The Constitutions of Clarendon."

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—XXXIII.



The Woman. "JUST LIKE A MAN! YOU LET ME SIT HERE SOAKED TO THE SKIN WHILE YOU CRAWL INTO THE ONLY BIT OF SHELTER TO BE HAD."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

LIKE the *Bridget Elia* of *Old China*, I think it is a pity when poor people of taste become "rich and finical." This notion I have just had transatlantically confirmed by Mr. JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER, who has produced a record of his rise from impecuniosity to wealth as reflected in the house he lives in. The first part of the record is whimsical and charming. It relates how the writer and DOROTHY his wife bought an eighteenth-century stone house in Pennsylvania and embarked on a life of struggle and incident. "I could come nearer to selling a story, without actually bringing it about, than anyone else alive," writes Mr. HERGESHEIMER triumphantly. As for DOROTHY, she cooked, filled the lamps and sang duets with the coloured boy who washed up, with inimitable grace. "Looking back, it seems to me, that to a great extent the difficulties were the pleasures." Literary successes, however, put an end to this idyll and ushered in the upheaval which it is the main business of *From an Old House* (HEINEMANN) to describe. The Dower House, to an old-world eye, is not particularly attractive. Most English villages boast a vicarage or a farm-house or two on the same Georgian lines. But I can well credit its original "thoughtful" charm; and I can well believe that it "wasn't as thoughtful as formerly," after it had been gutted and restored. When this was accomplished DOROTHY took to fancy-dress, a red wig, a "victrola" and a lip-stick; and "no wrens would enter the house, on its white pole, which Mr. Okie (the architect) had provided." Personally I don't blame them. The chronicle is illustrated with costly and successful photographs and written with affectionate care. Its agonies usually inspire a much more pleasing style than its exultations.

I know that Miss MARGARET DELAND generally loves her own characters so much that her readers inevitably take the infection and love them too. Therefore with joy I seized the opportunity of meeting *The Kays* (CAPE)—young *Arthur* with his conscience and his pride; his mother with her bleak high principles and her courage and her poor mad *Mary* nursed in the attic under the roof; and his father, *Major Kay*—"Beau Kay"—with his lotteries and his drinking and his eye for fineness in other people. I loved too *Lois Clark*, the little girl from next-door who was *Arthur's* faithful sweetheart, and her gallant mother, and the cosy conventional charm of their family life, which throws into such high relief the strange, divided, secret-haunted household of the *Kays*. The story takes place in a small American town—that old Chester Miss DELAND has described so charmingly already—in the days of the struggle between North and South, but it could be no more living and vivid if it dealt with the men and women and heartbreaks of to-day. *Arthur*, made reticent almost to the point of stupidity by the hardships of his childhood, suffers all his life from having to stand by his mother's stark definitions of right and wrong—she is a thinker far in advance of her generation—and from being too proud to explain his conduct. *Lois* loves him in spite of his apparent cowardice and dishonesty, and he believes that she has really understood him, and so comes tragedy. It is difficult to credit that his words could quite so often have meant one thing and conveyed something widely different to a girl who knew and loved him as *Lois* did. When she asks him to deny a theft, and he answers, "I can't," when "I won't" was what he really meant, it becomes a little unreal. I feel that Miss DELAND has here stretched probability too far, letting a serious blemish spoil a very delightful book and leaving me between gratitude and grumbling, but nearer to gratitude.

Ben Watson (that 's the title too),
A canny lad is he,
Who mounts, as lads in Yorkshire do,
To some prosperity;
And while connecting with "th' brass"
He woos and likewise weds a lass.

But that 's mere detail for the book
In bulk to sport refers;
Our *Ben* must shoot, by hook or crook,
In spite of gamekeepers;
He holds a *gait*, or common right,
So does not poach—at least not quite.

The publishers are *Country Life*,
The author, CUTCLIFFE HYNE;
With the red moors his page is rife,
With guns and butts a-line;
And we may watch, come sun, come soak,
Ben Watson bouncing other folk.

'Tis claimed that *Ben*, by moor and moss,
Is *Jorrocks* with a gun:
Vain boast; old *J.* of Handley Cross
Is quite another one;
We *love* him, while I 've failed to like*
This gunning, cunning, tough-nut Tyke.

Field-Marshal Sir WILLIAM ROBERTSON, Chief of the Imperial General Staff for the greater part of the War, has delivered his offensive. With limited though clearly-defined objectives and with all that concentration of inner knowledge and technical resource that attaches no less to his own personality than to his unique position, he has assaulted the entrenched lines of those politicians who would be soldiers. If incidentally—in *Soldiers and Statesmen: 1914-1918* (CASSELL)—the first weight of his barrage has fallen on such of his opponents as took exception to soldiers who would be politicians, it may be remembered that they are well able to take care of themselves, and anyway war is war. Here such old familiar patches of no-man's-land as "man-power" and "unity of command," already much cut up by earlier shelling, are traversed again, while, most fought over of all, here once more is the memorable "Western" versus "Eastern" controversy. For my own part, in this clash between the supporters of the "main front" and of the "side-shows," the arguments of the Westerners, at any rate while these two stout volumes are in close support, appear unanswerable; and the author might even be accepted as my sole responsible military adviser were it not for his deplorable habit of writing "would" where some of us still prefer "should." His masterful survey of campaigns entered upon or projected all over the world without any proper co-ordination is a contribution to the theory of organisation for war that must become a standard authority for the expert; and even the patient general reader, though a little tired of drum-fire argument, must be plainly told that here is his chance to learn a great deal more about how the last war—like most other wars—was really waged, than ever he knew before.

Having grumbled, perhaps excessively, at the slightly opportunist atmosphere of Mr. ROBERT LYND's *Orange Tree* of 1925, I shall not be suspected of facile enthusiasm in declaring myself wholly captivated by *The Little Angel* (METHUEN) of 1926. The fact that the sympathies of these merry and gracious essays are more definitely ranged gives them a stouter humanity, on which perdurable foundation graces of comment and "applications" of the picturesque look their best and last their longest. There is a jolly DICKENS air about the book; not a spectral evocation but an embodiment of the Gadshill spirit in terms of 1926. DICKENS, I feel, would have given his *imprimatur* to the defence of convivial over-eating modestly headed "Lunch." He would have subscribed, with flattered acknowledgments of his own commemoration therein, to the apology for "sentimental" legislation pertinently addressed to "The Dean." He would have found it perhaps a little hard to understand how the subject of the titular essay came to be so unpopular as to need a champion; yet, seeing he is not here to cope with our psycho-analysts and their *protégé* the infant villain (and how he would, in the IZAAK WALTON sense, have loved them!), he may well be glad that "Y. Y." is at hand to cry "Back to the Infant Samuel!" If it were



"AND WHICH OF THEM STARS IS INHABITED, GEORGE?"
"ER—THAT LITTLE ONE ON THE LEFT."

* In spite of Mr. GILBERT HOLIDAY's pictures of him.

only for its seasonable charities I should give a hearty welcome to *The Little Angel*. But there is more to it than that. There are wise and witty considerations of current literary portents, shrewd and good-humoured thrusts at current social imbecilities, quaint and sometimes pathetic glimpses of out-of-the-way places and people, happy aphorisms and pleasant spans of meditation. In fact there is "Y. Y." at his best.

Why is it that pacifists are always of so truculent a disposition? Mr. FRANK ROSE, M.P., is an industrial pacifist, a Labour and Socialist M.P., who has consistently preached against "the crazy acrimonies of the class war" and the wasteful futilities of the strike method. *Our Industrial Jungle* (FABER AND GWYER) is a fair-minded presentation of an interesting thesis, but the driver of mild oxen should himself be mild, and I am afraid our author's unfortunate combativeness rather qualifies our appreciation of his excellent intentions and certainly detracts from his persuasiveness. Mr. ROSE's main thesis is that the Parliamentary method, peaceful penetration, organised use of the vote, constitutional revolution in a word, will give the Socialist substantially what he wants without ruining his country in the process. It will probably win a friendlier hearing from masters than from men. Mr. ROSE ploughs rather a lonely furrow in his own world, and his criticism of tradesunion leaders' lack of leadership and sundry defects of trades union philosophy and practice will not endear him to his political friends. This little book is written in a lively idiom and fortified with figures which will be useful to many who will not want to use them precisely in our author's way. He makes an excellent case for high wages as meaning, in fact, cheaper labour. One must state in fairness that Mr. ROSE is by no means a doctrinaire whole-hogging Socialist or a paper-scheme reformer, but a rational compromiser in whom Conservatives who are also of the rationally compromising type might find an ally.

Their Tradition (CONSTABLE) reminds me of *Knighton*, another novel by Mr. GUY RAWLENCE. Neither the theme nor the setting is the same, but in each book the author shows a most intimate knowledge of those who live their lives in the country. Here he writes of an England that may not be passing away quite so quickly as is supposed, but is without doubt in a state of transition. He tells his story with extraordinary detachment and in a style that I find almost wholly admirable. I do, however, think that he loiters from time to time when he might with advantage get on with his tale. It is of a county family which had to face the fate to which the War, modern conditions and a spendthrift heir had brought them. They were not in the habit of dying on the near side of three-score years and ten, and a great-aunt—probably the greatest aunt in fiction—is the supreme figure in this history of her family. A wonderful creation. Though belonging to a type that is perhaps passing away, she is far more real and vital than those hysterical heroines of to-day who are sweeping through fiction like a plague.

Those who are still convinced that Sir J. M. BARRIE wrote *The Little Visiters* have no doubt satisfied themselves already as to the true authorship of *The Admiral and Others* (SELWYN AND BLOUNT). For myself, I do not need Mr. ST. JOHN ADCOCK's foreword to convince me that it is indeed the work of PEGGY TEMPLE, aged twelve. A grown-up might have imitated its humour, but not its occasional lack of it. For this book is not so consistently amusing as *The Little Visiters*. On the other hand, PEGGY TEMPLE is consciously as well as unconsciously humorous and at times reaches a degree of sophistication such as her predecessor never attempted. (As, for example, when someone rebuked the *Admiral* by asking him what his wife would think of him, and he replied, "She won't think; she never does.") But then we don't want sophisticated humour from children; we can do that sort of thing so much better ourselves. They should amuse us unintentionally or be silent. However, this is a child-worshipping age, and PEGGY TEMPLE is undoubtedly a bright child. And her story of the outrageous *Admiral Derbertson* has so many good moments that no one will regret the modest half-crown he is asked to spend on it.



Husband (reading aloud the newspaper report of a fire). "AND ONE WOMAN HAD TO ESCAPE DOWN A WATER-PIPE AT THE BACK OF THE HOUSE." *Wife.* "OH, HOW LOVELY TO BE AS SLIM AS THAT!"

"Romanticism," in the words of the anonymous writer so aptly quoted on the title-page of Miss HILDA VAUGHAN'S *Here Are Lovers* (HEINEMANN), "is a malady sometimes engendered by the tedium of a too-straitly-ordered society," a text illustrated to perfection by the sentimental-intellectual love affair in which Miss VAUGHAN'S principal couple are involved. *Lætitia Wingfield*, a "highbrow" of the 'sixties in ringlets and crinoline, who talks of RUSKIN and ROSSETTI much as modern Bloomsbury does of TCHEHOV and EPSTEIN, seeks relief from the too neatly clipped and trimmed existence of a Squire's daughter of the period in the society of *Gronwy Griffith*, a young Welsh peasant, also seeking in books escape from the restrictions—in his case those of grinding poverty—of his daily life. *Lætitia* is really but a half-hearted rebel, in spite of her enjoyment of the rôle of an artist among Philistines, and, left to herself, she would, one feels, probably have got over her attack of romanticism without a scar, and probably been all the better for it. But that would have made only a hum-drum finish. As it is, the opposition of her father, the kindly but obtuse Squire, and the primitive passions she has unwittingly kindled in her rustic lover, combine to turn *Lætitia's* innocent adventure into grim earnest and finally into tragedy. Miss VAUGHAN has captured both the letter and the spirit of her period with brilliant success, and her men and women, for all their whiskers and whalebone, are real breathing human beings.

CHARIVARIA.

A CHIEF constable was missing for a few days recently. There was some talk of getting a lady-novelist to organise a search for him.

* * *

We understand that anybody referring to this new Italian Aerial Police as the Flying Cops will be severely castor-oiled.

* * *

In a duel between two French journalists one narrowly missed shooting himself in the foot. This is one more instance of the danger of entrusting duellists with firearms.

* * *

We are unable to obtain confirmation of the rumour that the main object of Lord BEAVERBROOK'S visit to Palestine is the promotion of community singing in Zion.

* * *

The idea of the projected non-stop express trains from Euston to Glasgow is to minimise the danger of returning Scotsmen changing their minds on the journey.

* * *

Surprise is expressed in some quarters that the barony recently claimed by the President of a certain Condiment Club was not confirmed in the New Year Honours List.

* * *

The authorities of Ticino, a Swiss canton, have prohibited dancing excepting during the first three months of the year. During the other nine the young man there will miss his Swiss.

* * *

Near Taunton a lamb has been born with two extra legs. We understand that the Charleston is to be banned in that field during the usual gambolling season.

* * *

A contemporary writer mentions that he did not pay enough income-tax last year by ninepence. Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, however, is not hurrying home from the Mediterranean.

* * *

The L.C.C. are anxious to place tablets on houses where great men have lived. We 've already got one. It shows where the fire-hydrant is.

* * *

A news-agency message informs us that a resident of Barmouth recently picked ripe blackberries in his garden. We should almost certainly have done the same if they had been growing in ours.

* * *

The Board of Trade announces that under the Safeguarding of Industries Act dolls'-eyes are taxable. We think it would be better if Government departments would ring a bell before springing such news at the public.

* * *

Since the police have been asked by the authorities to be more polite one constable is said to be very worried because he has disobeyed the order. It appears that he arrested a pickpocket the other night and forgot to kiss the fellow Good-night after depositing him at the police-station.

* * *

Before very long Britishers will constitute a nest of singing-birds, says a weekly paper. We are not looking forward to our income-tax collector carolling a serenade in Schedule E flat.

* * *

During a storm in France recently the rain was blood-red. We gather that it was raining cats and dogs, and they met half-way.



Salesman. "NOW THERE YOU HAVE AN EXCLUSIVE MATERIAL, MADAM. WE ARE SELLING VERY LITTLE OF IT."

An advertisement recommends a device for keeping the human nose in position. What we want is a device for keeping the human nose away from the grindstone.

* * *

A discussion has arisen as to whether men should wear beards. But this question is always asked while there are still so many of those Christmas ties to be worn out.

* * *

An oculist writing to a contemporary says that you can always test a ghost by squinting at it. If it retaliates by putting its tongue out it 's no ghost.

* * *

An epidemic of an entirely new type of influenza is reported. Medical men have realised that their patients were getting tired of the old types.

* * *

Ten thousand novels were burnt in a fire at Leicester, but it is not known which were the best-burners.

* * *

Surprise is expressed that there have been so few applications from the public for the ten-thousand-a-year post of Chairman of the New Electricity Board. Our theory is that people are deterred by thoughts of the income-tax they would have to pay on such a salary.

* * *

It is hoped that Mr. BRUCE, the Premier of Australia, by rebuking the United States for being far too modest, will have done something to inspire American citizens with the self-confidence in which hitherto they have been so conspicuously lacking.

* * *

With reference to Professor FELIX BERNSTEIN'S theory that singing voices are hereditary, we can only express our readiness to believe that some vocalists can't help it.

* * *

By standing on his head in the middle of the New York traffic an English undergraduate gave yet another proof of the resourcefulness with which young men turned out by our universities adapt themselves to city life.

* * *

"Shut your mouth and save your life" is a medical writer's advice. We doubt however if it will be largely followed by our politicians.

THE PLUTOCRAT TO HIS SOCIALIST LOVE.

[See correspondence in the Press on the principles and practice of Mr. OSWALD MOSLEY.]

DEAREST, you love me solely for myself;
So far from being actuated
By any gross desire for filthy pelf,
You 'll overlook, when we are mated,
That section of the marriage-vow:
"With all my worldly goods I thee endow."

So shall the altar still be clean and fair
That we ignite our nuptial fire on;
Of my abundance you will claim no share
And I shall never need (like BYRON)
To bid you give me back my heart
Ere I am forced, against my will, to "part."

You chose me for myself (I said above),
Not looking, in that pure election
(As is the case with mercenary love),
For solid signs of my affection;
None of your eyeballs left its socket
To count the unearned increment I pocket.

You get that priceless gift—my heart and soul;
My breeding cannot be imparted;
His birth is not within a babe's control,
And that is why so few are started
In mansions, and such crowds in cots;
Nor can the Ethiopian change his spots.

And since (*noblesse oblige!*) I can't forgo
The habits proper to my station,
I must not—and you would not have it so—
Be hampered by a poor relation;
My dibs, with this high task to do,
May be enough for one, but not for two.

If then I sit inside my Rolls (or Royce),
Letting you tramp it on your ten toes,
Or, while I feed on viands fresh and choice,
Leave you the kitchen's cold mementos,
Let this thought keep you in the pink—
My heart is true, more true than you might think.

From these ideals never will I budge,
Though I may suffer rude detractions
From coarse and ribald knaves who loosely judge
Not by a man's words but his actions;
Great faith ignores the need of sight,
And yours is very large. So that 's all right.

O. S.

HOOCH!

THE disadvantage of the Tango from our point of view in Scotland is that we can't hooch to it. When I say "hooch," of course I 'm not saying "hootch" or "hook," but just "hooch," with the "ch" pronounced as in gargling.

Properly speaking, one never says "hooch." One screams it on a very high key, with a quickening of the pulse. In a Scottish ballroom—at any rate in those few Scottish ballrooms where the dancers still retain enough of their ancestors' comparatively quiet savagery to dance reels—one is expected to hooch to some extent. A light-hearted hooch, screeched regularly at intervals of twenty seconds, brightens the proceedings. The pitch and volume of the hooch is generally measured by the extent to which the bagpipes are skirling. Among the orthodox the rule is: "No bagpipes, no hoochs." But when an eightsome reel is announced then it just needs the teeniest wee skirl of the pipes to start everybody hooching with mad abandon.

Unfortunately we Scottish people are not all orthodox. We have been known —we who are unorthodox—to hooch to the music of the piano and stringed instruments. We have hooched to the trombone. And I myself have sometimes hooched inwardly, with fierce primeval passion, at the saxophone and the ukulele.

As a general rule we hooch pretty considerably during an eightsome reel. (There are other reels, but scarcely anybody ever dances them south of Pitfoddels.) We don't hooch to the foxtrot or the one-step. We don't hooch to the Charleston. The hooch, you must understand, is a stimulant and a tonic, and we who are of Scottish blood prefer to leave Charlestonians to stand on their own legs, if the Master of Ceremonies can coax them into doing it. And, as I said at the beginning, we don't hooch to the Tango. You see, the Tango is so unhurried, so painstaking and sinuous. And Heaven knows a hooch is none of these things.

To hooch to the Tango one would have to do it very slowly and sensuously —the hooch, I mean—to the accompaniment of semi-muffled drums and seductively suggestive music. Like this: "Hoo-oo-ooch—tum-tum—ho-oo-ooch—tum-tum." And of course hooching is no earthly use like that.

And, apart altogether from this question of hooching, the Tango does not show off one's kilt. An eightsome reel shows off one's kilt and one's trews into the bargain, but the Tango is so slow that one's kilt cannot swing, and hangs from the hips dully, lifelessly.

Then there is the waltz. We never hooch to the waltz, although I dare say a very devout Scotsman—like Mr. KIRKWOOD, for instance—might do so. I hope he does, for the more he hooches the better for him, as it is a great relief to the emotions. When he feels a desire to say something in the House for which he might or might not be sorry later, it would do him good to withdraw into a dark corner somewhere alone and hooch himself hoarse.

However, enough of Mr. KIRKWOOD, who, I feel almost certain, has never hooched to the Tango. In the meantime—— ["Hooch!"—ED.]

DIRGE ON TWO ELEPHANTS.

THE children's cry is bitter and their mouths are filled with rue;
Ahi! Indarini, the glory of the Zoo;
The trunk that snuffled ha'pence, and the hospitable spine,
They have passed without a warning, they have gone without a sign.
The news was hardly scattered and the tears were hardly shed
(Indarini, Indarini, they have quenched your vital spark),
When the sudden germ got busy and another beast was dead.
Ahé, Sundermalah, the pride of Regent's Park.

The word has passed to India; where the Mysore forests blow
The herd of Indarini is prostrated at the blow;
The Sundermalah people through the jungle they frequent
Have proclaimed a time of mourning for the kinsman they lament;
No more they poach the ryot's cane as they were wont to do
Nor trample down his paddy for an elephantine lark;
Ahi! Indarini, the captive of the Zoo;
Ahé, Sundermalah, the slave of Regent's Park.

DUM-DUM.

The Secret Out.

"A landlady on a mountain near Glenfarn, County Leitrim, has revealed a valuable coalseam."—*Scots Paper.*



PREOCCUPIED.

MONSIEUR P. PASSES BY.



Wife (discussing young man who has just left them). "ISN'T HE A LAMB? SUCH A DISTINGUISHED ACCENT."
Husband. "GOOD LORD! I THOUGHT IT WAS ADENOIDS."

TROUBLE WITH THE B.B.C.

THERE is much consternation, not to say perturbation, at Savoy Hill over the truculent attitude of the lowbrow listener-in. The new B.B.C. is determined, it seems, to supply the British public with mental uplift. The British public, on the other hand, refuses to be mentally uplifted. Whenever it finds that it is being mentally uplifted it complains that it is being morally let down. Shaking with rage, stern men from the outer suburbs write letters to the B.B.C. complaining that an attempt is being made to educate them.

"Such an outrage on our liberties has never been attempted before," they cry, "and we do not intend to tolerate it now. Who, may we ask, and what, was DEBUSSY? Give us SOUSA every time."

Professor GILBERT MURRAY'S translation of EURIPIDES has caused an old man in Surbiton to howl with rage and hurl his headphones on to the floor. A Sussex peasant has described the recent broadcasting programmes as "slummocky." A Somerset villager has criticised EL GRECO in language too terrible to transcribe. A Wiltshire plate-layer declares that sooner than hear any more about PIRANDELLO he would go to gaol. Ominous crowds of wireless licensees gather from time to time in the Strand and are moved on unostentatiously by the police. Direct action has been threatened by a group of Northamptonshire oscillators. The whole broadcatching world is in a fever of discontent.

I have been one of the first to inquire at the headquarters of the B.B.C. in what way it is proposed to deal with the trouble.

Adamant in their resolve to improve the taste of the British public, they are not blind to the difficulties of the situation.

"We have several schemes before us," I was told. "One which we particularly favour is to introduce the highbrow element, if we are forced to exclude it from the artistic programme, into the news bulletin. We have here specimens of poetically-rendered news paragraphs which may easily be sung by well-known performers into the transmitter instead of being spoken in bald prose.

"Thus (for baritones):—

'THE CHINESE PROBLEM.

Oh, ungentle
Oriental,
With the slant Mongolian eyes,
Must we sever
Now for ever
All these immemorial ties?'

"Or (for light sopranos):—

'NEWS FROM ITALY.

There's a rumour
MUSSOLINI
Has acquired from Nicaragua
Both a *teeny*
Tiny puma
And a little baby jaguar.'

"But this is only one of many possibilities. We may be compelled to run two consecutive programmes, one for intellectuals and one for comparative dolts. But we shall not, of course, give them these titles. It is calculated that by using the expression

'FOR THE SMART SET ONLY'

to describe our superior programme, and the expression

'FOR THE SUBURBS AND PROVINCES'

to characterise the other, we shall in course of time train the British public to love the highest when they hear it. We believe that the notion of smartness in these days exercises an almost irresistible spell. Only persons belonging to the smart set seem to smoke cigarettes or travel on the Underground, or read evening papers, or wear ready-for-service suitings, or go into tea-shops when they want tea. Nobody puts on the market a non-aristocratic starch, nor a pickle that is not all the rage

in Mayfair. It is difficult to see how Mrs. Smith can confess to her neighbours that she would rather listen-in to plebeian items on the wireless than to those intended for the smart set. They would soon begin to wonder where she came from, and whether she was really nice to know. The most virulent lowbrow would never for a moment dare to face the imputation that he had a suburban or provincial outlook on life, and we hope that discrimination on these lines would soon render the second programme unnecessary, if not an insult to the licensee.

"Another method would be what is known as the personal touch. There is a growing demand on the part of the British public to know exactly what time everybody else gets up in the morning, whether they do any physical exercises, diet in any particular way, go for long walks or wear flannel next the skin. It seems to us that the works of great musicians or authors might be introduced casually after a few preliminary remarks by the broadcaster about the time he spends in brushing his teeth.

"Thus a speaker who began:—

"'Born thirty-nine years ago in the little village of Bluffham, I have never suffered from melancholia, and attribute my present splendid appetite to the habit of eating hearty meals and my splendid eyesight to my practice of looking at things when I wanted to see them. I wear porous undervests and am a strong and vigorous smoker. Love has played a considerable part in my life, and my hair is permanently waved. Once a Congregationalist, I have in later life gravitated towards reading the sermons in the Sunday papers and then having a good round of golf. I have five buttons on my waistcoat, an Alsatian wolfhound, and a firm faith in the future of England. The other day I happened to open a little book by MARCUS AURELIUS, and I want to read a few extracts out of it——'

"Such a speaker, we imagine, would be enabled to hit the happy mean between instructiveness and topical interest and wean the lowbrowed public to higher things."

"In any case," I said, "by hook or by crook you mean to get uplift on to the air?"

"We do."

Marvelling, as usual, at the resources of the official mind in dealing with a national crisis, I withdrew. EVOE.

"Mrs. ——, wearing a gown, came with her daughter."—*Welsh Paper.*

The report that in the land of the Ancient Britons they had reverted to woad is thus effectively contradicted.



Ship's Doctor. "WHAT THE DICKENS DO YOU MEAN BY COMING AND GRINNING AT ME LIKE THAT?"

Negro Fireman. "I GOT DE STUMMICK-ACHE."

A SONG OF UPLIFT.

BROTHER, turn thy looks on high;
Sister, let thy gaze aspire;
Take the path that leads the eye
Onward, upward, ever higher.

Falter not, but breast the steep;
Let no backward glance be bent
On the still-receding deep
Whence you started your ascent.

Keep unswerving to the right,
And you will, assisted, rise
Ever towards the blessed light,
Ever nearer to the skies.

Then at length, the end in view,
Lest the last step be the worst,
Do as you are told to do,
Step off with the right foot first.

"For some reason sheetings have not been brisk; just why I do not know. We certainly still use ample bed covering, even if our women have gone a little shy on body covering."
Trade Paper.

But is "shy" quite the right word?

MY GAS-METER.

I WAS working very hard last Wednesday morning; Wednesday is my day for working hard, because it always fits in nicely with my week-end holidays. By working hard I mean I was sitting at my desk on an upright chair and actually writing, instead of sitting on my shoulder-blades in an arm-chair and thinking of things to write about. I had got as far as: "*Reginald Vavasour clasped clutched clasped his forehead in a strong man's agony. 'Where can I get the money from?' he muttered moaned aloud*"—and then the door opened to admit my landlady's head.

"'Ere are the gas-men, Mr. Apple," she said, and I remembered I had arranged to have a gas-fire and meter put in instead of a grate.

Bill and 'Erb, the gas-men, introduced themselves with pipes and hammers and whatnots, and, having passed the time of day, we set ourselves to our rival jobs.

After about five minutes I decided that they had won. They beat me chiefly, I think, on a masterly and continued hammering. I found I couldn't retaliate with anything at all noisy while writing, except sharpening my pencil in the intervals, and even the noise of that was completely drowned by 'Erb's breathing. He was a good breather, was 'Erb. He ought to breathe for England at the next Olympic games.

So I left my work and, taking my notebook in case they said anything in the nature of copy, came and helped them, which I did chiefly by saying, "What 's that thing for?" and then repeating my question when the hammering stopped.

After a time I sat down in the armchair. I found I could help them much better that way, and I must admit I made myself useful. Soon afterwards they were looking everywhere for the "—— 'ammer," and it was not till I came and assisted them that they found it. They really were rather helpless. If I hadn't got up they would have been looking for it still.

We fixed up the stove at last and I was allowed to put in the bits that look like portions of a human backbone, but which give out all the heat. Then they started on the meter, a virulent red thing like the young of the common pillar-box.

"Why do you paint the meter that horrible colour?" I asked them.

Bill reflected a little and then said they were always done that way. 'Erb just breathed.

"But it looks so ugly," I objected.

Bill's reply to this was that in a year or two the paint wore off quite a lot. 'Erb just breathed.

I wrote all this down in my note-book under the heading of local colour, removed the hammer again from the arm-chair and sat down once more.

In about half-an-hour I was roused by Bill's finishing the meter. He beat it severely about the head and neck with a hammer, and I saw that some of the paint had worn off already. Then he stood up and wiped his hands. He looked as though he were going.

"Can you give me a shilling, Sir?" he began bluntly, and I saw I was expected to tip them.

"Here 's a florin, my man!" I said with magnanimity. "For you and 'Erb," I added economically.

"Thank you kindly, Sir," returned Bill, while 'Erb just breathed his gratitude. Pocketing the coin, Bill said—

"Now can I 'ave a shilling, Sir?"

I looked blank. This capital levy idea was being carried too far.

"To put in the meter and see if she 's working proper."

I then realised that I had been had for a mug.

"Doesn't the gas company supply you with testing shillings?" I asked feebly.

Bill gave the question his earnest consideration and eventually replied that they didn't.

A very nice shilling of mine was fed into the creature's maw, Bill turned a handle with a lovely clickety-click, and my gas-fire was inaugurated. Next he took a lighted match and ran it down all the joints he had made, to see if they were gas-tight. I went and watched this from a far side of the room.

They were all nice and tight. I suppose the only way the company knows if they aren't is from the report of the Coroner's Inquest.

"There you are, Sir," said Bill proudly, and they took their leave, 'Erb, who must be some relation to a plumber, reappearing two minutes later for what he called "'is footprints." These turned out mysteriously to be some kind of tool and not the mud he had left on the carpet.

When they had gone I put in another shilling and made the lovely clickety-click again. Then I sat down on the floor and played with my new meter. During the course of my fiddling about I pulled out a little box-thing, and at the bottom of this I saw once more my two shillings. Evidently Bill and 'Erb had done everything except put on a padlock. I considered the matter. Presumably those two shillings now belonged to the gas company, but I wondered whether, as long as I did not pocket them, I would be legally right in putting them through again and again. This thought opened up vistas: "John, the gas is low. Just put our shilling through once more."

Eventually, as I wanted some change, I took out my two shillings and put in a florin instead. It will puzzle the financial branch of the gas company to understand how a florin got into a shilling meter.

Then I went back to my story about Reginald Vavasour and wrote in a new bit: "'*Where can I get the money from?' he muttered moaned aloud. A thought struck him. Striding quickly swiftly to the gas-meter, he pulled out the little box-thing . . .*"

But don't tell the gas company, please.

A. A.



Mistress. "YOU WILL LEAVE AT THE END OF THIS WEEK, NORAH."
Maid. "LOR, MUM, HOW EVER DID YOU GUESS?"

"A SEE OF TROUBLES.
£ s. d. PROBLEM FOR BISHOP."
Headlines in Scots Paper.

Can't he take alms against it?



Urchin (testing the strength of the ice). "IF IT FREEZES TO-NIGHT IT 'LL BE FIT TO SKATE ON TO-MORROW."

COOKS *v.* COOK.

ALL good eaters and Englishmen will have been pleased to see in *The Times* of the other day a letter pleading for a recognition of the influence of cooks on the body politic, urging the necessity for more classes to instruct them in their healing art, and emphasising the connection between the competent cook and the contented commonwealth:—

"A very little reflection will convince most people that the future of our country depends very largely upon good cooking. It is the basis of good temper, a healthful body, cheerful manners, toleration, and many other admirable things necessary to well-being; whereas bad cooking induces a distorted view of things, indigestion and all its evils, irritation and unbalanced judgment. In this condition man—and woman—is 'fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.'"

Here, then, is an obvious opening for the A 1 cooks to frustrate the knavish tricks of the bad A. J. variety. Let them be trained in battalions for that very end, and, after the candidate for culinary honours has demonstrated her or his skill in the kitchen, let the rest of the examination be conducted on paper:—

(1) Trace the connection between cold mutton and Communism.

(2) Why is roast beef an antidote to revolution?

(3) Do you consider that plain boiled cod with white sauce is a dish or a disaster? If the latter, cite any instances of social unrest which might be attributed to its appearance at table. Is it your experience that cod tastes any better when it has been called *cabillaud*?

(4) What would be the effect of Imperial Tokay followed by Napoleon brandy on a meeting of republican pacifists?

(5) Would you prescribe—

(*a*) caviare
(*b*) borsch
(*c*) *thé à la Russe*

for a patient suspected of Soviet sympathies? Would you expect these to increase or diminish his Muscovite leanings?

(6) Would you undertake to soften a convinced Comrade by diet alone? If so, draw up a suggested weekly bill-of-fare for a Bolshevik boarding-house.

(7) Explain in detail the principles you would apply in catering for—

(*a*) the heir to one of our older baronies who showed unmistakable signs of sickening for an attack of Socialism;

(*b*) a too-successful Comrade who finds himself faced with a demand for super-tax;

(*c*) a Welsh Wizard suffering from recurrent attacks of land-hunger;

(*d*) the annual treat of a Communist Sunday-School.

Give specimen *menus* in each case.

The artist who survived these tests to the satisfaction of the examiners would of course qualify for the title Cordon Bleu, or True Blue Cook.

SAMSON AND DELILAH.

[The strong woman at Olympia wears short hair.]

ALTHOUGH, like SAMSON'S mane, her crowning glory
No longer boasts of length,
DELILAH tells to-day a different story,
And grows from strength to strength.

A Really True Fish-Story.

"The total haul of 400 anglers, who fished seven miles of the Thames in the annual competition of the London Anglers' Association, aggregated 1 lb. 11 oz., and the gold cup was awarded to a competitor whose catch weighed 7 oz. 6 drachms."—*South African Paper.*

From a description of a lecture by Sir ALAN COBHAM:—

"No pictures were taken during the flight across Europe, and permission for carrying the camera was obtained from the various countries only after his sword of honor had been pledged not to put it into use."

Canadian Paper.

He was lucky to have it with him.

THE HAKE'S PROGRESS.

[It is stated by *The Manchester Guardian* that an expedition will shortly leave Fleetwood to investigate the "habits of the hake." From the same well-informed source we learn that the hake is getting smaller, and that the expedition is going forth to look for larger representatives of the tribe.]

I AM informed a piscatorial mission,
Starting from Fleetwood, is to undertake
A thorough scientific inquisition
Into the life and habits of the hake.

But why investigate what is notorious,
Since, whether in the sea or on a dish,
The hake, by critics who are not censorious,
Is called a very coarse and common fish?

Its aspect moves unqualified repulsion;
It gives poor sport to those who wield the rod;
It yields no oleaginous "emulsion"
In spite of its resemblance to the cod.

The hake is not renowned for deeds of derring;
Its soul is not proportioned to its size;
It persecutes the small but tasty herring,
But from the shark and whale and grampus flies.

For utter insipidity of flavour
It leaves the dullest whiting far behind;
Compared with it the plaice is full of savour,
The halibut distinguished and refined.

The hake is flabby, yet he has no blubber;
Bulky, yet never filling at the price;
As raw material for synthetic rubber
Or artificial silk he cuts no ice.

My daughter Joan (aged six) calls him "disgoosting,"
And I, at any rate, feel pretty sure
That no amount of booming or of boosting
Will recommend him to the epicure.

He is a dull (sea) dog; proverbial censure
Stamps him as greedy, grasping and morose,
And prompts me to pronounce this Fleetwood venture
As quite indisputably otiose.

The hake, poor fellow, neither rich nor rare is;
His name is just as ugly as the thing,
And Latinised—*Merluccius vulgaris*—
Contains a most derogatory sting.

And yet, though nothing can be found to palliate
His faults, my withers are not all unwrung;
For, since the hake is dumb and can't retaliate,
This lay might kindlier have been left unsung.

Besides, perhaps from daintier choice of victual,
The hake is growing smaller and more lean,
And may from bad and big to good and little
Change, till he vies in grace with the sardine.

EDUCATING ELLEN.

Ellen was to have been married in May this year; at least, not in May, for that would have been asking for trouble, but in June.

Unhappily the coal strike, coupled with the fact that her lover is a Lancashire miner, has condemned her to remain a spinster to this day. If opinions could kill, we should now be reading nothing but good of the late Mr. A. J. COOK.

Much has been said of the educational value of such an experience as that through which this country has lately passed, and the truth of this is illustrated by the fact that in the last eight months Ellen has become a confirmed reader of *The Times*, the only newspaper I take regularly.

Before the strike I had *The Times* to myself, and Ellen read the news once a week in her mother's Sunday newspaper, offering me with my early tea on Monday tit-bits gathered thence—stories of signs and wonders, and worse, such as never appear in the academic columns of my daily paper.

The strike came, and her deep personal interest in the progress of the dispute drove her every day to *The Times* for the latest pronouncement on the subject of her wedding as contained in the coal news, and the importance of her lover's letters sank into insignificance beside the evidence of the printed word.

When she had no time to look at the paper herself before breakfast, it became my first duty in the morning to discover how many men had returned to work in Lancashire, and inform her. She spent her afternoon leisure in searching the paper for further details of the situation, and incidentally she acquired an interest in many things hitherto undreamt of in her philosophy.

In the early days of the coal trouble she made several attempts to interest me in ST. FRANCIS, and later the doings of the Imperial Conference engaged her attention. She did not approve of the undignified character of the recent Royal Progress in America. She said it was not the way she would have expected a queen to behave. She frequently referred to JANE AUSTEN, and gave her considered verdict in favour of the headmaster of Uppingham. She was much moved by the pictures of some of the City churches which *The Times* published, and the doom which for a while threatened them upset her no less than the impending fate of an attractive murderer on trial used to in pre-strike days.

"What will they think of next?" she exclaimed. She never had been able "rightly to make head nor tail of that bit about the Bishops in the strike."

Since May I have fostered and encouraged this educational experiment, indicating, by way of seasoning from time to time, such passages in *The Times* as described the making of a will or an egg, the loss of M. POUISHNOFF'S piano in a fog, amusing doings at the Zoo and scenes in the House.

There were still, of course, occasional reversions to her old taste for sensational literature. Quite recently she startled me by thrusting into my hand one morning a piece of newspaper in which the butcher had delivered some meat. On it was recorded the Astounding Revelation of a Romance between Lord NELSON and Lady HAMILTON.

"And her father was only a blacksmith!" gasped Ellen.

She snorted with indignation over the Vote of Censure on the Government, but she was satisfied, after reading every word of the speeches of the two leaders, that Mr. BALDWIN told off Mr. MACDONALD properly. The report of the speeches, cut from *The Times*, is now in the possession of a Lancashire miner.

"I don't expect they would get it all like that in *The Daily Herald*," said Ellen.

Once I was interrupted, when I was reading in *The Times* at breakfast a description of "the attempt made by the directors of the New Festival Theatre at Cambridge to rehabilitate the mask, the hieratic gesture and the conventionalized architectural scene for the performance of Greek tragedy," by an exclamation behind me. Ellen, with the hand not engaged in shedding down my back a trayload of breakfast-dishes, pointed dramatically to the headline of the article in question.

"Look!" she cried; "'GREEK TRAGEDY IN CAMBRIDGE'!"

But on the whole the effect on Ellen of the coal dispute has been to develop her intelligence and broaden her outlook.

"Organist and chair trainer wanted: salary, £20."—*Scots Paper.*

Not an extravagant salary; but the "musical chairs" season is not a long one.

"A tug of war which left Marseilles with a smaller tug and two barges in tow has lost the barges as a result of the cable snapping."
Irish Paper.

The ordinary tug-of-war usually ends in nothing worse than the rope breaking.



Small Boy (who has been allowed to see newly-arrived baby brother). "OF COURSE HE'S BRAND-NEW NOW; BUT CAN I HAVE HIM TO PLAY WITH WHEN HE GETS A BIT SHABBY?"

POETICS AND PRONUNCIATION.

DEDICATED TO THE B.B.C.

We jinglers greet you, potent, tireless,
Encyclopædic lords of wireless,
Who proffer to a listening nation
Pronouncements on pronunciation.
Advice ye lack not; learned dons,
Armed to the teeth with etymons
From Latin, Greek or French, disparage
The cult of "cinĕma" or "gárage,"
While Jones and Robinson and Smith
Are slaves to "ĭdyll," "Celt" and "mўth,"
For etymons are double Dutch
To them, their ignorance is such.
How fierce the rival experts clamour,
Some quoting usage, others grammar!
But we who steep Parnassus climb
Accentuate the claims of rhyme.
Give us such sounds as freely mate,
And ban but one, the celibate.
To satisfy the Muses' agent
"Păgeant" must yield the palm to "pāgeant,"
Scone may be "scon" or "scone," but doff
That clumsy "l" and grant us "goff"!
Ply, rigorously ply your sieves,
But spare us our alternatives.
Let "ŏpus" not extinguish "ōpus,"
Nor "octŏpus" absorb "octōpus."
At times our budding Popes and Byrons
Need "envĭrons," at times "envīrons,"
And contemplate with dire misgiving
Restrictions that affect their living.
More cases we could cite, but why go
To lengths that might induce vertīgo
(Or vertĭgo)? So here we end,
And this is all we recommend:—
To other suitors play the tyrant
(New aspĭrant or old aspīrant),
But give to us the fullest credence,
And precĕdence (v.l. precēdence)
Nor circumscribe by your decree
Our orthoepic liberty.



Aunt (frigidly). "TELL ME, HECTOR, IS THIS AN ACCIDENT, OR MERELY ANOTHER THING THAT THE CAR CAN DO?"

COMMUNITY MUSIC.

I FELT confident that the success of the recent Community Singing Meetings would soon lead to more elaborate experiments on similar lines, and I am glad to be able to give some account of the first Orchestral Community Concert which was held at the Prince Consort Hall last week.

A small charge was made for entrance to the hall, but the production of an orchestral instrument was essential in order to secure admission. Scrutineers examined all the instruments at the entrance-doors and any doubtful ones were sent into an inspection room for further investigations to be made. The reason for this, it appears, was that the management, rightly anticipating no difficulty in filling the hall, decided that only *bonâ-fide* performers should be admitted; certain instruments had to be banned as there were no parts allotted to them in the scores of the compositions selected for the occasion. To prevent any disappointment on these grounds arrangements were made for reliable instruments to be on hire at the box-office, and I understand that prior to its next concert the management will request players of the bones, saw, comb and Swanee-whistle not to bring these articles unless they are specially called for.

The music was handed round by the programme-sellers and the seating was arranged by instrumental groups. Each group was under a sub-conductor who, in his turn, took his cue from the Conductor-in-Chief, for whom a special tower was built up in the centre of the arena. This system of decentralisation worked admirably. The string players were in the *fauteuils;* the wood-wind filled the arena; the brass occupied the first circle, and the percussion were accommodated in the grand tier boxes. The Press representatives had the unusual experience of being on the platform itself, from which they could see and hear everything that occurred.

After a few introductory remarks by the Conductor-in-Chief the important business of tuning-up was undertaken and occupied fully ten minutes. While this was going on a Tooting trombonist had to be ejected for conduct to the prejudice of good *ensemble*.

The programme then began in earnest, and the first piece sounded very well, chiefly, I think, because many of the performers had not yet warmed to their work and only those who really knew their parts ventured to produce much sound. The only untoward incident was an ill-timed *fortissimo* entry (before the local sub-conductor could prevent it) by two trumpets who had arrived late. These gentlemen made the most of the "March of the Priests" in *Aïda*, regardless of the fact that everyone else in the room was working at the overture to *Figaro*. It appears that they had spent considerable time in practising the passage in question, that they had paid for admission like everybody else, and that they were somewhat piqued at finding so little to do in *Figaro*. They were, however, quickly pacified by the sub-conductor's tactful suggestion that they should give a trumpet duet in the bar during the interval.

The *pièce de résistance* was, unquestionably, TSCHAIKOWSKY'S *1812*. Four extra loggias were opened and filled with "effects," ranging from "galloping horses" and "heavy snowstorms" to "field artillery off," all under a specially engaged sub-conductor from Kneller Hall. Six volunteers manned the Grand Organ, and other additional players introduced for the occasion included twenty-four big-drummers, thirty-two tympanists, and thirteen Bells-of-Moscow.

The Conductor-in-Chief, through his assistants, controlled the gigantic orchestra magnificently, now urging, now restraining, now nodding his admiration or frowning his disapproval. I can confidently assert that this work has never had a more spirited or realistic rendering. The noise, the snow, the

shell-bursts and the Cossack war-cries have, between them, quite dissuaded me from putting any plans I may have had for the invasion of Russia into execution. The burning of Moscow attained such a startling degree of realism that the automatic fire-sprinklers (recently installed in the roof) began to function furiously, and the Conductor-in-Chief was obliged to hurry the pace to a *prestissimo grandioso* in order to finish the performance before the arena was flooded.

H.M. INSPECTOR OF TAXES.

ONCE a year this keen official
Drops me a portentous line
Stating, in a most judicial
Tone, that he is truly mine;
Calls me "Dear" and begs that I
Favour him with some reply;
I, it finally appears,
Have not paid up my arrears.

Then I have to send a statement
Showing him exactly how
I am claiming such abatement
As the rigid laws allow;
Thus, to please his idle whim,
I perforce impart to him
All the story of my life
And the way I treat my wife.

Then we write some polished letters
In the style of persons who
Venture to address their betters;
Then we have an interview;
First I take the man to task,
Blame him courteously and ask
Why he lays it on so thick,
Where he learnt arithmetic.

Then, in time, we change positions;
He urbanely, on the strength
Of my numerous admissions,
Cross-examines me at length
On the make of car I use
And my sociologic views,
What are my most favoured flowers,
What my golf and smoking powers.

When I ask him how it matters
What I lead from ace, king, ten,
He consults his books and shatters
My objections there and then
By a reference to the facts
And an excerpt from the Acts—
Not Apostles—"Revenue,
Section Five, Sub-section Two."

If I wear a polo collar,
That is taxed in Schedule G;
If I win at bridge a dollar,
That comes under K or P;
When I breathe or cough or sleep,
Schedule X engulfs me deep;
When I pay myself my rent,
That is Unearned Increment.

Thus he springs his dread surprises,
All with courteous make-believe;
As we talk the total rises
Till I, headlong, take my leave;
Though I may have said my say,
All the same I have to pay
This and that and these and those
Ultimately through the nose.

E. P. W.



The Publisher. "WE HAVE MOST CAREFULLY CONSIDERED YOUR PROJECT, MR. SMITH—MY PARTNER AND I HAVE GONE INTO THE MATTER FROM EVERY POINT OF VIEW—AND WE HAVE, AFTER DUE CONSIDERATION, COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT WE CANNOT ENTERTAIN YOUR SUGGESTION FOR A BOOK ON—LET ME SEE, MR. SMITH, *WHAT* DID YOU PROPOSE TO WRITE ABOUT?"

The Inquiry Courteous.

"I shall be glad if you will be glad if you will forward to me further particulars, etc."
Income-Tax Inspector's Questionnaire.

At any rate we are glad to see this seasonable and Gilbertian spirit in the Inland Revenue:—

"And you are glad,
And I am glad,
And all is glad as glad can be."

"Sabrina fair, listen!"

"Oxford, who have won the Boat Race only once in the seven years it has been rowed since the war, are proceeding to Shrewsbury for a fortnight's coaching on the Stour by Mr. A. E. Kitchen, the Oxford Blue."—*Daily Paper.*

What's wrong with the Severn?

On the *Renown*:—

"None of the vessel's fittings can be described as luxurious or elaborate, but everything has the appearance of being comfortable and cosy.

A mahogany dining table is 13 ft. long, accommodating eighteen on each side."
Sunday Paper.

It certainly sounds cosy.

MRS. HASH.

XI.—READING IN BED.

"D' you mind if I finish my chapter, Harriet?"

"Mind? Why should I mind?"

"You're sure I shan't keep you awake, Harriet?"

"The skies won't fall if you do, I suppose."

"Thank you, my dear."

"I don't feel like sleep. But you might just move that candle back, so that I'm not blinded by the light."

"Certainly, dear. That better?"

"Well, it will do. I'll have one of my headaches to-night, I shouldn't wonder."

"Sure you wouldn't rather I put the light out?"

"I wouldn't dream of it. You enjoy your book while you have the chance."

"Thank you, my dear. I shan't be long."

"Don't hurry yourself. I shall just lay here and suffer."

"What's that, Harriet?"

"I didn't say nothing, Treasure."

* * * * *

"What are you reading, Treasure?"

* * * * *

"Treasure?"

"Yes, Harriet?"

"I said, 'What are you reading?'"

"*The Arabian Nights.*"

"Oh? Very nice, I'm sure. D' you think that window's open too wide? The draught's something fearful."

"It isn't open at all."

"Well, it ought to be. My mother always said, 'Sleep with your mouth shut and your window open and the doctors won't get you.'"

* * * * *

"Treasure?"

"Yes, Harriet?"

"Are you going to open that window?"

"If I open that window my candle will gutter."

"Well, if you don't open it your wife will gutter, because her head's splitting, and you could cut the air in this room with a blunt fruit-knife."

"Very well, Harriet; I'll open it."

"That's better. Now you get on with your chapter."

* * * * *

"Treasure?"

* * * * *

"Well, here we are man and wife at last, only a fortnight, and it's reading in bed already."

* * * * *

"My mother used to say to me, 'Harriet,' she said, 'never trust a gentleman that reads in bed, it shows a wrong spirit,' she said. Well, it isn't as if there wasn't plenty of opportunities for reading books during the day; there's a time for everything, and if a man hasn't got the decency to exchange a few ideas with his wife before he drops off into a hoggish slumber then when *is* there to be conversation in married life? But I ought to have known. My first was just the same. Hash read in bed the fourth week, and the next thing was smoking, and I suppose it won't be long, Treasure, before you bring your halma-board to bed with you?"

"What did you say, my dear?"



Owner. "I SAY, I'M MOST FRIGHTFULLY SORRY. THAT'S THE WORST OF THOSE VAGABOND HATS."

"I said I was sorry my conversation wasn't up to the mark, so as I could give you a little entertainment of an evening, instead of driving you to *The Arabian Nights!* 'Arabian,' eh?"

"It's fairy-stories, Harriet."

"Well, I don't set up to be a fairy and never did, but don't think I begrudge you a little brightness in your life, because I don't, so get on with this chapter and don't argue the point."

* * * * *

"Treasure?"

"Yes, Harriet?"

"Didn't I tell you Florence Henn's ticket, what you gave her, would win the Tasmanian Sweepstake as sure as Stilton cheese?"

"You did, my dear. And didn't I tell you I had no luck?"

"I never met a mug yet that did have any luck. And if she never pays us our five per cent. I suppose that'll be bad luck, and nothing to do with your getting nothing in writing from the harpy, like a sensible man?"

"She was a friend of yours, Harriet. I trusted her."

"Well, don't trust anybody's friend again, and perhaps you'll have better luck. Florence Henn's done pretty well out of *The Marriage Mart*, one way and another. She's got twenty thousand pounds, and I've got you."

"Yes, dear."

"Is that chapter nearly done?"

"There's another page or two."

"Well, don't let me spoil your pleasure. I'm quite happy with my thoughts."

* * * * *

"Treasure?"

"Yes, Harriet?"

"Do you think that glass is safe on the window-sill?"

"Safe?"

"Well, there's a draught coming in through that window enough to blow a decanter across the room, and you know what Mrs. Duke is about breakages."

"I don't notice no draught, Harriet."

"You may be wrapped up in *The Arabian Nights*, Henry Treasure, but I've got nothing but a cotton night-gown, and I don't want to interrupt your reading, but if you don't shut that window I shall have to do it myself."

"I'll shut it certainly if you wish."

"Thank you, Treasure. And there's no need to sigh about it. If there's one thing that turns me against a man it's sighing when he's spoken to. Now get back to bed before you catch your death of cold. And on your way you can get me a glass of water, in case I turn feverish in the night."

"Do you feel feverish, Harriet?"

"Not so very. But I've one of my headaches coming on, and these *Arabian Nights* may lead to anything. Thank you."

"If you'd like me to stop reading, Harriet, just say the word."

"If you blow out that candle, Treasure, I'll burst out crying."

"Very well."

* * * * *

"What was that?"

"What was what, Harriet?"

"I thought I heard a noise."

"What sort of a noise?"

"Burglars."



Young Woman (in large musical-instrument shop). "I WANT A TIN-WHISTLE."
Shopkeeper (with dignity). "WE DO NOT STOCK CYLINDRICAL FLAGEOLETS."

"I don't hear no burglars."

"There it is again. And if you'd take your mind off *Aladdin* and his Forty Wives you'd hear it yourself, perhaps."

"That noise is the tap leaking on the landing."

"That's not the noise I mean."

"Well, I can't hear no other noise."

"If you stepped outside on the landing you'd hear it soon enough."

"If I stepped outside they'd stop making it."

"Well, when we've all been murdered in our beds, don't say I didn't warn you, that's all."

"Very well, Harriet, I won't."

* * * * *

"So Florence Henn's won twenty thousand pounds, owing to you, Henry Treasure. And you lay there reading *The Arabian Nights*."

* * * * *

"Burglars or no burglars, they've not done my headache no good. Do you think you could find the thermometer, Treasure?"

* * * * *

"It's a funny thing marriage, to think one's bound for life to a speechless man. And after *advertising* for him!"

* * * * *

"Twenty thousand pounds. And all thrown away for a piece of foolishness."

* * * * *

"Not as if I didn't warn you! This room's stifling. Do you think you could find my thermometer, Treasure?"

* * * * *

"*Treasure?*"

"Yes, Harriet?"

"I don't know if it's the window being shut or it may be the fever, but I can't breathe. Would you get me the thermometer out of my jool-box?"

"Certainly, Harriet."

"Thank you, Treasure. Don't you stand about in the cold. Just put it in my mouth and go on with your reading. I'll manage somehow."

"I'll look after you, Harriet."

"I dare say I'll be a hundred-and-ten, but don't you worry, Treasure."

"Don't talk or you'll bite the tube."

* * * * *

"How much is it, Treasure?"

"Your temperature's normal, Harriet."

"It don't feel normal. It needs a doctor to read them things."

"We'll get a doctor in the morning."

"If it's not too late. Treasure?"

"Yes?"

"Before you settle down again you might open that window. My head's like a bomb-shell."

"I'll finish my chapter first, Harriet."

"Treasure?"

"Yes?"

"You wouldn't like to read to me aloud, I suppose?"

"No, dear. It wouldn't do your head no good."

* * * * *

"Extraordinary. And mild as you please before we was married. Butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. And now he's got the manners of a tiger. Well, it serves me right. A woman that marries again deserves all she gets."

* * * * *

"Treasure?"

"Yes, Harriet?"

"I think I smell burning."

"I know. The house is on fire. Who cares?"

A. P. H.



Novice (to Instructor). "NOW, HOW MANY LESSONS SHALL I NEED BEFORE I CAN DO THAT?"

MORE JACKDAW IN GEORGIA.

STRAWS ON THE BREEZE.

(*After Mr. A. G. GARDINER.*)

WHEN this morning I opened my *Daily News*, a newspaper which I once edited and which, strangely enough, I still read, I found an account of the escape of a convict from Dartmoor prison. I confess that I was moved so greatly to reflection that I allowed the eggs and bacon to congeal on my plate. DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI did this habitually (if we may believe those who knew him) when deep in composition of such memorable lines as—

"Well, handsome Jenny mine, sit up;
I've filled our glasses; let us sup."

But I would as soon tell a deliberate lie as treat my breakfast with cavalier disdain. In point of fact I would rather have a lie stick in my throat than an egg stick on my plate, for a congealed dish of eggs and bacon is destructive of the day's discipline, an affront to tidiness and a perversion of that honest matutinal zest which distinguishes the Briton from the Gaul.

There are, I know, people who say that a neglected breakfast does not matter, but I am not of their kidney. I was so absorbed however in the story of the convict's sensational escape that the disgusting thing happened, and my plateful of eggs and bacon became an apocalyptic mess. The genial repast spread for me took on the repellent aspect of a last shuffle of dead suns in a universal *débâcle*, so powerfully distracting was the realisation of the sweetness of personal liberty! Somewhere, I reflected, on the desolate moorland which has been the stage of so many contests a hunted desperate man was hiding; men with guns were moving in a narrowing cordon; doubtless aeroplanes were purring over the purple wastes. Certainly he would be caught and taken back to his cell. Liberty for that pitiful grey-clad figure was a mirage. Of course he would be caught.

He was caught at noon, after twenty-one hours of freedom. Perhaps he was richer by his experience, but I am unquestionably poorer by a breakfast. Yet should I say I am poorer, for I was moved to think of liberty, that liberty of the individual which is an Englishman's most priceless possession? The liberty the convict had dreamed in his cell, in the quarry, was the liberty to be a thug. He had been imprisoned because he had taken a liberty with another free Englishman. He had forgotten that liberty is a prerogative conditioned by restrictions. To exercise his liberty he had presumed to bruise another man's head and empty his wallet. He could have bruised his own head and emptied his own wallet (if he had one) with impunity, but not yours or mine.

And so it is in a thousand-and-one ways. I can do as I like only to the extent that my likes do not inconvenience other people. If I choose to drink castor-oil instead of morning coffee in a violent endeavour after some Fascist ideal of self-discipline, who shall say me nay? You have liberty to wonder at what you may think my debased taste, but I have liberty to be careless whether you wonder or not. But if I insist on sharing my castor-oil with you I buffet the shining face of liberty.

And, if I have a fancy for swimming frogs in my morning bath (which Heaven forbid!), or wearing a gibus with plus-fours, or singing anthems in praise of LLOYD GEORGE (which again Heaven forbid!), or smoking a hookah in bed, I shall follow my fancy and ask no man's permission. I shall not inquire of you whether I may eat mustard pickles with Dover soles or capers with rump-steak. I may like mustard pickles with Dover

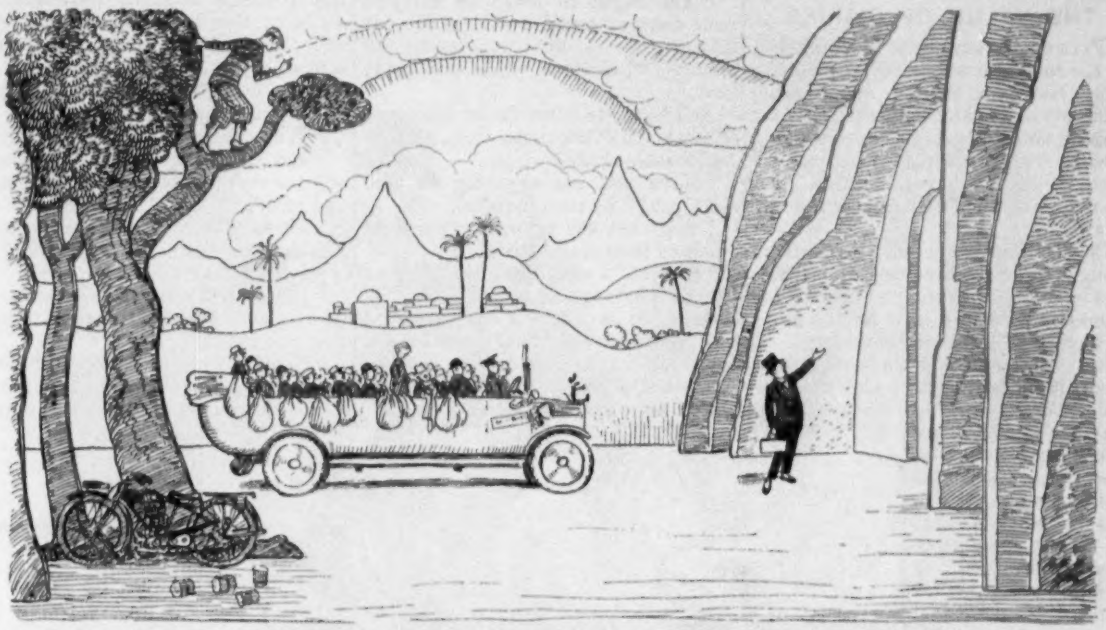


NUMBER ONE TOP-SIDE.

CHINA. "DOWN WITH ALL FOREIGN DEVILS—AND DOWN WITH THE ENGLISH DEVILS FIRST!"

UNCLE SAM. "I'M NOT SURE THAT I CAN AFFORD TO SEE ENGLAND TREATED AS THE MOST FAVOURED NATION."

[According to the correspondent of *The Times* at Washington the British Memorandum on China is regarded in some quarters as "an attempt to steal the American thunder," and the U.S.A. Government's reply is expected to aim, incidentally, at recovery of the "moral leadership."]



WE HOPE SOME OF OUR PANTOMIME-PRODUCERS MAY HAVE THE COURAGE TO FOLLOW THE EXAMPLE RECENTLY SET BY THE PRODUCTION OF *HAMLET* IN MODERN COSTUME. WE OFFER A SUGGESTION FOR A SCENE IN *ALI BABA*.

soles and capers with rump-steak. And you will not ask me whether you may be a Grand Lama (if you are eligible to reach that doubtful dignity) or a Seventh Day Adventist, or whether you may prefer ÆSCHYLUS to NOEL COWARD or tonic water to champagne.

These are unassailable liberties of the individual. I do not present my card and ask your permission when I practise them, and I should be surprised to be consulted by you. So long as we do not restrict each other's liberty or comfort we are entitled to be the unchallenged lords of our own desires. But directly I vault the garden wall of my individuality (and it is the only one I *can* vault) and proceed to interfere with yours I exalt my liberty into a tyranny. I may think there are few experiences more enviable than taking my bath with a company of green and sportive frogs, but I may not leave the bathroom littered with frogs when you have the use of the bath. In the same way it would be a gross abuse of my personal liberty to sing anthems in praise of LLOYD GEORGE on the doorstep of The Wharf, Sutton Courtney, or entreat Lord OXFORD'S daughter and Mr. WALTER RUNCIMAN to join me in harmony. It must be so, else our imperious desires would make life a pandemonium of self-gratification. The world, after all, is made up of several hundred millions of people besides myself, and my liberty, unbridled, may prove to be their oppression.

It is good that this sometimes inconvenient truth should be remembered. For myself, I have tried to trace the probable consequences of each liberty I permit myself, even in so apparently trifling a matter as drinking castor-oil.

But then—what then? Have I praised individual liberty, you may ask, only to show how difficult it is of attainment? No, for true liberty is of the spirit rather than the body. Aided and calmed by that thought, Convict X.O. 23459 would not have pushed his fist in the warder's face and made his mad dash for the moor. Within him, if he did but know, are vast attainable freedoms—freedoms beyond the breaking of a head or the cracking of a crib. In his cell, in the monotonous quarry (so physically irksome maybe), are mighty opportunities of unfettered contemplation. But he, like so many of us, preferred the chimera to the reality, and he is left even more passionately preferring it while harder rations and more rigorous punishments are being devised (we must think) by a Governor who has had to forgo his week-end leave.

It may be that Convict X.O. 23459 will read these words when he takes coffee with the Governor. I hope he will feel that his dash for liberty has not been in vain.—From *Another Kind of Liberty.*

* * * * *

As I adjust my black goggles and switch on the sun-bath I feel adventurous and elate. It is thus I have felt on the summit of the Matterhorn, only the temperature on the brow of that Titan is a shade cooler. At the cost of a few pence for electric current I shall win to an Alpine exhilaration and the heat of the Sahara. Happy reader, if you can imagine the delectable content that is upon me.

Was it not JEREMY BENTHAM who said, *The sun is father of the man?* I agree with JEREMY BENTHAM if he said that wise saying.

When I switch off I fancy I shall have gone some way towards shedding a skin. I shall have assimilated something of that fierce Promethean fire whereof we all partake in every moment of vivid experience. Then I shall put on my clothes and bank the money I should have spent upon a week-end at Brighton. If you were listening you would hear me sing in my sun-bath as I present first one hip and then the other and then both to the beneficent rays. —From *Sunrays in Hampstead.*

W. K. S.

On the "Renown."

Information:—

(1) FOR THE MARINES.

"Neither the Duchess nor her ladies-in-waiting will have any women to attend upon them.

Sailors are to act as servants to the royal travellers and their suites, and so the British Jack Tar will have to live up to his reputation as a handy-man."—*Daily Paper, Jan. 5th.*

(2) FOR THE GENERAL PUBLIC.

"The Duchess and her ladies-in-waiting will have the services of their own maids and other women servants."—*Same Paper, Jan. 6th.*

THE VALUE OF DIARIES.

FATE uses us curiously. I was minded, as the romantic novels say, to keep the little book for writing down noble thoughts and snatches of song, not for making notes of engagements, which I usually write upon a blotting-pad. I should probably have kept this good resolution if it had not been for the boy Charles.

Charles also had a diary, or perhaps I ought rather to say a pocket encyclopædia. The desirability of all the information contained in it for the mind of a young boy may be doubted. I cannot exactly see why he should know when Ramadan begins, and the full table of Latin and Greek verbs which it contains would, in my young days, have rendered the examinational system the merest farce. But it is good that he should have some handy work of reference in which to record his name, the number of his watch, the number of his bicycle, his birthday, his weight, height, age, size in gloves, boots, collars and hats, and the name of his favourite flower. We do a lot for boys in these days. When I was young no one would ever have thought of giving me a diary containing a small photograph of a winter wood under the date of January 8th, the day that GALILEO died.

"Of special interest," says the chatty author, "are the footprints of the woodland creatures in the soft snow. With a little practice you can soon tell who has been wandering there before you, and what the little creatures have been doing."

Nor should I have been asked to connect the death of BEETHOVEN (there is a gloomy trend in these diaries), March 26th, with the toothwort, or the fertilisation of the flowers of the honeysuckle by the beautiful privet hawk-moth with the demise of EDMUND BURKE. With the modern boy it is different. The sad reflection that death has carried away from time to time so many eminent statesmen, generals and divines is constantly being lightened by the thought that the little liverwort and the coltsfoot arrive in the early spring. And if he does not feel cheered by that he can always look again at the number of his watch or the Greek irregular verbs.

"You ought to make an entry in your diary at once," I said to the boy Charles, for I like instructing the young. "Put down your next party in it."

And he wrote down under January 5 (EDWARD THE CONFESSOR died), "Tubby Jenkinson's dance! Ugh."

"Have you put anything in your diary yet?" he then inquired.

I find that the young are more inquisitive than they used to be.

"Not yet," I said, "but I will." And I made an entry at once.

Only two days after I had made it I was relieved to hear that it need never have been made.

"The Blatherbys," I was informed, "have rung up to say that they can't have us to dinner after all. Blatherby 's not at all well."

I was glad of this. Not glad that he was unwell, but glad that we should not have to go to his dinner. The man Blatherby, without any doubt, is a bore. I would sooner send grapes to him at my own expense than dine with him at his, any day in the year. Well-meaning enough, but with a habit of imparting pieces of solid information on an amazing variety of topics that reminds me of a modern diary-maker. Perhaps Blatherby is one. He would know, I think, that LAURENCE STERNE left the world on March 18th, 1768, and that on that day in 1927 it will be full moon at 10.24 A.M. He is a man whose vigilant eye it could never escape that the Crystal Palace was opened on Friday the 10th of June, nor that that day is an Ember Day. And there is little that he cannot and does not tell one about the Abolition of Army Purchase, the ways of the Large White Butterfly and the first use of gas in London streets.

Yes, I was glad we were not going to dinner with the Blatherbys.

"Who rang up?" I inquired.

"Mrs. Blatherby. For some reason or other she sounded exceedingly distant and cold."

"Three miles distant," I said gaily, "as the bus skids. But why cold?"

"I can't imagine."

"Didn't she send us a calendar at Christmas? Perhaps we ought to have sent one to her."

"No, it can't be that. She got a very handsome diary from us for the New Year. I sent her one that was sent to you."

"Which one?" I said.

She told me.

"You shouldn't have done that," I said. "I wanted it."

"What for?"

"For keeping engagements in."

"But you never by any chance use a diary for that. You only cram them with absurd notes that you can't read and wouldn't use again if you did."

"All the same I was going to use this one for engagements. I had made a good resolution about it for the New Year."

"I am so sorry. It seemed to me to be just the very thing for Blatherby. It had so many facts and figures in it; just the kind of things that he loves."

"That 's just it," I replied. "Some people are so fearfully touchy."

I felt it better to say no more. As a matter of fact the diary was the one in which I had made my single entry, at the instigation of the boy Charles. It ran, under Tuesday the 11th (1753, Sir HANS SLOANE, physician, died):—

"*Dinner with Blatherbys. Avoid if humanly possible.*"

Well, it had been done. EVOE.



Employer. "WHAT DO YOU WANT THE AFTERNOON OFF FOR?"
Clerk. "MY SISTER'S BABY IS BEING VACCINATED, SIR."
Employer. "WELL, WHAT HAS THAT GOT TO DO WITH YOU?"
Clerk. "OH—ER—THEY WANT ME—ER—TO BE GODFATHER, SIR."

From "Answers to Correspondents":

"When a brick wind is blowing in the direction of its flight a pigeon has been known to make 1,900 yards a minute."
Canadian Paper.

In the case of human beings the approach of even half a brick has been known to cause considerable acceleration.



Scared Yokel. "VARMER BRIGGS! VARMER BRIGGS! I JUST SEEN A GHOST A-COMIN' OUT O' YER MEDDER!"
Farmer Briggs. "WELL, DID 'E SHUT THE GATE ARTER 'UN?"

VOCATIONAL TRAINING.

[Clothes made of rats' fur are talked of as a possibility in the near future.]

In spite of the havoc, my terrier pup,
I seldom, if ever, begin to
Complain of your tearing voraciously up
Whatever your teeth can get into;
My temper has never been known to grow hot
On noting how Rastus the Ripper
Is strewing the neighbouring landscape with what
Had once been a glove or a slipper.

I even deliver encouraging pats
On a body as round as a barrel,
Preferring to think that you reckon as rats
These items of wearing apparel;
I gladly replace what you've ruthlessly rent
(Though I hate as a general rule bills),
Convinced that the money which has to be spent
Comes under the heading of school-bills.

I'm sure, when you've had all the practice you need
And my property ceases to show dents,
As a terrier should, you will duly proceed
To the hunting of genuine rodents;
Of the cash that at present so rapidly melts
You will make me an ample repayment,
Removing (by bringing the requisite pelts)
All need for the purchase of raiment.

THE SALES.

I AM not one of the people who make silly sneers about Sales. On the contrary I approve of them, and I should like to see the habit extended. I should love to see sales everywhere, of everything. Think how splendid it would be if, on opening our morning paper to-morrow, we saw this announcement:

THE CHARLESTON RESTAURANT.

WINTER SALE.

CRASHING REDUCTIONS IN COCKTAILS.

To Our Customers.—Owing to the continuance of the recent abnormal conditions in the industrial world we find ourselves with a large stock of cocktails on hand which we are forced to clear in order to make room for our Spring Stock.

During the present month all cocktails will be sold at the absurd price of 1/- each; three for 2/11.

Then too we hear groans from the medical profession about hard times, high rents, heavy expenses and few patients. Well, why shouldn't Harley Street take a tip from its near neighbour, Oxford Street? There are lots of us who, in present circumstances, simply cannot afford the luxury of being ill. But suppose Sir Aspirin Bismuth were to open a bargain basement and give doses of that new magic drug Thyroxin for half-a-crown, or do snappy little operations for a guinea or thirty shillings, Harley Street would be congested with eager patients.

Our Helpful Publicists.

"'I am more certain than ever,' Mr. —— declared, 'that in Central and Northern Southern America lies the key to a mystery . . .'"
Sunday Paper.

And recent events rather suggest that Eastern Western America is determined to find it out.



Child (with penny to spend). "HOW MANY OF THESE SWEETS DO I GET FOR A PENNY?"
Shopman. "OH, SIX OR SEVEN."
Child. "I'LL TAKE SEVEN THEN, PLEASE."

SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES.

THE very first voyage as ever I made
I went to sea in the East Coast trade,
And I courted a gal at Seaton Sluice—
If her name warn't Lizzie it must ha' been Luce—
So I did!

And then I signed in a Colonies clipper
With a rare old rip of a racing skipper,
And there warn't no sense nor there warn't no use
A-courting a gal at Seaton Sluice;
So I looked for another down Melbourne way—
If her name warn't Kitty it must ha' been May—
So I did!

Oh, next I sailed in a pearlin' brig
To the South Sea Isles both little and big,
Where it warn't no use, say what you may,
A-courting a gal down Melbourne way;
So I didn't worry with her no longer,
But I soon picked up with a gal in Tonger,
An island gal as brown as a berry—
Don't know her name, but I called her "Cherry"—
So I did!

(And so on *ad lib.*)

But last I signed in a Liverpool liner—
Go where you will and you won't find a finer!—
And it's time, thinks I, to be settlin' down,
So I married a widder in Monkeytown,
With a bit in the bank and a "corner-off,"
And when I'm ashore now I lives like a toff.
And as for the girl at Seaton Sluice
I 'ope she ain't waitin', for that ain't no use,
And as for the ones at Montreal
And Tonger and Taltal and Melbourne and all,
And all the whole boilin' from France to Fiji,
I 'ope they 're all married and 'appy like me—
So I do! C. F. S.

From an article on "The Unexpected Guest":—

"If it is a cold night, cut some thick slices from your tongue, make a brown sauce, put your tongue in, and serve boiling hot."
Daily Paper.

When we read this to our cook, through some misapprehension she put her tongue out.

AN OLD CURE FOR NEW COMPLAINTS.

(*By our Medical Correspondent.*)

"EDUCATION WEEK," as it is now commonly called, is just over, and the attention concentrated on negligible problems, such as the pronunciation of Latin, tends to obscure the more vital and fruitful suggestions thrown out by speakers at the various conferences held by head- and assistant-masters in London and elsewhere. Amongst these none is more important than the advice given by Professor PETERS on the best way of combating the minor diseases so prevalent in the months of February and March, due to the diminution of vitamin stores during the winter months. Of these the most serious is the lack of vitamin "A," to be found pre-eminently in cod-liver oil, and vitamin "D," to be found in fresh fruit. "People therefore would be well advised if they supplemented their ordinary diet during the months from December to March with small doses of cod-liver oil."

It was high time, in view of the long overdue epidemic of influenza with which we are now threatened, that the adoption of a well-tried remedy should

be advocated by a hygienic expert. My only complaint with Professor PETERS is on the score of his moderation. For he raises the question of cod-liver oil in schools without committing himself to compulsion. Yet perhaps he was wise in his generation. The enforcement of a prophylactic dietary is not in keeping with the enlightened methods which prevail in the schools of to-day. It cannot be reconciled with a due regard for the doctrine of free self-expression; and the failure of the pioneer efforts of *Mr. Squeers* and his wife in this direction must be ascribed to a certain harshness in their application. It will be remembered that, on the first morning after his arrival at Dotheboys Hall, and on his proceeding to the refectory, *Nicholas Nickleby* discovered *Mrs. Squeers* searching for the school-spoon:

"'Never mind it, my dear,' observed Squeers in a soothing manner; 'it 's of no consequence.'

"'No consequence! Why, how you talk!' retorted Mrs. Squeers sharply. 'Isn't it brimstone morning?'

"'I forgot, my dear,' rejoined Squeers; 'yes, it certainly is. We purify the boys' blood now and then, Nickleby.'

"'Purify fiddlesticks' ends!' said his lady. 'Don't think, young man, that we go to the expense of flower of brimstone and molasses just to purify them; because if you think we carry on business in that way you 'll find yourself mistaken, and so I tell you plainly.'

"'My dear,' said Squeers, frowning. 'Hem!'

"'Oh, nonsense!' rejoined Mrs. Squeers. "If the young man comes to be a teacher here, let him understand at once that we don't want any foolery about the boys. They have the brimstone and treacle partly because, if they hadn't something or other in the way of medicine, they 'd be always ailing, and giving a world of trouble; and partly because it spoils their appetite and comes cheaper than breakfast and dinner. So it does them good and us good at the same time; and that 's fair enough, I 'm sure.'"

From this passage we deduce (1) that there was a slight divergence of opinion as to the value of the method between *Mr.* and *Mrs. Squeers*; (2) that the treatment did not consist of a "little daily dose," but was only employed on fixed days; (3) that, in the case of *Mrs. Squeers* at any rate, the motive of humanity was tempered by considerations of economy. Crude and even cynical, if literally interpreted, *Mrs. Squeers's* words have yet in them a core of sanity, an appreciation of the prophylactic method which is not without its bearing on our present needs. This we must not in fairness overlook, though we may deprecate the compulsion employed, and the use of the same spoon for all the recipients, and prefer a less drastic specific than brimstone.

For compulsion we would substitute persuasion, and for brimstone cod-liver oil. The number of people who really like the taste of this fluid is limited, but by judicious propaganda might be indefinitely extended. I know of no argument better calculated to appeal to our ingenuous and aspiring youth than that furnished by the county pre-eminently and proverbially renowned for efficiency and leadership—Lancashire. In *The Medical Journal* for 1783 you will read, after an account of the *oleum jecoris Aselli*, these memorable words: "its salutary properties have been little experienced beyond the vicinage of Manchester."

It is to be hoped that the B.B.C. will give the widest circulation to Professor PETERS's appeal, and fortify it by the addition of these spirited lines, recently set to music by a member of the D'Oyly Carte Company:—

"Cod-liver oil, cod-liver oil,
Comfort of those who laboriously toil,
Only the foolish will shrink and recoil
From thy beneficent boon,
Lending new strength to all rickety shanks,
Source of the glory and prowess of Lancs!
Gratefully, fishers, we offer you thanks,
Ye of the Dogger and Newfoundland Banks,
Cod-liver Oileen Aroon!"



THE HUNT BALL.

Girl (after crashing into another couple). "SORRY, BUT MY PARTNER 'S A POINT-TO-POINT WINNER, AND THERE 'S NO HOLDING HIM."

THE FRIEND AND THE MALEFACTOR.

I HAD long known about this friend, but had taken him for granted; had said nothing in his praise. Why, I cannot now understand, for, if we all behaved like this, life would be a chilly thing; while art without a little warm appreciation, with no reward but money, would lose animation and courage.

Let me now endeavour to make some amends, the impulse coming from the chance that placed in my hands an enormous amount of time to get through and for the most part to get through alone. It is then that we discover who are our real comforters, our real helpers, and once again I fell back serenely into the arms of Mr. AUSTIN FREEMAN. For it is he whom I would eulogise: Mr. AUSTIN FREEMAN, the creator of that luminary of Medical Jurisprudence, *Dr. John Thorndyke*, the unhastening, the sagacious, the right.

To the few readers who do not know *Dr. John Thorndyke* these words may have a forbidding air. Medical Jurisprudence does not sound exciting, nor is sagacity, combined with extreme deliberation, necessarily entertaining. But how wrong is this deduction, those many others to whom *Dr. John Thorndyke* is a familiar name will bear witness. No need for comparisons. *Sherlock* and his *Watson* have few more glowing admirers than I am; but *Thorndyke* and his *Jervis* can carry an invalid over rough country with no less success, and it is for this reason, and because honour should be given where honour is due, that I urge a course of AUSTIN FREEMAN on every sufferer. There is a fine assortment to choose from, of which here are a few titles: *The Mystery of 31 New Inn*, *The Red Thumb Mark*, *The Cat's Eye*, *The Singing Bone*, *The Puzzle Lock*, *The Shadow of the Wolf*, *Helen Vardon's Confession*, *The Mystery of Angelina Frood*. Some of these are long novels and some collections of short stories, but with *Dr. John Thorndyke* always, or almost always, in the background. Scrutinising, weighing, measuring, testing, making the most ingenious inferences and ultimately elucidating—it is he who dominates them all, bland, leisurely, intent and triumphant.

Of Mr. FREEMAN I know nothing of an intimate nature. I have never seen his portrait, I have read no interview with him, I am in no position to look him up in *Who's Who*. From internal evidence I guess him to be a man of medicine and a man of Kent. But this I can say with conviction: he is a first-rate story-teller.

I have not mentioned the most recent of the series, *The D'Arblay Mystery*, which was bravely dissipating my gloom last week, until a tragic thing happened. Those of you who have read this story will remember that it is somewhere after page 250 that the good *Polton* brings down a selection of revolvers for *Dr. John Thorndyke* and his medical friend (not *Jervis* this time, but another just like him) to arm themselves with before going up to the sculptor's studio to waylay and entrap the villain *Bendelow*, whose body, you will also remember, it has just been discovered, was not that one, in the coffin with the window in it, that had been identified by the two women and successfully packed off to the crematorium.

Somewhere in the neighbourhood of page 250, then, we were hot on the track of *Bendelow*. The critical night drew near; the amateur detectives were all ready, while the professionals, with their plain-clothes assistants disguised as painters and decorators, were all ready too. As a matter of fact the page is 272, the last of what is technically called a sheet or section. Judge of my disappointment, even despair, when, turning to what should have been page 273, I found that, instead of going forward, we had gone back to 257. That unforgivable blunder, the duplication of a sheet, had occurred once more! In certain books the blemish might hardly be noticed at all, or it might even be hailed actually with relief; but in an AUSTIN FREEMAN!

Here then we reach the malefactor, and as an awful example I want him found and punished. Perhaps *Dr. John Thorndyke* would assist in getting justice done? I should love to come down to the Temple and be admitted by *Polton* and watch the alert face responding to my story. I could give him most of the data: the names of the publishers, but they (I know) will blame the binders; the names of the binders, but they, I am sure, will say that the sheets came from the printers improperly arranged. Very well, then, the names of the printers. The rest, considering that *Dr. John Thorndyke* is never without his pocket-lens, his pocket-measure, his pick-lock, his note-book and his unique powers of intuition, will be easy; and I hope that, after sentence has been passed, I may be permitted to attend the execution. For of such are the unpardonable crimes.

Meanwhile, if there is a reader of this record whose copy of *The D'Arblay Mystery* has pages 273–288 bound in twice over, I wish he would communicate with the undersigned. E. V. L.



THE OBTRUSION OF THE HOBBY.

SINCE MR. BRISKETT, THE BUTCHER, TOOK UP THE 'CELLO, A SUBTLE SOMETHING HAS CREPT INTO HIS BUSINESS STYLE.

BEAUTY AND BUSINESS.

[A Californian lady was recently refused permission to form a company on a capital of £10,000, for the purpose of exploiting herself as a film actress.]

THOUGH Argive Helen's face of old
Could launch a thousand ships, we're told,
And hold the world in fee,
Beauty 's become of less avail
(As featured in this Yankee tale),
And Helen's self to-day might fail
To float a Company.

"Italy's first favourable commercial balance for a long time is shown by the October returns, when reports exceeded imports by £523,323."—*Daily Paper.*

It is a mistake, however, to take reports from Italy at their face-value.



Incensed M.F.H. "CONFOUND YOU, SIR! YOU OUGHT TO KNOW BETTER THAN TO RIDE OVER BEANS."
Urban Stranger. "BEANS—BEANS? WHERE ARE THE BEANS? I THOUGHT THEY GREW UP STICKS."

BALLADS FOR BROAD-BROWS.

COALS OF FIRE.

"WELL, Mrs. Rogers,
I hear you 're taking lodgers—
And young enough, they say, to be your son.
Now Rogers is away, dear,
You 're moping, I daresay, dear,
And company is pleasant if it 's only just the one.

No offence took,
I trust, where none intended?
Don't leap without you look;
Least said the soonest mended;
And, as to what the gentleman is paying,
Don't think it 's any interest for me,
Still, I thought you 'd like to know what some was saying,
So I thought I 'd tell you what was said, you see."

"Thankyou, Mrs. Bubble,
But spare yourself the trouble;
I 'm sure it 's very good of you to call,
And you not very well, dear;
It 's difficult to tell, dear,
But are you quite the same since you had that nasty fall?

No offence took,
I trust, where none intended?
Don't leap without you look;
Least said the soonest mended;
But Alice said that you 'd been hearing double
Since Bubble threw that hammer at your head;
Of course I know she 's very thick with Bubble,
But still I thought I 'd tell you what was said."

"Thankyou, Mrs. Rogers,
But, speaking of the lodgers,
Do you mean to have another, dear, or not?
That 's what I should do, dear.
He 'll be lonely, just with you, dear;
Though I 'm sure it 's very cosy with those nice new blinds you 've got.

No offence took,
I trust, where none intended?
Don't leap before you look;
Least said the soonest mended;
I 'm sorry for the boy, and him in mourning,
Though Mabel don't believe the wife is dead;
That Mabel says too much, I give you warning,
But still I thought I 'd tell you what she said."

"Thankyou, Mrs. Bubble.
Now how about your trouble?
Is Bubble backing losers just the same?
You 've lost a lot of hair, dear,
You ought to take more care, dear;
But there, he 's dragged you down, dear—I don't think you 're to blame.

No offence took,
I trust, where none intended?
Don't leap before you look;
Least said the soonest mended.
You 'll have some tea, to show there 's no ill-feeling?
I dare say it 's a long time since your last;
Well, Mabel said you 'd got too old for stealing,
And I 'd better tell you what remarks is passed."

A. P. H.

THE FADE-OUT.

THOUGH Pamela Punnik had definitely retired from the screen some years before 1930, the date of this story, she was still an attractive woman. She had retired mainly because of the insistence of her directors, who as a last resort had offered to liquidate a long and complicated contract for a sum at which Pamela was convinced it would be foolish to sneeze. The truth had been that Pamela was becoming more and more difficult to put across the patient public. She had lost her S.A. (sex appeal).

"Now see here, girlie," had been the gist of President Gene L. Ikesoltz's final protests, "if you were only willing to strike out a noo line and concentrate on H. and H.A. (hearth and home appeal) . . ."

To which Pamela had replied calmly, "Chase yourself, Gene. I got my contract."

Naturally a girl who had been hailed by a million audiences as "the berries" couldn't have confessed publicly to a loss of S.A.

So we fade-in gently on Pamela retired luxuriously in the dining-room—Louis Seize—of the Hotel Incredible. This is not to say that she had no regrets at having gone into obscurity. Her business head, inherited from a mixed Swedish, Czecho-Slovakian and Italian ancestry, had never quite ceased to buzz with the flattery of dead and vanished publicity-men and "blurb" specialists. She was, as a matter of fact, recalling some of her triumphs as she sat over a lobster with her companion, Miss Gloom.

"D'ja remember me in *Passionate Palms?*" she mused. "I'll say that was a dandy set in the millionaire's yacht. I wore fifty thousand dollars' worth of jewellery, and not a stitch on me, dearie, that hadn't paid real duty into the States."

Miss Gloom nodded. That was what she was paid for. She knew too that if she nodded with sufficient conviction Pamela would go on talking, and that she would have a sporting chance of finishing her lobster. It was Miss Gloom's perpetual grudge against life that she was never allowed to enjoy in peace the rich food with which she was surrounded. Pamela was temperamental. She insisted on Miss Gloom's eating as *she* ate, and often summoned a course before Miss Gloom had succeeded even partially in what she described daintily as "getting my dentures into it."

Suddenly Pamela started. "Land sakes!" she exclaimed. "Now just tell me—who is that man?"

Miss Gloom sighed, put down her fork and looked. She saw a tall masculine figure that had been preserved regardless of cost and labour. Her gaze moved higher. She recognised the famous dimpled chin and the whimsical eyes. The man was a screen contemporary of Pamela, but he had persisted. He was still a popular favourite.

"Why," she murmured, "if it isn't Mr. Derek Dentt!"

Pamela gasped inadvertently. Then she remembered herself and registered pulsing girlish excitement—an uneasy business when one's eyebrows are not as supple as they used to be.

"Gotcha reference book?" she said rapidly. "Look it up. Quick! Who was my husband in 1916?" Miss Gloom half choked over a mouthful of lobster, reached for her bag, found the book, flicked over its leaves, and replied a little indistinctly, "Mithter Denth."

Pamela thereupon bloomed like a mature rose, and it was natural that her smile, which would have arrested a tram-car, should impinge on Mr. Dentt's mind. He halted, turned and approached her table. He was always a gentleman; he was notorious for it.

"Oh, Derek!" said Pamela.

"Well, well," said Mr. Dentt, "this is fine."

"Isn't it like a movie?" said Pamela. "Husband and wife meet again after fourteen years! Don't you remember *our* year, 1916?"

"Eh?" said Mr. Dentt. "Why, sure—certainly I do. This is vurry romantic."

And then, after each had reminded the other of his and her successes on the screen, they parted. Pamela rose from her seat as Mr. Dentt receded. "I wanna be alone, Gloomie," she said. "Come up to the suite in half-an-hour." And she exhaled ecstatically.

Thanking Providence for its mercy, Miss Gloom nodded and continued to eat. It was while she was doing full justice to the final course of her dinner for the first time in three years that Mr. Dentt approached again. "Excuse me," he said with his well-known *bonhomie*, "but how did Miss Punnik figure I was her husband in 1916?"

Miss Gloom showed him the book. "Young lady," said Mr. Dentt, "there's been a mistake. Look." And, against the year 1916, Miss Gloom, her mouth full of ice-cream, read, not "Bridegroom," but "Best Man—Mr. Derek Dentt."

"Gosh!" said Mr. Dentt, "I thought I was losing my memory."

From a publisher's announcement:—
"With Allenbury's Crusaders."
Weekly Paper.

Good mental food for our infantry.

ELIZABETH IN THE GARDEN.

Elizabeth walked in the garden at dawn
When the dew is all sparkly and wet on the lawn,
And there on a rose-bush and quite by himself
Elizabeth says she discovered an elf.
He was shining his shoes and he sang all the while,
And he smiled at Elizabeth *such* a nice smile!

Now it's no good to say such a thing couldn't be
For you weren't in the garden and so couldn't see;
And Elizabeth says (and I'm sure that she's right)
That it's very important his shoes should be bright.

Elizabeth walked in the garden at noon
When the air is alive with the bees' gentle croon,
And there in the shade of a sweet-smelling stock
A dear little fairy was ironing her frock.
And she said to Elizabeth, "Drat it! My dear,
These gossamer gowns are most plaguey, I fear."

Now it's no good to say this is simply absurd
For you weren't in the garden, so couldn't have heard,
And Elizabeth says (and I'm sure that she knows)
That fairies quite often use words such as those.

Elizabeth walked in the garden at eve
When the sleepy old sun's in a hurry to leave,
And under a toadstool Elizabeth found
A baby hobgoblin curled up on the ground.
He'd a tiny brown face and no hat on his head,
But a jaunty red feather was perched there instead.

Now it's no good to say that this can't have been so,
For you weren't in the garden, so how could you know?
And Elizabeth says (and I'm sure she's correct)
That a jaunty red feather is what you'd expect.

Another Impending Apology.

"She was recalled twice, giving as her extra numbers 'Drunk to me only with thine eyes' . . . Miss ——'s lovely soprano voice is well suited to this type of song."—*Canadian Paper.*

"Opera Society, W., has a few vacancies for amateur ladies and gents in Sullivan Opera."
Advt. in Evening Paper.

But who is going to admit to being an amateur gent?

THE RECOGNITION SCENE.



"HOW DO YOU DO, MR. JONES? NOW I'M SURE YOU DON'T REMEMBER WHO I AM?"



"BUT OF COURSE I DO! HOW COULD I HAVE FORGOTTEN? . . . WHERE ARE YOU LIVING NOW? STILL—ER——"

"YES, STILL AT THE OLD PLACE. HOW CLEVER OF YOU TO REMEMBER!"



"OF COURSE I DO . . . AND HOW'S—ER—EVERYONE?"

"OH, THEY'RE ALL VERY WELL, THANKS. THEY'LL BE DELIGHTED YOU REMEMBERED THEM."



"BUT NATURALLY I DO, PERFECTLY . . . AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING THESE DAYS? STILL—ER——"

"OH, JUST THE SAME AS BEFORE. WHAT A MEMORY YOU'VE GOT!"



"HOW COULD I FORGET? IT SEEMS NO FURTHER OFF THAN YESTERDAY THAT WE MET AT—ER——"

"NO, IT DOESN'T SEEM ANY TIME, DOES IT? AND YET YOU MIGHT SO EASILY HAVE FORGOTTEN."



"OH, RATHER NOT, IMPOSSIBLE . . . WHAT TIMES THEY WERE, WEREN'T THEY? DOWN AT—ER—WITH THE—ER——"

"YES, WEREN'T THEY? SPLENDID!"



"I'LL NEVER FORGET ANY OF IT—HOW WE—ER—THAT TIME WE—ER—WHEN WE—ER——"

"NO, NEITHER SHALL I."



"OH, WELL, I GIVE IT UP. WHO ON EARTH ARE YOU?"



Mother. "YOU MET HER AT A TEA-DANCE AND PROPOSED TO HER THE SAME NIGHT? OH, PERCY, HOW IMPULSIVE YOU ALWAYS ARE!"

Son. "OH, NOT ALWAYS, MATER. IT TOOK ME THREE WEEKS TO DECIDE WHAT MAKE OF CAR I WANTED."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

To me the most attractive pages of Miss NETTA SYRETT'S new book deal with the life and opinions of its reputed authoress, a certain *Christina Middleton*, to whose posthumous novel Miss SYRETT depicts herself as standing sponsor. *The Mystery of Jenifer* (HUTCHINSON) is not in itself a very coherent or convincing story. According to Miss SYRETT the experiences of its heroine are probably inspired by *Miss Middleton's* imagination, founded on a casual acquaintance with *Jenifer* when *Jenifer* was an eerie and unpopular schoolgirl and *Miss Middleton* was a teacher in a High School. Sympathy between teacher and taught led the former to visit the home of the latter, where, the child's mother being dead, a devoted *Nannie* kept at bay a brutal father. *Professor Lindsay* is hardly as well handled as his strategic importance warrants. A brilliant scientist and a domestic bully, he is responsible for *Jenifer's* loveless marriage with a wealthy young drunkard, her affections having been bestowed in her childhood on *Miss Middleton's* Danish nephew, *Olaf Kingsmark*. When *Olaf* returns to England, *Jenifer* is the unhappy wife of the imbecile *Hubert*, and the mother of a child christened *Olaf* in commemoration of her youthful passion. In working out the usual triangular problem, I feel that *Miss Middleton* has hardly kept faith with her initial profession of Victorian bias; but perhaps it is only as a stylist that she "doubts the wisdom of straining to compete with the younger generation." At any rate her morality is as cavalier as the heart of Bloomsbury could desire, though its dilemmas are expressed with the sentimentality of an earlier and less apposite age. My own notion of making the best of both worlds would have suggested a reversal of the process.

If the biographies of sinners are more popular than the lives of the saints, that preference is not necessarily due to a morbid interest in crime, but springs rather from a natural sympathy with the adventurer, the rebel against authority, the scorner of the respectable. It is the element of sportsmanship which is attractive, for nothing is more tedious than mere sordid recitals of iniquity. In his entertaining studies of eleven notorious malefactors, collected under the title of *Vagabonds All* (CASSELL), Judge PARRY makes it perfectly clear that, while the breaking of a harsh or an unjust law may be condoned, and even approved, treachery, vice and cruelty admit of no weak compromise on the part of honest men. A shrewd and humane student of character, the Judge deals in the plainest terms with such knaves and impostors as ARTHUR ORTON, the Claimant, and JOHN HATFIELD; and, although he extenuates nothing in the lurid careers of those dubious ladies, MARY ANNE CLARKE, Madame RACHEL and MARY BATEMAN, he also insists upon the good qualities they manifested. With great respect I cannot but think the Judge is a thought too severe upon DANIEL DUNGLASS HOME, the medium. Judge PARRY is always so completely documented, I hardly dare to suggest he has omitted to consult Lord DUNRAVEN'S account of that extraordinary person. Until 1824, the law included all actors who were not His Majesty's servants among rogues and vagabonds; so that in Judge PARRY'S gallery appears SAMUEL FOOTE, that prince of jesters, the wit whom Dr. JOHNSON found

"irresistible," and "a fine fellow in his way." Of all Judge PARRY'S admirable re-creations I like ROBIN HOOD the best. But the Judge, I protest, need not have described that heroic Englishman as a brigand.

Provided you've—wisely, I count it—
kept trace
Of FORD MADOX FORD on the War,
A Man Could Stand Up will fall into its
place
As Tale Three in a series of four.

But if you have not, and have missed
one and two,
You'll conceivably harbour a doubt
As to which of the various people are
who
And what they are talking about.

Their thoughts, too, may possibly add
to the cloud
Of confusion in which you begin,
For most of them do all their thinking
aloud,
And the author abets them therein.

But you'll find, when you've sorted each
separate clue,
That the story (from DUCKWORTH) is
such
That life in the trenches is brought to
your view
With a wholly remarkable touch.

Although I am something of an amateur of gardening books, scientific or desultory, my first acquaintance with the popular works of Mrs. MARION CRAN was not a happy one. I was offered *The Story of My Ruin* (which describes, I believe, the restoration of a Sussex homestead) by a horticultural enthusiast, and excused myself under the delusion that the book dealt, in a more or less autobiographical fashion, with a painful personal experience. I can offer no extenuation of this stupidity except the undeniable fact that Mrs. CRAN'S method of self-expression and mode of handling the English tongue do rather lend themselves to ambiguities. Overlook sentimental discursions and nerve-shattering derangements of language and you will find her latest volume, *The Gardens of Good Hope* (JENKINS), very sound reading. It relates how, suffering from "indigestion of the emotions" induced by metropolitan living, and rightly judging the career of horticulture in England too hopelessly penalised by income-tax, rates and middlemen, Mrs. CRAN accepted a friendly invitation to see a flower-farm in South Africa. Her visit extended itself into a tour, during which, in addition to the jolly little two-woman show she had counted on seeing, she beheld vineyards, peach and orange orchards, and the gardens of private mansions and Residencies. Born in South Africa herself, she is a warm partisan of the Union, preferring its droughts and peculiar pests to the damps and indigenous plagues of these islands. Besides imparting much gardening lore, she is at generous pains to ease the path of intending colonists. Colonising, as she aptly remarks, is largely the art of successful transplanting; and whether it is a question of finding suitable South African soil for our old plants, or similar accommodation for our New Poor, you will find her equally alert and interested.



First Wallflower. "I DO HATE THIS CHARLESTON MOVEMENT."
Second Ditto. "YES. I CAN'T DO IT EITHER."

It is a little strange to find Miss BEATRICE HARRADEN writing what they used to call a "daring" book. *Rachel* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) tells the story of a charming wife who, possessed of a roving spirit, finds herself married to *Wilmer Brook*, a rising Conservative M.P. and active member of the League of Nations Union—an excellent fellow but possibly something of a nuisance when enlarging on his favourite topic in the long winter evenings. One

day *Rachel* has the misfortune to meet at her club one *Sebert Franklin*, the explorer, and at once all the gipsy, roving, wild-bird instincts in her are aroused. This is the man for her; and accordingly she departs with him for Kenya Colony and the modern humane pastime of shooting big game with the camera. But first she has one happy evening of plain speaking with *Wilmer*, in which (for she prides herself on being no sneak) she baldly declares her intention of leaving him and her little daughter. I never remember reading a novel in which the characters display less regard for each others' feelings. When the egregious *Sebert* gets tired of *Rachel*, which he does with indecent rapidity, in the heart of the Kaisoot Desert, he too states the fact brutally, without preface. (Personally I suspect the Boy Scout costume worn by the lady, as depicted on the cover, was too much for him.) Apart from this matter of dialogue, which is often to my mind too blunt to be convincing, Miss HARRADEN tells a good story and draws her characters pleasantly. But I have an uneasy feeling that she does not really like men. The chief male figures in this book are (1) a thorough cad of an explorer; (2) the husband, who is a well-meaning but wearisome bore, and (3) an imbecile brother who just manages to escape being certified as a dangerous lunatic.

Mrs. C. A. NICHOLSON has chosen a more than usually tortuous method of telling her story of *Dust on the Wind* (HOLDEN). The story itself is simple enough. *Virginia Thorpe*, a young actress, suddenly leaves the stage, where she is scoring a brilliant success, and retires to the country, through shock caused by the discovery that the lad whom she married in the War was not, as she had been allowed to think, "accidentally killed," but shot at dawn. Her action, for which of course she can give no reason, nearly ruins the dramatist, *Russell Frere*, whose rout is completed by a dreadful "crime" committed in a publishing-office (of which more anon). *Victor Darke*, the underbred and seemingly insignificant little clerk who was unwittingly responsible for the publisher's crime, sets himself to win *Virginia* from her retirement, not for his own ends (though he is hopelessly in love with her), but to make amends to *Russell Frere* for his lamentable mistake. He does this by means of a manuscript, ostensibly a work of fiction, submitted to *Virginia* through a friendly publisher, in which is faithfully set forth the day-by-day demoralisation of *Russell Frere*, who is now rapidly drinking himself to death. This manuscript tells the whole of the story, and of all the characters only *Virginia* appears outside its pages. It is a queer and rather bewildering method of telling a story, but the self-revelation of *Victor Darke's* character is masterly and, I think, a perfectly sufficient excuse. But I must tell you about that "crime." The wicked publishers went and "remaindered" two of *Frere's* books when he wasn't looking, so no wonder he took to drink. Wouldn't you?



Wife (to husband making futile effort to start car). "TRY WINDING IT THE OTHER WAY, DARLING."

What with men of the "black squad" shamming sick and emigrants with small-pox shamming well, to say nothing of accidents, operations and (needless to add) *mal de mer*, a ship's surgeon on the Atlantic ferry has quite a busy time of it. Nevertheless, as Dr. J. C. H. BEAUMONT, surgeon of the *Majestic* and several of her predecessors, demonstrates in *Ships—and People* (BLES), he has still ample leisure to observe the somebodies and nobodies, drawn from every nationality under the sun, who are to be found in these huge floating hotels. On the whole his best stories belong to the non-professional category. Statesmen, singers, actors, authors, movie stars, orators, financiers, preachers, detectives, "pugs" and crooks are numbered among his acquaintance, as well as—perhaps the most interesting of all his varied assortment of shipmates—the complete personnel of BARNUM AND BAILEY'S Circus, including, of course, the famous "freaks," or, as Dr. BEAUMONT tells us they preferred to be styled, the Anatomical Curiosities.

If you are out for humour I know of few more unlikely hunting-grounds than the novel of hair-raising adventure. It would seem that writers with a taste for gore are apt to be unsusceptible to the savour of the lighter side of life. To Mr. HYLTON CLEAVER, however, I must award the distinction of having strayed from type. His *One Man's Job* (COLLINS) was, through stress of circumstance, undertaken by young *Bullivant*, a man who detested dramatic situations and the lime-light. He is an original creation, and his method of dealing with the villain of the piece, a crafty and bloodthirsty blackmailer, is most entertainingly presented. One of the minor figures in Mr. CLEAVER'S company, a vague but quietly determined lady, deserves the honour of rounding off a story which wears on its cover the perfectly honest label—"Humour, Mystery and Thrills."

Mr. ADAM GORDON MACLEOD'S sleuth in *The Cathra Mystery* (HARRAP) made one statement with which I find myself in whole-hearted agreement. "You may," he said, "take it from me, the detective of fiction is the one thing in which fiction is stranger than truth." Otherwise I was not too well pleased with this man, who was such a born "deducer" that he delayed the action of a story which only required quicker movement to be more than ordinarily intriguing. Mr. MACLEOD gets well off the mark with an unusual—and credible—situation, and he is happy in staging his scenes of crime and chase among the wild and romantic surroundings of Cumberland. If he had not allowed his sleuth to give tongue so lavishly he would have robbed me of my sole excuse for censure.

CHARIVARIA.

"IT is not generally known that Sir James Barrie writes plays which are never seen by the public," says *The Daily Mail*. It is a fine example for some other dramatists to follow.

* * *

An eagle has been killed by a motor-car on a country road in France. Among aviators there is a strong feeling that motorists ought to be content with ground game.

* * *

The steps of the "Truda," the latest American dance, which is named in honour of Miss GERTRUDE EDERLE, are said to suggest swimming. What we want is a new American dance with steps that suggest dancing.

* * *

Mr. BAIRD, the inventor of the televisor, says that different faces have different sounds. We know of several faces that need a silencer.

* * *

We gather from a lady's fashion paper that girls will be wearing their legs longer this summer.

* * *

Having read of a sudden craze for calf-skin as a material for women's wear, our advice to parents is to keep their sons at home.

* * *

Sections of rival spectators stoned each other vigorously during a football match at Belfast. An indignant correspondent wants to know what the referee is for.

* * *

Snowdrops, primroses and violets are reported to be flowering at Exeter. This is the first visible effect of the weather forecast being given half-an-hour earlier by the new B.B.C.

* * *

The man seen swaggering down Oxford Street last week now proves to be a telephone-subscriber who claims to have got the first American wrong number.

* * *

According to Sir ROBERT HADFIELD the world loses five hundred million pounds' worth of steel every year through its being eaten away. It is hoped that this announcement will be sufficient for those persons who go about biting steel girders and gasometers.

* * *

Complaints are appearing in the Press about the overcrowding of trains from Liverpool Street to Brentwood. Indeed one passenger accused of travelling without a ticket explained that he left his season at home in order to make more room in the carriage.

* * *

We are informed that Mr. HENRY FORD is a keen collector of old violins. There is a rumour that he also dabbles in the motor-car trade.

* * *

In a new series of articles Mr. H. G. WELLS is explaining the future of the world. He is cautious enough not to make any attempt at explaining its present condition.

* * *

In his Presidential address to the Geographical Association, Sir CHARLES CLOSE predicted that in 1949 the population of Great Britain will be stationary. We shouldn't be surprised if it danced itself to a standstill long before then.

* * *

The golf-links at Hyères have been suffering from an invasion of ants. A more usual nuisance on golf-links is an invasion of sluggards.

* * *

It is stated that, owing to the long coal stoppage, Leicestershire mines are free from rats and mice for the first time in the memory of the oldest pitman. In our opinion, however, this does not completely vindicate Mr. A. J. COOK.

* * *

Signor MUSSOLINI informs the Press that at Cabinet meetings his colleagues understand that there is no time to joke. The report that it was from the councils of the Fascist Government that the latest Italian funny stories emanated has never been accepted in these columns.

* * *

It is authoritatively stated that Signor MUSSOLINI's breakfast consists of a glass of milk. So much for the rumour that he begins the day with a bowl of hot blood.

* * *

After reading an article, which appeared in a daily paper recently, on fighting sharks with bare hands, we decided never to bathe in shark-infested waters without our gloves.

* * *

Dr. TARTAKOWER, the chess master, is described in a newspaper as one of the pleasantest opponents one could meet, whether winning or losing. It is of course a great thing to be able to win a game of chess without being nasty about it.

* * *

Mr. CLYNES says that it is not necessary to give up riches in order to be a sincere Socialist. Neither need one give up a wife to be a sincere believer in celibacy.

* * *

Recent excavations in Greece have unearthed an alabaster statue of Athene clad in a jumper. If BYRON had waited a little he could have written about the Fairisles of Greece.

* * *

A botanist says that plants grown indoors have a hard struggle for existence. *Per ardua aspidistra.*

* * *

The best cure for obesity is to practise singing in the mornings, we read. Now perhaps somebody will tell us a cure for those who practise singing in the mornings.

* * *

Mme. NOVELLO DAVIES says, "Sing and grow slim." If you sing to theatre queues you almost certainly will.

* * *

Owing to the habit with Japanese artistes of sitting down to perform, the microphone over there is placed on the floor. On the other hand, some of our Government programmes in future are expected to be so highbrow that it will have to be nailed on to the ceiling.

* * *

In the opinion of an American doctor there is something fascinating about illness. To a doctor, no doubt; but, for ourselves, we are not getting on very well with a book we are writing entitled *The Romance of Dyspepsia.*



DOWN THE CENTRE THE GENTLEMAN HAS JUST READ AN ARTICLE BY A MEDICAL EXPERT ON HOW TO AVOID INFLUENZA BY NOT THINKING OF IT.

RIVIERA PROFITEERS.

[Following the rise of the franc, there has been an outcry in the Press against the high charges on the Riviera. In supporting this protest the writer of these lines acknowledges his indebtedness to a letter of Mr. A. P. HERBERT's in *The Times* for some of the Socialistic flowers of speech here employed.*]

LONG time by profiteers oppressed
Who stamp about upon my chest,
At last I cry aloud to give my soul ease,
Protesting I 'm at least a man,
Though not a proletarian
(Strictly, a bachelor should have no *proles*).

For self and brothers here I urge
Revolt against the tyrant's scourge
Whose alien hand so heavy on our backs is,
Who grinds the faces of the poor
Along the grasping Côte d'Azur
With monstrous bills and so-called "luxury" taxes.

When we alight at Cannes or Nice
In search of that repose and peace
Which is the due of none but honest toilers,
The wage of thraldom, saved with care
For punting at *chemin de fer*,
Is pinched at once by parasites and spoilers.

Rise in your might, ye bondmen, rise!
The time is come to organise,
Collectively to burst our slavish fetters,
And claim to eat and drink and jazz
As economically as
The Midi sunlight warms these bourgeois sweaters.

Strike, then, ye serfs, and seize the hour
Swiftly while yet ye have the power
To blast the robbers' Riviera season;
Decline to go out there at all
And, standing firmly like a wall,
Reduce these bloated plunderers to reason.

And, when we have them on their knees,
Begging to take what terms we please
To give the rogues for bed and commissariat,
We will return and, with our toots
Rending the various Corniche routes,
Over their humbled heads we 'll raise
That noble hymn (*La Marseillaise*),
The "Red Flag" of the local proletariat. O. S.

* A fresh edition of A. P. H.'s Anthology appears on p. 76.

Collective Sympathy.

"The many friends of Mrs. ——, wife of ——, well-known business merchant of ——, entered the General Hospital this afternoon to undergo an operation."—*Newfoundland Paper.*

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"If you turn to the Students' Song Book, you will see a youth, classic of form and feature, smiting the lyre, not a ukulele. He is singing the glorious old student song, couched in its mediæval Latin:—*Gaudeamus igitur, juvenes dum summus . . .*

Does the present generation know enough Latin even to translate it?"—*Scots Paper.*

It doesn't seem to know enough even to quote it right.

"And across the Bay, serene and lovely as a heavenly jewel, Sorrento, where the knicknacks come from, smiles like a Pro-Raphaelite saint."—*West-Country Paper.*

On inquiry at the Vatican we find that there are no anti-Raphaelite saints.

LADY MACBETH'S WOMEN'S PAGE.

["Sybil Thorndike—Lady Macbeth—edits our Women's Page to-day."—*Evening Paper*].

THE GUEST-CHAMBER.

Too much attention cannot be given by the young housewife to the comfort of guests. In all my guest-chambers I see that there is a sand-bag—so useful in preventing draughts from windows, a rope for escape in case of fire, a small but sharp dagger to cut the pages of books, and a bottle of some suitable lotion for a guest suffering from insomnia. I always add to those some volume likely to promote sweet sleep, and from personal experience can highly recommend *The Chronicles of Holinshed*. I think it is due to this forethought on my part that no guest at Dunsinane has ever complained of a disturbed night.

REMOVING STAINS.

It is often a problem how one may remove cigarette or other stains from one's hands. I have found that perfumes—even the delightful perfumes imported from Arabia by Messrs. Tomkins of Bond Street—are usually ineffective. There is nothing like the homely remedy of half a raw onion rubbed well in with pumice-stone.

SLEEPWALKING.

This is a distressing malady which may have terrible results. I have even known cases where people both walk and talk in their sleep and have revealed family secrets to their domestic staff with disastrous consequences. I do not recommend the common method of sprinkling tacks by the patient's bedside. They may be painful for him (or her) when rising hurriedly in the morning. It is far better to attach a silk cord to the patient's big toe and to the bed-post.

CHOOSING THE DOCTOR.

It is most important for the young housewife to be careful in her choice of a physician. Your doctor should be a man of experience and ability, but above all of discretion. A doctor must be admitted into many little family secrets which it would never do to broadcast. Of all things beware of a gossipy doctor.

MEN-SERVANTS.

In these days when so many men are on the dole and there is such difficulty in obtaining maid-servants I urge my readers to secure a competent ex-soldier to help them in their household duties. Some time since I employed one as porter and general factotum and have never regretted my choice. His broad humour and his willingness to be called up at all hours have endeared him to all of us. One can overlook a certain breadth of expression in a devoted servitor.

HELPING ONE'S HUBBY.

Do my readers realise how often married men need spurring on in business and in the world? We can help our hubbies so much on the social side. Don't be afraid to ask the senior partner or the office chief to stay at your abode, however humble it may be. If nothing else happens, at least your gracious hospitality will have a beneficial effect. I often think too of that beautiful Eastern saying, "He who entertains a guest often entertains an angel unawares."

SEEING THE FUTURE.

A lady correspondent asks if I put any faith in palmists or crystal-gazers. I fear they are not all to be trusted. Of course some give wonderful results. Write to Madame Hecate, The Blasted Heath, Forres, N.B. My husband says that this lady and her staff are to be entirely relied on. Certainly they have a most uncanny knack of spotting winners.



NO ADMITTANCE.

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI (*to Influenza*). "GO AWAY! *I* AM THE BIG SNEEZE HERE."

[Extract from bulletin issued by the Health Section of the League of Nations:—"Italy reports: 'Sanitary conditions in kingdom excellent. No centres of epidemic influenza have so far been reported.'"]



BRIGHTENING OUR SHOPS.

WHY NOT ENCOURAGE OUR VARSITY-BLUE SHOPWALKERS TO APPEAR IN FULL WAR-PAINT?

A POPULAR TAX.

DEAR SIR,—Thanks largely to Mr. A. J. COOK, next year's Budget must embody increased taxation. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is no doubt already questing far and wide for some new source of revenue. Let him be reassured. *Aladdin's* lamp exists. Indeed it lies under his nose.

Instead of impoverishing the public, as all other taxes do, the new impost I have in mind will add immeasurably to our national earning power as well as to our happiness. An overwhelming majority of the taxpayers will welcome it. For the first time in history a new tax will be received with joy.

This may sound incredible, but it is true. My proposal is to tax talk, and by talk I mean public talk, whether delivered from platform, pulpit, Parliamentary bench or tub. Private and business conversation, board meetings, law courts, schools and the like would be exempt. But otherwise any person who addresses or attempts to address a body of people on any occasion, topic or pretext whatever would be subject to the tax.

To devise a suitable scheme of taxation would be child's play to the Treasury experts who have created the intricate machinery of the betting-tax. One simple method would be to compel every intending speechmaker to register. On registration he would be handed a rhetometer at cost price, complete with flag. The speechmaker would wear this hanging from his button-hole, and as he rose to speak he would depress the flag, whereupon the rhetometer would register at the rate of two shillings a minute. It would automatically jump into intermediate gear (five shillings a minute) at the end of a quarter-of-an-hour, and into top gear (ten shillings a minute) at the half-hour. Whenever the flag was raised it would stop. Thus ten minutes of eloquence would cost £1; thirty minutes, £5 5s.; and an hour, £20 5s.

Periodically the total sum registered would be paid to the collector and the rhetometer set to zero again. Dishonesty would be almost impossible, for audiences would take care that the flag was down throughout the speech.

The proposed tax may strike the unthinking reader as rather arbitrary, yet five minutes' reflection will convince any reasonable being that it is not only equitable but in the highest degree conducive to the public interest.

At present the nation is being slowly talked to death. It is commonly supposed that agriculture is our greatest industry. It was once; but to-day it ranks second to speech-making. We are producing less food and more hot air than ever before. And some of the hot air is as poisonous as coal-gas.

What, for example, is the one outstanding characteristic common to communists, anarchists and all their related species? Is it not an insatiable passion for spouting? And is not the gift of the gab the main asset of most faddists, cranks, doctrinaires, quacks, humbugs, apostles of fantastic creeds and exploiters of credulity?

It may be argued: why penalise statesmen, clergymen and recognised public speakers by taxing them equally

with the windbags? The answer is simple. Wherever there is a real desire to hear a speaker, the audience will be willing to pay the tax, provided he does not speak too long. If five thousand people wish to hear Mr. LLOYD GEORGE for twenty-nine minutes, a five-pound fee will not deter them. It works out at less than a farthing a head; and should any man boggle at the farthing the cash value of his desire to hear Mr. LLOYD GEORGE can be readily gauged.

Similarly with election speeches. I can imagine no more salutary experience for a Candidate than the process of discovering whether or not the free and enlightened electors care twopence for his oratory. The electors too would be vouchsafed a new and startling insight into the importance they really attach to partisan chin-wagging.

As for clergymen, the new tax would enable them to measure quite precisely their status as preachers. If a congregation, for example, guaranteed only ten shillings a time, this would in effect place the preacher in the five-minutes class; a seven-shillings limit would relegate him to the three-and-a-half minutes (or egg-boiling) grade.

There would be an automatic and severe sifting of lecturers, grievance-mongers, spell-binders and others addicted to the platform habit. In a short time the land would enjoy an enormous diminution in the volume of public speaking, and the expression "silver-tongued" would acquire a new meaning.

Parliament would profit also. Most of those Members who could not get the tax paid out of party funds would be muzzled, and before long it would become an offence against Parliamentary tradition for a wealthy bore to squander his own money on the selfish gratification of his lust for loquacity.

One needs little imagination to visualise the regeneration of Great Britain that would follow. People would cease to be hypnotised by waving arms and swayed by gusts of windy rhetoric. They would be compelled to think for themselves, if only to think whether it were worth the money to listen to So-and-So. Also they would save nineteen-twentieths of the time at present spent on indiscriminate listening, and the employment of that reclaimed time on useful work would speedily restore the nation to its former primacy in wealth and well-being.

A final word about finance. At present, on the average, 350,000 taxable speeches are made daily. This is 127,750,000 a year. Assuming that, on the imposition of the tax, the total shrinks to five per cent of this figure, and that the average length of speeches is half-an-hour, the estimated annual revenue will be:—

6,387,500 speeches at £5 5*s.* = £33,534,375.

The cost of collection should be small. It is obvious that a net revenue of over £30,000,000 is well within the mark.

As I owe Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL something (although he does not know it) I make him a present of this £30,000,000 a year, to say nothing of the halo which will attend him down the centuries as the Chancellor who achieved a double miracle in (1) effecting the renascence of his country through (2) the imposition of a tax which was positively received with general acclamation.

Yours faithfully,
EX ORE AURUM.



Sweet Young Thing. "ER, WE RATHER THOUGHT OF SOME CRAZY-PAVING FOR OUR GARDEN. CAN YOU TELL ME—IS THIS THE RIGHT TIME OF YEAR FOR LAYING IT?"

Curious Influence of the Slow-motion Films.

"Only a goal-keeper of Robson's skill could have saved Chambers' terrific shot delivered in the space of two minutes."
Sporting Paper.

PERSONAL MEMORANDA;

OR, A NEW WAY TO PUBLICITY.

Do you know, kindly reader, that you can, if you wish, send a seven-pound tin of pears (or sardines for that matter) to Alaska for the modest sum of three shillings-and-ninepence?

You do? In that case let me ask if you can convert a given number of acres into hectares by a simple mental calculation?

You can? You are then probably aware that there are twenty-four thousand links in a league (an appalling thought, apart altogether from its political significance); and, further, you know, do you not, that when Londoners are thinking of lunch the milk is being delivered in St. Louis, numbers of people are being thrown out of night-clubs in San Francisco, while in Peking all the little Pekingese are listening-in to their Uncle Pung Chow?

Child's play, you say? I agree; but then I know where you learn these things. I expect you are as attached as I am to some of the hardy-annual features in your diary. I shall never forget my astonishment on finding that a sextant is composed of sixty degrees. I had hitherto thought of it vaguely as a massive instrument "boxed" by seafaring men. And the number of coombs in a chaldron or of weys in a last never lose their appeal, do they?

I have a particular regard for that table of the sun's risings in London. After a winter spent in London it is difficult to believe in its accuracy, but what pleasant reading it makes!

Then, again, the table stating that, if your wages are eight shillings a year, it is the equivalent of a farthing a day, always depresses me. The figures may be perfectly correct, but it seems a disgraceful thing that people should be working in these days for such wretched remuneration.

But to you and me all this information has a value never dreamed of by the publishers of our diaries. We learn it all by heart and, by delivering the choicest morsels at appropriate moments, maintain prestige in the minds of our stunned and admiring families.

You (come, confess it!) airily attribute your amazing fund of general knowledge to having made the most of your schooldays. I don't blame you; I did so myself until my eldest daughter, an unusually precocious child, was given a diary and triumphantly announced the source of my information.

I wonder if you can ever find your diary after the second week in January? Up to that time you have very wisely made a few entries, such as: "Jan. 1st. Sched. D.—see solicitors—get valve spring—dine Catchpole's"; or "Jan. 2nd. Dent. 10 A.M.—get ticks. Commy. Conct.—shav. cream," and so on. Literary work of this kind is, I appreciate, difficult to maintain at a high level.

It is because I doubt whether you always carry your diary with you that I offer you gratuitously a little sound advice. Turn at once to the page headed "Personal Memoranda" and fill in your name and the address of a club. While you are about it, make it a good club; it will not cost you anything to write it down and it will make things much nicer for your next-of-kin.

I will explain what I mean. When you read one of those paragraphs commencing "a distressing incident occurred at ——," do you, I should like to know, picture yourself as the central figure in the drama? If not, you should certainly do so.

"Certain papers found on the body," the report reads, "disclose the fact that deceased was a London clubman." It is remarkable what an immense number of victims of tragedies are London clubmen.

I need not emphasize the importance of entering your name, if it is only to show you had one. But the club is vital. If it is omitted the "incident," for the purpose of publicity, will be practically valueless. Readers of Sunday papers have grown to expect it. Your weight too may usefully be inserted. It will be of assistance to the Coroner. Don't limit yourself to one page; let yourself go, always having in mind the possibility of publication, a thought which should cheer you. You might perhaps devote a few pages to details of your domestic life or your frank opinion of various prominent people. But you have grasped the idea, and you will undoubtedly think of lots of things you want to put in. Your public will be sure to enjoy them; the more intimate they are the more pleasure you will be giving to others. It is so easy to be unselfish in little matters like this.



Doctor. "HOW'S THE PATIENT TO-DAY?"
Woman. "WELL, SIR, 'E JUST SWAYS PRO AN' CON."

THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

I SEE that *Garbage*, for which the critics predicted a staggering success, is to be withdrawn from the Majestic after a run of only three nights. Jasper Muggridge, the lessee, wanted to keep the play on, but his business advisers recommended its withdrawal on financial grounds. It appears that the weekly salary bill exceeded the possible takings by about five hundred pounds.

* * *

I heard an interesting suggestion by the manager of the Palliodeville in favour of Pantomime-all-the-year-round, but I am sure that it is not a feasible one. It would be well-nigh impossible to get any players to sustain the animal parts in the warm weather.

The summer months have always been a close season for Panto, and so they ought to be.

* * *

These "Sister" acts are all the craze nowadays, and I strongly advise any variety artistes whose turns do not evoke the applause they deserve to start all over again as sisters. Acting on a hint that I gave them some months ago, Larry Goodbody and his dear old father are now delighting packed houses as the "Tottie Twins." Their nursery lullaby, sung in long night-clothes, makes the whole audience sob, and, as Larry says, once an audience really sobs you can do anything you like with it.

* * *

I have often thought that the successful idea of presenting a men's lawn-tennis four on the variety stage might be extended to include other games. I have just seen the golfing turn at the Collodeon, given by two well-known professionals. A most realistic green has been built on the stage, together with two scale-model bunkers, "The Cardinal" on the prompt side and "Hell" on the O.P., with real sand and full of heel-marks specially made by the Collodeon Girls. Little platforms are erected in various parts of the auditorium, and the experts come round and play approach-shots on to the green from each platform in turn. Every now and then they allow themselves to get bunkered, in order to demonstrate how "explosive" shots should be played. The whole turn was most enthusiastically received, and no inconvenience at all was caused to any member of the audience on account of blown or exploded sand, as an ingenious contrivance has been installed which conducts it into the orchestra.

Financial Candour.

"£10,000 Required immediately on guilt-edged security."

Advt. in Daily Paper.

"Wanted.—An ancestral and employed husband for a noble-minded, well-educated, beautiful and robust girl of 18."—*Indian Paper.*

They do these things better in the East.

I'LL TELL THE WORLD.

FOR many years now a little country has been silently creeping up the ladder of fame without advertising its merits or its wares. That little country is England. The time has come to boost her.

In the following brilliant series of brilliant articles I intend to advertise England, in the hope that what I say will be quoted and repeated throughout the world, and more especially in America, where the money is. Many Americans come to England, but not enough. It is my purpose so to explain, eulogise and render attractive the customs, manners, morals, manufactures and markets of England that eventually it will be as much the ambition of the infant of the Middle West to see Holy Island as it is of the English schoolboy to visit Hollywood. I want every American citizen, of whatever percentage, to be thinking—

"Here and here could England help me,
How could I help England—say!"

and be thinking it right now.

We shall begin with:—

I.—THE ORIGINS OF ENGLAND.

England (probably, but not certainly, accompanied by Scotland) arose from out the azure main at a date about which geologists differ, though all are agreed that it is to this circumstance and this alone that she owes her equable climate, her abundant vegetation and her interesting animal life. Remaining in the sea, not only would she have suffered from a more saline atmosphere, but the beech, the pine, the elm and the charming little ranunculus would never have replaced the barnacle and the marine anemone; nor would the bear, the fox and the weasel have ousted from their original habitation the conger-eel, the halibut and the smelt.

Which portion of England was the first to emerge from the deep? This also is in dispute. But, making every allowance for other claimants, we are bound, I think, to yield the palm to Sussex, in which case Firle Beacon (accessible from Brighton Aquarium by means of the Lewes and Eastbourne motor-bus) was the first spot to see the light of day. Fossilised oyster-shells are still found here in great abundance, and not far off ST. DUNSTAN gained a temporary success over the Devil (*see* my book on Sussex Iron).

Who then were the earliest inhabitants of this remarkable isle? For long, no doubt, the primitive ape-man, with whom we have become familiar through the works of Mr. H. G. WELLS and Mr. EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS, ranged almost undisturbed, and his low whines must have resounded alike at Bognor and



TRACES OF MARINE ZOOLOGY. A BUSY SCENE AT BILLINGSGATE.



PRE-HISTORIC ENGLAND. SITE OF PRESENT NATIONAL LIBERAL CLUB.

Bexhill and in what are now the Strand, Constitution Hill and Swan and Edgar's corner. Nor is it easy to determine whether he was succeeded by a race which can be more aptly described as Brythic, Bruttish, Iberian, Goidelic or merely Cellulose.

Some think that the vast remains at Avebury, as well as the circle of monoliths at Stonehenge (not to be confused with the more recent hutments of the Air Ministry), point to the domination of the pristine inhabitants of England by the Pharaohs of Egypt, the intention

WHY GO TO LUXOR?
WHEN YOU CAN WINTER AT THE
AVONLEA HYDRO.
Palm Court. Excellent Cuisine.
150 BEDROOMS.
ICE-WATER ON EVERY FLOOR.

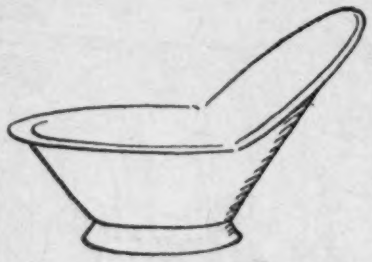
being to worship the sun-god Ra at the moment when the earliest shaft of light fell from heaven upon the sacrificial stone.

Before this actually occurred, however, the Egyptian supremacy over Northern Europe collapsed and the huge temples fell into disuse.

One thing at least is certain about these early race migrations and invasions from foreign lands, and that is that no bands of settlers entered these islands from the distant continent of America, for central-heating was not in force until the arrival of the Romans at the beginning of the present era, and even to-day is scantily diffused. The advent of the Romans constitutes a definite phase or epoch in the history of the island, because it clearly marks a break in the continuity of what must in many ways be regarded as a pre-Roman Kultur or civilisation. Yet it is strange to think that the lonely cry of the whaup or pee-wit may now be heard in places which once resounded with the busy tramp of the Claudian legionaries; equally strange, perhaps, that the busy tramp of the Claudian legionaries might once be heard where now only the lonely cry of the whaup and pee-wit resound. But no matter. Such are the revenges of time.

It is calculated that, if all the roads which the Romans built across the Sussex downs had been kept in continuous repair up to the present day, the motor-tax for 1927 would balance the Budget. But the Roman Conquest left but a transient impression on the soul of the people and the land, and merely paved the way for the subsequent and more effective invasions of the Saxon, the Dane, the Norman, the French, the Dutch, and, during the last five or six years, the Slav.

There are, however, many Roman remains. Thus the cathedral of St. Albans is largely composed of Roman brick, besides having the longest nave

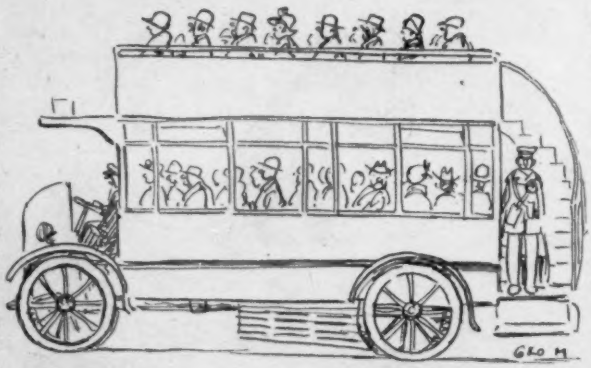


ROMAN BATH IN THE STRAND, WITHIN EASY ACCESS OF THE SAVOY AND CECIL HOTELS.

and the tallest bishop in England. Fortunate indeed is the traveller in this case, or again in the cases of York,

FIRST MANUFACTURED UNDER
AGRICOLA IN 84 A.D.
BATH BUNS
STILL HOLD THEIR OWN.

Chester, Colchester and Bath, to find the evidences of Roman occupation concentrated in small yet flourishing Eng-



ROMAN REMAINS. MOTOR-BUS ABOUT TO START FROM GOLDER'S GREEN FOR THE PICTURESQUE LITTLE VILLAGE OF ST. ALBANS.

lish burgs, where he can rubber them in comfort instead of tramping through a wet field, where there is something which looks very like a bull, in order to stand for a few moments on the top of an uninteresting mound and then come down again. . . . Too many of our so-called Roman camps are, alas! of this latter kind.

It is not necessary to pursue the Roman settlement of England further. We will pass on to brighter themes.

[*The second brilliant article in this weekly series will appear a week from to-day. This ingenious device has been adopted in order to prevent the second brilliant article from appearing before the first.*] EVOE.

THE NEW CHIVALRY.

Babette has bought a motor-bicycle. Not for her husband; that would have been quite a womanly thing to do, and would have met with my entire approval. No, it is for herself—Babette, who cannot even do the running repairs of her own sewing-machine and who puts my typewriter out of order every time she uses it. My strongly-expressed disapproval had no effect whatever. (Yes, as you guessed, I am Babette's husband.)

A week ago she came into my study attired in corduroy breeches and coat, with a fascinating little leather bonnet tied over her shingled hair. I told her what I thought of her looks (for which I got the usual reward). I hadn't the heart to tell her what I thought of her behaviour, knowing that I should probably never see her alive again. Then she took me down to the gate to watch her start. Her instructor, a handsome young man of whom I thoroughly disapproved from the first, showed her some handles with uncouth names, explained how the thing started and how, with luck, it might be stopped, and said he would run by her side while she learnt to ride.

With a heavy heart I saw them turn the corner, Babette well ahead.

Ten minutes later the young man reappeared, alone, pale and dishevelled.

"An ambulance?" My shaking lips almost refused to utter the words.

"A push-bike," he gasped.

I smiled grimly. I was glad he was suffering too. It was some consolation for a morning wasted. I gave him a push-bike, and I presume he caught Babette up, as she returned two hours later safe and radiant. She brought the young man back to lunch, having discovered, intuitively, I suppose, that he and her brother had hobnobbed at Ypres.

For six forenoons Babette took lessons, and the seventh she went out alone. She still knew nothing whatever about machinery. That very day I found her sitting in the garage with two oilstoves and three lamps alight round the motor-



Burglar (ex-waiter). "ER—I 'M LEAVING YOU NOW, SIR."

bicycle. She told me that her instructor had told her to warm the engine up a bit before starting. (He had also told her to suck in a little petrol; but this she felt she really could not do, and I didn't blame her. It must have a filthy taste.) Well, I helped her to flood the sparking-plug, pushed her for a hundred yards or so, and off she went.

At my earnest request she went along the road through the pinewood, where the traffic is almost negligible. Perhaps this was a mistake, as when the bicycle stopped of its own accord she was in a lonely part of the wood, and it was a long time before a young man came along in a car and rescued her. After a careful examination he said that it would not be necessary to dismantle the engine, which Babette was on the point of doing. He gave her some petrol and promised to come to tea.

The next day, at my earnest request, Babette went along the Bath Road, where there are more people about. All went well for a mile or so, and then *such a nice man* (these italics are *not* mine) spent half-an-hour cleaning the carburettor and accepting an invitation to lunch. As a matter of fact there were two young men that day, one for the carburettor and one for the sparking-plug. They are both coming to lunch.

I thought perhaps the country road would be cheaper in the long run, and Babette acquiesced. The next day she met General Fitzcuthbert. He managed to persuade the bicycle to run along the level and pushed it up the hills. Of course he is coming to lunch, but that I don't mind as he is an old friend.

The next day Babette got as far as the public school which her younger brother honours with his patronage. Thirty-one boys from the upper school helped her to get the engine going again. Luckily for me they are not allowed to accept invitations to lunch.

Two days later I was out when she failed to start on her morning's run. Fortunately, or unfortunately, our garage is close to the gate and a passing motorist noticed her. He is dining with us to-night.

Now this sort of thing cannot go on. Neither can I stop it. Babette will never learn to manage that motor-bicycle. She is constitutionally incapable of grasping any mechanical principle. She just rides until something goes wrong and then waits; and my banking account won't run to all these meals. Also, worn out with anxiety and with saying good-bye-for-the-last-time to Babette, I cannot write, and our sole source of income is drying up.

I hope this article will be published, as that would pay for some of those meals. Also I want to save up for a two-seater.

THE PATHOLOGICAL CHEER.

THE motor-bus ran over me
And underneath its wheels I lay,
Until there came a fool M.D.,
With roadside manner much too gay,
Who slapped me on the thigh and knee,
And then was understood to say,
In accents not of sympathy,
But rather of ferocious glee,
"Hip," said the brute, "hip, hip,
X-ray!"

THE GIFT OF TONGUES.

I ALWAYS had a great desire to learn a foreign language. It seemed to me that it would be terribly jolly to talk to a foreigner, not merely fluently, but with such unimpeachable accent and command of idiom, with such wealth of suitable gestures and mannerisms and with such profound knowledge of all national customs and characteristics, that he would only be able to tell I was English by my hat.

I pictured myself going away to France for a year, ostensibly to learn the language, but in reality to get away from my Aunt Jessica, who is awfully learned and awfully pervading and will insist on trying to teach me things. Then I remembered she often visited France, and so pictured myself leaning against a temple in Rome and learning the Italian for "love" from a pretty dark-eyed . . . But I recollected further that my Aunt Jessica often spends a month or so in Rome, so I fancied myself in Greece; but my Aunt Jessica . . .

I decided eventually to learn Chinese.

And then, after all, I decided I wouldn't, for a friend told me the sad story of a Naval paymaster he used to know—by name let us say Smith—who had lost his life through being too good a Chinese interpreter. This Smith had apparently spent four-and-a-half years learning Chinese in Hong Kong, and by the time he had passed all his examinations with honours he was an adept not only at the language but also at Chinese customs, methods and characteristics.

Then he came back to England and was appointed to the Naval Barracks at Portsmouth. There is little or no Chinese spoken at the Naval Barracks at Portsmouth.

He next went on a cruise to the West Indies for a year; but Chinese is not the colloquial tongue in Jamaica. After that he went out to Australia, where at last he met for a few minutes a real Chinaman. This Chinaman had been born and bred in Australia, and only knew English, so Smith spent several happy moments teaching him one or two of the commoner words in his own language. He felt he was really getting warm, and after that was not surprised when his ship received orders to join the Chinese Squadron at Wei-hai-wei.

On the voyage, anchoring for the night off a small island, the Captain decided to try to purchase fresh beef and potatoes for the ship's company from the crowd of sampans which had instantly appeared from the shore to look at the "big No. 1 war junk"; and the Commander, thoroughly delighted at being able to make use of his qualified Chinese interpreter, told Smith to get on with the good work.

The most important-looking Chinaman was had up on board, and, surrounded by the interested Commander and several of the officers, Smith drew a deep breath and opened negotiations with a noise like a bath running out.

The Chinaman bowed politely and made it two baths running out. Smith thereupon let loose a bit like a stick along iron palings, ending with a short cat-fight scored for oboe and trombone. The Chinaman returned the compliment by undoing four-and-a-half verbal yards of clarionet lullaby, and the Commander said:—

"Does he sell potatoes?"

Smith replied, "I'm afraid I don't know yet, Sir. We're only just saying 'Good morning.' One can't go direct to the point with an Oriental; their minds only work in curves."

He then unbuckled several assorted noises in harmonic progression for twenty minutes, and the Chinaman raised him the limit each time in a different key.

"Won't he take a reasonable price?" snapped the Commander, knowing the Captain was anxious to settle the business and weigh anchor.

"I'm afraid we're only discussing our relations, Sir," replied Smith apologetically. "My great-aunts and his grandmother at the moment," he added in extenuation. "We haven't——"

"For Heaven's sake get down to the point."

"If I rush him too much, Sir, he won't understand and he'll go off in a huff or say he hasn't got any."

"Well, hurry up, then."

The pair then got at it for a further half-hour, by the end of which time the Commander and the other officers were furious, and the Chinaman was telling Smith that the rice hadn't done so badly this year and was inquiring how poultry-farming was going on in England.

"I'm just getting to the point, Sir," announced Smith a few minutes later, after a snappy duet reminiscent of the treble part of "Chopsticks." "He says he sells rice and eggs and grows vegetables."

Then they clucked hard at one another like a poultry-farm with hiccups for five-and-a-half minutes, at the end of which there was a sudden and devastating silence. The Chinaman appeared puzzled but expectant.

"Well, what the ——?" flared the Commander.

"I've just got him to the point, Sir," faltered Smith.

"Get on, then. How much does he want?"

"I'm afraid, Sir, I can't quite recollect, just for the moment, the Chinese for 'potato' . . ."

My friend finished his story by saying that Smith, poor fellow, was entered in the log officially as "lost at sea," to avoid awkward questions, though he thought any jury would have brought it in as "justifiable homicide."

So I decided not to learn Chinese after all, but rather Sanscrit, which is a dead language and has no living owners.

My Aunt Jessica, who is awfully learned and awfully pervading, is teaching me . . .

A. A.

THE IDEAL GUIDE.

STANDING on the threshold of St. Peter's, I was aroused from my musing by the realisation that someone was looking at me intently. I turned round and met the gaze of a tall pale man.

"I am a guide," he said, with a slight smile.

Regretting my momentary interest in him, I shrugged my shoulders and turned away, as is my habit when disturbed by importunate guides in Italy.

"Don't send me away," said the man earnestly; "I am not an ordinary guide."

I hesitated, noting that his manner was respectful, his English good and his face well-shaven.

"I can help you," he went on swiftly, "without annoying you. I see that you have an excellent guide-book in your hand, and, like most intelligent foreigners who come here, you have probably read it all up beforehand and know what you are going to see. But St. Peter's is vast, and even the best of guide-books is sometimes hard to follow. I will not fill you up with fantastic legends, nor point out hideous baroque monuments as artistic masterpieces, nor assume that you know nothing. I will only speak to you if you ask me a question, or if I see that you are missing something of interest."

I yielded, struck by the novelty of his method.

He kept his word. When I lingered in front of the celebrated bronze figure of ST. PETER, meditating on the countless millions of kisses which have been bestowed on that polished toe, he eclipsed himself. When I missed an interesting monument he gently called my attention to it. When I was unable to make out a Latin inscription which was in a bad light, he recited it for me, slowly and distinctly, without attempting to translate it. I had never before known an Italian guide who thought it



First Lady (after an altercation at Bridge). "WHEN YOU ARE PLAYING WITH LADIES YOU SHOULD BEHAVE LIKE ONE."
Second Lady. "WHEN I AM, I DO."

possible for an English person to understand a word of Latin.

As we went round the church I became more and more interested in him. The few remarks he made were as opportune as were his silences. Whenever I came up against a locked door he had someone there with the key, ready to open it. I had noticed that other guides, on reaching the tomb of POPE ALEXANDER VII., had banged vigorously, with stick or umbrella, on the metal skirt with which ecclesiastical modesty has draped the nude marble figure of Truth, and made stereotyped jokes to their followers. My guide ignored it.

Nevertheless, as we approached the STUART monument, I grew apprehensive. "No human guide," I thought, "with an Englishman in tow could refrain from being eloquent about this monument. He will take me by the arm and tell me who the STUARTS were." My wonderful guide, however, passed even this test. He merely nodded his head towards the monument as though to say, "Yes, there it is," and left me to look at it alone.

I must have spent hours in his delightful company, walking and meditating in the great church, and yet I felt neither tired nor hungry. When we had nearly finished the round I turned to him, I remember, to make some remark about this, but he had disappeared, and I have never seen him again.

That is the way with all my beautiful dreams—I never dream the same one twice.

"RUNAWAY COW'S AMBITIOUS FLIGHT."
Headline in Provincial Paper.

Over the moon, like the other one?

In an optician's window:—
"HOW LONG SINCE YOUR EYES WERE TESTED? BE WISE AND HAVE ANOTHER PAIR!"

Very useful at the back of the head.

MISLEADING CASES.

VIII.—Is it a Free Country?

The Court of Criminal Appeal to-day considered an important case involving the rights and liberties of the subject, if any.

Mr. Justice Frog said: This is in substance an appeal by an appellant appealing *in forma pauperis* against a decision of the West London Half-Sessions, confirming a conviction by the magistrates of South Hammersmith sitting in Petty Court some four or five years ago. The ancillary proceedings have included two hearings *in sessu* and an appeal rampant on the case, as a result of which the record was ordered to be torn up and the evidence reprinted backwards *ad legem*. With these transactions, however, the Court need not concern itself, except to observe that, as for our learned brother Mumble, whose judgment we have read with diligence and something approaching to nausea, it were better that a millstone should be hanged round his neck and he be cast into the uttermost depths of the sea.

The present issue is one of comparative simplicity. That is to say, the facts of the case are intelligible to the least instructed layman, and the only persons utterly at sea are those connected with the law. But *factum clarum, jus nebulosum*, or, "the clearer the facts the more muddled the law." What the appellant did in fact is simple and manifest, but what offence, if any, he has committed in law is a matter of the gravest difficulty.

What he did in fact was to jump off Hammersmith Bridge in the afternoon of August 18th, 1922, during the Hammersmith Regatta. The motive of the act is less clear. A friend of the appellant, named Snooker, who, like himself, was watching the regatta from the bridge, has sworn in evidence that he addressed the appellant in the following terms: "Bill, betcher a pound you won't jump over," that the appellant, who had had a beer or (as he frankly admitted) two, replied in these words: "Betcher I will, then," after which pronouncement he removed his coat, handed it to the man Snooker, climbed on to the rail and jumped into the water below, which, as was sworn by Professor Rugg of the Royal Geographical Society, forms part of the river Thames. The appellant is a strong swimmer and, on rising to the surface, he swam in a leisurely fashion towards the Middlesex bank. When still a few yards from the shore, however, he was overtaken by a river-police-boat, the officers in which had observed his entrance into the water and considered it their duty to rescue the swimmer. They therefore took him, unwilling, it appears, into their boat, and landed him. He was then arrested by an officer of the Metropolitan Police engaged in controlling the crowds who had gathered to watch the regatta, was taken to the police-station and subsequently charged before the magistrates, when he was ordered to pay a fine of two pounds.

The charges were various, and it is difficult to say upon which of them the conviction was ultimately based. The appellant was accused of:—

(*a*) Causing an obstruction.



Tipster (*engaging new clerk*). "NOW LOOK HERE, MY LAD—WE TREATS THE NEW HANDS HERE SAME AS THEY DO THE NEW BOYS IN THE PASTRY-COOKS'. YOU CAN FOLLOW OUR TIPS FOR NOTHING FOR THE FIRST WEEK."

(*b*) Being drunk and disorderly.

(*c*) Attempting to commit suicide.

(*d*) Conducting the business of a street-bookmaker.

(*e*) (Under the Navigation Acts) endangering the lives of mariners.

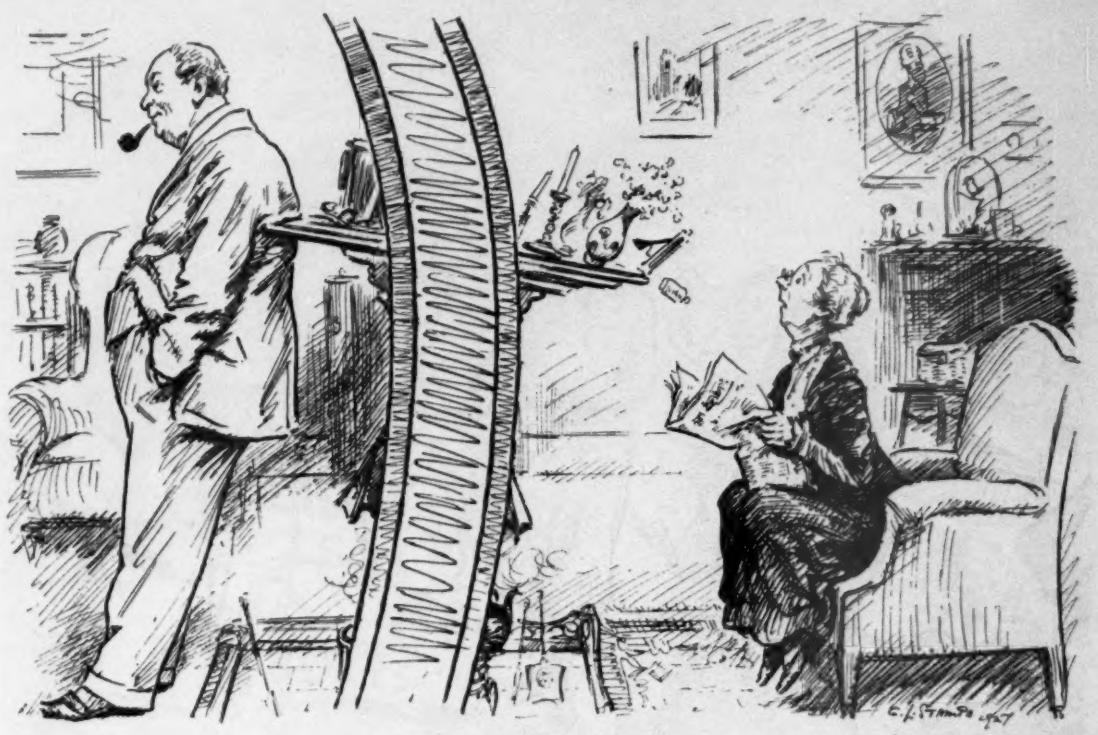
It may be said at once that in any case no blame whatever attaches to the persons responsible for the framing of these charges, who were placed in a most difficult position by the appellant's unfortunate act, for it is a principle of English law that a person who appears in a police-court has done something undesirable, and citizens who take it upon themselves to do unusual actions which attract the attention of the police should be careful to bring these actions into one of the recognised categories of crimes and offences, for it is intolerable that the police should be put to the pains of inventing reasons for finding them undesirable.

The appellant's answer to the charges severally were these. He said that he had not caused an obstruction by doing an act which gathered a crowd together, for a crowd had already gathered to watch the regatta, both on the bridge and on the banks. He said that, although he had had one beer, or even two, he was neither drunk nor disorderly. Snooker and others about him swore that he showed no signs of either when on the bridge, and it was powerfully argued that the fact of a man jumping from a high place into water was not *prima-facie* evidence of intoxication, and witnesses were called to show that a man at Bournemouth had constantly jumped from the pier in flames without any such suggestion, and indeed with the connivance of the police and in the presence of the Mayor and Council. In the alternative the appellant said that, assuming that he was intoxicated before his immersion, which he denied, he must obviously have been, and in fact was, sober when arrested, which is admitted; while the river-police in cross-examination were unable to say that he was swimming in a disorderly manner, or with any unseemly splashes or loud cries such as might have supported an accusation of riotous behaviour.

In answer to the charge of attempted suicide the appellant said (*a*) that only the most unconventional suicide would select for his attempt an occasion on which there were numerous police-boats and other craft within view; (*b*) that it is not the natural action of a suicide to remove his coat before the fatal plunge, and (*c*) that his first act on rising to the surface was in fact to swim methodically to a place of safety.

As to the betting charge, the appellant said that he had never made a bet in his life; no other person but Snooker heard or saw anything of the transaction; and, since Snooker, who on his own showing had lost the wager, confessed in cross-examination that he had not in fact passed any money to the appellant, but on the contrary had walked off quietly with the appellant's coat, the credit of this witness was a little shaken, and this charge may be said to have fallen to the ground. The appellant himself said that he did what he did (to use his own curious phrase) "for fun."

Finally, as to the Navigation Acts, the appellant called overwhelming evidence



SEMI-DETACHED.

"OH, DEAR! I DO WISH THAT TIRESOME MAN NEXT DOOR WOULDN'T LEAN AGAINST HIS MANTELPIECE."

to prove that, at the time of his immersion, no race was actually in progress and no craft or vessel was within fifty yards from the bridge.

But in addition to these particular answers, all of which, in my judgment, have substance, the appellant made the general answer that this was a free country and a man can do what he likes if he does nobody any harm. And with that observation the appellant's case takes on at once an entirely new aspect. If I may use an expression which I have used many times before in this Court, it is like the thirteenth stroke of a crazy clock, which not only is itself discredited but casts a shade of doubt over all previous assertions. For it would be idle to deny that a man capable of that remark would be capable of the grossest forms of licence and disorder. It cannot be too clearly understood that this is *not* a free country, and it will be an evil day for the legal profession when it is. The citizens of London must realise that there is almost nothing they are allowed to do. *Prima facie*, all actions are illegal, if not by Act of Parliament, by Order in Council; and, if not by Order in Council, by Departmental or Police Regulations, or Bye-laws. They may not eat where they like, drink where they like, walk where they like, drive where they like, sing where they like or sleep where they like. And least of all may they do unusual actions "for fun." People must not do things for fun. We are not here for fun. There is no reference to fun in any Act of Parliament. And if anything is said in this Court to encourage a belief that Englishmen are entitled to jump off bridges for their own amusement the next thing to go will be the Constitution. For these reasons therefore I have come to the conclusion that this appeal must fail. It is not for me to say what offence the appellant has committed, but I am satisfied that he has committed *some* offence, for which he has been most properly punished.

MUDD J. said that in his opinion the appellant had done his trousers no good and the offence was damage to property.

ADDER J. concurred.

The appeal was dismissed.

A. P. H.

Notice concerning taxi fares found on the counter in a Far-Eastern hotel:—

"(1) For the out town motoring 20% shall be increased upon.

(2) 20% increase shall be made for the muddy road, and also 50% increase for the abominable weathers."

The question our taxi-drivers are asking is, "Why should London wait?"

SUCCÈS FOU.

SAID he from whom I bought the car,
"Remember where the gadgets are;
Note that upon your *left* appears
The what's-his-name that works the gears;
And also on the left," said he,
"Observe the hand-brake thingummy.
Here, at your feet, you'll find the clutch;
Be careful not to go and touch
The accelerator in mistake
For *this*—the foot (or pedal) brake.
Now with your right hand you can grip
The thing which makes the head-lights dip——"
But here I took the car away
And drove it till last Saturday,
And drove it well, except at nights
When I forgot to dim the lights,
Although by signal-precept bid
To do as other drivers did.
Last Saturday I had a tense
And terrible experience:
There came a time for swift decision
To save an imminent collision;
I acted; in a brace of shakes
I jammed on hand and pedal brakes
(Or thought I did—it turned out later
One was the foot accelerator) . . .
And, for one instant ere we crashed,
Proudly my head-lamps dipped and flashed.



UPHOLDING THE DIGNITY OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

(*With acknowledgments to the late* MAX ADELER.)

WE have lost our Uncle Peter, who made existence sweeter,
And it beggars rhyme and metre to express the grief we feel;
When his death it was reported B**V**BR**K got up and snorted
For he saw that he was thwarted in his philanthropic zeal.

We have also lost Aunt Dolly, so exuberant and jolly,
And are plunged in melancholy that is tragic and intense;
She was not very clever, or inspired by high endeavour,
But at least she hardly ever deviated into sense.

Oh, what 's the use of solid information, stale and stolid,
Which is now so freely volleyed in the ears of listeners-in,
Who are suffering from a chronic need of something bright and tonic,
Something that is saxophonic—cheery chat and merry din?

No alert observer wonders that the Press protests and thunders
At the recent ghastly blunders of the autocrats in power,
And with strident declamation demands the restoration,
In the interests of the nation, of the Aunts' and Uncles' Hour.

Without remorse or pity we should fire this vile Committee
Which in country and in city is providing noxious fare;
Which is making children frantic by its tyranny pedantic
And across the broad Atlantic driving BEECHAM in despair.

Let us organise our forces to redeem the State resources
From the mediæval courses to which they have been lured;
Till from John-o'-Groats to Bootle, by avuncular recruital,
The Millennium of Footle is established and secured.

Meanwhile let every "kiddie," from Plodder Lane to Priddy
Or the distant Isle of Whiddy, reiterate the cry:
"Give us back from five till seven our hours of wireless heaven
And postpone until eleven what is meant to edify."

"THE INTIME TRIO."
Broadcasting Programme, Daily Paper.

"To-morrow the Intune Trio will give a varied chamber music programme."—*Sunday Paper.*

We trust they played both intune and intime.

"The barometer is falling very fast to the N.W. of Ireland, and has dropped 12 in. in the last three hours, which is an exceptionally rapid fall."—*Liverpool Paper.*

Not for the N.W. of Ireland. Four feet in the fraction of a second has been known when the nail was loose.

"A motorist driving over Kirkston Pass witnessed a hunting spectacle unique in the history of the Lake District. On one side of the main road from a height of over 1,000 feet could be seen the Ullswater pack in full cry after a fox, and the Windermere Harriers pulling down a hare. On the other side of the road, Coniston Hounds were seen hot foot after a fox in Troutbeck Pailhac (Pyrenees), where a huge mass of hereabouts."—*Provincial Paper.*

Did we not know that Cumberland sportsmen are famous for their keen sight we should be afraid that this story was neither hereabouts nor thereabouts.



THE CRACK IN THE WILLOW PLATE.

CANTONESE FOREIGN MINISTER. "I INVITE YOU TO COME OVER AND HAVE AN AMICABLE DISCUSSION ABOUT OUR FUTURE RELATIONS."

BRITISH FOREIGN MINISTER. "WITH PLEASURE—AS SOON AS THIS BRIDGE HAS BEEN RESTORED.



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HOME HOBBIES IN THE PAST.

Wife of amateur Necromancer. "PLEASE COME TO SUPPER, ABELARD. IT WILL BE COLD IF YOU DON'T HURRY."
Abelard. "KEEP IT HOT FOR A BIT, MY DEAR. I'M JUST ON THE POINT OF GETTING THAT DELIGHTFUL DEVIL WE HAD SUCH A PLEASANT CHAT WITH LAST THURSDAY NIGHT."

AN UNPOSTED LETTER TO MY LAUNDRY.

DEAR SIR OR MADAM,—Precedent neither demands nor permits that I should signify my esteem for you in the customary seasonable manner. However, I cannot allow another year to begin without placing on record my appreciation of the services rendered by you on my behalf during the past one.

In the first place I have now only one dress-shirt fit to wear. That is a great advantage for which the credit is entirely yours. The eternal question, "Which shall I wear to-night?" no longer arises. To those of my friends who were good enough to ask me what I wanted for Christmas I was able to reply unhesitatingly "Dress-shirts," whereas in previous years I have never been able to think of anything in time. Even if they do not fall in with my suggestion I shall not be in the least put out. Self-denial is one of the most Christian of virtues and it is entirely owing to you that I have learned to manage with (for example) only two stiff collars since early in November. (You will remember, perhaps, the unfortunate accident with the mangling machine in October.) I quite realise that you intended me to have three, but the third was on its way back on that very wet day when your errand-boy intervened so gallantly in the dog-fight next door.

I feel bound to mention the increased sense of responsibility that I now possess. You have taught me to start dressing for dinner ten minutes before anybody else in case there should be any sleeves to be levered apart or any interesting edges to be filed down. Pin-hunting, too, is a pursuit which has taught me to be careful and thorough. My pin-cushion, once so bare and useless, now bristles with pins, every one of which is a gift from you. I may say that I attribute my unpleasant experience at the dinner-party last August entirely to my own negligence; I have no reason to suppose that you put in any more pins then than usual.

Your humour is of a kind that I find quite irresistible. You probably remember the white waistcoat I sent to be dry-cleaned but which you returned to me boiled and starched. I chuckle every time I think of it. And then your unspeakably droll habit of making little circles of red thread round the accidental holes, as much as to say, "Be careful not to put an elbow or a big toe through here. Red! Danger!!"

I almost forgot to mention another Christmas-present problem that you have helped me to solve. I found, quite by chance, that my last new pyjama suit (the ex-purple one) fits my nine-year-old son and heir much better than it now fits me, so I have given it to him. I see no reason for doubting the statement that the colouring is exceptionally fast; indeed, it has very little farther to go.

I hope I shall not appear to be complaining if I ask you one question, and that is, Are you worried, inconvenienced, or otherwise upset if I remove the marks you put on to my things? You see, I have my own little mark—my name, in fact—on everything to denote that it belongs to me, and I don't particularly care about large woollen X's and W's all over the parts that show.

I need hardly add that you are at liberty to make any use of this letter you please, and remain,

Your grateful customer,
ALGERNON OWSLEBURY.

"This was my chance, and I seized it. I planted a two-ounce mullet in the centre of that up-raised neck, breaking the spine, as I afterwards discovered, and thereby killing it instantly."—*Canadian Paper.*

A wonderful feat, if true, but we fear there is something fishy about it.



Fireman. "THE 'OLE FING WAS SUCH A SURPRISE TER ME, SIR, YOU COULD 'A' KNOCKED ME DAHN WIV A FEVVER."
Captain (to Master-at-Arms). "WELL, WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY?"
Master-at-Arms. "I WAS THE FEATHER, SIR."

EDUCATION.

NOTHING fills me with so much astonishment as the theory (which I frequently see advanced in the papers) that a public school and university education are of little use for fitting a man to take his place in the business world. Mercy on us! Am I the only Londoner with eyes?

In my own experience it is impossible to go past one of those street boudoirs in which expensive motor-cars are sold without observing one or two radiantly-attired Bachelors of Arts standing in negligent poses amongst the palms. Nor can one enter any of those large stores which abound in modern London without being conscious that the heads of departments speak with the well-known accents of Balliol and King's. Bronzed athletes have a grip on haberdashery, sixth-form monitors control white sales, graduates preside genially over palatial hotels. And they tell me it is the same in the City.

It is quite true, no doubt, that employers as a class do not demand an intimate knowledge of Greek particles, philosophy, history or literature from those who are going to help them to throw their millions about. But they do, I think, impose certain rigid tests. There must, I am sure, be some misunderstanding in the minds of publicists, novelists and newspaper-men who attack public schools and universities. They cannot have grasped the exacting nature of the qualifications which are required in the modern business world.

An interview between a rich business man and the young applicant for an important post is conducted, I fancy, somewhat like this:—

The young applicant mentions with becoming diffidence his previous record. The business man removes his cigar from his mouth and crosses one leg over the other.

"H'm," he says. "Sunningdale. H'm. I see. And what was the handicap you mentioned?"

"Four, Sir."

The business man puts the tips of his fingers together and half-closes his eyes. It is the attitude of a millionaire in thought. Then he speaks.

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do for you, my lad. I'll give you one thousand five hundred pounds a year on probation for the first two years, and if you can bring it down to scratch we'll call it a deal."

There is also, of course, cricket. It does no good to the reputation of any big business firm to lack distinguished or at any rate capable cricketers on its staff. And there is lawn-tennis. Contracts are being perpetually lost through the want of a good lawn-tennis player up to county tournament form in a managerial post. I knew a man who was remarkably skilful at almost every game which involved the use of a ball, and actually felt himself obliged to give up academic life because the call of business was so strong. He had started as a public-school master. And when I asked him after a year or two how he was getting on——

"Dull," he said. "Very dull."

"But you get plenty of cricket, don't you?"

"I'm tired," he confessed, "of playing cricket with boys."

"There's golf," I hazarded.

"Dull again!" he said. "I daresay you'd hardly believe it, but there isn't a man on the staff below six."

Some time afterwards I met him again, and found that he had been given a very good business position in the North of England.

"But don't you find that almost as dull as the other thing?" I asked.

"Not in the least," he said brightly. "The secretary to the board of directors is plus one."

It might be argued, I know, that vacancies in the business world could be filled quite as easily from our professional cricket nurseries, or through the advice of a good caddie-master. But to say this is to leave out of sight certain other requirements of the modern business man.

Exercise is all-important. But the body has also to be clothed without and to be filled within. How often does not the young aspirant to a high place in the business world owe his advance to the day when he appeared wearing a tie of unusual elegance, or to the advice he gave with regard to a particular dish or a particular wine? Your millionaire must entertain. He must go to cabarets and to night-clubs like the rest of us; and in these affairs, more especially if he is a self-made man, he needs the advice of the young. And where are the young to learn the finer canons of taste except at the universities and the public schools?

The fact is that the people who write these articles do not understand the business world. Their vision is obscured by notions about science and the importance of technical skill, which are only annoying to millionaires, who naturally want to amuse themselves. In Fleet Street and the world of literature the position is of course quite different.

I shall never forget my surprise when I first found out that the author of those splendid articles on The Reorganisation of British Industry was a plain little man from a Northern industrial town, wearing extremely shabby clothes and having an accent that would have made a Regent Street shopwalker burst into tears.

But such is life. EVOE.

News of the Fast Set.

"DUCHESS TO RACE GREYHOUNDS."
Daily Paper.

"It appears that you have been living a life of crime since about 1927. You are rather a danger to society and the magistrates have decided to send you to prison for three months with hard labour."
Provincial Paper, January 3rd.

The prisoner doesn't seem to have kept his New Year Resolutions very long.



Victim. "I DON'T THINK DAD AND I OUGHT TO SEE QUITE SO MUCH OF ONE ANOTHER DURING THE HOLIDAYS, MUMMIE."

THE CALL OF THE WILD.

[Suggested by the announcement that the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL is about to take a holiday trip to the Sahara.]

I'd like to sit and meditate
Under the deodara;
I'd like to go and excavate
The tomb-land of Sakkâra;
I'd like to listen to the harp
Upon the hill of Tara,
Or wander in the quest of carp
Along the banks of Vara,
Or breathe the air upon the top
Of rugged Glaramara,
Or quaff unbounded ginger-pop
In Kerry by Lough Caragh.
I'd like to go to Monaco
With ISIDORE DE LARA,
Or visit Hollywood in hope
Of seeing THEDA BARA,
Or hunt the agile antelope
In sugary Demerara.
I'd like to sample on the spot
The magic of Ferrara,
Or rent a small tobacco-plot
In Cuba, close to Yara,
Or trace ST. BERNARD'S footsteps in
The valley of Chiara,
Or eat hot winkles with a pin
Upon the beach at Zara,
Or stare at the Pacific from
The heights of Punta Jara,
Or listen to the loud tom-tom
Played by the tribe of Trara.
I'd love to fly to far Japan,
The happy land of hara-
Kiri and O Mimosa San,
Cherries and Sayonara.
But most of all I dearly long
To travel to El Gara
And hear the cassowary's song
Upon the Grand Sahara.



Constable (adopting the new politeness, as ordered by Scotland Yard). "I TRUST I DON'T INTRUDE."

THE MOSCOW MANNER.

In older days, when someone wanted something of another,
He spoke him fair and friendly as a Briton and a brother;
And persons who desired their troops to hurry to the fray
Were careful to suggest it in a complimentary way,
Singing—

Yeomen! True men! Sons of the free!
Heirs of the ages, Lords of the Sea!
Men of Devon, makers of the maps,
Splendid fellows, capital chaps,
There's the foe!
Away we go!
Good men, true men, follow me!

But nowadays it's different. The demagogue is proud
To explain to his supporters they're a miserable crowd,
And it seems that to electrify the British worker's blood
You address the man as dirt and you remind him he is mud,
Singing—

Wage-slaves! Yoke-fellows! Dolts and dupes!
Economic serfs and nincompoops!
Earth-worms, half-wits, capitalist pawns,
Jail-birds, jelly-fish, slum-scum, prawns!
Industrial cogs,
Poor fools and frogs,
*Beggars, boobies—*VOTE FOR ME!

Our fathers found it wiser to throw very little dirt
At the persons they were seeking at the moment to convert,
But now, if people argue when you say that black is white,
You must kick them in the stomach till they see that you are right,
Singing—

Parasites! Snobs! Shareholders! Rats!
Bosses! Bullies! Bloodsuckers! Bats!
Liberals, lap-dogs, black-legs, fools,
Company-directors, capitalist tools,
Conservatives, stoats,
I want your votes—
Peers and parasites, VOTE FOR ME!

A. P. H.

The Spread of Western Culture in the East.

"Proposed by Maung Aye Maung, seconded by Maung Ba Thein, that a farehell party be given to U Ba Shein and Maung Ba Htike on Friday."—*Rangoon Gazette.*

"WHAT MOTORISTS MISS!"
Headline in Morning Paper.

Quite good. But a snappier article can be made out of WHAT MOTORISTS HIT.

"There seems to be a growing aversion to the country and its honest occupation. The able-bodied of our farm-hands, hypnotised by the attractions of city life, are drifting to Valletta, where they swell the multitude of virtue and vice thronging the precincts of the police courts. May we not suppose that there are dark practices at work among this great army of idleness in which the ubiquitous shark is making hay?"—*Malta Paper.*

Well, someone must make it if the agriculturists refuse.

"IN SPLENDID CONDITION.

£1,100.—An artistically designed semi-detached modern, pre-war Freehold House, in exceptionally convenient position, close to bus route and shopping centre; fair-sized garden; price includes fittings and lions; vacant possession."—*Local Paper.*

It might be well for any prospective purchaser to ascertain what happened to the last occupier.

THE COTTAGE.

[The PRIME MINISTER will preside at a Conference, called by the Royal Society of Arts, on January 26th, for the purpose of inaugurating a fund to preserve our rapidly-disappearing old English cottages. Lovers of old cottage architecture are invited to send contributions to the Secretary of the Society, John Street, Adelphi, W.C.2.]

HENCE, loathéd Bungalow,
Nor dare with standard frames and Swedish doors
And rude unseasoned floors
Defile this spot where Beauty loves to blow.
Find out some Cockney haunt,
Where the loud-speaker still incessant blares
Its uncouth jazzy airs;
There, mid thy fellows that affront the view
With every horrid hue,
Thy pink asbestos tiles for ever flaunt.

But hail, thou Cottage, standing fair,
As by Nature planted there,
Thatched with Norfolk reeds or heather,
Proof against all kinds of weather,
Cool in summer heats and warm
When wintry Boreas brings the storm.
Lichens silver, gold and grey
Trick thee out in such array,
So delicately soft and faint
As only Father Time can paint.

In days or ever Fancy's child
Had learnt to warble woodnotes wild,
The swallows, coming with the leaves,
Sought the broad shelter of thy eaves;
Here their nests in safety hung,
Here they reared their clamorous young,
And here their far descendants still
Build with the old ancestral skill.

At thy oaken door there twine
Rose and twisted eglantine;
Velvet gilly-flower greets
Evening with her perfumed sweets;
Here are hollyhocks, and here
Blue forget-me-nots appear,
With pansies, marybuds and stocks,
Bordered by the trim-clipt box.

Here at times may Fancy see
The village craftsmen building thee.
Few their tools and strangely rough,
Yet for their simple task enough,
For is not every hand and eye
Instinct with native artistry?
Dormer, gable, roof-tree grows
In charm unstudied, like the rose,
With curves the eye delights to trace,
So perfect in their artless grace.

Anon the thatcher crowns his work
With here a twist and there a quirk,
As though there were no joy to match
The fun that one can find in thatch.
These simple pleasures, Cottage, give,
And I in thee would choose to live.



Wife (in newly-acquired mansion). "I'M ALL FOR ANCESTORS, GEORGE, BUT THESE REALLY ARE A BIT MOTHY, AIN'T THEY?"

DEATH BY MISADVENTURE.

DURING the festive season our household has suffered a sad loss. Charlie is dead. He passed out on Christmas night, and, small as he was, his death has left a gap that can never be filled. It is useless to say that we can always get another fly. How can we? Are flies so plentiful these wintry days that any household lucky enough to have one to spare will be willing to sell? Would we have sold Charlie? Never!

He had endeared himself to the whole family during the many months he had spent under our roof, or, to be quite accurate, during the weeks that have elapsed since the middle of October, when we first became aware of his existence. Before that he had been just one of the crowd. Remorsefully we recall the ruthless war we waged upon his kind, a bitter campaign which only determined courage and uncommon agility on Charlie's part enabled him to survive.

Not that we knew him then as Charlie. Even when all the rest had been swatted out of existence his continued presence in the home was ignored. Sadly and tenderly we retrace the steps by which he as an individual impinged upon our consciousness and captured our affections. It took him less than a week. On Sunday at lunch-time he was a casual stranger; at breakfast the follow-

ing Saturday he was a family friend. On Sunday his presence evoked a careless complacent "Not many flies about nowadays." Monday's comment was, "A fly! Must be the sole survivor." Then came Tuesday's interested "That fly again"; Wednesday's admiring "Look at that fly"; Thursday's cheerful "Here comes the fly"; Friday's cordial "Hullo, fly!" and Saturday's affectionate "Here's Charlie."

A fly makes a delightful household pet, and Charlie seemed to combine in his small person all the virtues of all domesticated animals. "Sleep anywhere, eat anything" was literally true of him. Playful as a kitten, faithful as a dog, gentle with children—what more could one ask? We all loved him. A biggish family in a smallish house, we had always regretted that we had no room for animals. In fact, but for three Pekes and a dog we have no pets at all, except the cat and her two kittens and the tortoise. And the tortoise hardly counts, for half the year we seldom see him, and the rest of the time we can't tell whether he has died in his sleep or only stopped to think. He is quite a likeable beast, but reserved and unresponsive.

Charlie, on the other hand, was the little friend of all the world, lively, cheerful, confiding. It was proof of his wonderful charm of manner that, although he distributed his favours with the utmost impartiality, each of us believed that he or she was singled out for his attentions. Peter, after he had been to the circus, had hopes of training Charlie and exhibiting him later on as "The World's Only Performing Fly." Already, he declared, after only a week's practice, Charlie was almost perfect in the first trick. But no one else could see that the fly came at his whistle or even knew that he had whistled. However, Peter was confident that before he went back to school Charlie would have learned to stand at attention, stand easy, salute the flag and die for his country.

But these dreams were never to be realised. Gone too are other hopes centred in our little pet. We were sure that he had all the "points" of the thorough-bred house-fly—heavy shoulders, neat fetlock, narrow waist, strong slender proboscis and wide intelligent eyes set well apart. And one of the dreams shattered by his untimely death was the hope of entering him at a Fly Show, where, as we confidently believed, he would have carried off not only all the prizes for his particular class, but the medal or cup, "Open to All Classes," for the Best Fly in the show.

We are not sure whether it was the brandy on the plum-pudding or the sherry in the trifle that was the cause of the tragedy. Charlie, I think, partook heartily of both. But the truth is we were entertaining a fairly large party on Christmas Day and none of the family was able to give much attention to him. Indeed it was one of our guests who first observed that there was anything amiss. Charlie had been introduced when we sat down to dinner and had made a very favourable impression by his quiet friendly manner. But when he withdrew to see about his own meal we forgot him. It was young Armstrong (of the Air Force) who, after observing him for a while with the eye of an expert, suddenly announced—

"Your fly's developing engine trouble."

We all looked up, startled, and watched Charlie steering an erratic course between the brandy-sauce and the trifle.

"Oh, poor darling! He's ill," exclaimed Mildred as he made a forced landing in the middle of her plate.

He struggled gamely to his feet and did his best to make light of the accident. Pulling himself together he essayed to walk off the plate with a jaunty bearing, and he had just reached the edge when, lurching heavily, he lost his balance and fell on his back on the table-cloth.

It was a painful moment for us all. Mildred was almost in tears.

"Poor little thing! What's wrong with him?" she cried.

"He's blotto," replied George.

It was true. Charlie was indeed intoxicated. Yet there was nothing disgusting or unpleasant in his condition. He carried his liquor like a gentleman and, once he was on his legs on the level, seemed to be much as usual. There was a slight abandon in his movements and a reckless gaiety in his voice, but these symptoms, though not customary with him, were quite in keeping with a festive occasion. Perhaps we ought not to have left him alone in that state, but he seemed so well and so happy that we felt no anxiety, and we left him singing merrily to himself on the rim of an empty wine-glass.

He was never seen alive again. When we trooped back to the dining-room for supper there he lay, a pathetic little black blob in a wide expanse of whipped-cream.

Artificial respiration was tried, and only abandoned because it was evident that life was extinct.

At the inquest Uncle James, who was appointed coroner, said that there was no question of foul play. The deceased had many friends and no enemies, and the complete absence of motive made murder unthinkable. The suggestion of suicide was equally preposterous. Evidence would be given that the deceased appeared to have no worries of any kind and had never shown any suicidal tendencies.

After Peter had identified the body as that of his fly (murmurs of protest from other members of the family) medical evidence was taken.

Dr. Littlejohn said that, after examining the remains, he had formed the opinion that death was due to suffocation.

Questioned by the Coroner: He was not in a position to say whether the deceased had fallen into the cream or had walked in.

Evidence having been given by Peter and others as to the tastes, habits and character of the deceased, the jury, without withdrawing, considered their verdict. Mildred's gentle suggestion of "Death from natural causes" received some support; George's harsh "Death from alcoholic poisoning," none. Young Armstrong said that, if the truth were known, something had probably gone wrong with the machinery and the pilot was in no way to blame. In the end a verdict of "Death by misadventure" was brought in, George dissenting.



First Arrival (*much impressed*). "BLIMEY, GINGER, YOU AIN'T ARF MISSED SOMETHIN'! YOU OUGHT TO 'AVE SEEN 'IM UNCURL 'ISSELF."

AT THE PLAY.

"THE BLACKBIRDS" (LONDON PAVILION).

A VISITOR to the second edition of *The Blackbirds* finds himself in presence of a "cult." He is surrounded by devout worshippers, fanatics who, disdaining to follow an ancient precedent and slash themselves with knives on the threshold of the shrine, offer their ears to a persistent assault of rhythmical noises which first excite and later overwhelm. I positively reeled into Piccadilly and the comparative quiet of the roaring traffic, pursued by the furies of remembered cacophonies, hand-clappings, foot-tappings, strange-toned voices, trying to shake myself free of the maddening rhythm. One has a suspicion that, if



INVITATION TO THE DANCE.
MISS EDITH WILSON.

one went again, one would be less sensitive, and, if yet again and again, become an addict, and be haled by sorrowing rational friends to Harley Street and the haunts of the psycho-analysts, osteopaths, cheiropractics and artificial-sunlight-bath specialists.

However, if your nerves are strong and your blood-pressure normal, there is a tonic quality in this exceedingly vital and clever show, which has apparently captured the town more completely than any exotic visitation since the Russian Ballet. The virtuosity of the step-dancing of Messrs. LLOYD MITCHELL, U. S. THOMPSON and JOHNNY NIT is indeed as astonishing a phenomenon as that of the NIJINSKIS and KARSAVINAS. It does not seem possible that human muscles can respond so quickly to brain impulses or continue so long in action without exhaustion. But this kind of dancing, being in no way interpretative, cannot, I should suppose, afford enough variety to hold permanently the attention and admiration



LOOKING FOR A BLUE BIRD.
MISS FLORENCE MILLS.

which for the moment it has excited. There is a pleasant warmth of tone in the voices of this company—a racial inheritance. This tone is modified, not for the better, by the assumption of a rather harsh nasality which comes of contact, imitation and sophistication. Miss FLORENCE MILLS has a voice of great



ELOQUENT SILENCE.
MR. JOHNNY HUDGINS.

range and sweetness and gives us the only hint of beauty in the grotesque medley. She is an artist to the finger- and toe-tips and, as the professionals say, "carries" the show on the slender thread of her attractive vital personality, graced by a touch of modest shyness, and with an entire freedom from the star's vice of selfishly playing for her own hand.

That diverting silent grotesque, Mr. JOHNNY HUDGINS, won the enthusiastic and affectionate reception of the established favourite. He has invented an entirely new and mysterious method of progression across the floor of the stage



TO SOOTHE THE NEGRO BREAST.
A Customer . . . MR. JOHN RUCKER.
Ah Sing . . . . . MR. SYDNEY PERRIN.

which makes it difficult to believe he has not ball-bearings in the soles of his shoes. As an exhibition of resourcefulness in facial expression and gesture, in variations on a simple theme, his handling of the part of the husband during his wife's endless conversation with one *Mose* would be difficult to beat.

This sketch, "Who's on the 'Phone?" is possibly the best revue sketch that has ever been presented to us, and one is reminded thereby to say that, though there is much in this and other numbers that might be called daring and made suggestive, the members of the company avoided the temptation of stressing their points unduly or furtively. It is not exactly a P.S.A. performance, but it is not unwholesome in the accepted sense of that word. Perhaps the well-brought-up might take more exception to "Come, Take a Trip

to Hades with Me." My own sensations were chiefly confined to sympathy with Mr. JOHN PAYNE, who stood so dangerously in the draught which was working the leaping silk flames that formed the background of this irreverent modern immorality play. Miss EDITH WILSON'S new song, "Don't Advertise Your Man," was a masterly little essay in sex philosophy, and showed that capable comédienne at her excellent best.

The star turn of the new show is the scene in the Hotsy Totsy Cabaret in Harlem, with its admirable grouping, its undercurrent of sinister suggestion and its surface comedy in the variations of the Black Bottom dance, which we pray may not succeed the more violent forms of Charlestoning, to the further disintegration of our dancing manners.

T.

BRITISH FILMS.

Mr. Punch very earnestly supports the recent appeal in the Press on behalf of the aims of the British Empire Film Institute. The recent Report of the Imperial Conference expressed the most serious concern that throughout the British Empire most of the films at present exhibited are of alien origin and almost invariably take for granted social and moral ideals and manners of thought which are not identical with our own; while some of those which purport to represent British life produce (whether intentionally or unintentionally) an unhappy rendering of it, which does harm as well outside as inside the Empire.

The British Empire Film Institute, which was inaugurated last year for the purpose of attempting to remedy this regrettable state of affairs, is carrying out a constructive policy by seeking to create a healthy public opinion on the subject of British Films, and by disseminating information relating thereto throughout the Empire; also by conferring Awards of Merit for films of distinctive value.

The Institute is not a commercial enterprise, and for the purpose of carrying out its educational and propaganda work it has issued an appeal for financial support from those who feel strongly on this most vital matter.

Subscriptions should be sent to the Hon. Director, Mr. J. AUBREY REES, British Empire Film Institute, Abbey House, Westminster, S.W. 1.

From a police-court report:—

"Arrived at the station he became convinced she was drunk. So were the magistrates, who fined her 5s."—*West-Country Paper.*

It might have been more, but a fellow-feeling, no doubt, made them wondrous merciful.

THE WIRELESS BULLETIN.

"WE don't hear anything about the Test Matches now," said Granny, laying down the earphones. "I don't think the new management is nearly as good as it was in the old days. It's all about therms and francs and turnips and things."

"Give them a chance," my son John protested peevishly (he is still convalescing after Christmas). "The cricket season was over ages ago."

"Well, perhaps that's it," Granny conceded reluctantly; "but all the same I do think they ought to begin practising again soon."

"We get the football results," John said. "You can't have cricket all the year round."

"Personally I find the agricultural quotations a better substitute," I volunteered. "They ought to be on about now. There's more romance about the cabbage than I'd ever supposed, and as for the ups and downs in the private life of the turkey, why, it's positively thrilling. One day he lords it over all the other birds, only to drop, a few weeks later, into a mere commoner again."

John winced at the reference to the turkey's ups and downs, but Granny was not to be diverted.

"If they don't start practising again soon they'll never keep those ashes," she said gravely. "Now I wonder how Mr. HOBBS spent *his* Christmas?"

My only criticism of the new wireless organisation is that they missed an opportunity to restore fatherhood to the dignity of a calling. They should have abolished broadcasting until the evening and made it illegal for any household to have more than one set of headphones. In my youth, when the newspaper was the medium through which news of the outer world percolated through to the family, the father, in a public-spirited and discriminating way, read out the tit-bits which he thought suitable. Nowadays, while he is hard at work in the City, his family is tapping all manner of sources of information to which he himself has no access, and in the evening, on his return home, he becomes a waste-paper basket for all the useless trash they have picked up.

Worse still, with the earphones on it is impossible for him to be sure that they are giving proper attention to the things he feels it his duty to repeat to them.

I find that nobody in my family takes any interest in the agricultural quotations, and there I do get a chance, except with my wife, who has, I am grieved to say, developed the careless habit of listening-in with the 'phones disconnected. I feel very strongly about the educational value of the meteorological and agricultural reports myself and find their fluctuations more soothing, after a busy day, than this interminable jazz. I left John and his grandmother to their argument and was soon wafted through an anticyclone north of Greenland into the steadier realms of eggs, butter and cheese.

"This *is* interesting," I said aloud, "John, there's something about you on the wireless."

"But my birthday isn't till March," he answered.

"No, it's about your health," I explained. "You're among the distinguished invalids."

"What does it say?" inquired John, bursting with pride.

"It says porkers are easier to-day," I answered.

THE PAVEMENT-ARTIST.

His pictures as exhibited
Were just the usual thing:
A herring with a loaf of bread,
A sunset and the KING.

Unshaded from the noonday sun
They covered all his pitch,
Distinctly labelled, so that one
Might gather which was which.

But still the man did not appear
To make the business go;
In our suburban atmosphere
The taste in Art is low.

So then he took the devil's side
And planned the worst of sins:
He sprinkled all the pavement wide
With rank banana skins.

His object was to fabricate
(You may have guessed) with these
An accident and so create
A claim for damages.

As I, pedestrian, took the air,
Immersed in private thought,
I struck the vegetable snare
And was distinctly caught.

When I regained my wandered sense
And just contrived to stand,
I poured apologetic pence
Into his grimy hand;

The while he wiped, with dirty rag
And much officious zest,
A sunset from my dexter bag,
A herring off my chest.

E. P. W.

"Even while comparatively new children are apt to tear the pinafore just under the arm."—*Weekly Paper.*

We did ourselves, when we were comparatively new.



MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.

XXXIV.—SIR GEORGE FRAMPTON, R.A.

LET those who make of ugliness a god earn
The praise of modern lips for being modern;
That touch of old-time grace I more admire
Which stamps alike your art and your attire.



Father. "NOW THAT YOU 'VE FINISHED WITH COLLEGE, MY BOY, HADN'T YOU BETTER BE LOOKING OUT FOR A JOB?"
Son. "NOT ON YOUR LIFE, OLD THING. LET THE BLIGHTERS SCRAMBLE FOR ME."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

THE most significant thing about the country near Florence is that it *is* the country near Florence, lit by fluctuating lights of Florentine history and accessible to the Florentine resident and visitor. One gets to know, say, the arcaded minor towns of the Veneto and the campagna between the Alps and the Euganean hills, and the comparatively undignified villages and insignificant scenery of the Arno valley become tedious. They have, I think, a tediousness of their own, apart from the fact that they are for the most part too well trodden and their traditions too often quoted to "bless us with surprise." This accidental disenchantment is, however, only partial. There are still tranquil by-ways and legends unstaled by repetition to be pursued and recaptured between Falterona and the Pisan littoral; and no one could have been better equipped for the task of their presentation than Mr. EDWARD HUTTON. His very pleasant volume on *The Valley of Arno* (CONSTABLE) is not a guide-book, though what itineraries it gives are precise enough. It is in the first place a geographical study, showing how the six main basins of the Arno and their six passes were settled and controlled, and how certain settlements—notably Arezzo, Florence and Pisa—rose into prestige and wealth. This scholarly solicitude for origins makes the subsequent histories of cities, villages, castles and monasteries, descriptions of their present aspect and of the treasures they contain, exceptionally vivid, and sheds all the new light that, short of plenary inspiration, can be shed on such outworn themes as Camaldoli, La Verna and Vallombrosa. To the good Anglo-Florentine the book should be indispensable. Personally I recommend it for its suggestive topography, its more recondite sympathies and the severe charm of the thirty-two old prints with which it is illustrated.

Even if its publishers had not suggested that *O Toyo Writes Home* (JENKINS) reminded them of CAPEK'S *Letters from England*, I 'm afraid the comparison would have been made, and inevitably to the detriment of the last-comer. Miss C. ROMANNÉ-JAMES has shown considerable ingenuity in adopting the outlook and style of a Japanese school-girl initiated, by means of a travelling scholarship, into the barbarisms of English life; but her sympathetic assumption of Oriental standards and reactions is not to be compared as an animating principle with the first fine careless raptures (and reprobations) of a real foreigner of genius. Having said this, I hasten to add that I found *O Toyo* herself and many of her disquisitions very innocent and pleasant company. She is particularly adept at drawing really damaging, because entirely charitable, pictures of middle-aged English women, such as *Miss Penelope Hodge*, a missionary encountered on the voyage, and *Miss Smiff, B.A.*, head-mistress of a suburban school. The voyage itself is described in detail; and then *O Toyo* settles down to the scholastic mill-round, varied by educational forays to the British Museum, the National Gallery and (rather excessively) Wembley. The houses, country and otherwise, of school-friends are also visited, that of a *Narikin*, or profiteer, being responsible for the greatest shocks to *O Toyo's* refinement. Her crowning embarrassment is the sight of a portly hostess wearing a kimono crossed from right to left, a fashion peculiar to the honoured dead. More attractive however than her comments on foreign oddity, or even than the characteristic proverbs fortifying her criticism, are the accounts of Japanese customs and festivals won from her by her hosts and school-fellows. If we are to meet again—

and *O Toyo's* last letter is by no means unpromisingly valedictory—I hope it will be in Japan.

Would you, over the world so wide,
  Angle in seaways blue and warm?
And run a boat where the big fins glide
Cutting the clean New Zealand tide,
  And know Leviathan's fighting form?
Follow ZANE GREY, with a fine bravado,
And his *Tales of the Angler's El Dorado.*

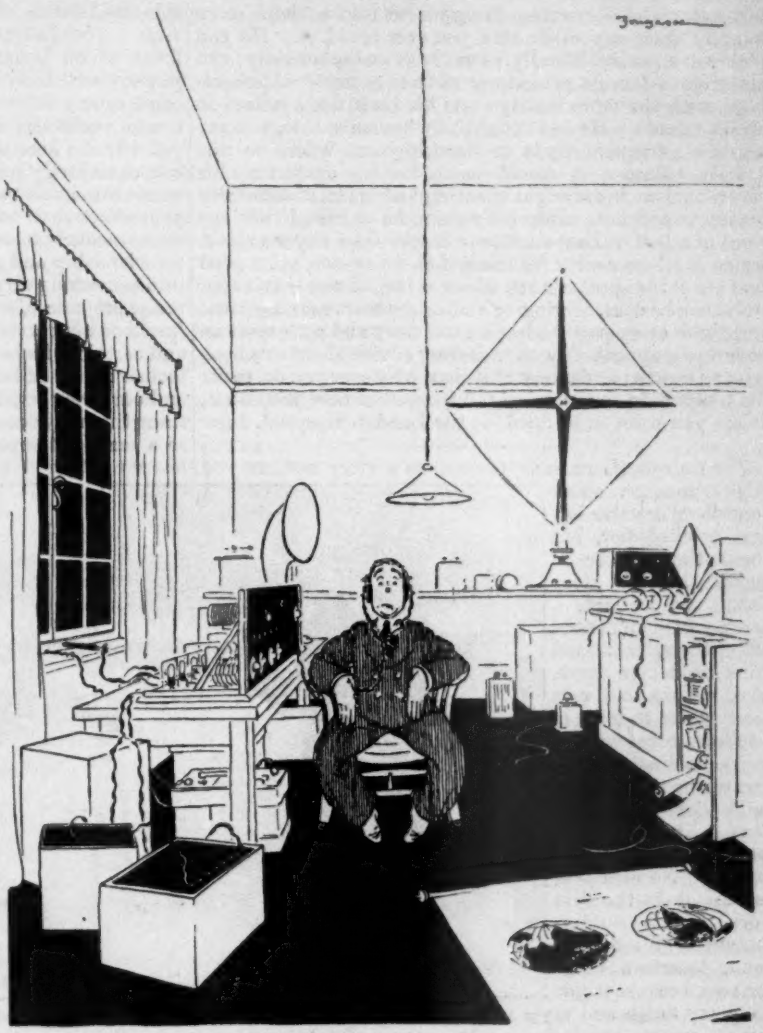
And would you go where the Rainbows leap—
  Rainbow Trout in their wild pink rose?
Then come—and reckon the Itchen cheap
When monsters take you where Taupo's deep
  Or the weight of the Tongariro goes
Green and thundering, spray a-shiver;
And still ZANE GREY is the permit-giver.

Here 's the book for a dream's delight,
  Fair with photos to fit the dream;
So come and measure the Marlin's* might,
So come and see how the Broadbills* fight,
  Or come and stand in a racing stream,
The toy-rod bent and a ten-pound Trout on.
The publishers? Oh, yes, HODDER AND STOUGHTON.

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* Swordfish both.

In *Pharisees and Publicans* (HUTCHINSON) Mr. E. F. BENSON has for once condescended perilously near to dulness. The story is one of domestic discord. On the one hand is *Ronnie Everton*, squire of Mereton, an amiable easy-going creature. On the other is *Edith*, his "bigoted wife," as the publisher's note calls her. *Ronnie* is backed by his son *Michael*, one of those perfect schoolboys in whom Mr. BENSON has specialised. *Edith's* forces are more formidable. There is *Priscilla*, her daughter and *Ronnie's* in the flesh, hers only in the spirit, an ineffable little prig. There is *Mr. Hawes*, Vicar of Mereton, who is altogether in *Edith's* pocket. Finally, there is the *Reverend Lord Arden*, *Edith's* father, who might be described in the Theophrastian manner as a prosing parson. These four are united in a strong bond of sanctimoniousness which they call piety, interference which they call good works, and little ecclesiastical jokes which they believe to be the height of spiritual humour. Their alliance is too much for *Ronnie*, who only wants to be allowed to shoot his pheasants in peace. They beat him all along the line. They decide that *Lord Arden* is to come to live at the manor-house. *Ronnie* does not want him, but lets him come. They decide that *Ronnie's* study is to be turned into a private chapel. The master of the house puts up a stiffer fight over this, but in the end he lets them have their way. By this time, however, he has found consolation elsewhere, in *Violet Gerrard*, who has a husband living in a lunatic asylum. The love affair of these two lonely souls is on the highest plane. Nevertheless, when *Edith* finds out about it she decides to divorce. Then, for quite discreditable reasons, she decides not to. We leave everybody in even more unsatisfactory positions than we found them. In fact it is an unsatisfactory story in more senses than one. Mr. BENSON meant us to dislike *Edith* and her allies; but presumably he meant us to sympathise with *Ronnie* and *Violet*, and *Ronnie* is too weak-kneed, *Violet* too shadowy, for sympathy. No, this is not one of Mr. BENSON's successes.



UNENVIABLE SITUATION OF RADIO FAN WHO, HAVING AT LAST SUCCEEDED IN LISTENING TO AUSTRALIA, REALISES THAT HE HAS NOTHING LEFT TO LIVE FOR.

Lord KNUTSFORD is a great stalker of stags and men. He has brought to the finest perfection the art of inducing his hypnotised victims to pay and not only look, but actually feel, pleasant, while some of his sporting stories are tall enough to suggest that his four-legged quarry was similarly doped. *In Black and White* (ARNOLD), the history of his most captivating and often surprising adventures, will give you great entertainment, for the author, whether as barrister, man of business, or most of all as Chairman of the London Hospital, has developed ways of giving an unexpected twist to prosaic occasions, of getting into and out of

hot water, and of turning an opponent into a friend, more happily than any other man you ever heard of. He can pick you a pocket, literally, as easily as metaphorically; can entertain a foreign princess or address a crowd of schoolboys with the same facility; and his book does justice to all his talents. He has delightfully homelike things to say about his frequent visits to Sandringham, where he was equally welcome, it would seem, for his conjuring, his ventriloquism, his straight shooting and his most admirable brazen impudence. Into his writing he carries, if not the voice of a bull of Bashan, a tone deeper than anyone else's, which is all he claims for himself as an orator, yet a good deal too of the speaker's art, which in fact no one better controls than he does, of bringing smiles and tears near together, since with every page he has a good story and with most an underlying appeal. My unhesitating advice about this book is by no means to miss any of it, but, whatever you do, resist the temptation to write and tell the author how you like it, unless you want to be fined for the London Hospital.

The Cabala (LONGMANS, GREEN) is a story not, as you might imagine, about Jerusalem ere the legions levelled her, but about the mother of legions herself. This Cabala is, in fact, a group of influential wire-pullers, Italian and other, resident in Rome, who, we are told, owe their power to force of intellect, conservatism and a sublime conviction of their individual and collective importance. The book is remarkable for three reasons. Number one, because it is the first work of its author, THORNTON WILDER, a young American; number two, because it has a literary finish and style which would do credit to many a more proven hand—indeed one rather resents such excellence in a beginner since small room is left for improvement; and, lastly, because its character-drawing is almost clever enough to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. I don't mean to say that *The Cabala* is a sow's ear—I've read it twice and enjoyed the experience each time—but it lacks plot and movement, and thus is probably foredoomed to failure except with the discriminating reader. And now what's it about? Well, it is a series of five "books" dealing (to slow music) with certain somewhat flat and unexciting episodes as seen by a young American in Rome who has the *entrée* (without being of it) to this intimacy of intellect and *finesse*. The best of the series is "Marcantonio," which relates how this young American is requested by some of the Cabalists to bear-lead a profligate but very youthful Italian aristocrat. The attempt ends in tragedy. I recommend this clever book to all lovers of literature and "the ring of words," and further I would bid them watch, as I shall, for Mr. WILDER'S next effort, for, unless the gods who have given him much have denied him the crowning mercy of imagination, here, I think, is a novelist.

Mr. CHRISTOPHER MORLEY has made many friends on this side the Atlantic with his admirable fantasy, *Thunder on the Left*. *The Romany Stain* (*Tache Romanée* of the wine lists), which Messrs. HEINEMANN present in their accomplished way, is a running commentary by a wanderer with eager eyes, a lover of men (and children), of ships and little towns, books and strange words—a friendly cosmopolitan, yet withal a keen and impenitent American. Rather a self-conscious liter'y gent at times, with an odd way of plaiting his words into queer patterns—"Totally from gossamer nothing your effect shall be contrived," for instance. But these are experiments in technique, one supposes. He has a noble taste for friendship and a power of making casual acquaintances into something very near friends in a short time. He has no racial prejudices, is as much at home in Paris as in London (perhaps his heart is a little more closely bound to London), and certainly he is one who can help to remove some of the foolish causes of the antagonisms which stand between us and our lively cousins. As for the theme, it embraces anything that may occur in the course of work or play or dreams to a man of temperament and an omnivorous reader who has the wit not to be a bore. Mr. JACK DUNCAN has adorned the book with well-observed little pen-and-ink sketches.



"H-H-HOLD ON, OLD BOY—I 'LL SEE YOU THROUGH."

The golden-haired youth in *The Infatuation of Peter* (COLLINS) wanted a sound smacking. The necessity for this treatment will, I hope, be admitted by the author, Miss KATHARINE TYNAN. After the War, in which he had been wounded, *Peter* went back to France with the intention of learning the local language. Arrived there, he quickly succumbed to the coddling attentions of his middle-aged hostess, a woman with a genius for spoiling young men. Fortunately *Peter's* mother had "surrounded her child with a barricade of prayers," a defence of which he was sorely in need. But if *Madame Patourel* had not herself tired of him I doubt whether even the orisons of his excellent mother could have cured him of his folly. Not, to my mind, one of Miss TYNAN'S most successful stories, but still one in which her admirers will find many of the qualities that have won their allegiance.

The stories in *Idylls of Old Hungary* (SHEED AND WARD) are as fragrant as their name. "The Old Hungary of these pages," Miss M. E. FRANCIS tells us in an introduction, "is not the Hungary of very ancient times, but Hungary as I knew it, many years before it became a republic." Anyhow, it was at the time a country of great aristocrats, gipsy music and wonderful dancing, and Miss FRANCIS has caught and reproduced its spirit. Of her tales I like especially "The Forest Hut," where a village maiden was so carried away by the music of the gipsies that she danced on and on until she was locked out by her father, and in consequence found a husband. "Pista's Shirt-Sleeves" and "Mariska and the Garden-Boy" are also delightful stories of Hungarian peasantry. The author's gentle art has never found a happier home than in these idyllic surroundings.

CHARIVARIA.

COMPOSERS have been asked to write a hymn for Signor MUSSOLINI. We cannot do that for the DUCE, but if he intends making women wear the dress he has suggested for them we promise to say a little prayer for him.

* * *

If the bishops really are keen on reforming the Prayer Book, one alteration some people would welcome is the insertion of "Alas! my poor brother," somewhere in the Marriage Service.

* * *

A Gloucestershire man is said to have held his breath for two minutes. We are informed that he was a Frothblower on furlough.

* * *

We understand that the visit made by Mr. BALDWIN to the Zoo last week was an unofficial one, the animals not being told who he really was.

* * *

Bethnal Green Council has ordered twenty tons of salt for melting snow. Locally, this is regarded as an indication of a mild winter.

* * *

Our opinion about the three-year-old American girl who was the first child to talk across the Atlantic when she called up her father in London is that children should be trained not to talk across the Atlantic until they are spoken to.

* * *

A visitor to London says it is extraordinary to see the number of men in buses who sit and beam at the other passengers. One theory is that they are ex-B.B.C. uncles whose professional smile won't come off.

* * *

An attempt was made the other day to rob the treasury of St. Peter's, in Rome. It is believed that the thieves wanted to pay Paul.

* * *

A man who broke into a Winchester house was traced through a duster he was wearing in place of a hat. All the best burglars wear berets.

* * *

A German variety artiste, on being admitted to a Berlin hospital, explained that he had just swallowed a packet of tintacks, powdered glass from twelve lamps, several wire nails, two yards of brass chain and fifty copper coins. He seems to have been a variety artiste all right.

* * *

Later.—We understand that the doctor has put him on a light diet of half-inch brass screws.

* * *

A group of M.P.'s are urging the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to impose the Betting Tax only upon winnings. But are there any?

* * *

Berlin boasts that it has a twopenny cigar. So have we in this country, but we don't brag about it, as it costs a shilling.

* * *

During his stay in Madeira two men tried in vain to work the confidence trick on Lord BIRKENHEAD. It will be remembered that the Labour Party had no better luck when it tried the no-confidence trick on the Government.

* * *

A Stalybridge angler has landed a pike, inside which was a smaller pike, and inside that a duckling. As there was nothing found inside the duckling we don't think much of him as an angler.

* * *

Extra exits are to be provided on the ground of a famous London football-ground. This pandering to the whims of referees is killing the sporting spirit of the nation.

* * *

It is reported that, in view of the instructional character of their programmes, the B.B.C. will shortly be sending round Government inspectors to cane us if we 're inattentive.

* * *

Mr. Justice MCCARDIE recently said he thought a new hat acted as a tonic to a woman. It does; and the trouble is that it makes her feel strong enough to go out and buy another.

* * *

In a recent publication the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries described the conditions under which plaice become flat; but even now we don't know how the pleats grow on kippers.

* * *

An advertisement offers a skirt that will "suit the modern woman down to the ground." We pass this as being too easy a subject.

* * *

A scientist is suggesting that man retained his tail some time after he became intelligent. But then the earliest caves never had revolving doors.

* * *

We have been unable to obtain confirmation of the rumour that the subject discussed at Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S interview with Count VOLPI, the Italian Minister of Finance, was the castor-oil method of dealing with Income-Tax defaulters.

* * *

A foreigner, who claims to be the strongest man in the world and is expected in this country shortly, allows a motor-car containing seven passengers to run over his head. He represents the perfect pedestrian.

* * *

Signor MUSSOLINI informs the Press that he much prefers to have his meals alone. This finally decides us not to ask him to tea.

* * *

It must be admitted that everything is being done for the man in the street. The National Community Singing campaign is teaching him how to sing, and it is expected that the Budget will make him whistle a bit.

* * *

The report that lynxes are at large in Scotland is causing grave anxiety, for these creatures, when driven to desperation by hunger, are known to be capable of pulling down and devouring a full-grown haggis.

* * *

"1927 is not a leap year," declares a contemporary. Except of course for pedestrians.

* * *

A Mrs. BONE was attacked by a friend's dog which she was exercising the other day. On behalf of the dog it is urged that her name was provocative.



Husband (departing for fancy-dress ball). "ER—PERHAPS I 'D BETTER TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO GIVE COOK NOTICE."

"SAFETY FIRST."

ANY PEDESTRIAN TO ANY MOTORIST.

WHENE'ER I go on duty's beat,
Trying to dodge with desperate feet
The frightful perils of the street,

It is not much I ask of Fate;
I do not mind arriving late
Or even on a different date.

Simply to one sole end I strive—
That, if I ever do arrive,
I may, with luck, be still alive.

This way and that I twirl my head
To find a gap that I can thread
Before a taxi knocks me dead.

Hour after hour rolls on, and I
Must let the roaring stream go by,
My object being not to die.

Often and hard have I rehearsed
The tortuous code of "Safety First"
That so I might avoid the worst.

For me, not you, that code was cast;
One rule you follow—Get There Fast!
Speed is your law, Speed First and Last.

And, if your trumpet gives a sign
To warn me when I cross your line,
It 's not to spare my neck or spine.

Not for myself you bid me heed,
But merely lest my corpse impede
Your motor's joyous turn of speed.

But I, upon the other hand,
Never career along the Strand
With weapons of a lethal brand.

No one has seen me barge about
To put a peaceful bus to rout
Or lay a harmless lorry out.

Nor need I loose a blasting hoot
To let you know a ravening brute
Is after you in hot pursuit.

And yet Lord MONTAGU will lay
The blame on silly me and say
That I am always in the way.

He'll put the death-rate down to fools
Who fail to get a grasp of rules
Within the scope of infant schools.

His book* will tell pedestrians how,
With half the brain-power of a cow,
More would survive than do just now.

If streets where all these lives are lost
Were scientifically crossed,
This would reduce the holocaust.

The facts that I 've set forth so truly are
Sufficient proof of how peculiar
The views of MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU are.

O. S.

* In his forthcoming book, *Beware!*, Lord MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU will offer guidance to all those who have a fancy for crossing the road on foot.

A DREAM INTERVIEW.

BY A LISTENER-IN.

"THE chairman?" said a kindly official—a banished Uncle for all I knew. "Why, of course. Your crystal set won't get Prague? Too bad! The chairman *will* be grieved. If you will wait just a moment."

He opened the door of a pleasant room and I walked in.

Comfortable armchairs stood invitingly round a blazing log-fire. On a side-table boxes of cigarettes and chocolates with a neatly-printed notice, "Don't hesitate to accept a little present from your chairman," struck a pleasant and personal note. A framed portrait of the chairman, signed "Yours in willing service," occupied a place of honour on the mantel-piece. I also noted writing-pads lettered on the outside "Suggestions."

The kindly official came back as I was slipping a rubber-band round a box of cigarettes and another of chocolates.

"The chairman is eagerly awaiting you," he said.

I followed him along a passage and into a room, where the chairman rose to greet me.

"Now, this is what I like," he said genially. "Trouble with your crystal set, isn't it? You haven't brought it with you? What a pity!"

In a minute or two we were chatting like old friends. I told him how ungracious my next-door neighbour was about my aerial, and how "Balmoral" *would* cause fading, and how "Bonnie Doon" howled. He took copious notes all the time, and there was a splendid sternness on his face when I mentioned how "The Retreat" oscillated during the Children's Hour.

"Incredible!" he said indignantly, and he wrote something in red ink on a pad and underlined it. "My Flying Squad shall look into all these grave matters without delay."

"Of course it 's only a crystal set," I said apologetically.

"There are no distinctions in the ether," said the chairman, gently reproachful. "What make is it?"

I told him.

"Ah," he smiled, "a very sound set. I know it well."

"You must have a good many callers?" I suggested.

"A number of people have written to tell me that they intend to do without winter sports this year," he laughed. "They mean to come and see me instead."

"And letters?" I ventured.

"By the thousand," confessed the chairman. "Of course I welcome them. I was considering a suggestion that the Dean of ST. PAUL'S should conduct the Children's Hour when you arrived."

There was a knock at the door and an official came in to say that the chairman's car was at the door, and to receive his parting instructions.

"These complaints must be gone into at once," said the chairman, handing over a sheaf of notes. "I will go through the reports the first thing to-morrow morning."

* * * * *

I stood at the door and watched him running a practised eye over his car and then consulting a long list of names.

"The first is Mrs. Smith, Chatsworth, Holly Lane, Tulse Hill," he said to the chauffeur. "Is the sack of cat's-whiskers there? And the coil of wire for aerials? And the extra flex?"

"All correct," was the report.

The sound of trampling feet made me look down the hill.

The great-hearted British public was surging up it, each with a wireless set in his or her arms.

The chairman looked longingly at them.

It would take so little to content their trusting hearts, and he was their chairman. Perhaps eighty-five per cent of them required new sets which he could provide; the remainder only needed new valves or even cat's-whiskers. Then all those downcast faces would brighten. And he had to go away and leave them.

With a look of mingled yearning and firmness he stepped into the car and gave the order to start. Mrs. Smith of Tulse Hill was expecting him, and no distraction however seductive should tempt him to betray her trust.

An All-round Effort.

"Among the minor anti-foreign manifestations at Hankow has been the theft by a Chinaman of a German motor-car from an American garage in the French concession."
Evening Paper.

From a 1927 calendar:—

"JANUARY 15. SATURDAY.
Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.
Othello."

Malvolio's best quotation gone.

"In the hotels, cabarets, theatres and restaurants, and in many private homes everybody was acting on the advice, 'Let joy be unrefined.'"—*Canadian Paper.*

Advice but seldom required.

"One theory—advanced by a Dundee man—is that the Bard visited Dundee as a member of a troupe of strolling players, and there was told all he ever knew about the blasted heath, the castle with a pleasant seat, the unsubstantial dagger, Bamgow's ghost, and so on."
Weekly Paper.

What about Bamgow's saxpence?



AWAITING TREATMENT.

MR. BALDWIN. "NEXT, PLEASE."

PEER (*to Trade Unionist*). "AFTER YOU, SIR. IT IS TRUE I WAS HERE FIRST, BUT YOUR NEED IS GREATER THAN MINE."



Nervous Maid (to evil-looking Tramp). "YOU RUN FOR YOUR LIFE AND LET ME SHUT THE DOOR. QUICK! I 'EAR THE ALSATIAN COMING!"

WINTER WARFARE.

EXAMINATIONS.

HAVING touched upon the question of Military Lectures it is essential that I should deal with Military Examinations, for the one would be of no consequence without the other. Indeed it is questionable which were introduced first, which are the cause and which the effect, which the hen and which the egg.

Those who affirm that a written examination can be no test of conduct under war conditions cannot have realised what rapid strides have been made recently towards the perfection of question-paper technique. To begin with, the examiners, a genial but legally-minded body of enthusiasts, many of whom began life in the Army, have discovered that the fog of words is just as baffling as the fog of war. In fact to find one's way about certain papers it is necessary to possess an unerring eye for country and a pronounced bump of locality. Many candidates have been found disconsolate at the end of the allotted time, not because they were unable to answer any of the questions, but because they had not yet succeeded in finding any questions to answer. Happily this deception is seldom practised, but other devices calculated to shake the candidate's nerve and so to undermine his *moral* are in constant use. They are:—

(1) *The opening instructions*, some of which are very simple, some complicated and some contradictory. A nervous candidate can be relied upon to waste a great deal of precious time in searching for hidden meanings that do not exist.

(2) *The "painting of the picture."* The object of this, according to the examiners (many of whom, I forgot to mention, possess a keen but mischievous sense of humour), is to enable the candidate to "visualise the situation." In practice it leaves him wondering which side he is on and why he ever joined the Army.

(3) *The element of surprise* (very important, and permitted in any sort of war) is effected by firing off the actual questions suddenly, like stars out of a Roman candle, while a pleasant undercurrent of verbal golden rain dribbles on placidly. Further, a question on, say, geography may be followed by one on influenza or sandbags, tactics, cost accounting, modern languages or machine-guns.

(4) *The examination map* is a very special one. It is considerably larger than the allotted desk and is covered with names, none of which is mentioned in the paper. (The paper is also full of names, none of which is mentioned on the map.) The scale and legend are, or might as well be, in Persian or Zulu.

In addition,

(5) *The judicious misprint*, and

(6) *The occasional cipher message* are invaluable fog-producing agents.

Here is the kind of thing:—

WAR

(written).

PART ONE.

First Paper (*a*).

(*a*)

A 28/215(Q). Wt 23724—5117/1543. 2,000. 11/26. G.P. & Co. Ltd. G.S. 42y. W.O. W.D.

Slide-rules may be used.

Time allowed—One hour.

Reference Special Sheet "WAZIRI-

TANIA" (6 sagines to the verst) issued with this paper.

Read these instructions carefully. Unless you are not

"A person subject to Military Law"

do not make any mention of the fact, except in the case of service units other than regulars and those abroad, unless temporarily, less India and other over-sea stations, if not already serving, provided that in all other cases you

WRITE YOUR NUMBER (if any) IN THE SPACE INDICATED.

USE BOTH SIDES OF THE PAPER ONLY.

DO NOT MAKE BLOTS IN THE MARGIN.

NARRATIVE.

GREAT BRITAIN and PINKLAND are at war. An indecisive fleet action was fought in the SARGASSO SEA yesterday, and our troops were landed on enemy territory during the night. The inhabitants are hostile, but they have no tanks or aeroplanes; these and the rest of the army are in full flight. The troops are now having breakfast, and the officers are settling down to their correspondence and returns. Dawn is at 0600 hours and "Lights Out" at 2215. The ground is flat in places, but is otherwise hilly. None of the rivers, railways or bridges shown on the map exist. "XPLOGM BFAKNN OJPZAC." Who said this, and why? Discuss the effect of its application to the training of the Dominion Forces, illustrating your answer with a sketch-map of Canada and a reference to the strategy of the second Punic War.

NARRATIVE (*continued*).

The undergrowth, if any, is thick, and is more passable for small soldiers than for large ones. The borogroves are mimsy after the recent heavy rains. Until the fog lifts the visibility is poor. At 0430 hours you are at point 431 with your platoon. It is dark and rain is falling. You have just placed your Sergeant-Major in close arrest, and your Company-Commander has gone absent without leave. An orderly brings you a message written with copying-pencil on thin paper informing you that a large force of all arms is massing at the second 6 in Hill 1666, and that you are to move at once to the valley 400 yards due north and prepare it for all-round defence. The signature, date, place and hour have all dissolved. Before you have time to question the orderly he has an epileptic fit.

Appreciate the situation in Cape Dutch or Esperanto, giving reasons for your opinions, and discuss the use of Boronoff's occipital reaction by a platoon-commander in cases of local paralytic spasmosis. Mark on the map your position at 0930 hours, and write out the message you would send to the Adjutant.



She. "I CAN'T BEAR IT."
He. "MY DEAR, IT'S ONLY ACTING."
She. "NO—I MEAN THAT PICTURE. WHY DON'T THEY PUT IT STRAIGHT?"

RHYMES OF RECONSTRUCTION.

[It is stated that Newstead Abbey, BYRON'S seat, is being converted into flats.]

THE stately homes of England
Have fall'n on evil days,
And now not one in twenty
Among their owners stays
On his ancestral acres
Or in his mansion dwells,
But leaves them to caretakers
Until he lets or sells.

Where belted earls and barons
Once revelled and drank deep,
Unscared by human footfalls
Mice from the wainscot creep;
No gracious lady's presence
Lends blandishment and grace,
And on the lawn and pleasance
The rank weeds grow apace.

True, some are now Asylums
Or Convalescent Homes,
Or Country Clubs for golfers,
Or even "Picturedromes";
And some are dedicated
To the scholastic Muse,
And some are desecrated
By opulent Yahoos.

Cobwebs and mould and mildew
Are dismal, I agree,
And yet, I own it boldly,
Far rather would I see
The ancient halls demolished,
That housed historic peers,
Than smartened up and polished
For shiny profiteers.

I am no die-hard, dreading
All changes in our laws;
I am not prone to shedding
My tears without a cause;
But one thing like a babby
Has made me weep, and that 's
The news that Newstead Abbey
Is converted into flats.

Minor Worries of the British Drama.

Extract from letter to theatre manager:

"I attended your matinee yesterday and enjoyed it very much. Unfortunately I left my programme behind. Would you enquire if this was found, and, if so, kindly forward it to me?"

A DEN OF CONSPIRACY.

RECENT events have caused Scotland Yard to turn its attention to the National Liberal Club. It may be remembered that five young Liberals from that institution were alleged to have carried out an enterprise of great courage and high adventure, which involved their attacking a famous explorer and his friend and removing articles of value from their motor-car, which were afterwards returned.

This operation was later explained to be, not an act done with felonious intent, but a joke. Nevertheless, with the many unsolved problems of a criminal complexion which confront the Yard authorities, it is felt that a centre of such stratagem as was carried out in a lonely spot in Surrey might well be the home and provenance of one or other of these mysteries. The old lady in the ditch who was at death's door for three days, the missing Old Master, the sapphires removed from a Bayswater flat, may of course be only expressions of young Liberal humour, but the police would none the less like to know.

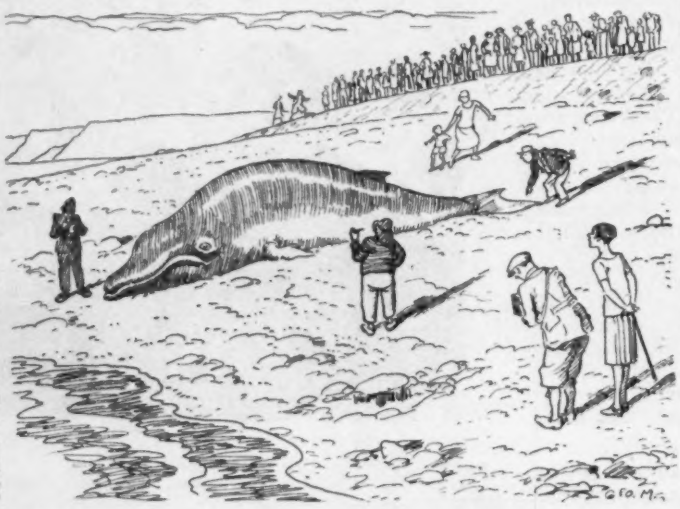
Yesterday, writes our special correspondent, all was quiet at the National Liberal Club. The marble pillars remained unshaken; food and drink were being consumed in the ordinary manner. Here and there the experienced eye detected an unmistakable police-officer disguised as a Liberal of one kind or another, but generally the assembly in the smoke-room consisted of the usual type.

As one studied the highly respectable-looking members, young and old, it was thrilling to think that one might be in the very presence of the arch-plotter, the master-mind behind a hundred jokes. A gentleman in semi-clerical dress, sitting in a window-seat, attracted my attention. He was smoking a cigarette over a glass of milk and was reading *The Spectator*. Was he, I wondered, the man the Yard was wanting? In the library sat a solitary journalist, writing industriously. Could it be he? In the cloak-room a group was conversing in undertones. What masterpiece of humour might they not have conspired to plot—possibly financed, out of his political funds, by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE himself?

I'LL TELL THE WORLD.

II.—MORE ABOUT THE ORIGINS OF ENGLAND.

ON a bright morning in the early Spring of 450 A.D. or thereabouts, a little curiously-shaped craft might have been seen slowly propelled by long oars over the waters of what is now known as the North Sea and even then had very much the same appearance. It was covered with waves of various degrees of instability. The vessel itself was loaded to the brim with flaxen-haired men, women and children, their dogs, their goods and their chattels. The men had boar-shaped helmets on their heads, their bodies were covered with war-nets of ring-mail, and at their sides were jewel-hilted swords. Most of the women looked now and then wistfully at the expanse of the waters, now and then at the faces of the men. All the children were sick.



THE ANGLO-SAXONS CALLED THE SEA THE WHALE'S HOME. DEAD WHALE STRANDED AT LOWESTOFT.

A tall figure, possibly an earl or ealdorman, more likely a thegn or thug, stood at the prow, one hand to his forehead, gazing earnestly at the horizon. Another mailed figure stood at his right hand, gazing at the same spot.

"Rede me a rede of the swan-path, Eadgifu," said the first. "Is it likely to keep fine?"

"Ic ne wis," responded the other. "Maybe it 'll come a spot of rain in the whale's home come about evenfall."

Both speakers were stalwart men, inclined to starkness, with handsome features and light-blue eyes. Little though they knew it, they belonged to the Nordic breed. They were red-blooded. They were hundred per cent. They were he-men. Their womenfolk were of the same kind. Every woman on the boat was a red-blooded she-woman, and every child that leant over the bulwarks was a hundred-per-cent Nordic it-child.

They were the English coming to England.

Would they make Kent before evening? That was the thought which exercised every mind, for the crossing was long and tedious, accommodation on the shore doubtful, and the night air chilly for young children. The rowers at the long sweeps kept chanting monotonously:—

"That moun ne wat
The him on foldan faerost limpeth
How ic easmcearig isecaldne sea
Winter wunade wreccan lastum
Behungen rimeicelum: hail scurum fleag."

It was the old community song of the English.

The sound rang out over the water as their strong bodies rhythmically rose and fell. The steersman encouraged them with loud cries. The seagulls circled in the wake of the adventurous mariners. "Hail scurum fleag!" sang the crew.

They carried more with them, these wanderers, than their mere personal property and the rough accoutrements of war. Angles every one of them, or possibly Saxons, or even more possibly Jutes, they brought from their homes a deep and abiding sense of personal liberty, a belief in loyal friendship and the great outdoors, a devotion to agriculture, a distrust on the one hand of highbrows and on the other of lounge-lizards, a passion for interminable debates, a fondness for simple sentiment, and, above all, a reverence for equity and law. Wherever they went they took these cherished possessions along with them. They kept them in labelled packages under the seats.

"Hail scurum fleag!" sang the crew.

THE CAEDMON HOTEL, FELIXSTOWE.
SYNCOPATED ORCHESTRA NIGHTLY.

A faint rim of white appeared on the horizon.

"Londe ho!" cried the tall figure of the thegn or thug standing at the prow.

It was Broadstairs. The weary passengers heaved a long sigh of relief. The English had arrived at England.

No written record remains of the scene which I have so graphically described, nor even of the first impressions which this island made upon the seafarers. The Angles were no scriv-

eners. The Saxons were more familiar with the sword than the escritoire. The Jutes were unacquainted with journalese. Hundred-per-centers, he-men and red-blooded, they left, for all that, no contemporary chronicle of their earliest reactions to their island home. It is a defect which has since been remedied.

This we do know, however, that they were seriously annoyed to find the Welsh in England, and immediately determined to drive them to Wales, where some of them have since remained. They had no use for the Welsh. It was in vain for the latter to point out that the Anglo-Saxons in driving them to Wales were obliterating, if not destroying, the Romano-Celtic civilisation, which was of a mixed, not to say dual, character, deriving some of its features from the Romans and others from the Celts. The Anglo-Saxons refused to listen to them. They liked long sentences but they hated long words. They refused to occupy the Celto-Roman towns. They refused to live in the Romano-Celtic villas. They could not stand hot baths.

But they settled England. They settled it in small hamlets, tuns, and burgs. Settling was in their blood. Wherever they went they settled things. To-day they are settling the American Debt.

Thus did the flaxen-haired Anglo-Saxon deal with the Celtic fringe, and thus did they lay the foundations of an England which may be observed by an indefatigable and conscientious motorist even in 1927.

Wherever, on asking his way in England, the touring motorist is greeted first of all by a look of Nordic bewilderment, secondly by an expression which indicates deep Nordic thought, and thirdly by a long and complicated Nordic description of local landmarks which he has never seen before and will not recognise when he does see them, couched in a dialect which he does not understand, he may know that he is in the presence of some direct descendant of Eadgifu or Ealdwold or Aelthelgar. When this man has finished unloosing his word-hoard, the motorist will pass on and try to find a Norman or a Celt. These persons may not tell him the truth, but they will be quicker about it.



QUARREL BETWEEN LONGSHOREMEN AT BROADSTAIRS, WHERE A JUTISH VESSEL MAY POSSIBLY HAVE LANDED.

HUNDREDS OF MEN OWE THANKS TO BLETCHO FOR PERMANENTLY LIGHT-DYED HAIR.

For the flaxen-haired Anglo-Saxon was without the great gift of salesmanship, and ALFRED THE GREAT betrayed the same love of accuracy that afterwards made GEORGE WASHINGTON so renowned. And the mind of the original Anglo-Saxon moved very slowly from point to point. Before the Nordic he-man could acquire the full principles of pep, it was necessary for him to come into closer contact with the more gifted races of mankind.

EVOE.



32, ACACIA GROVE, ISLINGTON, WHERE A ROMAN VILLA BURNT BY THE SAXONS IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE STOOD.
Inset—MRS. GOOCH, THE PRESENT OCCUPIER.

OPEN LETTERS.

To Léon, the Wine-Waiter.

DEAR LÉON,—You are a quiet and efficient man with your soft tread and active corkscrew, and you play a part in life that commands respect and even reverence, for it is your special mission to temper the wind (so to speak) to the shorn lamb, or, in other words, by means of your portfolio of anodynes to take the rough edge from existence and substitute a blurring and comforting smoothness.

This being so, I wonder that you are not more of a comforter than you are; but the unhappy fact remains that you sadly mishandle your privilege. For it is our irritating destiny always to have to send for you, whereas you should, of course, be on the look-out for any new arrival in the restaurant and at once smilingly advance to know what he would like.

Have you yourself never been jaded or thirsty that you can wait so long before performing this too obvious duty? Put yourself in our places, Léon, and reform.

I am,
Yours sincerely,
E. V. L.

"LEGAL LITERATURE.
THE ENGLISH AND EMPIRE DIGEST.

The English and Empire Digest, with complete and exhausting annotations. Vol. XXX."—*Law Periodical.*

We deprecate these unseemly frivolities.

"Much is being said about the merits of the composition ball, while its defects are conveniently overlooked. There are two sides to every billiard ball."—*Yorkshire Paper.*

More to most.

TAXATION IN TIBET.

(According to a recent report in the Press.)

THE Lama of Tibet,
Where they milk the hairy yaks,
Was hunting (with regret)
For an article to tax;
He had got as far as that,
But, unlike the Anglo-Saxon,
Was rather in a hat
As to what to put a tax on,
Which very much upset
The Lama of Tibet.

For in that remote oasis
They organise their lives
On a plain and meagre basis;
The daughters and the wives
Have little love of dress,
The men have rather less.
They have no natural bent
For Paris gloves or scent
Or things of silk; what's more,
They cheerfully ignore
Cosmetics for their mugs,
The Ace of Spades and drugs.
With us a motor levy
Is wont to come down heavy,
But there the mountain passes
Admit but yaks (and asses).
They do not feel a flicker
Of interest in liquor,
And, as they feed on grain,
Well, there you are again.
In short, that hardy folk
Unfortunately lacks
(Cigars they never smoke)
What other peoples tax.
But still "I'll have them yet,"
Said the Lama of Tibet.

The Lama sat and pondered
With a predatory gaze
At his people as they wandered
On their unsuspecting ways,
And he murmured, "I'll be bound
There's something that they've got
If it only could be found
That is common to the lot."
And he watched the homely features
Of those interesting creatures
Till an inspiration suddenly arose,
And "I've heard," the Lama said,
"Of a tax by poll, or head,
But I'll be first to tax the human nose."

When they knew his little game
The people cried, "For shame!"
For the tax would catch them all,
Young and aged, great and small,
While it offered no occasion
To the wily for evasion.
But the Lama heard them grumble
And with never-failing tact
He said, "You fail to tumble
To an all-important fact.
The noses you possess,
Oh my friends, are squat and snub,
Suggesting a caress,
In childhood, with a club;
But on Sahibs, Pathans or Sikhs,
Dwellers here of other races,
There are bridges, there are beaks,
Which are credits to their faces;
In comparison with those
You have hardly got a nose.
Now a thing of bone and beauty
Is a property to prize,
So I mean to charge this duty,
As *pro rata*, on the size."
And they answered, "It is fruity;
Wala, wala, it is wise."

And that method of extortion
They found, when it was done,
Worked out in a proportion
Of a dozen odd to one,
And they bless the genius yet
Of the Lama of Tibet. DUM-DUM.

THE LOG-ROLLER'S LONDON.

EDITED BY VISCOUNT SUNEXPRESS.

Noblesse Oblige.

WHEN I was first asked to edit this page my impulse was to say No. It would be rather a bore, and everybody might not like it. And then I remembered that, as POPE says, the proper study of mankind is man, and I reflected also on the deadly dulness of the British Sunday, and, well, after all, *noblesse oblige*. Besides, I wasn't to do it exactly for nothing. And now I love the work, because it makes everybody so much more interesting and life so much more interesting and dinner-parties particularly so much more interesting. The people next to me are no longer merely fellow-guests; they are sources of revenue.

* * *

Fellow-Guests.

WHEN I was a stockbroker I didn't mind who sat next to me at meals, but, now that I am a journalist, I am particular. If they don't look promising I move heaven and earth to get my seat changed. You remember what the poet CLOSE said:—

"A neighbour with an arid skull
Is unremunerative and dull."

* * *

Wells of Wisdom.

THE theory that I have evolved since I took to journalism is that every person—I mean person public in some way, through aristocratic eminence or wealth or the stage or politics—has for certain one paragraph in him. Some have many more, such as Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT, who is good for one a week, or Mr. H. G. WELLS, who, for reasons that I need not state, it is well to mention pretty often. Nor do I mind that, for he is so wonderful, so marvellous. As a thinker he is the goods; as a talker at lunch he can almost make me forget my food. He must have made a fortune by his books, and now that he has entered journalism again he will be richer.

An Attractive American.

ONE of the most attractive of my recent dinner companions was the Comtesse du Château Sauvé, who before her marriage was the beautiful Sally Dibbs of Chicago, daughter of the Margarine King. In spite of her husband's devotion she is still enormously rich and you would like her.

* * *

Baron Haussmann.

THE completion of the Boulevard Haussman is the great event in Paris at the moment, and I was talking about it with an influential Frenchman whom I met at a City luncheon. M. de Tirejambe is immensely rich and a great figure on the French Turf, where, however, no owner seems to be able to compete with Captain Jefferson Cohn, the diamond millionaire. Since I had a nasty toss with the Quorn I have taken less interest in horses. What I was going to say, however, was that, according to my financial neighbour at lunch, Baron HAUSSMANN was not only a great planner of cities and a practical administrator, but in private life a classical scholar and poet, the author of two slender volumes of the purest diction, but melancholy and even pessimistic in tone, concerned chiefly with fatalistic love and the guillotine. I forget the titles, but the first and more famous had the word "garçon" in it.

* * *

Night-Clubs.

"GARÇON" in this case does not mean waiter, but lad. Speaking however of waiters, I should like to say a word for these useful and indeed irreplaceable members of society, and especially head-waiters. I number many head-waiters among my friends, not least poor Soso, of the Kit-Cat Club, which has been getting into hot-water, or rather into cold champagne. Personally I adore night-clubs. Some of my happiest hours have been spent there, just as the poet SHENSTONE'S were spent in an inn.

* * *

A Good Joke.

MEETING Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT not long since, I asked him how much money he had made by *Lord Raingo*. A rich man before, he must be richer now. Oddly enough, he declined to give me the figures, but he admitted that he had done well, and this is the charming way in which he did so. "There is always a crock of gold," he said, "where the Raingo ends."

Religious Life in Our Colonies.

"COLONIAL CHURCH, LAGOS.
Sunday, 26th December. St. Stephen's Day.
7 p.m. Evensong and Cards."
Notice in Nigerian Paper.



Attendant at Pump-room (giving lady a numbered glass). "THERE, MADAM—YOU 'RE SIXTY-FOUR."
Lady (jocularly). "OH, I 'M NOT QUITE THAT YET."
Attendant. "OH, NO, MADAM. AND IF YOU DRINK PLENTY OF THESE WONDERFUL WATERS YOU NEVER WILL BE."

ADDRESS TO PORRIDGE.

[By an indignant London Scot on reading a report of a lecture by Professor R. A. PETERS at Oxford, in which he stated that "it must have come as a great shock to Scotsmen that of all the offending foods which neutralised the effects of vitamins oatmeal was the worst."]

OH, first of meals and foremost,
Plain, homely, but (apart
From whusky) skilled to warm most
The cockles of my heart,
Must you then get the go-by
From this indignant Scot,
This faithful exile? No, by
ST. ANDREW you shall not.

Did not these lips, ere squeaking
Their earliest earthly tune,
Figuratively speaking,
Embrace a parritch-spoon?
Of you I've since partaken
More times than I can tell,
Saving thereby my bacon,
And, dash it! ain't I well?

Let funks, at PETERS' beck, fast
Or find a better fare,
I know not of a breakfast
That can with you compare,
Nor ask for choicer dishes
As substitute, since you
Are more than eggs or fishes
And far, far cheaper too.

Though vitamins may vanish
Before you in a fright,
And Scotia's weaklings banish
You henceforth from their sight,
The meal that nerved a nation
And made her strong and free
In my poor estimation
Is good enough for me.

From a list of gramophone records:—
"9161. How to Fly an Aeroplane. (Sir Alan Cobham). In Two Parts."
If anybody can do it that way, he can.

MISLEADING CASES.

IX.—FALSE PRETENCES.

Rex v. *Lord Oodle.*

AT the Old Bailey to-day, before Mr. Justice FROG, the trial was concluded of Lord Oodle, M.P., who was charged with obtaining money on false pretences, namely, the sum of four hundred pounds, being the salary received by him as Member of Parliament for Pumptown (South).

MR. JUSTICE FROG, in his address to the jury, said: "Gentlemen of the Jury, your decision in the case may have an enduring effect upon the political life of this country. The prisoner, Lord Codle, is, as you have heard, a Member of Parliament for Pumptown (South), and this prosecution, which was instigated, rightly or wrongly, by Mr. Blow, his unsuccessful rival at the last Election, is based upon the statements and behaviour of the prisoner during that campaign. Twenty years ago such a prosecution would have been impossible, for the simple reason that in those days a Member of Parliament received no remuneration for his services to the State, and citizens, if any, who paid such serious attention to his promises and undertakings as to observe and resent his failure to perform them were unable to bring their complaint to a court of law, for it could not be shown that through those undertakings he had come by any material gain; and unless it is the means of making money or destroying reputations there is no law against lying. Now, however, as you know, a Member of Parliament is paid the sum of four hundred pounds per annum, and enjoys in addition substantial monetary advantages in the shape of free railway passes. And it is therefore argued that in respect of any statements and undertakings which he may make in the course of an electoral campaign he is now subject to the same standards of honesty and the same legal penalties as are applied to the private citizen, who is expected to say nothing which he does not mean and to promise nothing which he cannot perform where money is concerned.

It has been argued on the other side that such a contention, if sustained, would make public life impossible; that if politicians are to be expected to show the same accuracy in assertion, the same pedantic correlation of promise and performance as are required of private citizens in their business transactions or in the answers which they are compelled to make to HIS MAJESTY'S Collectors of Taxes, then there is an end of Parliamentary Government as we know it in this country.

But with these conjectures, however well founded, this Court has little or nothing to do. It is not for you to consider how far your decision may embarrass or exhilarate the six or seven hundred members of the House of Commons; and if by your verdict political candidates are compelled in the future to say nothing but what they know to be true it cannot be helped. All that you have to do is to answer the simple question, "Has the prisoner, or has he not, obtained money by false pretences, that is, by stating or suggesting something which he knew to be untrue?" It is not denied that he has obtained money. Now, what of the false pretences? It is complained for one thing that on several occasions the prisoner stated before many thousands of people that the Lord Chancellor had said that what he (the Lord Chancellor) wanted was more poverty. This assertion, it is alleged, was based on an inaccurate account of a statement by the Lord Chancellor to the effect that, if business did not improve in the cotton industry, there would be more poverty in the cotton industry. The LORD CHANCELLOR having denied by telegram, letter and every available form of public proclamation that he had ever made the statement attributed to him by the prisoner, it is alleged that Lord Oodle continued to say that the Lord Chancellor was anxious for more poverty, not only in the cotton industry but in the mining, railway and many other industries, working gradually to a climax on the night before the poll, when he is alleged to have used these words: "The Lord Chancellor has told us that he stands for all-round poverty."

This charge, however, though much was made of it in the earlier stages of the case, has faded almost to insignificance; indeed it was suggested in evidence that such a series of deliberate misstatements was common form among politicians of a certain kind, and that it would be laughable to attach importance to it. However that may be, a much more serious accusation has engaged the attention of the Court for the past two days, and it is to this that I wish you chiefly to address your minds.

The charge is that throughout the campaign Lord Oodle pretended and suggested that he was not of aristocratic birth. The evidence is that from the first he desired his supporters to address him not as Lord Oodle but as "simple Mr. Oodle"; that he constantly dissociated and distinguished himself from his father the Earl; that he ostentatiously travelled in trams and omnibuses instead of in one of the capacious motor-cars in his possession; that he was careful to be seen in baggy flannel trousers a little soiled, wore soft flannel collars, and even what is called, it seems, a "bowler hat;" spoke with a markedly plebeian accent, and in his speeches made use of expressions and phrases of a popular and even vulgar character such as no one would expect to hear from the mouth of a nobleman's son.

Now, if these charges are proved, there is no doubt that they constitute an elaborate scheme of pretence which may well have gone to the root of the Election. For in public life at the present time, it appears, nothing is more discreditable to a man than noble blood, or the suspicion of culture. It has become an axiom of politics that men who have laboured from their youth with their hands will have better brains for the purposes of government than those who have wasted many years of their lives on education and the study of history and economics; and unless a man be a plumber or a boiler-maker by occupation, or be associated with one or other of the honourable professions of that character, it is useless for him to attempt the intricate business of legislation or to meddle with the delicate problems of Foreign and Imperial Affairs.



Conductor (reprovingly). "NOW, SIR, YOU 'EARD ME SAY 'FULL UP.' CAN'T 'AVE YOU RIDING ON THE PLATFORM."



Overwrought Wife. "DON'T STAND THERE LIKE AN IDIOT! I THOUGHT YOU ALWAYS GOT UNDERNEATH TO SEE WHAT 'S THE MATTER."

Now the prisoner, of course, was well acquainted with this tradition. He was standing, he tells us, in the interests of the Proletariat, a word which will not be found in Dr. Johnson's Dictionary. He was cross-examined as to the meaning of this word, and I will draw your particular attention to his answers:—

Q. Could you tell us what you mean by the Proletariat?
A. The Proletariat is the People.
Q. Does that include his Lordship?
A. No.
Q. Does it include barristers?
A. Certainly not.
Q. Plumbers?
A. Yes.
Q. Would it be fair to say, Lord Oodle, that by "the People" you mean "people who work or have worked with their hands"?
A. Yes.
Q. Then does that include surgeons?
A. No.
Q. Sculptors, painters and writers?
A. No. They are of the bourgeois.
Q. And you, Lord Oodle, do you work with your hands?
A. No.
Q. Then you are not a member of the Proletariat?
A. No.
Q. You are not even a member of the People?
The witness hesitated and then said, He was *for* the People.

Members of the Jury, you will draw your own conclusions from these answers. I confess that I find them extremely unsatisfactory. For the evidence is—and whether it is credible or not it is for you to say—that the prisoner throughout the campaign did by every means in his power hold out and represent himself as one of the People, as one, that is, having those special qualifications for Parliamentary work which, as we have seen, are the peculiar property of house-painters, boilermakers, miners, porters and other manual workers, or are believed to be so by the trustful electorate of Pumptown (South).

At any rate so far as was possible he divested himself of the disagreeable odour of nobility. In so doing he has brought himself into his present situation. For it is the law that a man must not obtain money by saying that he is that which he is not. It may be that many a poor Pumptownian registered his vote for Lord Oodle under the impression that he was an honest plumber instead of, as he is, the son of a peer. And, if you find that, you may conclude that a cruel and heartless fraud has been practised, as a result of which the prisoner is the richer. In that case, gentlemen, there will be no doubt of your verdict.

The Jury, without leaving the box, found the prisoner *Guilty*, and he was sentenced to wear a bowler hat for ten years.

A. P. H.

Our Heavy Babies.

(*See recent newspaper correspondence.*)

"BIRTH.

At the British Hospital —— to ——, wife of ——, a ton."—*Egyptian Paper.*

A Bridge Party is to be held at Claridge's Hotel on February 10th from 3 to 6.30 P.M., in aid of Mr. Punch's very old friend, the Surgical Supply Depôt. Dame MADGE KENDAL will give away the many attractive prizes. Mr. Punch begs to remind his readers that this Society makes many kinds of surgical appliances for those wounded in the War, for Children's Clinics, Hospitals and the poor. The Depôt is not carried on for profit, and much of the work is done by unpaid workers.

Application for tickets for the Bridge Party (10/6, including tea) should be addressed, with remittance, to the Hon. Secretaries, Surgical Supply Depôt, 22, Upper Phillimore Place, Kensington, W. 8.

The Amusements of a Royal Babe.

"EVERYTHING PREPARED AT SANDRINGHAM.

SELECTED COWS.

Expected to be Able to Talk Soon."
Manchester Paper.

"Why live laborious days and shun the tangle of Neaera's knees, asks youth, while middle-age fiddles away so merrily?"
Evening Paper.

We don't know the answer to that one.

"Miss Fry, it is predicted, will make various alterations in the life of the college. She is . . . keenly interested in prison reform."
Sunday Paper.

This is about the new Principal of Somerville, not Pentonville.



First Flapper. "'OW DOES 'E BEGIN 'IS LETTERS?"
Second Ditto. "DEAREST ANNIE."
First Ditto. "OO! PASSHIN!"

LUCK'S WAY.

"I ALWAYS try," she said, sighing a little, "not to be envious of other people's good luck."

"It is often," I agreed, sighing too, "a little hard to bear, even for the sweetest nature, the noblest character—at least, that's what I find myself."

"Of course," she observed, brightening a little, "other people have bad luck too at times. For example, there's one woman I know, and two years running she's had 'flu the day the January sales began and got rid of it the day they ended."

"I think I must know her husband," I remarked. "They call him Old Lucky at his Club now."

"What ever for?" she asked, surprised.

"I don't know," I answered, "though it might be because, in spite of business being so bad, he's been able to buy a new car. He says himself it's all because his wife's been so economical these last two years."

"Then there's the luck of the woman next door," she went on. "Why, if that woman buys a hat cheap at the bargain counter because it's out of date, then next morning the papers are sure to have a photograph of some one really great and important—some one in a revue chorus, perhaps, or getting divorced—and she'll be wearing the very exact thing. And that woman next door will have it to go straight out in that very morning."

"It doesn't seem fair," I admitted. "But I'm lucky too sometimes. I crossed a street twice in Town yesterday, without waiting for a policeman, and I wasn't run over once."

"That wasn't luck," she pronounced, "that was attempted suicide which failed."

"And last week-end," I went on, determined to make good my claim, "I spent with some friends who had just bought a loud speaker of unnumbered horse-power and appalling fierceness and determination."

"I don't call that good luck," she said. "I call it just sheer madness on your part to go near them."

"Ah, but my good luck came in," I told her triumphantly, "for all the time I was there it wouldn't work, and as it was the week-end they couldn't get any one in to put it right. Though perhaps," I added thoughtfully, "it was after all not so much good luck as coincidence."

"Why coincidence?" she asked.

"Because," I explained, "they keep their set in the library and the library is where I happened to be left alone for a few minutes before dinner. But I was punished," I sighed, "for as there was no wireless we had to play bridge, and my luck was atrocious. I lost so much I had to borrow a fiver from Tom when I saw him Monday afternoon."

"Oh!" she cried, enlightened, "that's what he meant when he came home and said he had had such rotten luck all day he thought he had better go to bed out of harm's way. And he did, and then the hot-water-bottle burst."

"Poor Tom!" I exclaimed, really sympathetic.

"Poor me!" she protested. "He used my new Paris over-blouse to mop

up the mess, and it cost me such a lot to buy a new one I haven't dared show him the bill yet."

"But he can't object when it was his fault you had to get a new one."

"Husbands are sometimes so unreasonable," she said gently. "And then they happened to put a new pair of snake-skin shoes I've been wanting for ever so long on the same bill, because when you're buying one thing you may as well buy two, mayn't you? It's so extravagant to use two taxis when one would be enough."

"Obviously," I agreed; "but I don't see where your bad luck comes in."

"I never said I had back luck," she protested; "I think it's such bad form, and I never do—not even at bridge. I merely put the cards down and say I would rather not play any more. All I told you was that some people have such wonderful luck I wondered sometimes why I couldn't have a tiny share as well. Look at that woman next door. Only the other night Tom and I were at the 'Owls and Bats' night-club, and the same night she and her husband were there too."

"That wasn't bad luck for any of you," I said, severe in my turn. "No one who goes to a night-club has any right to complain. It's their own fault."

"It wasn't any of us being there," she explained, "it was what happened. There were a lot of people because the 'Owls and Bats' was never very exclusive, and, when we saw the woman next door and her husband, of course we had to speak to them, and I happened to say how crowded it was and we were just going on to the 'Night Birds,' which really is exclusive, you know, and you simply can't get in if you aren't a member, not even if you're from Scotland Yard in plain clothes with heaps and heaps of the taxpayers' money to spend."

"The 'Night Birds,'" I said, "must indeed be a proud and haughty race, but I don't see——"

"Oh," she said sadly, "we hadn't been gone two minutes when the 'Owls and Bats' was raided and every one's name and address taken."

"And you had just gone?" I cried. "You *were* lucky."

"Lucky!" she snapped. "You call that luck? Why, it was in all the papers next day, and they called it the very most fashionable club in London, so as to be able to use bigger headlines, and gave a list of everyone who was there, and the very first name that of the woman next door, heading the list of names of the members of the very most fashionable night-club in London. What do you think of that for sheer unearned, unnatural, drop-in-your-lap-when-you-aren't-looking luck?"

"At least," I said, "I hope she's taken her good fortune well."

"She has not," she snapped. "Her head's turned. Why, she's nice to *me* now when we meet, and I used to be nice to *her*."

"A pity," I said sympathetically, "the police didn't think of raiding the 'Night Birds' too that same evening."

"Oh, but they did," she told me with tears in her eyes. "They did."

"Well, then . . . ?" I cried.

"You see," she explained, "we weren't there either, because we aren't members, not really, so we had gone straight home. And now the—the creature next-door is always asking me if we've had our summons yet. Sometimes I think she almost suspects—she's mean enough to, anyhow."

E. R. P.



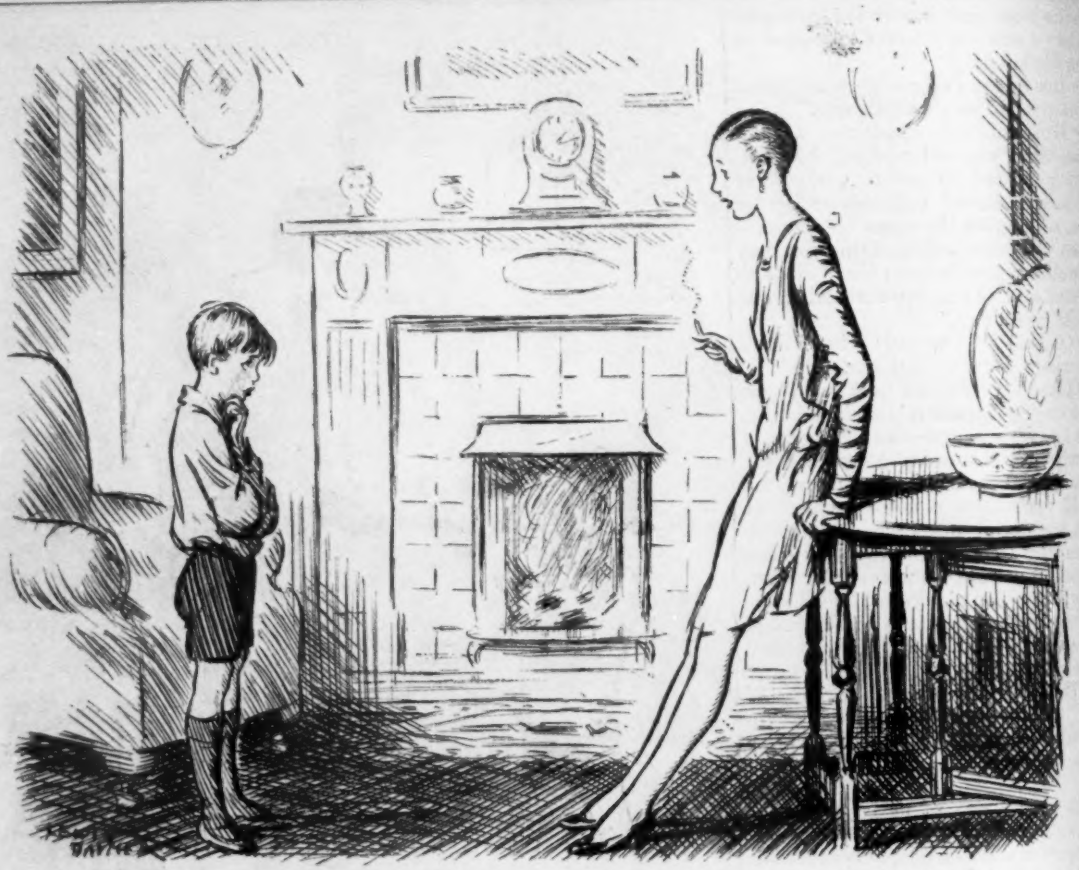
Mother. "JACK, DEAR, I SEE THAT BETTY HAS THE SMALLER APPLE. DID YOU GIVE HER THE CHOICE?"

Jack. "YES, MUMS. I TOLD HER SHE COULD HAVE THE SMALL ONE OR NONE AT ALL, AND SHE CHOSE THE SMALL ONE."

From a B.B.C. announcement:—

"Mr. —— and Mr. —— will now sing, 'Strike, strike the Lyre,' by Cook."

Another of these vindictive Communist songs?



"YOU KNOW, BOBBY, YOU 'RE NOT NEARLY SO OBEDIENT AS YOU USED TO BE. I WONDER WHY THAT IS."
"WELL, MOTHER, IF YOU ASK ME, I THINK PRESENT-DAY FASHIONS MAY HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT."

A RALLY AT THE R.A.

[Two thousand five hundred members of the National Art Collection Fund attended a soirée at Burlington House, on Wednesday last, to celebrate the recently-opened Exhibition of Flemish and Belgian Art.]

NOT very often—no, by gosh!—
Do London's stout policemen stem
A Piccadilly half a-wash
With connoisseurs at 9 P.M.

Not often, four hours after tea,
Do men in massed formation go
With matrons and with maids to see
A merely static picture show.

But thus it was. Who dares to say
That England's soul is moribund?
The answer to that taunt is "Nay,
Think of the Art Collection Fund."

We came on foot, we came in cars—
Strong knights had laid aside their wars,
And here and there were seen the stars
That indicate ambassadors.

The cloakroom was a howling mob;
The staircase was a seething scrum;
Grey hairs were mingled with the bob
Resembling a chrysanthemum.

Like one that wanders through a wood
I drifted round those spacious halls,
Conscious that things superbly good
Were hanging on the unseen walls.

Till "Come," thought I, "'tis England's task
To do, to dare. Dear heart, be stout:
The Dutch and Belgian art is there;
Be mine to go and dig it out!"

Not otherwise, I trow, the scene
When Wales and England closely jam;
Sir P. P. RUBENS might have been
A breakaway at Twickenham.

Only by dint of stress and strain
The serried phalanx might one pass,
Where noses fair and noses plain
Were glued conjointly to the glass.

And lo! one bronzéd beard was caught
By accident on someone's beads—
Behold, protesting and unsought,
The stately dame her captive leads.

There was no room in that strong press
For him to part his facial fur
From so unlovely a caress;
Crouching he had to follow her.

For MEMLING's sake she came alone;
The BRUEGHELS she was there to see;
She drags him round . . . with one deep groan
At last the victim wrenches free.

"He fell," methought, "but must I faint
Where some have wrestled to the end?
I will behold this priceless paint
However far I have to bend."

I will not falter in the strife
Till I have seen—— I have! aha!
This is the moment of my life—
I have beheld St. Barbara!

* * * * *

Doing my unbound neckband up,
Nursing my forehead, slightly stunned,
I 'll take a glass of claret-cup—
Here 's to the Art Collection Fund!

EVOE.

First Aid on the Soccer Field.

"PLAYER'S LEG BROKEN AND ANOTHER ORDERED OFF AT READING."
Headlines in Local Paper.

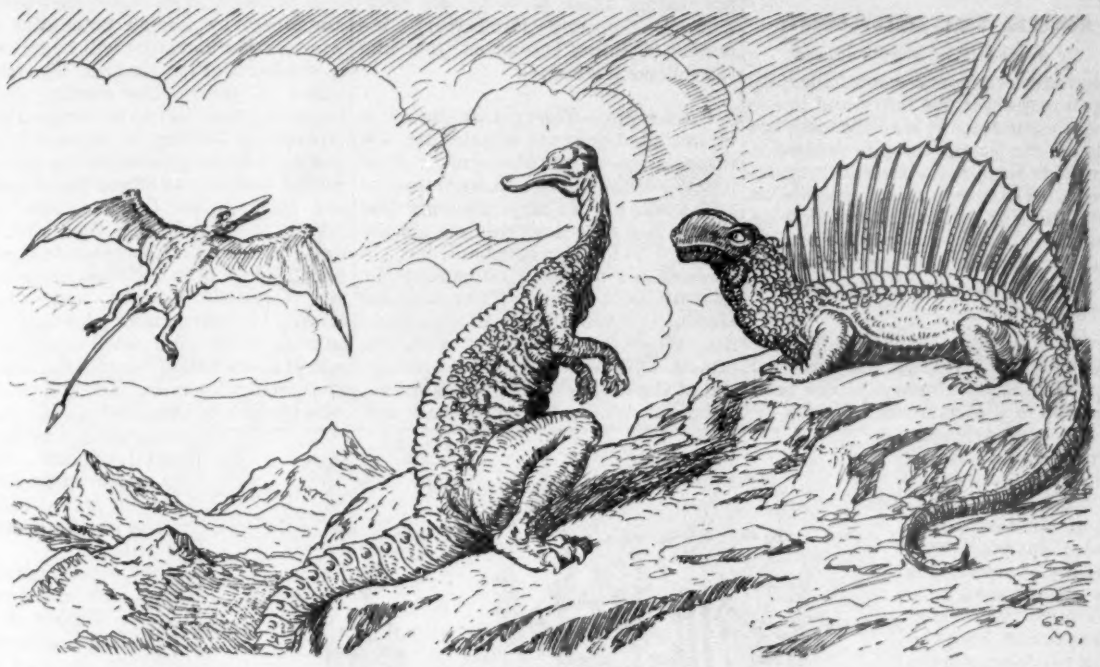
"A new planet has been discovered at an observatory near Turin by Professor Vosca."
Evening Paper.

A silly place for it to hide in.



COMMUNITY SINGING.

JOHN BULL. "FOR THE PURPOSE OF SOOTHING THE SAVAGE BREAST, IT IS AS WELL, GENTLEMEN, THAT WE SHOULD ALL SING THE SAME TUNE."



A PIONEER.

Very Early Reptile. "HULLO! THAT'S SOMETHING NEW. FLYING, EH?"
His Friend (patronisingly). "OH, THAT'S YOUNG ARCHÆOPTERYX, A RELATION OF OURS. RATHER AN AMUSING IDEA. SPORTING, AND ALL THAT, BUT OF NO REAL UTILITY."

IN GOOD SET TERMS.

DEAR MISS GARNISH (otherwise NORA),

YOU AND I.

I have pleasure in enclosing for your earnest and serious perusal draft articles which I have instructed myself to prepare in the above matter. Kindly return the document approved and give me the earliest possible appointment to complete.

Yours very truly,
[Enclosure 1.] FRANK PLEADWELL.

THESE ARTICLES OF BETROTHAL are made the day of January 1927 BETWEEN Nora Garnish of etc. Articled Clerk (hereinafter called "the Darling") of the one part and Frank Pleadwell of etc. Articled Clerk (hereinafter called "the Suppliant") of the other part

WHEREAS on the 25th day of November 1926 the Darling appeared upon a Summons in Chambers before a learned Master of the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice to represent the Defendant in the action intituled *Woggs* v. *Woggs*

AND WHEREAS on the date aforesaid the Suppliant also appeared before the said Master to represent the Plaintiff in the said action

AND WHEREAS the Suppliant was so amazed bewitched and enchanted at and by the beauty charm voice smile manner courtesy eloquence winsomeness and utter desirability of the Darling that he was rendered wholly incapable of arguing the point of law to be decided by the said Master and the said Master ordered that the application of the Plaintiff be dismissed with costs such order being in the submission of the Suppliant not in accordance with the merits of the said application

AND WHEREAS certain *obiter dicta* delivered by or attributed to one WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE late of Stratford-on-Avon in the County of Warwick Esquire whereof the purport is that no person hath ever conceived a deep affection save and except upon first observing or beholding the object of such affection are held to be true in substance and in fact

AND WHEREAS the parties hereto have met on a subsequent occasion and the Darling allowed the Suppliant to hold her hand for the space of some fifteen seconds but thereafter surrounded herself with divers frivolous and vexatious persons whereby the Suppliant was hindered and prevented from orally discovering to her the subject-matter of these presents

AND WHEREAS it is intended that the Suppliant shall sit for his Final Examination in June next but the adorable features of the Darling are continually interposed between himself and the pages of Professor WESTLAKE'S treatise upon *Private International Law* or as the case may be

AND WHEREAS it is the considered opinion of the Suppliant as hereby testified that the Darling is the sweetest dearest and loveliest thing that there ever was or could be

AND WHEREAS the Suppliant believes himself to possess a faithful and devoted heart his appearance demeanour grave defects of character and general unworthiness notwithstanding

NOW THESE ARTICLES OF BETROTHAL WITNESS that in consideration of the premises the Darling hereby allows herself to become affianced engaged and betrothed to the Suppliant with a view to early matrimony

And the Suppliant hereby covenants with the Darling that so far as he the Suppliant can ensure it the Darling shall never regret having assented to these presents AND ALSO that the Suppliant shall and will love protect and cherish the Darling throughout his whole life and purposes and intends to devote his said life to procuring and promoting her happiness wherein alone he entertains any reasonable or probable expectation of finding his own

IN WITNESS, etc.

REWARDS THAT REALLY COUNT.

(By a Student of Nomenclature).

MOMENTOUS announcements frequently pass unnoticed in the hurry and bustle of our hectic age. It is all the more the duty of the far-sighted philosopher to secure for them the attention they deserve. To descend from generals to particulars, let me quote the following paragraphs, tucked away at the bottom of a column in a recent number of *The Star*, without any special typographical prominence:—

"Mr. William Le Queux, who is now away in gay Gurnigel, one of the brightest of the Swiss resorts, has been honoured in a very unusual fashion by Mr. Henry H. Weymer, a Philadelphia millionaire.

"Mr. Weymer, who is one of Mr. Le Queux's most ardent admirers in America, has named his new steam-yacht after the author. A specially-taken portrait, signed by the novelist, hangs in the saloon, and the library contains a specially-bound selection of his works.

"At present the William Le Queux is cruising off the Florida coast, but in February she will make a cruise in the Mediterranean, with a party of Mr. Weymer's friends on board."

While congratulating Mr. LE QUEUX on this signal and original acknowledgment of his genius, I may observe that this brief announcement, though satisfactory as far as it goes, omits to mention the extraordinary influence which the presence of the *William Le Queux* has exerted on the "mystical monsters marine" which frequent the waters in which she (or he) is cruising. For it is reported on good authority from Key West that quite recently Mr. WEYMER, on entering the saloon, discovered two large tarpons and a batfish in an attitude of abject adoration leaning up against the wall on which the portrait of the novelist is hung, and uttering strange noises indicative of ecstatic rapture. With remarkable presence of mind Mr. WEYMER presented each of the strange visitors with a copy of Mr. LE QUEUX's latest novel, which they immediately swallowed, and then quietly retreated up the companion to the deck and plunged into the sea. On communicating these facts to Mr. Bamborough (formerly Bamberger), the famous violinist, I received from him the following letter:—

"DEAR SIR,—The episode you relate interests but does not surprise me. On the occasion of my first visit to Siam in the lifetime of the late KING CHULALONGKORN, his Majesty, after my last recital, not only conferred on me the Order of the White Elephant, but announced his intention of naming his own particular sacred white elephant after me. I was present at the solemn rite, which was carried out with the utmost liturgical and social prestige, and at the close the intelligent animal embraced me with his trunk and trumpeted a grateful fanfare. My namesake, I am glad to say, is still alive, and a recent letter which has reached me from Siam states that he is never happier than when listening to his mahout translating the Press cuttings relating to my concerts, etc., which I send to the Court from time to time. Great artists have their trials, but such tributes as I have mentioned are an unfailing solace in their darkest hours.

"For another graceful act of recognition I am indebted to my friend, the Governor of the Andaman Islands, who, in commemoration of my visit and the humanising effect of my performances on the inmates of the convict colony, decided to name the principal bell in the settlement after me. 'Big Bam,' as it is now entitled, has perpetuated this influence with the happiest results, and a notable elevation in the moral standard of the inhabitants has ensued."



Indignant Skipper (to Golf-Caddie). "NAH, LOOK HERE! I DON'T SO MUCH MIND YOU TURNIN' OUT IN A GOLF-JERSEY, BUT DON'T COME ANY OF YER OLD BUCK AN' START WALKIN' AFTER THE BALL."

It is much to be hoped that the example set by foreign potentates and American millionaires will be followed in the heart of the Empire. The recognition of genius, like charity, should begin at home, and so far we seem to be lamentably lacking in expressing our gratitude to our greatest living men. A careful study of the official list of streets and places in the London postal area reveals the painful fact that, with the solitary exception of Chesterton Road in North Kensington and Chesterton Road and Terrace, Plaistow, and several streets, roads and mews rejoicing in the title of Wells, none other of our best-sellers has hitherto received the honour he so richly deserved. You may look in vain for Dell or Drinkwater, Hall Caine or Hocking, Coward or even Le Queux. This is a matter which clamours for the attention of the London County Council.

But other organisations and enterprises show a similar disregard of the opportunities they enjoy of encouraging talent and achievement. Take for example our railway companies. The habit of naming railway-engines is of old standing, but directors and managers display a singular lack of imagination in their choice of titles. I feel convinced that the great majority of passengers would travel with a far greater sense of confidence and exhilaration if they knew that the train was being hauled by a locomotive bearing the inspiring appellation of, say, The Rosita Forbes, The Countess of Oxford and Asquith, The Michael Arlen, The Bernard Shaw or The Max Pemberton. Engines, as any railway engineer will testify, have personalities and characters. They are not inanimate machines. They respond to considerate treatment, and if, instead of being for the most part called after dead worthies, they bore the names of living celebrities, their vitality would be enhanced and they would perform their duties with an enthusiasm and an alacrity which could not fail to assist the entire railway system in its severe competition with other modes of traffic.

"Speciality Salesmen Wanted throughout the whole United Kingdom calling upon undertakers. Must be live men."—*Morning Paper.*
Why?



Superior Person (to Secretary of modest neighbouring Hunt). "GOING TO HAVE A HUNT BALL, ARE YOU? I SUPPOSE THAT CUB YOU KILLED IN THE AUTUMN WANTS CELEBRATING."

BALLADS FOR BROAD-BROWS.

MY OLD HOT-WATER-BOTTLE.

No, Mr. Nibbs, I never thought of marriage,
At least, I never thought of it again;
It 's not the institution I disparage,
It 's just the thought of Woman gives me pain.
Give me my old hot-water-bottle,
And you can keep your wives;
Love comes and goes, as well I knows,
But this old pal survives;
A woman, so the poet sings,
Can raise the soul to better things;
And so she may, but all I say
Is "Give me my old hot-water-bottle."

Early or late, when I come home she 's waiting;
Early or late, she never says a word;
She never doubts the story I 'm relating,
She never even asks me what occurred.
Give me my old hot-water-bottle;
Red flannel round it put,
And let it lie and gurgle by
My tender little foot;
That 's all the comfort that 's required
When I come home a little tired;
A loving wife can shape one's life,
But give me my old hot-water-bottle.

My faithful friend, could you and I be parted?
When I am gone, whose bottle will you be?
Could I endure to know that you had started
Warming the toes of some detested she?
Give me my old hot-water-bottle
Before I make my will,
And let me clasp at my last gasp
The good red flannel still;
And when I reach my long last bed
Strew no sad flowers above my head,
But, nice and neat, lay at my feet
Susan, my old hot-water-bottle. A. P. H.

Another Impending Apology.

"A pretty, clam-faced Sister looks after the Chapel, and she sells round white cakes made from the dust of the Grotto."—*Trinidad Paper.*

Charming Customs of the Aristocracy.

"Chatsworth is another great house that has entertained on a large scale lately. It is, of course, the neighbour to Haddon Hall, where now that it is finished they will hold wassail in the season and fishing and hollyhocks."—*Sunday Paper.*

"The Duke was wearing naval uniform with a coked hat, and the Duchess a white costume."—*Evening Paper.*

Very trying for the Duchess.

From an article on the City Companies:—

"Often, however, Parliament found it necessary to allow a company to engage in more than one trade. Thus the English vintners, who imported wine from France, were permitted to buy English cloth to sell again, while the Gascony wine merchants bringing wine to England were permitted to buy fried fish from Cornwall and Devon."—*Sunday Paper.*

While the Carpenters, no doubt, supplied the chips.

THE DIE-HARD.

IT was the year 2000 or so, A.D. Far away through the mullioned window of Cresswell Castle Lord Jewel noted a blot in the blue heaven.

"An aeroplane," he murmured with all the insight of his race. Moreover it seemed to be heading for his carefully-cloistered park. The spectacle caused him some perturbation. It could not mean relatives, because the Jewels enjoyed an enviable extinction, like the Great Auk. It could not be visitors, because since the last great Clyde Soviet the best people, being intellectually unequal to compulsory Russian, had sunk very low indeed.

Through the open window came the soft drone of an aeroplane dropping gently to earth. Lord Jewel had an uneasy intuition that a crisis was approaching. To a Jewel a crisis was about as much use as a cocktail-shaker to an Eskimo. The Jewels had never been individuals so much as a phase.

Mr. Jupp the butler entered. Lord Jewel, suppressing all emotion, said it looked like rain. Mr. Jupp said nothing. He merely extended to his lordship a liqueur glass of cognac. Cognac meant a crisis. Lord Jewel recoiled ever so slightly.

As a gesture of spiritual concern, Mr. Jupp had steadied his own stomach with a choice Madeira. He had more than a strong affection for Lord Jewel. He had grown up under him as under a cathedral. The mere fact that Lord Jewel never paid wages beautified their relations to a degree hardly attained since the early Christians.

"I thought I heard a noise, Jupp."

"An aeroplane, your lordship. There is a person calling himself a Cabinet Minister in the servants' hall."

"Begging?"

"No, your lordship. He has come with a deputation of other persons to wait on you. The other persons are admiring the battlements from the moat. I thought it better they should not be left near the silver salver on the hall chest."

"Are they Ministers too?"

"That I cannot state without inquiry. They have of course no social importance. They handed me this card."

"Read it, Jupp."

Mr. Jupp, who was already familiar with its rich humour, elaborately wiped his spectacles and assumed an aspect of critical profundity.

"The Ministry for the Abolition of National Antiquities," he announced, and added with an eloquent smile, "Laughable, your lordship will allow."

"I will see them," remarked Lord Jewel with unexpected aplomb.

Accordingly the Minister and his departmental chiefs in the latest Government clattered into the vast hall of Cresswell and stared with eager curiosity at the armour, the stone staircase, the vast open fire-places, the naked swords on the walls. But they stared even more at Mr. Jupp, who, so far as they could judge, had not observed them at all. In their reading—the more studious ones who had been at the Cambridge Class for Citizens or Oxford Offices for



"'COMMITTEE-MEN, THIS WAS A PEER.'"

Officials—they had come upon the term "butler" far later than those interesting Hebrew narratives about JOSEPH, in fact, only a few centuries ago, in the feudal days of *The Morning Post* and the reactionary visions of Mr. COOK.

"Comrade," announced the Minister, a short man with a deliberate falsetto voice—"comrade, you were once known as Lord Jewel. Committee-men, this was a Peer," he concluded with the expert's pardonable flush of pride.

They all surged a step nearer.

"I feel our intrusion," said a thin melancholic official—"I feel our intrusion—if one may use such a hypocritical old-world term without seeming ridiculous—has taken Comrade Jewel unawares. Now, although none of us grow old as he is old, we have in our research schools learned sufficient of the great quantities of carnal food and potent liquids which produced such a fine specimen of an extinct civilisation as we have before us."

"Damn you, Sir!" remarked Lord Jewel.

"Authentic," commented the Minister with gusto.

"Perhaps," the official went on, "our comrade does not quite grasp what we represent. Under our previous Government all honours, titles, uniforms, superiorities, grouse, Pall Mall clubs, service flats and cushioned seats at theatres were very properly abolished. Curiously enough, in the course of the good work, you, Comrade, and your progenitors have been overlooked. We admit we have thus occasionally been startled at the valuable rubbish——"

"* * * * * *!" remarked his lordship.

"Authentic," again carolled the archæologist.

"—which we discover. Unhappily in recent years a most alarming reaction is noticeable amongst certain grades of our people. There is a mischievous section of the community who associate without relics of antiquity a nobility which, if I may be so personal, is quite obviously a laughable error. Our Committee has accordingly decided to take a bold step. To throw ridicule upon this retrograde tendency we propose to display to the public a few specimen relics such as you, if you will permit a purely technical term, and you," turning towards the immobile Mr. Jupp. "It will, we are convinced, result in disillusionment."

"But where do I come in?" asked Lord Jewel, quickening a good deal.

"As a political move, Comrade. The past is only perilous when it affects the imagination. Our opponents think they can play upon the ignorance of the people. They think they can construct a delusion upon inanimate things. In the hour of their triumph we will act. We will show them the truth."

"The truth?" echoed his lordship.

"You," confided the Minister succulently. "When they see the genuine article it will mean another ten years for the Government."

Lord Jewel, in the haze of their exuberance, exchanged a prolonged and meditative glance with Jupp.

"This indicates a public appearance?" he inquired.

The Minister gave a sigh of relief.

"Comrade Spoof," he said briskly, "how will our comrades be attired?"

A hirsute expert assembled a husky



The Lady's Fiancé (standing). "AH, THERE YOU ARE, GEORGE. I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU ALL THE EVENING. I WANT TO INTRODUCE YOU: THIS IS MISS SAUNDERS."

monotone and said with academic precision, "It was the custom in olden times for a Peer to impress a childlike and subservient populace with robes of ermine and scarlet and wear a coronet."

"The people will be convulsed," ventured the Secretary for the Abolition of National Instincts.

"Assuredly," murmured the Minister.

* * * *

In a germ-proof room the Minister for the Abolition of National Antiquities anticipated with impatience the prolonged roar of laughter which he knew would greet the ridiculous appearance of Lord Jewel and Mr. Jupp. He also awaited some little official emolument by way of recognition of a particularly adroit insight into vulgar emotion. The clock struck. He rose and walked to the window. Below him for miles the sombre crowd of advanced citizens stared mournfully upward. They were all dressed in grey to signify the dignity of man. The Minister beckoned to Lord Jewel and Mr. Jupp. He motioned them towards the great marble terrace. Undaunted, Lord Jewel, in the robes of a Peer of the Realm, stepped forth. Behind him in evening dress came Mr. Jupp. There was a long moment of stupefaction. They stood resplendent, just as the visionaries had dreamed of them—Kings returned to earth.



"THEY ENGULFED LORD JEWEL AND MR. JUPP."

With a poignant outburst there rose the unmistakable acclamation of a proud and humiliated people in revolt. Suddenly a voice was lifted in a battle-march centuries old, the heart-stirring chant of "Spurn not the Nobly Born" (GILBERT and SULLIVAN). It was taken up by the multitude and travelled from Westminster to Trafalgar Square. The vast innumerable sea of faces swayed nearer. They engulfed Lord Jewel and Mr. Jupp.

Long after—in a great silence—the Minister heard the voice of Lord Jewel pledging himself, with the old-world composure of his line, to undertake the duties of Prime Minister, with Mr. Jupp—that great epicure—as Minister of the Interior.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE BEAUX' STRATAGEM" (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH).

THE wonder is that that resourceful revivalist, Mr. NIGEL PLAYFAIR, has not long since set before us this brilliant and diverting comedy. I suppose he felt constrained to wait until the memory of the Art Theatre's presentation in 1919 had somewhat faded. *The Beaux' Stratagem* is seasoned with a fine wit; its satire has a keen enough edge; its characterisation is, till towards the end, when it may be supposed poor FARQUHAR'S dying hand was losing its cunning, admirable. *Mrs. Sullen, Archer* and *Aimwell, Boniface* and, possibly, the oafish *Scrub*, are all candidates for immortality. Moreover the piece readily takes the Lyric pattern and is improved, so far as one can judge, by the skilful cuts which do not "bleed." The unsavoury Jesuit, *Foigard*, has gone, and the amorous *Count Bellair*, together with a few of the less edifying lines. There remains a well-knit whole—a lively story and a well-managed plot. The formal and very proper artificiality of the presentation tempts us pleasantly to flatter ourselves with the thought that our enlightened and highly moral age cannot show such unscrupulous gallantry, such naked cynicism. There is nothing in the tactful production to distress a modern maiden aunt.

It is difficult not to "blurb" a little about Miss EDITH EVANS'S delectably roguish *Mrs. Sullen*. It makes a charming companion-picture to her *Millamant*, from which it is admirably differentiated within the frame of the exquisite gay artificiality, of which this talented actress proves herself past-mistress. Her three chief scenes—the first with the reluctant disapproving *Dorinda*; the second with a more understanding *Dorinda* so swiftly overwhelmed with love for the unknown gallant; the third in the bedroom scene before and after the entrance of the unscrupulous *Archer*—were most delicately or archly or merrily played as the varying moods demanded. If she seemed rather to sweep the other players off the stage this was not due to any selfish playing for her own clever hand. It was just that she has that rare quality of dominating personality which makes it difficult for less well-trained, less experienced and less resourceful partners to "maintain the exchanges." Not that Miss PHYLLIS KONSTAM, whom I do not remember having seen before, played *Dorinda* otherwise than very creditably. Her languishing airs, her prim modesty, her growing passion (in the eighteenth-century Hammersmith mode) were all well indicated, and she brings beauty as a pleasant ally of her talent. Miss WINIFRED EVANS gave us a delightfully grave and handsome *Lady Bountiful*; Miss DOROTHY HOPE made the pert conscienceless *Cherry* a lively intelligent piece of work. I thought that both Mr. CARLETON HOBBS (*Aimwell*) and Mr. GEORGE HAYES (*Archer*) failed to rise to the heights of their excellent opportunities. Something more than a lively gaiety—shall we say *panache*?—was needed. Mr. HAYES made the better showing, and his singing was particularly charming. Mr. MILES MALLESON embellished his *Scrub* with those well-considered strokes of clown's humour for which he is now justly famous. Mr. SCOTT RUSSELL played the attractive old scoundrel *Boniface* with a rich zest. Of what a venerable antiquity is that still current tag, "as the saying is"! Mr. NIGEL PLAYFAIR'S highwayman was perhaps not so unlike M. JOURDAIN as it might have been. But Mr. PLAYFAIR has his formula, and it is not unamusing or ineffective.



GIBBET DEFYING TYBURN.

Boniface . . . . . MR. SCOTT RUSSELL.
Gibbet . . . . . MR. NIGEL PLAYFAIR.

He deserves our warm gratitude for giving us the opportunity of seeing this brilliant play. The authors of *The Country Wife* and *The Way of the World* may well have felt that, if the young Irish captain had lived, he would have definitely challenged their supremacy, and we may well feel that his sweeter wit, his greater sincerity, his more human quality, would have given us something which the coarse mind of the one and the hard brilliance of the other could not achieve.

The scenery by Mr. JAMES WHALE (who played the boorish *Squire Sullen*) and Mr. VICTOR HEMBROW, the dresses by Mrs. LOVAT FRASER and Miss POLLY HILL CLARK, deserve more than a formal word of commendation. *Dorinda, Mrs. Sullen* and *Lady Bountiful*, always composed beautifully in their ballooning skirts; the highwaymen (by HOGARTH out of the distinctively Hammersmith Wardrobe), were effective. *Aimwell* and *Archer* seem to have gone to the wrong tailors. *Entr'acte* music at the Lyric is always a well-considered feature, and better listened to than is customary in the chattering West End. T.



IN VINO NON SEMPER VERITAS.

Scrub . . . MR. MILES MALLESON.
Francis Archer MR. GEORGE HAYES.

"LOST PROPERTY" (DUKE OF YORK'S).

When the little girl-baby was left in a bundle on the counter of *Sol Cohen's* pawnshop he knew it must be a goy (or Christian), because Jews don't leave their offspring on pawnshop counters. I believe there is justice in this claim. *Sol* and his wife, *Rifka*, had recently lost their little *Leah*. *Sol*, as deeply

hurt as *Rifka*, sets himself to forget, because otherwise one can't work and live. But *Rifka* is haunted by the plaintive voice of her little one, and the patient *Sol* vainly tries to comfort her. So that when that faint cry is heard from the shop and the burly kindly Jew brings in the tiny bundle it is a foregone conclusion that *Rifka* will welcome it as a gift from heaven, goy or no goy, and that *Sol*, after a faint resistance on religious, and perhaps a little on business, grounds, will agree to adopt the new *Leah* and take her to Pittsburg, whither the devoted couple are proposing to emigrate on the proceeds of the sale of the business which has been so successfully concluded that very night.

Twenty years pass, and *Sol*, a rich man, is installed in Maida Vale, the paradise of his type, in a fine house, furnished not ignobly, a fit setting for his jewel, *Leah*. The beautiful foundling is idolised by both her adopted parents. She knows nothing of her counter origin. And here's the difficulty. *Sol*, an honest soul and sincere believer, cannot let her marry an orthodox Jew without telling him the truth; cannot let her marry a Christian without outraging the religious sentiment of his orthodox friends. *Leah* is wooed by two suitors, an overdressed young Hebrew with a very offensive technique, and a rather colourless but sound goy barrister. *Sol*, favouring the barrister, whom *Leah* loves, contrives a plot to give them to each other without either betraying the secret of *Leah's* birth to her and to others or losing caste in his synagogue.

A modest piece, full of unexpected touches of feeling and enriched with much humour. Mr. BEN LANDECK is no mere prejudiced propagandist. He makes play with the foibles of his race. But he takes a very natural pleasure in showing two really lovable people, *Sol* and *Rifka*: *Sol*, with some flair for life, carrying his success without undue elation, retaining his fundamental simplicity; *Rifka*, never very happy with the fine dresses, the motors and the servants, and still insisting on spending much of her time in her kitchen and taking infinite pride in the authentic kosherliness of her house. Mr. SAM LIVESEY—admirable actor—gave us a very well-characterised study of the friendly, flamboyant, kindly *Sol*. Miss JOAN PEREIRA, both in her emotional passages and her unforced humour, showed a delicate discretion and a most accomplished technique. The part might fairly be said to play itself, but not so well as it was in fact played by this clever lady. Mr. MICHAEL SHERBROOKE's rather expansive sketch of the money-clutching old *Mendel Myers* was amusing, and Mr. ROBERT HOLMES skilfully made the son as offensive as the author intended. An entertaining pair. Miss ADRIANNE ALLEN had a difficult task with the gentle *Leah* and acquitted herself well. Mr. PAUL CAVANAGH played the young barrister with an easy tact.



THE LOST PROPERTY BABY.

Rifka Cohen . . . MISS JOAN PEREIRA.
Sol Cohen . . . . MR. SAM LIVESEY.



THE SACRIFICE ON HYMEN'S ALTAR.

"Vot! Only five thousand for this nice strong man?"

George Myers . . MR. ROBERT HOLMES.
Mendel Myers . . MR. MICHAEL SHERBROOKE.

There was a good deal of interpolated Yiddish which the mere goy missed, but which was enthusiastically received by more instructed persons freely disposed among the audience. There was an absence of racial antagonisms and a general atmosphere of goodwill which pleased everybody. Perhaps there was a little overstressing, whether on the author's or the producer's part it is not easy to say, of the broad comedy elements. But that is a temptation difficult to resist. Liveliness and laughter-making are perhaps more essential qualities than perfect artistic balance. And certainly they have a higher market value. T.

A SONG OF SAINT GEORGE.

SAINT GEORGE the Dragon he did slay,
As you 've a-heard 'em talk,
Not on the clay, not on the clay,
But all upon the chalk;
Of many a fell fire-puffing ton,
The Worm he laid along
All on our chalk at Uffington,
So, please you, hear my song.

SAINT GEORGE he was a wight o' might;
His spear-head winked like sparks;
He didn't dread a dragon's bite—
Says he, "'Tis beast o' Berks!"
Old Dragon fell like stalk, he did,
Like stalk in front of scythe;
SAINT pinned him to the chalk, he did,
That we might all be blithe.

Now SAINT rode cock-a-horse, o' course,
And oh, by that and this,
At Banbury Cross my lady's horse
Was ne'er so white as his;
And SAINT he sat like gentleman,
As saddle-fast as wax,
A mighty ornamental man
And made for horses' backs.

There's dragon's blood on Dragon's Hill
To prove this song be true,
And old White Horse he gallops still
Where nags in Berkshire do,
While SAINT, with ABRAHAM an' all,
In Paradise has cheer;
So wishing well I am an' all
To all in this New Year. P. R. C.

Programmes that Might Have Been More Tactfully Arranged.

"ADDRESS 10 mins.
Rev. ——.
SONG—'It is Enough'—'Elijah' Handel 8.23."

"THOUSANDS WHO WANT TO SIN RUSH TO JOIN IN OUR FESTIVAL. SEND AT ONCE FOR *YOUR* TICKETS. BUT DO NOT APPLY TWICE."
Yorkshire Paper.

Everything has to be done through the papers nowadays.

SMALL-TALK FOR DANCES.

"OUR grandmothers," I gasped, sinking into a chair, "may believe in non-stop dancing, but for myself I prefer to sit out occasionally."

"Right-o," agreed Vivien. "Let's talk."

I racked my brains for a subject.

"Have you seen *The Constant Nymph*?" I began briskly.

"Try again," she said. "You've played that before."

"Have I? Sorry. Have you heard what Sir THOMAS BEECHAM said about wireless?"

"Many a time," she replied gloomily.

"Do you believe that Thingummy really wrote *The Whispering Gallery*?" I ventured.

"I haven't changed my mind since you asked me that question two dances ago."

"I've mentioned the topping floor, I believe?"

"Your views on the floor have run into five editions. If you consider a cheap reprint worth while——"

"Hardly. Have you seen the new nigger dance?"

"I have."

"Good. And what do you think of it?"

"Exactly what I said in the traffic block near the buffet."

"Talking about buffets——"

"We weren't. But if you like we will."

"I was only about to suggest that a gyratory system past the buffet would be a good idea. One might snatch a sandwich every hour or so. What do you think of the idea?"

"Quite a good joke," she said morosely, "when it was new."

"I don't think you're helping the score at all," I protested. "You're just sitting on your splice and leaving it all to me."

"But what is there to say that we haven't said heaps of times?"

"Quite. That's the curse of the modern practice of dancing-partners. Under the old dispensation, if I had ventured past the cordon of chaperons——"

"What were they?" demanded Vivien.

"Before your time, old thing. The ancients who now play with balloons. In those days they sat round and watched the morals of their young. One was expected to choose a different partner for each dance. The chaperons would have declared a lock-out if I had danced with one partner as frequently as we have to-night."

"How quaint!" murmured Vivien.

"It wasn't so top-hole as the present arrangement, of course."

"Brighter for the poor girl," she said.

"I'm coming to that," I said severely. "It had conversational advantages."

"You told each partner the same tale?"

"Substantially. One started with the same list of subjects, at any rate. My remark about the topping floor—it wasn't 'topping' then, 'ripping' I think it was in those days—frequently ran to a fifteenth impression. Then the band—we had Blue Hungarians who played 'The Merry Widow'—would run to the same."

"I suppose," mused Vivien, "their jolly little frocks formed a third subject?"

"Little!" I echoed. "They swept the floor. One apologised for tripping over them."

"I didn't know you were as old as all that," said Vivien. "Why, you're venerable!"

"Not nearly so old as the non-stop dancers," I retorted.

"Go on," she urged. "There were other subjects?"

"One asked one's partner whether the war would be over soon."

"Which war?"

"There you have me. There was always some sort of war. Then one said, 'Have you been on the Flip-Flap?'"

"You're romancing. Victorians simply couldn't use an expression—— "

"Edwardians," I corrected. "Surely you remember the White City?"

"I've heard grandmother mention it. But go on."

"And 'Have you been in a motor yet?' And 'Do you roller-skate?' And 'You cycle, of course?' One hardly ever dried up. Besides, compliments were done in those days."

"I've noticed the omission," agreed Vivien.

"If you would like me to pay you an Edwardian compliment——?"

"On your bended knee," insisted Vivien.

"I'm sorry. Knees went out in the 'eighties. If you won't take it seriously I won't pay it."

"Save it until compliments come in again. But didn't you ever say something that was not in the phrase-book?"

"I am not publishing my reminiscences. But one's partners detected a hundred nuances in one's small-talk. I don't suppose it's possible to propose during a dance nowadays."

"I've known it done."

"An offer made under the influence of the saxophone doesn't count in a court of law, surely. But, strictly without prejudice, may I propose——"

Vivien's cheek dimpled.

"——another raid on the buffet?" I concluded.

"Now you're talking," said Vivien, rising with enthusiasm. "Come along, old thing."

THE PATERNAL COMMANDER.

IN spite of the frenzy for football which now grips this country I fancy that not yet are games organised between such stately bodies as Bench and Bar, Government and Opposition, Authors and Artists, and the other staid and often elderly antagonists who meet sometimes at cricket and oftener at golf. In India, however, where the standard of age of those who administer and interpret and juggle with the Law may be lower, football matches between Bench and Bar occasionally have place, and there lies before me a document proving with what thoroughness they are prepared. I name no names, not even of the locality, lest trouble might ensue; but here are the instructions as issued to the members of his team by the Captain of the Benchers. They strike me as showing the right spirit of leadership, particularly perhaps the first sentence of Clause 3:—

"INSTRUCTIONS.

(1) On 1st October you must be dressed in kharki shorts and white shirts. If you do not possess shorts get one pair made or borrowed from a friend.

(2) If you play with boots on, well and good. But if you are used to playing barefooted, you are recommended to put on light rubber shoes, which can be had of Messrs. ——. With those shoes on, your legs will be as free as barefooted. You will, of course, wear stockings to match. My point is that bare feet won't make genteel presentation.

(3) Both on 28th September and 1st October you should leave Court at 3 P.M., adjourning cases if necessary without fear of explanation. I am sending a copy of this to the District Judge and the District Magistrate. Go home, take light refreshment and come to the play-ground refreshed in mind and body. I do not want you to come straight from Court with your mind fagged out with legal proceedings.

If you have any difficulties, discuss personally with me. Do not write.

——, Captain."

I wish it were possible to see what instructions, if any, were distributed to his team by the Captain of the Bar, because, in spite of the careful generalship of the Captain of the Bench team, as displayed above, the Bar won.

E. V. L.





THE REAL MRS. GRUNDY.

In Thrumpton on the river Trent
As I was walking of a Sunday,
I passed a rose-red tenement,
The natal place of Mrs. Grundy,
Who was, as you may not have heard,
The dairymaid of GEORGE THE THIRD.

Her pattens and her pans were bright
As buttercups, they say,
She had no goblin dreams by night,
And so she laughed by day,
And in the dairy she would sing,
A-making butter for the KING.



She made sweet syllabubs; she kept
Her sleeves and apron nonpareil;
The cowmen counted her adept
In telling pasture by the pail;
And in all weathers to a turn
She knew the process of the churn.



And many another dainty fine
Was Mrs. Grundy's care,
As damson cheese and cowslip wine,
And honey in the square,
And milky curds in rush, to dress
With parsley sprigs and watercress.



Now, cheerful though the dairymaid,
And gentle in her mind,
With circumspection she surveyed
The manners of mankind,
And thought that gentlefolk should be
As well-behaved as Mrs. G.

And if the KING was not polite,
Or chamberlains forgot their places,
Or if the ladies were too light,
Or gallants didn't wash their faces,
They found their butter short of weight
And morning milk delivered late;



And, what was worse than anything,
No cream upon the apple-tart,
Which all the courtiers and the KING
Took very, very much to heart,
And so they minded P's and Q's
In view of Mrs. Grundy's views.



And thus it came about that when
The KING or the Princesses,
The ladies or the gentlemen,
Were tempted to excesses,
They put the idle thought away,
With "What will Mrs. Grundy say?"

J. D.



Ernest H. Shepard



Veteran (to beginner who is practising). "DO YOU KNOW, SIR, THAT YOUR BALL NEARLY HIT ME? WHY DIDN'T YOU SHOUT 'FORE!'?" *Beginner.* "OH, BUT I DID SAY 'MAIND!'"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I DO not feel that Mr. MICHAEL SADLEIR'S *Trollope* (CONSTABLE) has reversed Professor SAINTSBURY'S verdict that TROLLOPE reflects his age without transcending it. But I do maintain that this keen and finely-tempered "commentary" refutes the implication that it is not enough to mirror almost flawlessly one aspect of your age. At present *Barchester* bonds are looking up. TROLLOPE is "agreeable to a post-war mentality" for his "candour and lack of affectation," and, if you share Mr. SADLEIR'S dislike of more highly-spiced or extravagant dishes (his tone over satirists and idealists is precisely that of *Augustus* over the nasty soup) you will doubtless share to the full his enthusiasm for honest ANTHONY. Before you know where you are you are reconciled, if reconciliation is needed, with TROLLOPE'S age—the midmost of the three Victorian periods—and have condoned its outward frumpishness for the sake of a standard of individual integrity vastly higher than our own. The stage being set, the first act is not TROLLOPE'S, but his mother's, the most lamentable comedy of a "battered indomitable" woman who seconded the crazy schemes of a shiftless husband through an extraordinary series of adventures in England and America, until his death and her own literary hackwork opened out a way for herself and her children. FANNY TROLLOPE'S portrait is unforgettably vivid, and the shambling fourth son, whom she herself described as "idle and plaguing," takes a long and roundabout way of establishing himself in life and our affections. But, when both these ends are attained and success threatens to become monotonous, TROLLOPE'S career takes on the pretty accompaniment of his friendship for the young American authoress, KATE FIELD. Her letters from him, now published for the first time, are of rare personal and literary interest.

What I have always admired in PALMERSTON is his frank good-humour, manliness and loyalty to friends and colleagues. Unlike JOHN RUSSELL, he never played a selfish game. Free from GLADSTONE'S intellectual subtleties, from DERBY'S pomposity, from ABERDEEN'S high-minded but dangerous hesitations, PAM stood four-square to the many storms that raged over Europe during a lifetime that began five years before the French Revolution and ended five years before Sedan. As befitted a child of the eighteenth century, he had no great belief in general principles and a wholesome suspicion of doctrinaires like METTERNICH. But he was something more than a mere opportunist, for he believed that Europe was divided into two hostile camps—"one which endeavours to bear sway by the force of public opinion; another which endeavours to bear sway by the force of physical control." In that belief PALMERSTON shaped his policy, and for forty years championed the cause of Public Opinion throughout Europe. Of the man no less than of the statesman Mr. GUEDALLA, in his *Palmerston* (BENN), has brilliantly drawn a sympathetic and lifelike portrait. A single incident serves to reveal PALMERSTON the man. "A porter ordered his cigar to be put out in a waiting-room, discovered who the unknown smoker was, apologised, and was rewarded by, 'I took you for an honest man, but I find you are only a damned snob.'" Mr. Punch's opinion of PAM as a sportsman and a statesman is recalled by a cartoon, dating from the Crimean War, which depicts "Pam, the Downing Street Pet," about to engage in a "set-to" with "The Russian Spider."

I cannot feel that Miss SUSAN ERTZ has found in the short story anything like adequate scope for the individuality displayed in her novels. The requirements of the various magazines mentioned on the fly-leaf of her new book as the original theatre of its contents have been so carefully studied that criticism of *And Then Face to Face* (FISHER UNWIN) necessarily resolves itself into criticism of what the magazine-reading public prefers—or puts up with. Personally I think that an inquiry on the lines of the late Food Commission would find the public less partial to the fictional equivalents of boric acid and formaldehyde than the purveyor credits. At any rate it is a pity that fresh talent cannot be marketed with the bloom on it—and bloom is precisely what most of Miss ERTZ's short stories lack. The first deals with an unconvincing moral degenerate—a *Hyde* without his *Jekyll*—who almost succeeds, out of gratuitous malice, in forcing his niece to commit suicide. The second, "Relativity and Major Rooke," is a rather tentative essay in the humorous convention which "Henry and the Muse" brings to a more entertaining issue. "To the Satisfaction of All" sheds additional limelight, but nothing more naturally illuminating, on the psychology of wealthy ladies and their lovers, a theme to which "Just Little Things" is (rather less intensely) devoted. "Hedda Speaks" dabbles without sympathy, antipathy or intellectual curiosity in the phenomena of spiritualism, and "The Fatal Woman" returns to the illogical terrors of "shocker" number one. Only once is Miss ERTZ's knowledge of art and life allowed to have things more or less its own way; and "Trumpery," a Riviera sketch of perception and originality, gives reassuring evidence that this eclipse of her talent is only temporary.



"YES, I PICKED HIM UP THE OTHER DAY AT A SALE."
"SALE OF WHAT?"

Mr. DESMOND COKE is not one of those authors who must turn out their one, two or three novels a year, whether an idea occurs to them or not. It is therefore rather surprising that he should have engaged himself with a plot so thin as that of *Half-Way* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), unless indeed he wished to prove to us on how little nourishment good writing and keen observation can survive. The story can be told in a very few words. *Vera Graham* was fond of her husband, *Derek*, and fond of her lover, *Paul Sagrada*, but she gave her heart to neither. In fact she gave nothing to either, while taking all she could from both. From her husband she took complete liberty of action, a separate establishment and a large income, and from *Paul* a never-ending succession of dinners, theatres, chocolates and bouquets. *Derek* threatens *Paul* with violence; *Paul* insists that *Vera* shall run away with him, and *Vera*, after a promising wobble or two, does precisely nothing, and the story ends where it began. Such a record of futility can hardly escape the charge of being itself rather futile, and I am left with the feeling that Mr. COKE has earned my admiration rather than my gratitude. I suspect too that this is just what he would wish. At least twice in this book he creates a dramatic situation only to throw it away because life isn't really like that. And he could easily have made *Vera* an attractive character by sacrificing something of her devastating truthfulness to type. I think then I must recommend *Half-Way*, if only for a convincing piece of feminine portraiture. But don't blame me if you think it "much ado about nothing."

Mrs. J. L. GARVIN's collected episodes, *Corn in Egypt* (METHUEN), diverse as they are, illustrate a single theme. Life, in Mrs. GARVIN's view, is a sojourn in a land of bond-

age, where the mournful captives pathetically clutch what pleasures they may. In the delicately wrought story from which the title of the book is appropriately taken, a little girl finds relief from her domestic routine in the kindness of the rich maiden lady next-door. Not quite so innocent are some other consolations of captivity. The wife of *Joli Tambour*, for instance, had no scruple—but none whatever—in marrying a rich man in order that, at his expense, herself and her lover might be perfectly comfortable. And one *Julian*, a too, too popular author, callously availed himself of the generosity of a sister-artist to build up his reputation; and when, being bored with him past bearing, she went away, *Julian* discovered sufficient compensation in his own ineffable temperament. The girl who, marrying a "great man"—so he is described—became the wife of an egoist and the stepmother of four young women, found her consolation in the rare moments when the great man very kindly remembered her existence. In the admirable short story, "Miss Wickers," the poor spinster held her own against ingratitude and defeat by virtue of her indomitable faith. "Laurels and Rhododendrons" is a study in another mode, in which Mrs. GARVIN vividly portrays her memories of the great Victorians, suggesting that the corn in their Egypt was perhaps slightly inferior to the kind of grain which nourishes the present generation. You may not accept Mrs. GARVIN'S account of life; you may even regard it as a trifle morbid; but you will acknowledge it to be the work of an artist, and be thankful for that.

Of the thirty operas in which JENNY LIND appeared in her brief but meteoric career on the lyric stage, only those of MOZART retain abiding vitality, though half-a-dozen works by WEBER, MEYERBEER, ROSSINI, BELLINI and DONIZETTI are still to be found in the repertory of Continental opera-houses, and are occasionally drawn upon by *coloratura* singers. All the three concert-halls in which she sang in London—Hanover Rooms, Exeter Hall and St. James's Hall—have disappeared, yet her fame is more than a mere tradition, for it was based on personality as well as natural gifts sedulously cultivated. She quitted the operatic stage in 1849, at the age of twenty-nine, in the plenitude of her powers, a popular idol and at the same time reverenced and admired by many of the greatest musicians of the day—MENDELSSOHN, SCHUMANN and his wife, and CHOPIN. But her spell, to my way of thinking, is even more conclusively shown by her non-musical friendships, by the affection of HANS ANDERSEN, the tribute of PROSPER MÉRIMÉE, the devotion of the Duke of WELLINGTON. Of all the incidents related in Mrs. RAYMOND MAUDE'S brief and unpretentious *Life of Jenny Lind* (CASSELL) none pleases me more than the account of how the Iron Duke, nearer eighty than seventy, used, in 1847, to take her out riding, with a groom as chaperon, to Richmond or Wimbledon Park. Mrs. MAUDE'S book is not exactly critical, but it stops far short of idolatry. She frankly admits her mother's limitations and prejudices, and she does not lay undue stress on the benevolence which drew the admiration of *Punch* in the 'forties. The portraits conclusively prove that in youth she had remarkable charm. It is a pity, I think, that they do not include Count D'ORSAY'S painting of her in the costume of *Norma*.



"GEORGE, DEAR, HOW LONG DOES A HALF-BACK HAVE TO PLAY BEFORE HE BECOMES A FULL-BACK?"

Harold Merefield was secretary to Mr. JOHN RHODE'S celebrated *Dr. Priestley*, and in telling the story of *The Ellerby Case* (BLES) he has firmly convinced me that to act in a subordinate position to an eminent scientist with a hobby for solving abstruse criminal problems is not a sinecure. In the course of this "case" the faithful *Harold* was nearly drowned, nearly poisoned (twice) and nearly burnt to death. He seemed, I admit, to enjoy this hazardous existence, but I cannot help thinking that he was a little overworked. For the rest Mr. RHODE has given us yet another tale that is both ingeniously worked out and vibrant with excitement. I mark, by the way, a tendency among writers of sensational fiction to finish off their master-criminals by suicide or accident. Let me recall to their notice that the law still offers conveniences for hanging a murderer who has reached the end of his tether, and that prisons continue to exist for less violent malefactors. A morbid reminder but, I think, justifiable.

The President's Hat (LONGMANS) introduces us to the little republic of Andorra, whither Mr. ROBERT HERRING despatches two travellers, invariably referred to as *Mr. Elliot* and *Mr. James*, on a walking, talking and bathing tour, especially a talking tour, for their loquacity is only equalled by their sententiousness. When they were slogging their way up the Pyrenees, bathing in streams and sunshine or chatting about their travels, I was their glad companion; but when they were trying to be epigrammatic and smart I found them really tiresome. Had I been *Mr. Elliot* I should have wanted to assault *Mr. James*, and had I been *Mr. James* I should assuredly have finished my holiday without *Mr. Elliot*. Apart, however, from these conversational interruptions to enjoyment I am grateful to Mr. HERRING for taking me to Andorra; and anyone who thinks of visiting this romantic republic should add *The President's Hat* to his luggage. The drawings by Mr. HUBERT WILLIAMS are delightful.

CHARIVARIA.

ATTENTION is drawn to a split infinitive in the National Liberal Federation's announcement of the acceptance of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S terms. But surely one more little split can't matter much.

* * *

"Where is history being made at the present time?" asks Mr. H. G. WELLS. We rather fancy some of the Chinese section of it is being made in his library.

* * *

A doctor notes a tendency to rickets in the younger generation. We seem to be getting at the cause of the Charleston little by little.

* * *

Scientists have succeeded in curing rickets in rats by ultra-violet rays. This is great news for owners of rickety rats.

* * *

A Bristol man claims to have been bitten three times by a fox-terrier. We presume he is one of those old-fashioned fellows who object to having it done by an Alsatian.

* * *

Mr. ST. JOHN ERVINE, in a morning paper, gives the information that Mr. G. B. SHAW often writes his plays in shorthand on the tops of buses. The matter now rests with the L.G.O.C.

* * *

The news of the appearance of wolves near Naples must have turned many a Neapolitan's blood to ice-cream.

* * *

Although the hundred-and-tenth anniversary of the night when Pall Mall was first lighted by gas did not pass unnoticed by the Press last week, it was thought that the surviving club men who took part in the original celebrations were not numerous enough to justify a *réunion*.

* * *

According to a fashion note some of the smartest women in Paris and London are carrying the handkerchief in the right hand. To carry it in the left is distinctly suburban.

* * *

In our opinion the decision of the Spanish Government to impose an income-tax based on the British system means trouble for the collectoreadors.

* * *

Mr. C. B. COCHRAN has expressed the opinion that the B.B.C. ought to be under the management of one man who thoroughly understands what the public wants. A B.B.C.B.C. seems to be indicated.

* * *

The Jaffa newspaper, *Falastin*, exhorts Arabs to give Lord BEAVERBROOK the warmest of welcomes. The least they can do is to make him a temporary sheikh.

* * *

A motor-car dashed into a garden of a Manchester house and partly through a window of the drawing-room. We think it is only fair that, once a pedestrian has taken cover in his house, he should not be chased about it.



Wife (to irate husband looking at dressmakers' bills). "WELL, AFTER ALL, JACK DEAR, IT'S REALLY THE ONLY INTEREST YOU TAKE IN MY CLOTHES."

It is pointed out in a daily paper that every Friday evening during the Parliamentary session a train leaves Euston taking a load of Scottish politicians back to their homes. The same railway company is under the suspicion of conniving at their return to London.

* * *

A Los Angeles cinema actress was seen out walking the other day with her husband. It appears that he is a this year's model.

* * *

According to *The Daily Mail* the Scots' only secret of success is hard work. The reason more men do not adopt this method is that they hate to take advantage of other men's secrets.

It is rumoured that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL has done a picture of Signor MUSSOLINI in castor oils.

* * *

The Alsatian which Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has given to the village constable at Churt is said to be of a very mild disposition. It was obviously no use sending an animal like that to Viscount GREY, for instance.

* * *

The B.B.C. is said to be seeking a slogan. Why not "Uncle me no uncles"?

* * *

A well-known golfer says that lifting the right elbow too much is the cause of most bad golf. Especially at the nineteenth hole.

* * *

Cardinal PIFFL, Archbishop of Vienna, denounces short skirts, dancing and small families. We hasten to state that we didn't gave him his name.

* * *

According to a weekly paper there is a boom in yachts in West of England waters. No yacht in whatever waters should be without a boom.

* * *

The detachment of Royal Marines which left Portsmouth last week for China took with them all modern weapons, including Lewis guns and a jazz band of saxophones.

* * *

The most disquieting news of the crisis in China is the report that the special reserve of plum and apple jam has been told to hold itself in readiness.

* * *

We gather from a newspaper article that a West-End dance-instructor has given the Charleston six months. We are glad he didn't give it the option of a fine.

* * *

We are reminded by an explorer that great care is needed in approaching a lion. We had already decided that, if ever we met one of these animals, we would be very kind to it.

* * *

It is rumoured that the "boots" in one large hotel is demanding a rise of salary because visitors will leave their two-seaters out on the mat at night to be cleaned.

* * *

Those who allege that the telephone service has improved of late should bear in mind that many wrong numbers are down with the 'flu.

FEBRUARY FAIR-MAID.

LAST week Angela found a snowdrop in the garden. I record this staggering and significant fact more in a spirit of penance than of triumph, because there have been moments when I have looked askance at Angela's garden. It is not a thing which I do habitually, because for one thing I do not consider that I look my best askance, and for another I do not like to hurt Angela's feelings; but it *has* happened.

There was excuse for it. Angela only really discovered the garden last summer, and for a long time she did not appear to regard it as a place in which things ought to grow; she seemed to think that to dig hopefully was better than to exhibit at the local flower-show. I don't know how many tons of earth she actually turned over, but for weeks the garden was like a heaving sea; nothing could have lived in it. Nothing did.

Angela never became discouraged. Even when she took her dearest friends out to see it, and they asked her in horrified tones what *ever* she was going to do with it, she kept that schoolgirl temper and murmured that of course most of the things wouldn't show till the spring.

Now I really think that Angela believed this. The bulb season had been a time of terrific activity in the garden; not a worm was able to sleep peacefully in its bed without waking up to find Angela prodding at it with a fork; and emigrating slugs wore a regular path down the drive and out through the front gate. Literally hundreds of bulbs looked their last upon the light of day before they were buried (twice their own depth) in the troubled soil, and when at last Angela stood erect, albeit creaking a little, the whole garden was dotted with optimistically inscribed slips of white wood. There wasn't another garden in the whole village with a crop anything like ours.

Came winter, as they say on the films, but Angela's crop bloomed on. Not a stick drooped before the bitter blasts, and every day Angela went out and scanned the ground eagerly for the first signs of the jocund harbingers of spring. But somehow spring seemed to be pretty far behind this winter; not a single jocund harbinger showed up.

Then, only last week, it happened.

"There 's a snowdrop in the garden," said Angela, coming excitedly into the study.

"Then you 'd better take Rip and chase it out again," I said sleepily. I am not at my best when I am disturbed at my work.

"It isn't an *animal*," said Angela. "I said a *snowdrop*."

I sat up.

"Not a real *snowdrop*?"

"Yes," said Angela. "A real snowdrop."

"What? You don't mean to say that a jocund harbinger of spring is actually—er—harbinging?"

"Yes, I do," said Angela. "Come and see it."

"You bet I will," I said, and, stopping only to put on an overcoat and a muffler and seize an umbrella, I stepped out into the jocund spring.

At first I could see nothing of it—the snowdrop I mean; the spring was raging all round me. The garden presented its customary trim appearance—little white sticks with names on them are much tidier than flowers, I always think—but Angela led me on, past the patterned beds, to a tangled no-man's land in the far corner.

There could be no doubt about it. Quite definitely it was a snowdrop, a real genuine snowdrop.

"Many, many welcomes
February fair-maid,"

I said with a courteous bow.

"What 's that?" asked Angela.

"Hush," I said. "It is an invocation to the harbinger of spring. Very difficult."

"Oh," said Angela. "Poetry."

"Ever as of old time,
Solitary firstling,"

I went on. "Yes," I continued, reverting from the voice which I keep for quotations to my more normal tones. "It is certainly a solitary firstling."

"You need not rub it in," said Angela. "It 's a flower, anyway."

"Coming in the cold time."

"You 're right about that," said Angela, shivering.

"Prophet of the gay time,
Prophet of the May time,
Prophet of the roses."

"I don't know about *roses*," said Angela; "but if there is anything about tulips, I put a good many of those in."

I held up my hand.

"Many, many welcomes,
February fair-maid!"

I concluded triumphantly.

"You said that before," objected Angela.

"It is repeated," I said with dignity.

"Why?" said Angela.

"I don't know. TENNYSON never told me. And now," I said, "before we return to the fire I should like to congratulate you, Angela, and to withdraw any—er—slighting remarks about your garden of which I may now and then have been guilty."

Angela hesitated.

"There 's just one thing," she said.

"What is that?" I asked kindly.

"I never planted anything in this corner at all," said Angela. "It has just come up."

L. DU G.

THE DEAN'S DILEMMA.

[Speaking as the guest of the Society of Women Journalists on Wednesday last, the Dean of ST. PAUL'S defended his journalistic activities, which had been assailed by professional writers and by the Anglo-Catholics, "who in sheer malice and misrepresentation took the cake." As to the charge of being rich, "his deanery was only worth £1,500 a year, and his four children cost him £1,000 a year to educate."]

HARD is the case of a learned dean
Whose family 's large and his salary lean,
Driven to writing to boil the pot
And then, in the sequel, getting it hot
From angry professional scribes, though that 's
A trifle, no more than the stings of gnats
Compared to the claws of the Anglo-Cats.
And yet, Mr. DEAN, you must admit
That your mordant pen and your caustic wit
And your habit of thinking freely aloud
Not only exasperate the crowd
And those who are ready to heave half-bricks—
Fools and rivals and fanatics—
But those who are ready to recognize
That the root of the matter in you lies.
But in any case 'tis a poor defence
Of candour to plead the lack of pence.
It may be true, *Punch* doesn't doubt it,
But please don't make a song about it;
For the scutcheon of Truth it soils and speckles
When you own that its utterance brings in shekels.
Write, Mr. DEAN, if the spirit move you,
And *Punch* will be the last to reprove you,
But he 's bound to add that he 'd think much more of you
If you hadn't dragged in the wolf at the door of you.

The Schoolmaster Abroad.

"These latter competitors may with perfect accuracy describe themselves as *Proxime Accesseremus*, for the margin between them and the prize-winners was as narrow as it could be."—*Scottish Educational Journal.*

Despite the official guarantee of "perfect accuracy," we cannot advise them to risk it.

"A MEAT WAVE IN THE ATLANTIC."
Headline in Irish Paper.

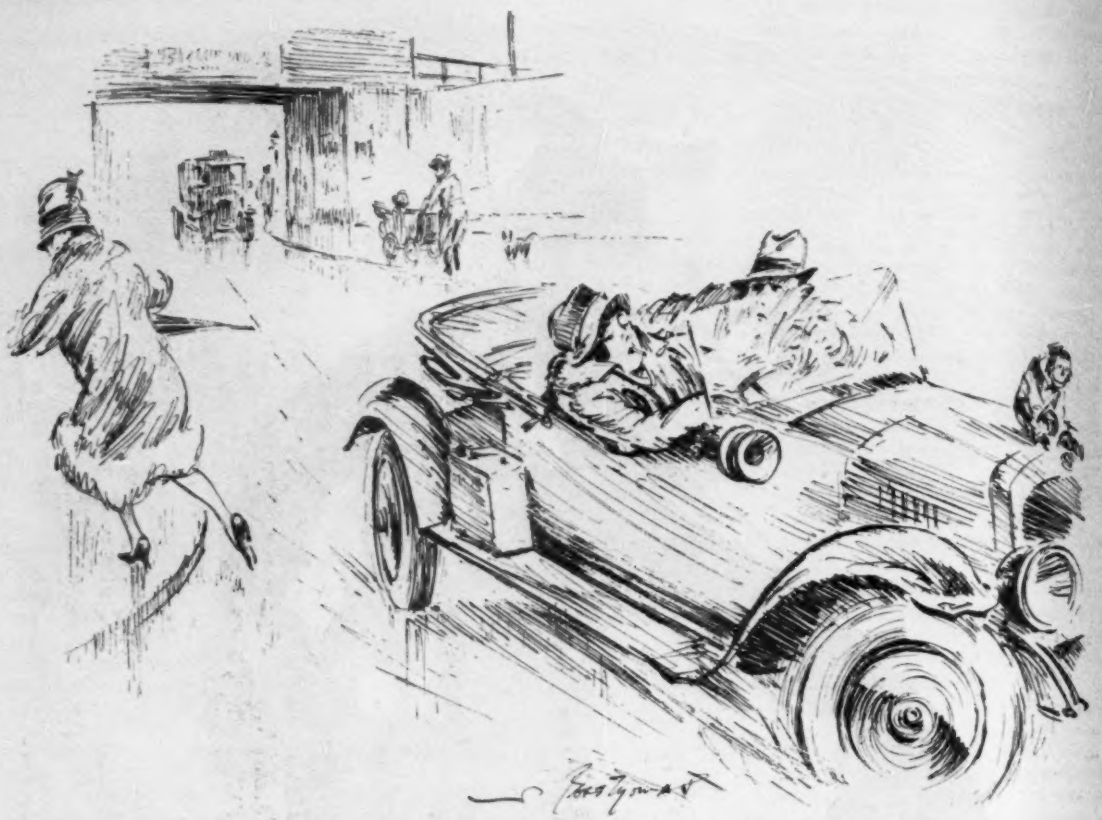
This may account for the chops in the Channel.

"What we offer is the very cream of constant and reliable bloomers."
Dutch Bulb Catalogue.

It sounds like *Mrs. Malaprop.*



THE PERFECT PEDESTRIAN; OR, MAKING THE WORLD SAFE FOR MOTOCRACY.



Brother. "EASY, SIS—YOU NEARLY SWERVED INTO HER. WHAT MADE YOU DO THAT?"
Sister. "I WANTED A GOOD LOOK AT HER HAT."

I SPY!

IT is interesting to observe that in spite of artificial sunlight, television, winter sports and the heebie-jeebie there are still some stalwarts who stand by the old traditional amusements of the English people. The other day I noticed a letter in the paper which ran:—

To the Editor of "The Daily Razzle."

SIR,—To-day I saw my first snowdrop of the year. It was in the meadow adjoining this house and is, I am convinced, a record early appearance for mid-Loamshire.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Yours proudly,
THEOPHRASTUS PUMBLECHOOK.
The Lea, Little Dasham.

Poor old Pumblechook! Unless he is an old and embittered hand at this game of "I seed it first, Sir, I did," he will be severely dashed by this time.

Hundreds of savage snowdrop hunters will have written in to *The Daily Razzle* to announce—

(*a*) That their own lawns have been littered with snowdrops ever since Christmas Eve.

(*b*) That the celebrated LINNÆUS proved conclusively in 1762 that the soil of Loamshire was incapable of supporting anything but dock-leaves and dandelions.

(*c*) That what Mr. Pumblechook (referred to, very coldly, as "your correspondent") saw was an Ethiopian snowdrop, which should properly have been in full blossom last July.

I do not say that all these letters will have appeared in *The Daily Razzle*, because its Editor is a ruthless man and wants to keep a little space in his paper for the trouble in China and the CHARLIE CHAPLIN divorce suit. But I do say that they will have been hastily written and posted; and if they are not printed the senders of them will turn round and write threatening letters to Mr. Pumblechook's private address. I know these naturalists. A fiercer body of men never fell with fury on an early primrose.

This, I suppose, is what the poet meant by his celebrated reference to "Nature, red in tooth and claw," for it is certain that this game of finding the first of anything is provocative of the vilest passions among those who are addicted to it. Show me a "Nature-lover" and I will show you a misanthrope; the more these people admire snowdrops the more they hate anyone who claims to have found the first exhibit of the year. In fact the printed spectacle of naturalists wrangling horribly over snowdrops is the first real sign that winter is wearing to its close and that better weather is in sight with the advent of fouler tempers.

For the "I Spy" season does not end with snowdrops. A really active and aggressive naturalist can keep the ball rolling practically all the year round. After the first snowdrop, the rathe primrose. And after that the cuckoo. And then the swallow. And then the great or crested woozler bird, followed by the shy and retiring blossoms of the lesser swinewort or pig's-eye daisy, as it is so prettily called by the little village children of Ugglesex.

That takes us well on to midsummer, when there should be a chance of spotting that rare visitor to our shores, the golden yafflesnatcher, which has been identified by Drachenstein of Buda-pest as none other than the cross-tailed

zoozoo of Abyssinia. Any enthusiast who can catch a glimpse of the golden yafflesnatcher is in a very strong position for starting a first-class row, because many have asserted that there is no such bird, and that the illustrious Drachenstein dreamt the whole description of it after having accidentally chloroformed himself while endeavouring to asphyxiate a magnificent specimen of the pink (or post-alcoholic) rat.

When all the first arrivals have been wrangled over, the interest shifts to the last survivors; and much heartburning and bitterness may then be evoked by a claim to have seen a swallow while waiting for the Lord Mayor's Show, or to have decorated the Christmas hearth with pear-blossom instead of holly.

Sometimes these hideous contests (so distressing to the milder and more civilised inhabitants of our great cities, who have difficulty in distinguishing a cabbage from a corncrake) are organised on a county basis. Thus a retired sea-captain in South Devon will write to the papers thanking Providence that he has been allowed to live in a place where it is still possible to hear the mellow piping of the blue bumbletit in early October. Thousands of people will then write derisive or insulting letters (according to taste) from Wigan, Walton Heath and West Bromwich to say that with them the blue bumbletit is invariably in full song on Guy Fawkes Day. And a great hairy ruffian called Angus Macsquirt will weigh in with an affidavit swearing that he is kept awake all the year round by the endless chatter of ultra-blue bumbletits as they go bumbling about in the scented dusk of the Outer Hebrides.

It all makes very sad reading for those who would like to take a bright view of their fellow-creatures. And to my mind it throws a sinister light on those not infrequent cases where an unknown body is found under the bushes in some silent rural recess. A coroner's jury usually plumps for heart failure or the effect of lysol on unrequited love. But I know what has really happened. Two naturalists have been out for a country walk, and they have simultaneously spotted a stinkled wurzelwort in flower for the first time that year. Dead men tell no tales. And the weaker of the two has died the death.

"I understand that the meeting revealed discontent with the 8-holes day which the men are working."—*Daily Paper.*

Yet we know men who do a 36-holes day without complaining.

"Defendant, who did not appear, was fined 2s. 6d., and the Magistrates' Clerk murmured, 'ignoratus non excusat lax.'"—*Local Paper.*

Brown minimus would like to be a magistrates' clerk.



"I WANT SOME QUIET PYJAMAS."
"CERTAINLY, SIR. MR. JONES—SHOW THIS GENTLEMAN OUR DISTANGAY SLUMBER-SUITS."

ENTRANCE POEM.

SUBMITTED ON APPLYING FOR ADMISSION TO THE LEFT WING GROUP OF POETS.

THE hedonistic avalanche
  Of my umbrageous viscid thought
Has made my brain a mottled ranch,
  With fiery stars and leopards fraught.
The mizzling reel of plangent mirth
  Forbids my spangled japes to settle;
I make a football of the earth
  (My boot is Popocatapetl).
The squamous whirl of hispid dreams
  Blows round me as I peak and mope,
Until the moon a bishop seems,
  Swigging some dull infernal dope.
Cloud-mitred in the skies she glares,
  Intoning loud with hideous din,
And clattering down the vapid stairs
  Come Pantaloon and Harlequin.
Wide through Arabian sands I run;
  Behind me pounds in mood of frolic
A bear who takes me for a bun;
  Before me wombats frisk and rollick.
NEBUCHADNEZZAR from the grass
  Rises with hoofs and tossing horns.
I am lost! Leviathan blocks the pass
  With snakes and bulls and unicorns.

NOTE.—This candidate was rejected. It was suspected that some sort of meaning might be found in his fourth line. The adjective "fiery" as applied to stars is very bad; it has been used before, and in certain atmospheric conditions is not altogether undescriptive.



Artist (to budding Model). "I'M NOT WANTING ANYBODY JUST NOW. BUT YOU OUGHT TO GET SITTINGS ALL RIGHT. YOU'VE A HEAD RATHER LIKE ONE OF BOTTICELLI'S PICTURES."
Budding Model. "WOULD YOU PLEASE GIVE ME THE GENTLEMAN'S ADDRESS?"

WINTER SPORTING.

I.

I HAVE now attained an altitude of many thousand feet. Contrary to my forebodings I have not yet experienced any distressing sensations about the ears or eyes due to the rarity of the atmosphere. Even at this height there seems enough of it to prevent my bursting outwards or being otherwise inconvenienced. In fact I am in hopes that there will be a sufficient atmosphere not only for me to learn to ski with to-morrow morning, but also to last out my whole visit.

My presence here in Switzerland is due to a rash promise I made to Percival that I would sport with him in the winter. He told me it was too glorious for words and would be such a change from my sedentary occupation. When he had definitely secured my promise, he told me of a friend of his who adored ski-ing, but who had unfortunately broken his leg at Mürren or Blesne, or one of those fashionable resorts, owing to practising a "Telemark" turn too close to the back of the hotel. He then told me about another friend of his who loved skating, but had just sprained his ankle while learning to Charleston on the ice; and then about another friend who revelled in bob-sleighing, but was in hospital at the moment owing to his sudden recognition of a lady-friend when half-way down the bob-sleigh run.

I asked him what those who survived did in the evening and he said they mostly played bridge, halma or dominoes. I hurriedly told him of a friend of mine who had twisted his wrist through jumping seven pieces in succession at halma. At that he took a lot of umbrage and told me to go out and buy some ski-ing kit.

I thought you pronounced it *shee* or *skee*, but it was not till I had nearly been landed with, first, a pair of sea-boots and then a pair of Russian boots, that I got what I wanted. The shop-man, I discovered, called them sky-boots. Then I bought a pair of spiked ski-ing sticks. These have a circular ring six inches from the spike end. Had I asked Percival, I felt sure he would have told me that this was to limit any accidental wound to a depth of six inches, thus preserving one's ability to play dominoes in the evenings. I also bought a pair of snow-proof breeches and a black crêpe arm-band. By to-morrow evening I expect we shall have used both.

All the way out here in the train Percival told me stories of big ski-ing runs his friends had done. Apparently, quite a good percentage were not fatal. He said the great thing was to get well up to start with. As I observe this evening, our hotel is on the edge of a steep valley side two thousand feet up, so there should be no difficulty about this. I shall step out of the front-door and let Switzerland do the rest. The village in the valley below possesses a station with a railway to take you up here again. It also possesses a cemetery, in case you misjudge the station entrance.

I have noticed a pair of crutches in the hall of the hotel. The hotel-porter has answered quite politely and assured me that there are others, but they are in use. It appears one can hire them. I am not looking forward to my first

ski-ing to-morrow. I have been given about sixteen foot of ski and it seems to me unwieldy. However, there are consolations in being an obvious beginner. I have asked a fellow-guest whether one takes them off before getting into the funicular railway, and he tells me that one does. I have thanked him.

Everyone to whom I speak about skis as *shees* calls them *skees*, while if I speak about *skees* they at once refer to them as *shees*. It is very confusing, but I am calling mine my "woods." This seems to avoid the problem quite satisfactorily. One poor fellow, covered all over with badges, has nearly had a fit on overhearing this, so I have asked him whether it is the thing to put one's skis outside one's bedroom door at night to be cleaned. I am afraid it has finished him off. He'll be no good for dominoes this evening.

Percival is talking very learnedly to the hotel-porter about the depth of the snow here. It seems a waste of time on his part. To-morrow morning we shall both know everything about it.

He is now talking about a run down to a place nearby called the Halfway House, where you take the train back to the hotel. The important thing, it appears, is not to miss the last train or you have to walk back. As, I gather, there is a final steep slope down to the station I should have said it was even more important not to hit the train, but then I and my "woods" are not experts.

I am not looking forward to my first ski-ing to-morrow. It is, however, a relief to learn that, like that of the road and the river, there is a rule of the snow slope. A ski-er descending at speed has to avoid a ski-er temporarily halted in his path. That is to say, if you are buried up to your centre of gravity in thick snow, you do not have to get out of the way of an expert who whizzes at you like a bullet. This is a reassuring thought. If he doesn't avoid you, Percival tells me, the responsibility is entirely his and your executors can sue him for damages.

I am not looking forward to my first ski-ing to-morrow. I am not certain I shan't make it dominoes instead. A. A.

I'LL TELL THE WORLD.

III.—The Origins of England.

If so much has been said about the dark-headed Britons, or Goidels, or Celts, and so much about the light-headed Anglo-Saxons, and if we may be allowed to leave unnoticed the rather irritating visits of the high-handed Danes, what are we to say of the Normans, with their system of feudal tenure—so justly annoying to the young student—their habit of perspiring on cart-horses in the Holy Land, their delight in ceremony and their foible for building enormous castles in which to murder each other, and enormous churches in which to pray, whereas the ordinary mind perceives that both these activities can be carried on simply and calmly, without so much architectural paraphernalia?



Preparation for a Norman feast.
(From an 11th-century missal.)

One theory is that they were all mad.

This hypothesis receives further corroboration from the fact that the Normans tried to conquer Ireland and even Scotland, ludicrous efforts which have since, after many ambitious undertakings, been abandoned; and also from the magnitude and unwholesome nature of the Norman meals, which have been the subject of severe censure both by Mr. Bernard Shaw and Sir William Arbuthnot Lane.

A typical menu for a Norman dinner-party is as follows:—

Hors d'œuvres.
12 boars.

Poissons.
150 lampreys.
12 sturgeons.
2,000 carp.

Rôtis.
120 sheep.
14 salted and 2 fresh oxen.
140 pigs.
220 geese.
7 peacocks.
36 swans.
100 dozen pigeons.
Rabbits. Curlews.
Boars.

Entremets.
Marcepain.
Doucettes.
Croustades.
Pasties.

There the Normans stopped. Apparently they took no ices or savouries, and it would seem as if after the first course or two they even lost count of the number of boars consumed.



Typical country sexton.

GRITTO
THE IDEAL BREAKFAST FOOD
Provides all the
VITAMINS
a modern business man requires.

Can we any of us marvel that after a banquet of this type one of the most famous of the Norman

kings exclaimed suddenly, "Who will rid me of this turbulent feast?" For drink the ruthless invaders consumed such enormous quantities of mulled sack instead of the salutary native mead that after-dinner speeches were practically unknown, and anecdotal reminiscences probably ceased before the *entremets*.

It is impossible at the present time to procure a typically Norman meal at any hotel in England, partly owing to the lack of peacocks and swans, and partly owing to the number of knives and forks which we now use, but which the Normans very rightly disdained.

In studying the Norman period it is therefore necessary for the visitor to confine himself in the main to Norman architecture, which presents many teasing problems, especially after lunch, being partly quasi-Saxon and partly pseudo-Rhenish, and partly as it were *soi-disant* Romanesque. It is most easily recognisable by the round arch, which is circular or rounded in formation and shaped after this manner:—



It is supposed to have supplied the inspiration in later years not only for the railway viaduct system, which forms so prominent a part of the English rural landscape, but also for the early-Victorian croquet-hoop.

So far as ecclesiastical architecture is concerned, the ordinary English country church will be found by the exasperated tourist to consist as a rule of the following complicated features: a partly Saxon tower, two semi-Norman arches (since blocked up), a mid-Gothic nave, a Perpendicular family chapel, with an effigy of the last squire but fifteen and his wives in alabaster, and a chancel of 1860. The organ and the heating apparatus are more recent still. The pulpit is Jacobean. The offertory bags presented by Lady Gargle. The original font was dug up in the Vicar's garden in 1897 and removed to a different church. The hymn-books in the pews are A. and M. The sexton is probably a Jute.

Visitors who desire to take mementos back with them from rustic churches to the United States should refrain from carving pieces out of the lych-gate or damaging the dog-tooth moulding, but content themselves rather with detaching one of the notices about swine-fever or rateable values which will be found hanging in clusters inside the porch.

In visiting the great cathedrals, largely of a later or Gothic type, and often inconveniently situated with regard to the nearest garage, the tourist from overseas will notice at once that the height of these buildings compares unfavourably with specimens of similar ecclesiastical architecture in his home town (Ga. or Pa.). But it must be remembered that in England the clouds are usually lower.

In visiting what remains of a Norman castle his task however is much lighter. Many castles will be shown to him sufficiently indicative of Norman ferocity to improve the flavour of a mild cigar without confusing the mind, and, sitting on the stone step of a mediæval banqueting-hall, but taking care to place beneath him a small inflatable cushion, he will be able to ruminate on the mingled pageantry and dyspepsia of a Rotarian dinner in the ancient days. In visiting Battle Abbey he will be shown the exact spot where HAROLD fell, and where many local sportsmen still consider that the Normans made a foul charge. Visiting Berkeley Castle he will be able to look down into the dark and noisome hole in which EDWARD II. was kept when not required. Neither of these places can be removed. They are inalienably part and parcel of our English heritage.



MARTELLO TOWER AT PEVENSEY BAY, WHERE WILLIAM I. LANDED.

The same prohibition applies to such an edifice as Rochester Castle or Carnarvon. We have the dungeons which the Normans gave us for keeps.

We owe the hard-fisted Normans many other things. They brought with them to England a strong sense of business acumen, a contempt for the Channel crossing, the rough manuscript notes of *Domesday Book* and *Debrett*, and a decided preference for blondes. EVOE.

ANOTHER BANK MEETING.

THE First Annual General Meeting of the Manor House Savings-Bank was held yesterday in the library, Mr. Pater, Chairman of the Bank, presiding. There were present Mrs. Pater, Deputy Chairman, and shareholders, including Archie, Phyllis, Pamela and the Brown Dog. The actual savings-bank, a tin model of the Tower of London, with a slit in it for coins, was exhibited on the table.

Mr. Pater, in opening the proceedings, said that, unless any objection was raised, he would take as read the Secretary's notice convening the meeting, leaving the Auditors' certificate for later. Continuing, the Chairman remarked that he entirely agreed with the Chairmen of the Big Five Banks, whose meetings were now taking place, that the past year had been one of great difficulty in the banking world. The General Strike and the Coal Stoppage had affected trade adversely, and it would be within the common knowledge of the meeting that the foreign stuff supplied by Mr. Bunce, the local contractor, was undeserving of the name of coal. By careful organisation, however, and collecting wood from the spinney the crisis had been met.

A Shareholder. I got it nearly all.

Another Shareholder. You didn't, Archie.

A Third Shareholder. Anyhow, Dad gave you extra pocket-money for it.

The Deputy-Chairman. Hush, children!

The Chairman trusted that any discussions would be reserved until the end of his address. Proceeding, he remarked that he was optimistic as to the future. He had an inherent belief in the stability of the British working-man, whose commonsense had brought him through many a crisis in the past. Provided that a real feeling of give-and-take existed between employers and employed he saw no reason why the coming year should not be one of unparalleled prosperity, and he would be glad if some of the shareholders would stop yawning.

As they were aware, in their own particular case they had adopted the co-operative pooling system, by which all savings went into a common fund. He was an ardent believer in this system.

Turning to the Profit and Loss Account, he said they would notice that



POLITENESS (SOHO STYLE).

Luigi. "WELL-A, MY DEAR GIUSEP', 'OW ARE YOU, IS IT NOT?"
Giuseppe. "GRANTED."

expenses had somewhat increased owing to an augmentation of weekly pocket-money due to advancing years. On the other hand, this should have caused an additional power of saving, to be noticed, he hoped, when he broke open the actual savings-bank in a few moments with a sardine tin-opener.

Without being too academical he would like to remind the meeting of the principle enunciated by JOHN STUART MILL, that "luxurious expenditure is bad for trade." Under this heading he would undoubtedly place caramels and bulls'-eyes.

A Shareholder. Rot, Dad!

The money would indubitably be better expended on copies of *Every Boy His Own Mechanic* or, alternatively, *Needlework for Girls.* Finally he would like to thank the Staff for their loyal assistance, without which the present results could not have been achieved. In particular he would mention Brent the chauffeur and Doggett the gardener, who had picked up in the garage and elsewhere many stray coins and returned them. Unless there were any questions he would now open the bank.

The Chairman proceeded to do so.

A Shareholder. You needn't use the tin-opener, Dad. They'll shake out through the slot.

The Chairman. So they will, by Jove. The slot has been enlarged. Disgraceful! And what's this? A threepenny-bit, two halfpennies, a rusty nail, a trousers button and a pin! This the result of a year's saving. . . . Come back, Archie and Pamela and Phyllis.

At this point the shareholders left the room hurriedly and the meeting broke up in obvious confusion.

The Deputy-Chairman (*sweetly*). I'm so glad, dear, you're such a believer in the Co-operative Pooling system.

The Brown Dog. Woof!

"German engineer wishes to improve his English by giving lessons in his own language."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

This must be Irish, surely.

Our Accomplished Pets.

"BABY GOAT TRIMS SPRING COATS."
Daily Paper.

"Of the three brigades named for service [in China] the 13th and 14th will be ready down to Napoleon's 'garter button,' it is believed, by Thursday night."—*Evening Paper.*

We never had any doubts of their readiness to keep up their socks.

"On morday a large 'caravan' of American tourists arrived here [Mentone] from Marseille. The visitors spent wuch time wardering about our beautiful town and we Pope we way have the pleasure of welowing them ogain went season bat for a wuch lovger stay."—*Nice Paper.*

"A Nice derangement of epitaphs."

"Dr. Nansen, as befits the courageous and farseeing representative of Sweden in the League Assembly, is wisely insistent on the need of Governments, by every means and on every occasion, strengthening the power and force of the League, if they really desire to put an end to war."—*Daily Paper.*

Norway at any rate has sufficiently shown her *bona fides* by lending Dr. NANSEN to Sweden.

THE PHANTOM SHIP.

WHEN my ship comes home I shall quit my cottage
And live in a mansion rich and grand;
I shall leave my messes of beans and pottage
And feast on melons from Samarkhand;
I shall purchase a brand-new Damyer car
All painted in bistre and chrome,
And my face will always wear a cigar,
When one of my ships comes home.

I have a ship at the Ascot Races,
A noble argosy, tight and trim;
No pen can aptly describe her graces,
Her coat so shiny, her shape so slim;
A ship that never encounters the surf
Nor wallows in billowy foam,
But canters along on the gay green turf—
Oh, when will that ship come home?

I have a ship called Bronx Converted,
Afloat on the ocean of stocks and shares;
She is tempest-ridden, a wreck, deserted;
In that terrible sea there are bulls and bears
Waiting to pounce on her weakened keel—
A scene for a picturedrome
To show, amid cheers, on the ultimate reel—
Will *that* ship ever come home?

I have a ship on the green—and *we* know
How extremely verdant the cloth can be
When we watch it for hours at the Monte casino
Sadly becalmed on that bright-lit sea;
And dark-faced fellows with cruel eyes,
Such as gazed at the circus in Rome,
Are raking her fore and aft—I surmise
That ship will never come home.

When the evening fell with a sob of sorrow,
A dreadful downpour of random rain,
"Never mind," said I, "there's a bright to-morrow
Waiting to sun me to life again;"
But, after a number of years, I have found
That the morn is as dull as the gloam,
That all my vessels are outward bound
And no ship ever comes home. E. P. W.

THE HUM OF THE HIVE.

A PROBLEM PLAY.

EXTRAORDINARY interest attaches to a play that is shortly to be staged in the West End, I am told, in circumstances that will mark an entire departure from the traditions of theatrical publicity. Not only will the customary services of a Press Agent be dispensed with, but the play will be presented without a title; the author and the cast will remain anonymous for the duration (if any) of the run, and everybody connected with the production, however slightly, will preserve the strict secrecy to which they have already been sworn.

I understand that the questions of withholding even the name of the theatre and the date of the initial performance are also under consideration; but I fancy that it will be decided that it is imposing sufficient strain on the mental resources of critics and audiences to ask them to determine for themselves whether the author is SHAW or TCHEHOV, NOEL COWARD or EDGAR WALLACE, and the piece a tragedy or a comedy, a crook drama or a sex situation, an adaptation from the French or a translation from the American. I venture to predict that this opportunity of exercising the perceptive faculty unaided will be found to add a zest to playgoing.

BALLROOM BRUISERS.

To this season's hunting casualties the Hunt Balls seem to have contributed more than their usual share, and indeed, when some of the hardest dancers the Shires have ever known are competing with one another, reckless, when their blood is up, of the consequences to themselves or anyone else, the risk of injury is inevitably great. Of this I had a piece of ocular evidence a few days ago when, in the Park, I encountered that undeniable first-flighter, Captain "Lulu" Fox-Trotter, hobbling painfully, with the aid of a stick, as the result of a nasty kick from a local Charlestoner at the Chickenham affair. Nor was he, he assured me, the only one of the London contingent to have suffered on that occasion, for, he told me, Lady Jessica Shylock, the dashing daughter of the Earl of Spitalfields, was laid up with severe contusions, sustained when her partner, Sir Gurth Hoggeskyn, crossed his legs on a more than usually bad bit of "going" and brought her down with him, to be—my informant averred—deliberately danced over by several other couples.

The redoubtable "Lulu" expressed himself very forcibly on the subject of the increasingly "jealous" dancing of "locals," who, he declared, make it their object to bring a stranger to grief and openly display their exultation when that is accomplished. There will, I am sure, be general endorsement of his opinion that the healthy rivalry of the dancing-floor is to-day being carried to an extent that is far beyond the limits of good sportsmanship.

ALTRUISTS OF THE RANK.

It seems only the other day that attention was drawn to the thoughtfulness of a taxi-driver in providing cigarettes and matches for his patrons, but already the idea has been so greatly developed that it is by no means unusual to find a taxi equipped not only with everything that a reasonable smoker might require, but also with toilet outfits for the use of both sexes, including complexion pigments in various tints, powder-puffs, lip-sticks, manicure sets, shoe-polishing materials, clothes-brushes and scent-sprays; and more than one belated reveller recently has had the good fortune to light upon a taxi in which, under a glass cover, was a plate of dainty sandwiches.

But perhaps the limit so far has been reached by the owner-driver whom I chanced to engage in the West End the other night. In addition to all the foregoing conveniences his cab was fitted with a rack containing the evening papers and the current illustrated weeklies, and also with a shelf on which were several useful books of reference and a few volumes of light fiction, among which I noted some of the works of Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT—a favourite author on the rank, the taximan assured me, when he explained that his object was to enable his clients to while away the tedium of being held up in the London traffic. He laughingly agreed with my suggestion that the one thing needed to complete the perfection of his vehicle was a little money to pay the fare.

"Herr Von Hoesch, the German Ambassador, handed yesterday to M. Berthelot a verbal note."—*Scots Paper.*

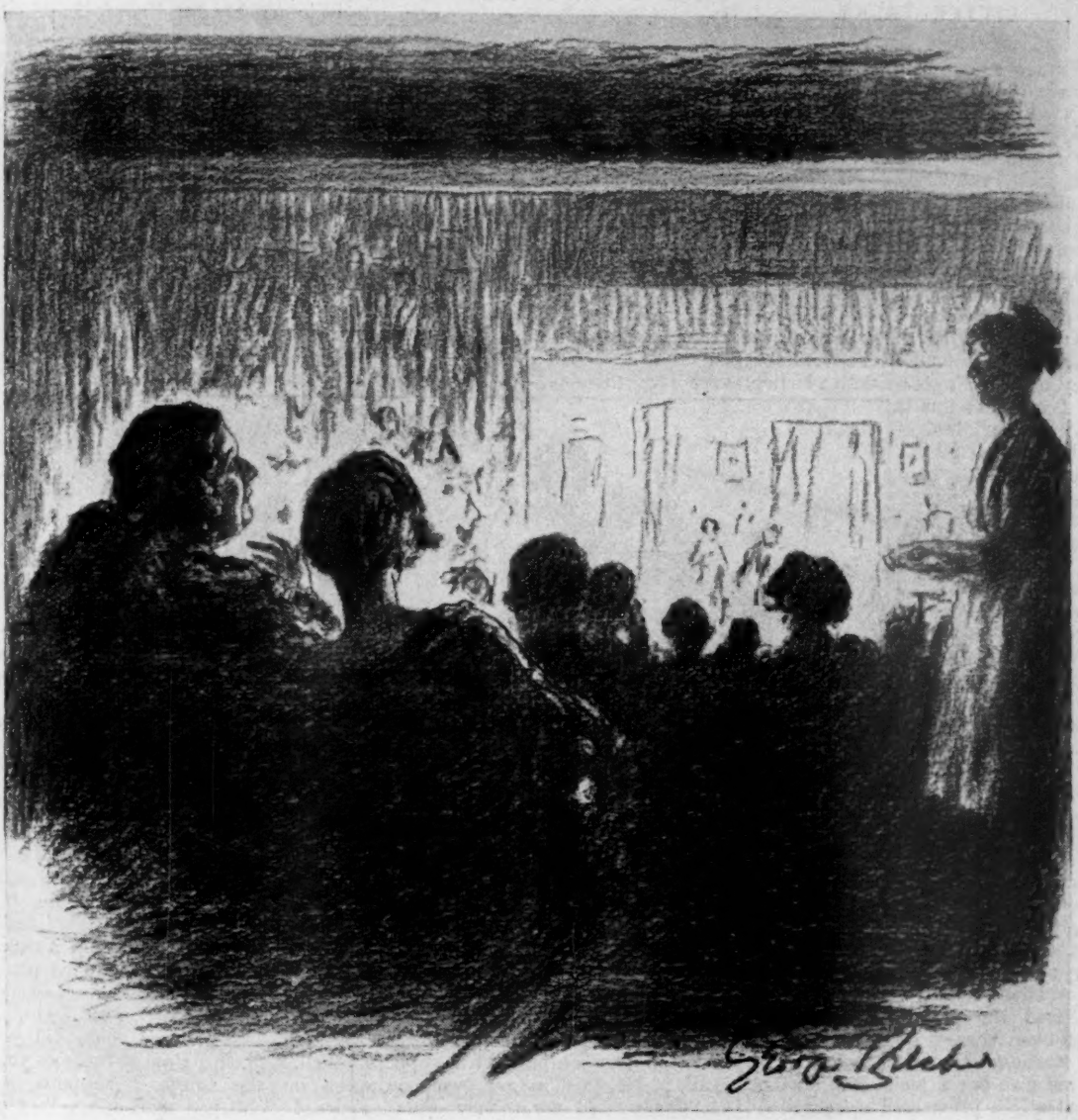
No doubt M. BERTHELOT listened between the lines.

"Another fish, netted in the Caribbean, resembled a bird more than a fish. 'It proved to be a leopard,' said Mr. Hedges."—*Indian Paper.*

This is how anglers get their bad name.

"Custom House officials are, as Biglow said of the poor, 'in a loomp bad.'"—*Daily Paper.*

But then *Biglow*, as *The Northern Farmer* observed, "didn't know everythin' down in Judee."



First Lady. "I CAN'T HEAR A WORD THEY SAY. CAN YOU?"
Second Lady. "NO, I CAN'T EITHER. BUT I DON'T MIND, I'M SO USED TO THE CINEMAS."

ELIZABETH IN LONDON.

Elizabeth went up to London to shop
In her lovely new hat that goes flippety-flop,
And nothing in London could possibly be
So smart and so full of importance as she.

Elizabeth spoke to the guard of the train;
He showed her his whistle, which hangs on a chain;
He waved his green flag before letting it drop,
But *he* hadn't a hat that goes flippety-flop.

Elizabeth saw a policeman in blue;
He'd spotless white sleeves and a pocket or two,
And he put up his hand for the buses to stop,
But *he* hadn't a hat that goes flippety-flop.

Elizabeth smiled at a soldier, who wore
A coat with brass buttons and medals galore;
He'd a big, shiny gun with a point at the top,
But *he* hadn't a hat that goes flippety-flop.

And somebody says that the KING told the QUEEN,
"My dear, have you heard the excitement there's been?
When Elizabeth came up to London to shop
She'd a lovely new hat that went flippety-flop!"

"Les forces britanniques, dans lesquelles sont incorporés la deuxième brigade des Gulf-Stream Guards partiront demain pour Changhai."—*French Paper.*

The inclusion of this famous corps should convince the Chinese of our desire to exert a moderating influence.

LITTLE TALKS.

THE PUBLIC CALL-BOX.

WELL, I suppose she's gone to sleep in there, that's all, dear. Some people don't *think*, do they? What's the time, dear? Seven already? They'll tear me to pieces when I get back. Well, I shall count ten and if she's not out of it by then I'll bang on the glass if I go to prison for it. One—two—three—four—five—— Oh, snakes! I can't wait any longer—there! Not so much as a look—didn't turn round even. Well, you see me give her a look when she does come out. Heavens! will she never stop talking? Nobody can't have all that to say, not if she's got off with a bishop, and I wouldn't put it past her—well, look at the hat, dear. *That's* no milk-and-water conversation, *I'll* swear. Actress, I dare say, and running off with a Member of Parliament—choosing a train to Brighton, I shouldn't wonder. Well, there's nothing against that if she don't keep respectable people spoiling their shoe-leather outside. Glory, she's done! You'll come inside, dear, won't you? I'm a born fool with the telephone. Well, would you believe it, she's begun again. "Farewell, Fortescue, and be sure to bring your dress-suit!" That's right, don't hurry; drop your bag, and powder your nose, and read the notices twice over, there's no one waiting. Here she comes. Now see me give her a look. No, Madam, not at all—a pleasure, I'm sure!

Well, here we are. Shut the door tight, dear. My dear, the scent! That woman washes in it. You put the pennies in, dear, and then I'll have a witness. I don't trust these things no farther than I can see them, and that's not far. Hullo? Hullo? 12856 Paddington. Well, I said it clear enough. 12856 Paddington. Got the pennies ready? Of course if he's not there I don't know what's going to happen. Hold my hand, dear, I'm all of a dither. Hullo? Quick, dear, put *two* pennies in and turn the handle. Yes, it *is* "One." Now the other. And that's Two. Hullo? Hullo? Is that Paddington 12856? Is that Mrs. Rigby's? Is that you, Fred? Hullo? Well, it's like this, Fred, I can't come out to-night, you see—— Hullo? I'm sorry, Fred, but Mrs. Mortimer's got a party, you see, and Mabel's got the whooping-cough or something. I told her about your sailing in the morning, but Mrs. Mortimer said—— Hullo? What's that? Isn't that Fred Mullins? Very sorry, Sir, I'm sure, but I thought you said you was. Well, what d' you think of that? Lord Barley, if you please. Hullo, Miss? Hullo? You give me the wrong number. Yes, I'm sorry too. 12856 Paddington it is, and don't put me on to the PRINCE OF WALES because I'm not dressed for it. My dear, pouring out my heart to a strange lord! I'm blushing all over. Spoke very civil too—— Hullo? It'll be WINSTON CHURCHILL next, I suppose. Hullo? No, I will *not* put two pennies in; you've had my money and you know it. Yes, I daresay. Hullo? Is that Mrs. Rigby's? Is Mr. Mullins there? Is that you, Fred? Fred? I say, Fred? I can't come out to-night, Fred. Yes, I know, but it's no good swearing, besides they'll charge extra. Well, you see, Mrs. Mortimer's got a party, and she says she can't let me go because Mabel's got the whooping-cough, you see. I told her you was going to sea in the morning, but she says she can't help that. Well, she's in her rights; I had last night, you see, and it isn't my night by rights. Hullo? Yes, I know it's a shame, but there you are, what must be must—— Hullo? No, it's no good, Fred. She's a good old soul, really she is, and I can't leave her with nobody. Still, I did want to see you, Fred. What time's your train, Fred? No; there's the washing-up, you see. I'd never do it, not by then. No, it's good-bye now, Fred, and there's no getting away from it. How are you, Fred? Are you looking nice? Are you wearing the blue tie I give you, Fred? I wish I could see you, Fred. Hullo? Yes, Fred, of course I love you, Fred, only I can't say much, not here, because Maud's here with me, you see. Hullo? I said OF COURSE I LOVE YOU—— What? Hullo? Three more minutes? Yes, of course we'll have three more minutes, what d' you think? Make it four. What? *Oh!* More money, is it? Quick, Maud, give this blood-sucker two more pennies! One—(you count beautiful, Miss)—Two. Thank you, Maud. Hullo? Hullo? Fred? Well, here we are again. What? Yes, Maud's here, I told you. Why? What's the matter with her? Well, of course, if you want to be as private as all that—— Maud, dear, Fred says how are you? and would you think it rude if he said something in private like? No offence, dear; you know what I mean——

Well, now you've done it, Fred; she's gone off in one of her tantrums and took my purse with her. Oh, well, I'm glad really; it *was* a bit awkward with her in my pocket. Maud doesn't like you much, Fred. Oh, you knew that, did you? Well, well, this time to-morrow you'll be on the briny, I suppose. Oh, dear! Will you send me a Wireless, Fred, if it don't cost too much—just "My love is like a red red rose, Fred," or something? Well, one word would do, if it's a good one—I'll know who it's from. What? Elevenpence a word? Oh, well, if I'm not worth elevenpence there's no more to be said, of course. Hullo? Will there be any girls on the ship, Fred? I'm glad of that, Fred. D'you know what Maud said this afternoon? She said she saw you at the pictures Friday with another girl. I said that would be your sister, Fred, but she said this girl had red hair. So I said your sister very often wore a red wig Fridays, because that's her day out. But Maud said this wasn't a wig, so then we had words. Who was she, Fred? No, I don't want to know, not



Lady to Connoisseur of Taste. "DO LOOK AT THE BEAUTIFUL BITS OF OLD CHINA I'VE HAD PRESENTED TO ME. I WANT YOU TO HELP ME ARRANGE THEM."

The Æsthete. "DON'T ARRANGE THEM, DEAR LADY; DON'T ARRANGE THEM. LET THEM OCCUR."



ANOTHER GLIMPSE OF THE OBVIOUS.

Obliging Steward. "YES, SIR, THAT 'S THE LIGHTHOUSE. YOU CAN SEE THE LIGHT QUITE PLAINLY NOW, SIR."

really; I was only teasing; only last night you did say I was the only one, didn't you? and I thought perhaps—— Hullo?

I see. It 's all right, Fred, it 's a free country, isn't it? You 've a perfect right to go to the pictures. No, I'm not crying, Fred—not so 's you 'd notice. Hullo? How long will you be gone, Fred? Six months? Oh, Fred, it 's a long time, isn't it? You will take care with them Australian girls, Fred? They 're an artful lot, I 've always heard, specially with sailors. Don't you have nothing to do with them, dear—you 've only got to say, "I 've blighted my troth to a girl called Kate," and then they 'll leave you alone, you see. Oh, well, I must be getting back, I suppose. I wish it was last night, Fred. You 'll think of me sometimes, Fred—think of me washing up the dinner-things and thinking of you, and I 'll think of you lashed to the mast and thinking of me, you see, and then something 's bound to happen.

Well, good-bye, Fred—you haven't said you love me yet. Go on, dear, what 's the matter with you? They won't charge anything. I don't believe you do, Fred. What about that ginger girl? "Golden," is it? Oh, well, I beg her pardon, I 'm sure. Well, I love *you*, Fred, and I don't care who 's listening. What 'll you do to-night, Fred, before the train goes? Go to the pictures, will you? Oh? Well, I wouldn't go to the pictures, Fred, if I were you, not to-night. I dunno. Well, I wouldn't like to think of you sitting at the pictures while I 'm washing up—not on your last night. I 'd rather think you was moping somewhere—all by yourself, Fred. Oh, dear, I did want to see you off, Fred. Well, never mind; what is six months when all 's said and done? You 'll be back soon, won't you? and then we 'll get married. Hullo? You *are* going to marry me, aren't you, Fred? Hullo? What? Three more minutes? Yes, of course. Hullo? Fred, you are going to marry me? Well, I haven't got two pennies. Can't you wait a minute? I say, Fred, Maud 's gone off with the purse and I 've no more coppers. You do love me, don't you, Fred? Hullo? Hullo? No, I haven't, and if you cut me off, young woman, I 'll tear your eyes out! Fred? Fred? Are you there, Fred? Good-bye, Fred! You *are* going to marry me, Fred .... Hullo?

Hullo?

Here, what 's the game? You 've cut me off. Hullo?

Fred? Are you there, Fred?

Fred?

Fred?

FRED?

* * * * *

Oh, dear .... A. P. H.

"HAND PRESSING.
By Experienced Tailors."
Notice in Tailor's Shop.

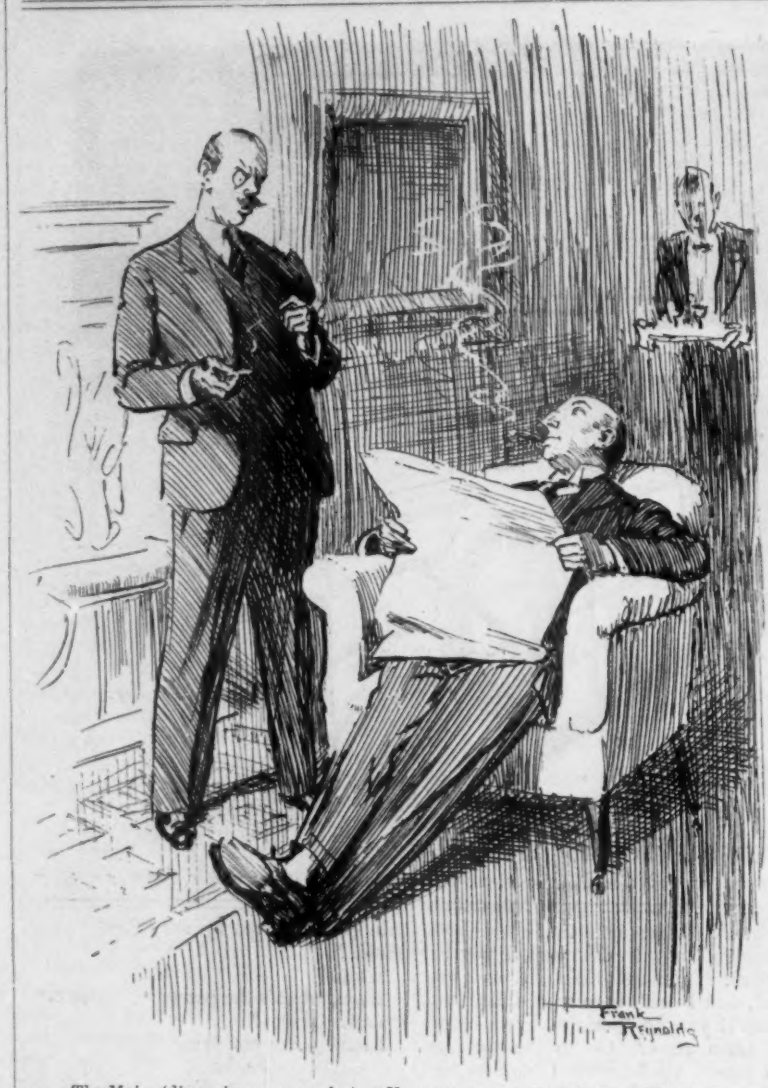
We call this a liberty.

"Banana yellows (plural because it represents the inside and outside of the fruit) will probably lead the pageant of colour."
Evening Paper.

Season's slogan for shopwalkers:—"Yes, Madam, we have both bananas."

"The reduction of the taxi-fares in Calcutta from eight to twelve annas a mile, which the Government of Bengal has just announced, is a much-needed reform and one which the taxi-drivers themselves will probably whole-heartedly welcome."—*Indian Paper.*

We think it very likely.



The Major (discussing new member). "VERY EXHAUSTING FELLOW. WHEN YOU ASK HIM HOW HE IS, HE *tells* YOU."

CHESS NEWS.

Momsk, near Nomsk, Siberia.

IN spite of many difficulties encountered on the way I was able to arrive here in time for one of the most important contests in the local tournament. No one who has not actually been present at one of these meetings can have any idea of the enthusiasm they create among the simple peasantry. There is none of that silent gloom that so many of us have learned to associate with chess. In the competition hall there is even a musicians' gallery, from which a band discourses incessantly upon the national guzlis and tam-tams. The noise is tremendous, and no competitor could possibly fall asleep even if he wished to.

The betting runs high, and after an important match a good deal of village vodka changes hands. The umpires have to be very alert, for I am sorry to record that unfair play is not unheard of. An umpire in one of the earlier rounds had considerable trouble with one of the players, a certain retired professor of legerdemain, but was quite unable to catch him *in flagrante delicto*. The unfortunate opponent had noticed things going wrong for some time before he made his complaint. Both his knights, for instance, suddenly vanished, their places being taken by pawns in part exchange. Whenever he tried to move his queen she returned immediately, apparently of her own volition, to her late square. After the fourth attempt he declared the board to be bewitched, and demanded that the professor be searched for the knights-errant. The umpire foolishly agreed to go through the professor's pockets, but merely lost his own watch and a book of soup-tickets.

This particular tournament was for the title of "Champion of Momsk and Nomsk," and with it a purse of thirteen thousand roubles (four-and-eightpence), the winner to have his prize specially printed and delivered in plain vans. The morning of the final was frosty but fine, and the board was in splendid condition, firm, clean and not too slippery.

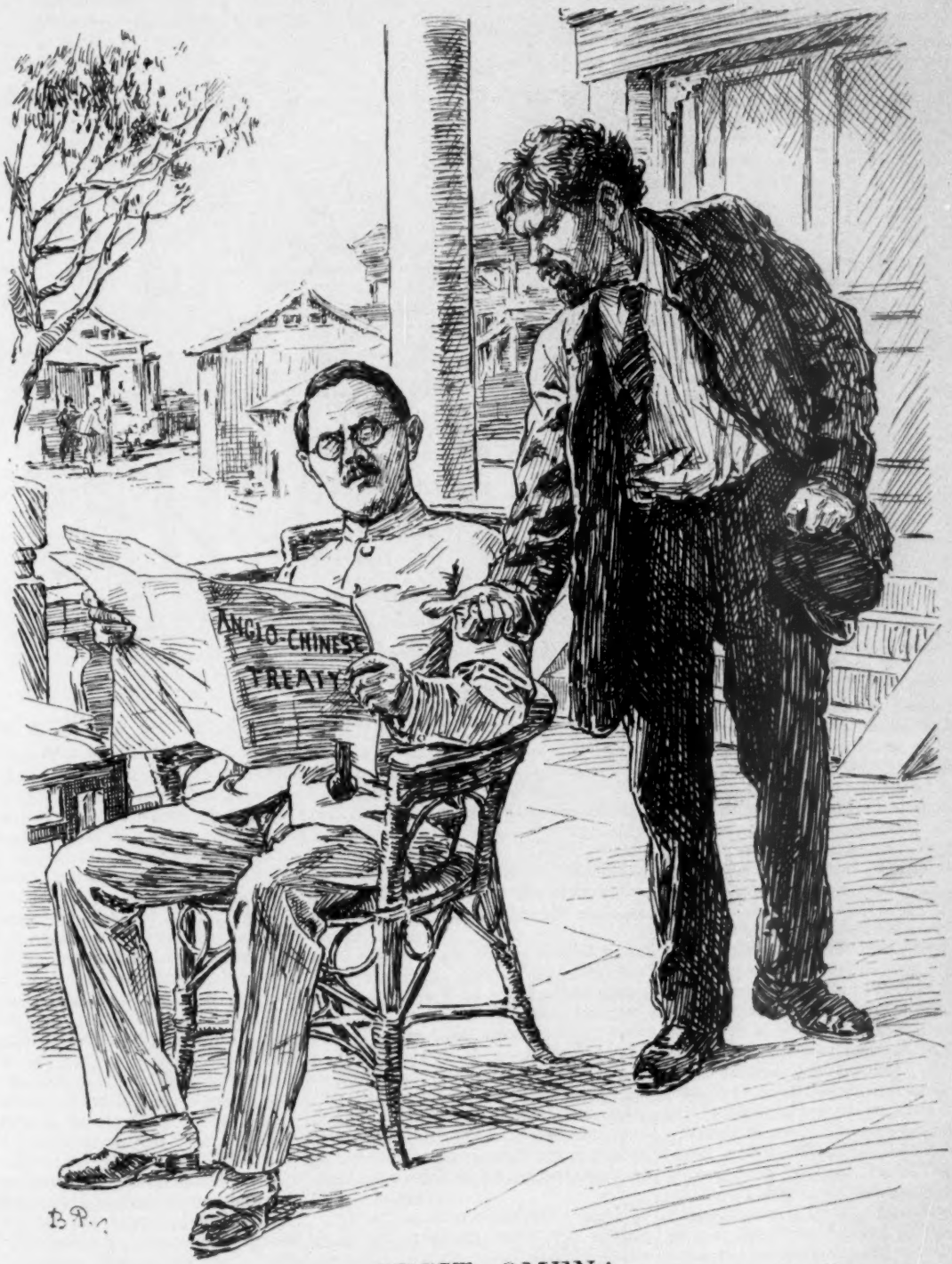
The holder, Tovaresh Tschoff (White), is a notorious believer in the Gambetta gambit, and opinion was divided as to whether, against a player of Gorbatovski's calibre, he would attempt to force the Casabianca sacrifice or the Rohjeventski *débâcle*. There was quite a sensation when it became evident that he intended to utilise the little-known Philidor's Passed Pawn opening.

By lunch-time the game was in full swing with two moves all and no casualties.

On resuming, Black immediately started to play the old-fashioned Giuoco piano, to which White countered with the lesser-known Gianni Schicchi. Then followed a tense spell of *riposte* and *remise*, which left the onlookers quite breathless.

As the excitement increased a posse of burly chess-protectors had to be summoned to prevent the crowd from breaking into the enclosure. Tempers were rising and some decided opinions were expressed. It was an ugly moment when White caught the cuff of his jacket against the corner of the board and shook it badly; he was lucky to escape with being bound over not to disturb the pieces for seven days or the duration of the game. Two occupants of the gallery were ejected, but the situation was soon in hand and the game continued.

Black at once delivered a strong attack with pawns, but White soon regained the initiative and slowly but surely worked himself into a commanding position. Keeping his objective well before him, he advanced in close column of castles with a knight on the exposed flank, and established such a marked superiority at the decisive point that Black realised that further resistance would be of no avail. In a fit of pique he rose from the table, swore in four dialects and threw the official alarm-clock at his opponent, who was leaning back in his arm-chair complacently listening to the guzlis. After a few minutes of indescribable disorder White was declared the winner on points, and I dashed to the local wireless station to transmit this exclusive despatch.



ABSIT OMEN!

BOLSHEVIST. "TEAR IT UP. IT'S ONLY A SCRAP OF PAPER."

MR. CHEN. "'SCRAP OF PAPER'? HAVEN'T I HEARD THAT EXPRESSION SOMEWHERE BEFORE?"



Chiron (giving the youthful Asclepius a lesson in medical science). "I AM SORRY, MY DEAR PUPIL, THAT, OWING TO MY PHYSICAL DISABILITIES, I AM UNABLE TO GIVE YOU A DEMONSTRATION OF A PERFECT BEDSIDE MANNER."

THE DECLINE OF EULOGY.

(By a Student of Social Jargon.)

In the Society column of a well-known London newspaper last week there appeared a paragraph of such remarkable, I might almost say apocalyptic and cataclysmic, import as to cause the most serene and equanimous of observers not merely to sit up but to stagger and exclaim, "What are we coming to?"

The paragraph in question referred to one of the *débutantes* of the forthcoming season, the daughter of a well-known and even famous house, and she was described as "a nice-looking girl." Not even pretty or handsome, beautiful or lovely, but simply "nice-looking." In the course of a long and faithful study of these announcements, extending over a period of nearly forty years, I have never encountered such a phrase before. The principle which has invariably guided the social paragraphist hitherto has been the chivalrous assumption that all women are beautiful and accomplished, all men good sportsmen, genial and popular. The advantages of this attitude are too obvious to call for defence or explanation. It promotes complacency and lubricates the whole social machine. If love makes the world go round, eulogy, like ball-bearings, ensures the smoothness of its rotation.

Unhappily other indications are not wanting to show that the reign of urbanity is likely to be succeeded by one of devastating candour. At present we have only reached the stage of disparaging euphemism, but the coming of a more strident personal note is only a question of months, possibly weeks. It needs little exercise of intelligent anticipation to forecast the appearance at any moment of paragraphs such as the following:—

"Lady Pamela Pinto, who is to be married at the Marylebone Registry Office next week, is a not unattractive girl, with somewhat irregular features, and a figure that, without being bad, certainly leaves a good deal to be desired.

"Lady Pamela is not wanting in industry, and her ambition, unhappily never gratified after several attempts to obtain a higher certificate at school, does more credit to her pertinacity than to her intellect.

"She is said to stand forty-ninth in order of merit amongst the ukulele players in Mayfair, and frankly avows her preference for light music, as opposed to classical. The posthumous quartets of BEETHOVEN, even when played by the Léner quartet, she pronounces to be 'perfectly putrid.'

Her *fiancé*, Mr. Sandy Gorwick, the eldest son and heir of Sir Parry Gorwick, Bart., was superannuated at Eton and left Cambridge without taking a degree, but is not unpopular with his friends in spite of his nickname, due to his receding chin, of 'The Village Idiot.' He is at present a salesman in the motor firm of Sprockett and Sparkler, and, though a little *gauche* in his manner, shows signs of improvement.

"It is an open secret that Lady Pamela would have preferred a wedding at St. George's, but Sir Parry Gorwick, who is averse from any needless expense or ostentation and has recently joined the I.L.P., insisted on the registry office. 'Marriage in church,' he remarked, 'is pure swank nowadays. It is flying in the face of the majority. Besides, champagne breakfasts are unwholesome and do not conduce to longevity.'"

"Lady Gorwick, it will be remembered, is the eldest and tallest of the three daughters of Sir Daniel Dumbleton, lately Mayor of Gotham, and their appearance at a Charity Ball, which he gave in his term of office, led to comparisons, in which she did not figure as *Cinderella*. Mellowed by age, however, she can no longer be described as repellent, and her recent adoption of the Eton crop has lent her an expression of mitigated asperity which, while it chills familiarity, has ceased to be petrifying."

THE PATIENCE COMPLEX.

MR. EDITOR, SIR,—A correspondent in a contemporary journal recently published some absorbingly interesting statistics of successes and failures recorded in various forms of the game of Patience. He was, he said, in the eventide of his life (or the autumn of his day—I forget which), he lived in the country, and a surfeit of reading was on all accounts undesirable.

Sir, this is a matter which should not be allowed to rest here. The congenial employment that such occupation offers to the speculative mind is equalled only by the beneficial effect it has in moulding the character; in, I may say, fitting us to face, in a stern school of perseverance, the ups and downs of our brief earthly span with a stoical resignation that few other pastimes can be calculated to foster in the same degree. In fact what I wish to say is this, Sir: It is my firm belief that there are in existence many persons with a highly-developed statistical complex, statisticians, one might say, from birth, totally unaware of this gift. They have failed to find themselves. To some it may not have occurred to try any of the forms of Patience; others may have attempted, but been baffled at the outset by their complexity. It is with the view, Sir, of introducing the former by easy stages to a natural outlet for their innate proclivities, and to spurring the latter to fresh endeavours, that I wish to publish an account of a few simple little experiments of my own, together with the statistics I have myself compiled. I have never, I may add, cared for reading, and no work of any kind has ever attracted me. I have accordingly devoted my life to the subject of this letter.

My first experiment was as follows: I dealt out a complete pack of cards face upwards and so as to form a straight line. (The floor will be found the most convenient place for this, few tables being of the requisite length.) I did this five thousand times, with, amongst others, the following results: Three times only all four knaves appeared consecutively; on the other hand, no fewer than four times all four 3's fell together! This is the more remarkable in view of the fact that there are exactly the same number of knaves and 3's in any one pack. Four queens only twice fell together, but (mark this) in two consecutive deals, while in the case of the knaves, which fell together four times (*vide supra*), the least number of deals dealt between any two of the occasions on which they did so was 972.

The mystery of this result is, if possible, exceeded by the startling revelation that, though, as we have seen, the ratio of the occurrences of four consecutive queens to those of four consecutive (hereafter written c. for the sake of brevity) 3's, stood at 2 to 4, equally expressible as $\frac{2}{4}$, or, in a more simplified form, as $\frac{1}{2}$; yet the ratio of the occurrences of three c. queens to that of three c. 3's, not reckoning the cases of the four c. queens and the four c. 3's, in which, as the reader will see, three c. queens and three c. 3's are, as a matter of arithmetical fact, included, actually stood at 23 to 13, or $\frac{23}{13}$ (these being also the actual figures, which were found on examination to be irreducible to simpler form), or, in other words, *only* $\frac{23}{13}$ (again unsimplifiable) *short of the exact converse of the ratio in the case of the four c. queens and four c. 3's.*



EXPECTANT NEUTRALITY.

Liberal Bat (SIR JOHN SIMON). "When Beast fights Bird Then Mum 's the word."

A brief perusal of these figures will reveal to the reader the copious and fascinating paths of research open to all who would explore them.

My second experiment was another seductive little study in statistics which I thought out for myself. Take any three cards at random from the pack. Many ways of doing this have from time to time been suggested, and the reader must not think that I condemn the other methods if I say that upon mature consideration I think the following offers the best mental exercise. Deal out seven rows of seven cards. This amounts in all to forty-nine cards. Now there are fifty-two cards in a pack. There should then, if careful attention has been paid to the rules, be three cards left in your hand. Very well. Now how often do these three cards lie in sequence, and how, numerically, do the occurrences of the several sequences, of which there are eleven distinct varieties, vary *inter se*? I shall not publish here the figures I obtained from the thousand trials I have given to this intriguing problem. I am candidly not satisfied with the results, and I shall give a reasonable time to my experiment before tabulating the figures arrived at. But I may mention *en passant* that of the ten-knave-queen and the ace-two-three sequences, each of which occurred six times, involving a total outlay of thirty-six cards, the suits appeared in the following numbers: Spades, nine; hearts, nine; diamonds, nine; clubs, nine. In other words, *in a chance collection of thirty-six cards the suits were equally divided!* In the sequence seven-eight-nine, on the other hand, not a single heart was to be seen. Moreover the sequence occurred only once.

I shall be very happy, Sir, to compare with my own figures those obtained by others, which will doubtless be revealed by letters in your pages for some time to come. May I add in conclusion that in my opinion your correspondence columns could hardly be devoted to a worthier object?

For good reasons I sign myself anonymously,

STAT.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"'All Gaul is divided into three parts,' says Virgil."—*Provincial Paper.*

But CÆSAR said it first.

"Unique Family House for Sale, main road; grand stand for medical man."

Advt. in Evening Paper.

We are all in favour of a medical man keeping an eye on the progress of the race.

"Nurse-Companion, fully trained, 15 years' experience, ladies and gentlemen, good lifter, would take influenza; temporary or permanent."—*Daily Paper.*

We will give her ours with pleasure, temporary or permanent.

"Schoolboys return to school in brighter and smarter clothes than in former years. More than one large school has abandoned the tradition of formal school dress, and some have even sanctioned the wearing of plus-fours and dinner-jackets."—*Provincial Paper.*

These, with pink-striped socks and a beret, complete a ravishing *tout ensemble*.



Mother. "WELL, REALLY, MICHAEL, THE FOG IS SO THICK I AM AFRAID WE MUST GIVE UP THE IDEA OF GOING TO THE ZOO."
Michael. "OH, *MOTHER*, WE SIMPLY *MUST* GO. I 'VE PUT IT DOWN IN MY DIARY THAT WE *WENT*."

SOME HOUNDS.

THE Pekinese, to keep him quiet,
Should have a soporific diet;
They say that gorgonzola cheese
Is fatal to a Pekinese.

The Griffon will be out to kill us
If we so much as breathe "Bacillus";
The word makes all the hair stand stiff on
The back of every loyal Griffon.

The Aberdeen, in quitting life,
Is sometimes said to leave his wife
A widow, which, from what I 've seen,
Is generous, for an Aberdeen.

The Terrier can never stand
Intruders on his master's land;
I've known a blameless boy-blackberrier
Fearfully mangled by a Terrier.

The Dachshound finds the noisy brawl
Intrigues him little, if at all;
The melodies of GRIEG and BACH sound
Much more attractive to the Dachshound.

The Sealyham will not refuse
To share your breakfast if you choose;
Yet, swallowed never so genteelly, ham
Does not agree with every Sealyham.

The Whippet, lucky little tyke,
Enjoyed himself throughout the strike;
Although the country felt the nip, it
Was most delightful for the Whippet.

The Mastiff, normally benignant,
Is rather rough when he 's indignant;
It 's best to run extremely fast if
Pursued by an indignant Mastiff.

Retrievers are a noble breed,
They 're very courteous indeed;
The vulgar game of spotting beavers
Was not indulged in by Retrievers.

The Cocker Spaniel, silly mug,
Is very like a woolly rug;
So rugs, when they emit uncanny yells,
Are usually Cocker Spaniels.

In a Good Cause.

For sixty-six years, in a little house in Marylebone that was built by GEORGE III. as a country lodge for his children, the Western Ophthalmic Hospital has been carrying on its brave work under very difficult and cramping conditions. Its operating theatre is about seven feet square, and its two wards, with eight beds in each, are no bigger than an average bedroom. It is without a penny of endowment.

And now the ceilings are falling down and the roof threatens to follow. To rebuild the Hospital and provide suitable accommodation and modern improvements in sanitation will cost £30,000. For the completion of this sum the Committee is making an urgent appeal.

Sympathy for the blind is instinctive and universal, and such an appeal from those whose work it is to prevent blindness—every year the Hospital treats twelve thousand cases—should meet with an eager response. The institution, it should be added, has always been conducted as a free hospital.

Mr. Punch begs that subscriptions may be sent to the Hon. Secretary, Western Ophthalmic Hospital, Marylebone Road, W.1.

"Agents Wanted to sell high-class nose direct at Manufacturers' prices; good commission."—*Bournemouth Paper.*

"This was the noblest Roman of them all."

From "Situations Vacant":—

"Girl, just leaving school, for boxing gent.'s ties."—*Daily Paper.*

Wouldn't a boxing gent.'s tie be a little loud for a young girl?



Visitor. "WHO'S YOUR LITTLE FRIEND?"
Native. "HUSH! HE HUNTS FROM TOWN. DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT HIM, BUT WE THINK HE'S THE CAT BURGLAR."

POETICAL CALENDAR FOR FEBRUARY, 1927.

SELECTED BY MYSELF.

I AM tired of seeing these things all over the place. None of the quotations in them appear to me to have any point at all. So I have just made up one of my own. If you can get any good or comfort for your soul out of it, you are welcome.

February 1.
You must not come again
Because you were away from here too long. *Catherine Kirsopp.*

February 2.
I said I must go
Because my silkworms were hungry.
Chinese Song.

February 3.
Ed is a fruit.
The tree he comes from
Did not grow on this continent
But was transplanted.
Eugene Jolas.

February 4.
When I was almost forty
I had a daughter whose name was Golden Bells.
* * * * *
If I am spared the grief of her dying young,
Then I shall have the trouble of getting her married.
My plan for retiring and going back to the hills
Must now be postponed for fifteen years. *Po Chu-i.*

February 5.
Four ducks on a pond
A grass bank beyond.
W. Allingham.

February 6.
Continually fuddled with drink,
I fail to satisfy the appetites of the soul;
But, seeing all men behaving like drunkards,
How can I alone remain sober?
Wang Chi.

February 7.
A learned man is a tank; a wise man is a spring. *Alger.*

February 8.
Sent as a present from Annam
A pink cockatoo,
Coloured like the peach-tree blossom,
Speaking with the speech of men;
And they did to it what is always done
To the learned and eloquent:
They took a cage with stout bars
And shut it up inside. *Po Chu-i.*

February 9.
Every blackbeetle is dear to its mamma. *Spanish Proverb.*

February 10.
Long ago to a white-haired gentleman
You made the present of a black gauze hat.
The gauze hat still sits on my head;
But you already are gone to the Nether Springs. *Po Chu-i.*

February 11.
In grey pants now I sit uncoated,
Having lunched and drunk and said
Good morning to the landlord and his wife. *Ernest Walsh.*

February 12.
If you have two loaves sell one and buy a lily. *Chinese Proverb.*

February 13.
No longer I follow a sound,
No longer a dream I pursue;
O happiness not to be found!
Unattainable treasure, adieu!
William Cowper.

February 14.
I was brought up under the stone castle;

My window opened on to the castle tower.
In the castle were beautiful young men
Who waved to me as they went in and out. *Tsang Chih.*

February 15.
Nearly all of it to be as a wife has a cow, a love story.
All of it to be as a wife has a cow, all of it to be as a wife has a cow, a love story. *Gertrude Stein.*

February 16.
Families, when a child is born,
Want it to be intelligent.
I, through intelligence
Having wrecked my whole life,
Only hope the baby will prove
Ignorant and stupid. *Su Tung-po.*

February 17.
Purr when you are pleased.
Mrs. Gatty.

February 18.
You cannot prevent the birds of sadness from flying over your head, but you can prevent them from building nests in your hair.
Chinese Proverb.

February 19.
Ha! *Shakespeare.*

February 20.
"Tell me now, what should a man want
But to sit alone, sipping his cup of wine?"
I should like to have visitors come and discuss philosophy,
And not to have the tax-collector coming to collect taxes.
Wang Chi.

February 21.
The bell rings, the key clicks, the door swings open,
And the lodge porter scans my face.
"Good-night!"
"Good-night, Sir." The door clashes, and he turns
Again to his evening paper in his box.
Wilfred Gibson.

February 22.
I went out with the melon-cart
And just as I was coming home
The melon-cart turned over;
The people who came to help me were few,
But the people who ate the melons were many. *Anon (Chinese).*

February 23.
Stand still in the sunshine.
George Fox.

February 24.
Business men boast of their skill and cunning.



Mistress (to prospective parlourmaid). "I SUPPOSE YOU CAN WAIT AT TABLE?"
P.P. "I CAN; BUT I'M NOT KEEN ON IT."

But in philosophy they are like little children;
What should they know of the Master of Dark Truth
Who saw the wide world in a jade cup? *Chien Tzŭ-ang.*

February 25.
Wait . . . Wait . . . Blow . . .
Blow . . . *Mabel Simpson.*

February 26.
After lunch—one short nap;
On waking up—two cups of tea.
Po Chu-i.

February 27.
I received from a friend
a letter where
was a portrait of yours
cut from a paper;
and was kinda nostalgic
the way a man would be
who'd left a barrel of rotting apples uneaten. *Emanuel Carnevalli.*

February 28.
In the eastern quarter dawn breaks.
Anon (Chinese).

That ought to do for February.
EVOE.

"—— MARSHES.
Trespassers Prosecuted with Gun or Dog."
Notice in Irish Paper.

Much more likely to prove deterrent than the usual, "With all the rigour of the law."

"Colonel Lawrence, usually described as the 'Uncrowned King of Arabia,' is at present a banker in the Air Force."—*Indian Paper.*

There should be a lot of overdraft up there.

"Apart from certain conventions which I shall deal with later, the unbridgeable gulf which separates English and American bridge was the adoption by the latter country of Majority Calling, in 1916."—*Evening Paper.*

And not, as you might suppose, the Atlantic.

AT THE PLAY.

"TUPPENCE COLOURED" (PRINCE OF WALES).

"'HELL!' said the Countess, who had hitherto taken no part in the conversation." This famous opening of an amateur novel was recalled to us by the language of that tough old cynic, *Henrietta, Countess of Channock*, who serves no particular purpose in the play except to explain to us how her daughter *Susan's* marriage with *Simeon Marvill*, millionaire, came to be "arranged" for her twenty years before the curtain goes up. During this period *Susan* had suffered with marked forbearance her husband's periodical deviations from the path of virtue. The taking-on of each new mistress had been signalised—with a curious lack of invention—by the gift of a diamond bracelet to his injured wife. She had now accumulated ten of these tokens of infidelity. Apart from the circumstances in which they were given, they were not to her taste, and anyhow she could not wear the whole series, even at those public dinners where it has become the unauthorised habit, in the absence of Royalty, to require "decorations" to be worn.

All this we learned from a detailed life-story that *Susan* recites in the First Act. Some of it, being old ground to the husband, was meant for our benefit; but much of it was news to him, revealing as it did his wife's penetration of facts that he imagined to be concealed from her. These revelations were prompted by her recognition of mistress No. 11 in the person of her "best friend," *Maud Kendicott*, whom she had encountered on a visit to her husband at a suspiciously late hour of the evening. The object of this visit, which had entailed some rather protracted dialogue, had been to get money out of her lover. Greatly shocked at her indiscretion in coming alone at such an hour, he had himself committed a worse one in putting his name to a fat cheque for her use. He was careful not to cross it, but clearly it would have to be cashed somewhere.

And now, at the eleventh time of asking, the worm turns and divorces him. After a year, during which *Susan* has travelled abroad, *Simeon* has a fancy, not very comprehensible, for retrieving her, and sends her a letter to this effect. Content with her freedom and happy in the novel experience of being poor, she returns it with the inscription, "Opened by mistake." Scarcely has she composed this meaningless remark when she runs straight into what threatens to be an old stage stunt—the Maternal Sacrifice. Her boy *John*, happily engaged, in his Oxford prime, to an heiress, enters to announce that it is off. His father, it seems, has arranged to reduce her father to financial pulp. (How familiar, outside actual life, these deadly vendettas of the Stock Exchange!) To avert this calamity from her darling's head the noble mother will return to her husband. Dumbly I awaited the worst.



A BULL OF THE LOVE MARKET.
Maud Kendicott . . . . . MISS SYLVIA LESLIE.
Sir Simeon Marvill . . MR. NORMAN MCKINNEL.
Lady Susan Marvill . . MISS MARIE LOHR.

But I was spared it. Attired in a glorious robe of sacrifice (a little surprising, perhaps, after she had assured us that she was in the habit, under stress of poverty, of frequenting the bargain-counter for half-yards of ribbon), she so stirred the remnants of *Simeon's* passion that, having let off a gratuitous tirade in the authentic MCKINNEL manner against his son for deserting him, he consents to overlook this offence, to take him into business and to forgo his lifelong purpose of pulverising the *fiancée's* father. For the first time in a career of devastating success he admits himself beaten. But this admission does not get him back his *Susan*. At an earlier stage of the interview he had made the gross error of asking her to be his mistress (No. 12); and she lightly bids him a final farewell.

This, which was much the best moment in the play, may well be its ruin. For the British public, dearly as it loves to see tyranny confounded, loves still more dearly to see things rounded off with a reconciliation. It insists that an estranged couple, however incompatible their temperaments, should kiss again with tears or, better still, without. And, even if it had been content to let this pair off, there was another lapse from tradition which made me nervous about the play's prospects. The audience had been done out of its due allowance of ingenuous romance, having never been permitted to set eyes upon the fascinating girl of *John's* choice. A very daring licence on the part of the author.

Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL as *Simeon* was very much at home with himself. His confidence, which he made us share, was proved by many signs and notably by his command of the rare art of keeping still. He may not have had the right air of a philanderer, but then you wouldn't expect this in a man who was convinced that everybody was for sale. In this view he persisted, taking no notice, till it was too late, of the author's memorable *cliché* that "there were some things you cannot buy."

Miss MARIE LOHR as *Susan*, in a wavy shingle that did not become her any too well, was very good in her bantering mood and on her less resonant notes. Miss SYLVIA LESLIE (*Maud Kendicott*) played intelligently, but did not quite impose her quality of mercenary siren. Mr. ANTHONY BUSHELL as *John* gave an impression of sincerity which was enforced by a certain natural *gaucherie* proper to adolescence at Oxford. Miss CLARE HARRIS, the swearing *Countess*, struck a newish note. She had a fresh and engaging way of saying rude things to you, and then some more rude things about you to herself. One is accustomed to people on the stage who talk aloud—as they do here—about somebody else who is present, but it is unusual to hear this done in the form of soliloquy. Her statement at the end that her inhuman cynicism was only a protective bluff designed to conceal a sentimental nature would have disillusioned me if I had believed her, which I didn't.

The manner of the play—well acted with one exception—was perhaps better than its matter, which left me indifferent

as to the issue. I confess to having been concerned for *John* and his invisible flapper, but for the rest I didn't care tuppence, plain or coloured, about what happened to anybody.

I gathered, by the way, that the title of plain "Mr. EDWARD WILBRAHAM'S" comedy was supposed to apply to the tawdry colouring of life in the Marvill *ménage*. As an estimate of the value of the play, "tuppence" would have been too modest. I myself would have given more for it. I would have given 2½d.

O. S.

"GIVE AND TAKE" (GLOBE).

Mr. AARON HOFFMAN'S idea of extracting fun out of the dismal science which has caused so much suffering and boredom is praiseworthy and promising. There is a wonderful jargon to make play with; there are well-defined stock types with legs ready to be pulled for our entertainment—the bull-headed diehard, the sentimental New Jerusalemist, the parrot agitator. And one might be disposed to enjoy the experience of looking at this important corner of life through pleasantly-tinted glasses instead of through the bitter and dark veil of political passion or private apprehension. And for a little while we were all inclined to think that Mr. HOFFMAN was going to make his tricks. But I am afraid he played his cards badly enough to lose the odd.

John Bauer, the bullet-headed, has a fruit-canning factory sufficiently prosperous (to our growing surprise) to give his name to the township that has grown up around it—Bauerville, in I know not which of those United States. Thirty years of his life have gone to the making of it. He has successfully fought the villain Trust; his workmen all own "flivvers"; there has never been a strike. And now, just as the Trust is making an extra-special effort to squeeze him, and he can't meet a bill of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars held by his banker, who is in the pay of the Trust, his young ass of a son, fresh from a course of neo-economics at college, gets busy preaching the latest doctrine of Industrial Democracy in secret meetings with the men. These duly elect, of all people, *Bauer's* trusted friend and foreman, his "old reliable" *Albert*, to be their spokesman, demanding, under threat of a lightning strike, the new constitution which is to make of them not mere downtrodden, flivver-driving, cinema-haunting wage-slaves, but independent co-operators and partners in a self-governing industrial democracy.



"GIVE AND TAKE."

Daniel Drum . . . . . MR. SEBASTIAN SMITH.
John Bauer . . . . . MR. HARRY GREEN.

We of the so-called comfortable classes were not surprised that these enlightened operatives were promptly converted by the entirely ineffectual *Bauer, junior*, and chose as their representative a congenital idiot like *Albert*, and we warmly approved of old *Bauer* barking out his passionate opinions on the deficiencies of working men in general and drawing a pathetic contrast between the sorrows of the hard-driven capitalist, burning the midnight bulb, never knowing where the next hundred-thousand dollars are to come from, and the cushioned ease of the well-paid operative, leisurely stuffing fruit into cans and barging off to the pictures the instant the whistle blows. One lady in the pit indeed could not refrain from uttering loud cries of "Bravo!" when the apologia-philippic was at its height.

Naturally we all felt a little let down when we learned that the whole of the half-witted workmen had themselves voted out of their own pockets the money required to save the Industrial Democracy from disaster and were going to pay their own wages during the ticklish fortnight in which *Bauer* was scouring the continent, buying up all the fruit he could see on the promise of a long contract made with him by an escaped lunatic. Was it possible that Mr. HOFFMAN was on the side of the Bolshevists after all?

To do him justice he was not. The Cannery was as little likely to make a profit or fight a trust under the wooden-headed *Albert* and the pudding-headed *Bauer, junior*, as under the bullet-headed *Bauer, senior*. The author, in fact, held the scales evenly, however little he had put into each. So far so good.



A LUNATIC AT LARGE.

Thomas Craig . . . . . MR. FRANK PETLEY.
Albert Kruger . . . . . MR. EDWARD DE TISNE.

What then was amiss? Nothing certainly with Mr. HARRY GREEN as the tyrannical capitalist. Mr. GREEN has already won the suffrages of our London audiences in a former visit. He is a resourceful comedian who can pass readily from laughter to tears, from passionate pseudo-seriousness to business with a hammer or a billy-cock hat. Mr. DE TISNE, as the rabbit-brained *Albert*, did indeed so disastrously over-play his part as to rob the business of any decent pretence to such plausibility as even a farce demands. Mr. LEONARD UPTON struggled not too hopefully with the unsatisfactory young *Bauer*. Mr. SEBASTIAN SMITH, a very British type of American banker, made something of the cadging *Daniel Drum*. Mr. FRANK PETLEY offered us a vigorous lunatic (who of course was not an authentic

lunatic, but the victim of his family, which, being of New York State, took the only possible view of a man who gave money away—this is Mr. HOFFMAN'S idea, not mine). Miss DOROTHY SEACOMBE did all that was necessary as the secretary of the proprietor, carefully omitting any suggestion that she ever did any work beyond opening the safe.

The production was of the kind to satisfy grown-up children. The wheels really went round, the whistle really blew (how it blew!). Everybody was tremendously frightened by the lunatic. The jokes, good enough in themselves, were repeated again and again—to the dismay of the perceptive.

The applause at the end, which was generous, was, I imagine, meant as a tribute, not undeserved, to Mr. HARRY GREEN'S personal triumph as a comedian.

The farce-comedy itself was a very ingenuous affair and, slowly robbing itself of its healthy promise, committed *felo de se* in the last fatal Act. T.

"TWELVE MILES OUT" (STRAND).

At the end of the First Act I came to the gratifying conclusion that Mr. WILLIAM ANTHONY MCGUIRE thoroughly knew his job—an opinion I had regretful occasion to modify later. He had wearied us just a little with the presentation in much detail of a Long Island domestic interior, the living-room of Lawyer *Burton*, a smug prig and petty tyrant of the most dismaying kind. We see his charming little wife, *Jane*, fading away to dulness, with not a sale or a picture-house in range, sedulously cooking pie and fetching slippers for her master, vainly pleading for her prodigal brother, who has just turned up from New York, that he be given some sort of welcome, however much his standards fall below that of the paragon she has so unfortunately married and so tolerantly and faithfully serves. When lo! a sinister knock upon the window-pane and enter a bootlegger, armed *proper*, handsome, debonair in a Bowery way, and two associates, who proceed to dump cases of authentic British whisky on the floor of the sitting-room. A Revenue cutter is prowling up and down near the creek, the contraband must be dumped in temporary safety. Of course, if it 's found by the inquisitive Revenue men, "well, then we 're all in it, aren't we?"

Meanwhile the prodigal brother, overcome by the sight of so much hooch, broaches a case, reels into the room and out into the night. A shot, or a burst tyre, as *Burton* prefers to think; another knock—and the youngster stumbles in with a bullet in his lung. A third knock. The Revenue officers? Not at all. A gigantic hairy desperado, a hi-jacker or liquor pirate, whose living is made by stealing the cargoes of the comparatively honourable bootleggers. Corpses of young ne'er-do-wells trouble him little, but he thinks it advisable to take with him, besides the cargo, the five witnesses to the murder, not before having appraised the comely *Jane* with a once-aboard-the-lugger eye. Unquestionably the furious pace of the last few minutes of this Act is heightened by the dull domesticity of the preceding many.

Next we see the cabin of *The Green Parrot*, the prisoners duly bestowed under guard, and the play suffers a sea-change for the worse. The young wife has a cupboard of her own, to make easier the sinister designs of *Hi-jack McCue*, who, however, will not take an unwilling mate and attempts a rough wooing. Follows a fight between the Hi-jack and the Bootlegger; the lawyer, stupefied by all this lawlessness and, temporarily, the most painful of all the maladies known to man, cuts a poor figure. The young wife recognises her destined mate. The mascot parrot laughs "Ha! ha! ha!" from her cage. The pirate, drawing a knife, is disarmed and badly punctured. It sounds all right certainly.

The victor, who has fought this hand to save the lovely *Jane* and has been promised his reward, clatters up to the deck. His roars of cynical laughter are to express his appreciation of how sold she will feel when she realises that he will not claim her. For he is madly in love and madly jealous, and, having seen the poor child fluttering in the strong arms of Blackbeard, naturally assumes the worst.

It only remains for us to ascend to the deck—a scene on which stage-carpenter and electrician had expended all their art to create a most successful illusion of a vessel in a mist, first becalmed, then rocking as the wind rises and the mist promises to lift for the inevitable approach of the rescuing Revenue men.

What is curious is that, with all this uproar and blood and passion, we most of us remained profoundly unmoved. The fact is, that the author forgot that the chief rule in this *genre* is to "get on with it," to avoid giving us time to think and to ask questions, such as what did the pirate hope to gain by carrying his witnesses away, unless he was going to dump them into the sea? Better surely to shoot them out of hand in Act I. The situation was too impossible to be accepted by the critical, and to that rather than any failure of the players was due the relative lack of success of a play which was much better in its parts than as a whole.

Mr. LYN HARDING always contrives to make a character unlike himself or any of his former well-remembered rogues or heroes. *Hi-jack McCue* was a personage. Mr. ION SWINLEY as the bootlegger rose to the, for him, rare opportunity of a rollicking part, and used his fine voice and his technical skill to produce a sound effect. Mr. DENYS BLAKELOCK gave us an admirably outlined study of the unsatisfactory brother; Miss RHY DARBY was so easy and assured and varied in the first Act that I feel her inability to make us distressed about her dreadful fate was due rather to the unplausibility of the situation than to lack of skill. Mr. MILTON ROSMER played the abject *Burton* with his finished technique right against the sympathies of the house.

Twelve Miles Out is marred by its frequent touches of the sham-sinister, and it is interesting to contrast its relative powerlessness to thrill, for all its elaborate apparatus of tragedy, with the apparently light-hearted *Broadway*, which presents so much more plausible a picture of the new lawlessness in God's own country. T.

THE CHARLESTON LIMIT.

["What is it about the Charleston that has laid hold of everyone? The lawyer does it in the privacy of his sanctum, the commissionaire does it by the hall fire, and the grocer's assistant shuffles enthusiastically all the time he is doing up our pound of tea."—*Daily Paper.*]

I CONSIDERED it amusing
When my banker (as I saw)
Shuffled slightly when refusing
My request to overdraw,
And policemen, with seraphic
Smiles, begin to dip and sway
While encouraging the traffic
On its gyroscopic way.

In the Tube I smiled serenely,
Though my ankle bore the scar,
When some novice all too keenly
Charlestoned further down the car;
And the knock-kneed corybantic
Waiter I forbore to slap
When some syncopated antic
Shot the gravy in my lap.

But I *do* desire suppression
Of these capers of a coon
Since my dentist fixed a session
For to-morrow afternoon;
It will render life too thrilling
If the current craze he has,
And the manner of his drilling
Shows the influence of jazz.

"Picture books and story books at greatly reduced prices, to clear. Many of them would make admirable presents, and the opportunity now offers of obtaining 'books for the cairn' at nominal prices."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

It sounds like a burnt-offering.



MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.

XXXV.—SIR GERALD DU MAURIER.

L'ARTISTE du "Punch," feu DU MAURIER,
Moissonnait un beau tas de lauriers;
Et, de nos jours, son fils
Dans les rangs de Thespis
S'est établi au front, et encore y est.



Young Man. "I SAY, WAITAH! WE 'LL START WITH SOME VITTORIO SPINOSI."
Waiter. "ESCUSE—ZAT EES NOT TO EAT. EET EES ZE NAME OF ZE PATRON."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IF I were Mr. STEPHEN MCKENNA I should take it for granted that every reader of the second volume of my trilogy had a working acquaintance with the first. If this were too much to postulate, I should provide a synopsis of arrears for the uninitiated and forgetful. But I should not devote to reminiscence anything like the space that *The Secretary of State* (BUTTERWORTH) allots to recollections of *Saviours of Society;* though I must admit that, once the new book gets going, it develops the destinies of its principal characters with effect and economy. *Ambrose Sheridan,* Press magnate, is now *Lord Sheridan,* Colonial Secretary. His infatuated wife has pretended to give him cause to divorce her, and the youthful *Auriol Otway* is *Auriol Sheridan. Auriol's* faithful *Max Hendry* is prospering in nitrates on the Chilian coast. Here he is visited (chiefly in the interests of the uninitiated and forgetful) by the late *Mrs. Sheridan, Laura Rushforth. Sheridan's* second marriage is discussed, and *Laura* impresses *Max* with their mutual duty to do nothing to compromise its chances. Promotion and leave for *Max* give point to this apparently superfluous caution. He returns to England and renews relations with *Auriol.* In treating these and the psychology of the two young people—remoulded under the respective stresses of sharing a great career and engineering a modest one—Mr. MCKENNA excels himself. He is not so happy, I feel, in handling the political and conjugal *Sheridan.* Cabinet intrigue is insinuated *passim,* but the most fortunate of the novel's social disquisitions are those on economic readjustments in *Max's* circle. As for *Sheridan's* domestic habits, as represented on the jacket and within it, they struck me as a particularly crude concession to a juvenile notion of impropriety.

Both Mr. IVOR BROWN and his colleagues appear to stand in some awe of Mr. IVOR BROWN. "This granite-minded writer," says Mr. JAMES AGATE; "a stiff-necked breed are we Caledonians," says the granite-minded writer himself. Certainly there are passages of granite—passages as solid and aspiring as Ben Nevis itself—in *Masques and Phases* (COBDEN-SANDERSON). There are also, and these are more frequent, the lowland gambols of a critical lamb. Mr. AGATE, who supplies a preface to both, admires the lamb. He explains the gambols as the mask behind which Mr. BROWN conceals his contempt for the West End theatre. If it were not for that "imbecile phantasmagoria" we should probably have fewer gambols and more granite. This would disappoint Mr. AGATE, who reproduces a series of representative curvets in his preface and credits Mr. BROWN's title-page with a revival of the pun. It would not disappoint me, because I prefer the dour Scot at his dourest. I like to see him wrestling starkly with such men as HARDY and PIRANDELLO or such "grievous actualities" as "Our Little Impuritans" and the effect of a Public School education on middle-class taste. I admire his impartial princely way of beating down the brawling swords of literary *Capulets* and *Montagues*—the Georgic and anti-Georgic schools, for example, as represented by Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON and Mr. BERNARD GILBERT. I appreciate his tenacity of principle, his refusal to be hustled by fashion. Crowds cannot induce him to fawn on *St. Joan* or coteries make him look favourably on "period pieces." He has the rare and

admirable art of making a *via media* interesting—an art which, to my mind, needs no extenuation and can make shift without comic relief.

Jade Mountain is the pretty name
Of this new yarn that's just been spun
By EDITH WHERRY, and the same
Has come to hand from HUTCHINSON;
The scene is China (now I can't
Deny the call of the East—can you?);
The hero is *Richard Olliphant*;
The heroine maid is fair *Pao-Chu*,

Whose English mother, *Lydia Ward*,
Whose Chinese sire, *Prince Ling Feng Chih*,
Have not been wed, a fact ignored
By youthful *Michael Moran*; he
Loves *Lydia*, though her youth is past,
While *Richard* worships the rosebud maid;
Ling, craftily kidnapping all the cast,
Conveys the lot to the Hill of Jade.

There *Richard* in a vision sees—
And tells, for half the book or so—
How, as Celestial grandees,
They all have lived long years ago.
Last, *Ling* and *Michael*, clinched to kill,
Fall fatally down a mountain place,
Where *Lydia* follows them (just like *Jill*),
While *Richard* and little *Pao-Chu* embrace.

The curtain, please! The play is done;
The critic to his verdict gets;
He's found it long and lacking fun,
Its players merely marionettes;
A pity this; Miss WHERRY's store
Of Eastern artistry ought to win;
Yet how can her critic but deplore
Her choice of a stuff to garb it in?

The worst that could ever be said of the late Mr. HAROLD SPENDER's journalistic and literary work was that it had the defects of great qualities. The book he wrote last, *The Fire of Life* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), is not so much an autobiography as a series of comments on men and movements of the writer's day and generation, illustrated by references to his own contact with them. Living all his years as vividly as he did, he tended naturally to think and write in superlatives, and was perhaps just a little too prone to over-rate his own personal influence on affairs of the moment; but in reading this volume one cannot fail to realise that such foibles were no more than the natural and lovable idiosyncrasies of one in whom youth persistently refused to pass into middle age. Every chapter has the same unaffected freshness and enthusiasm, all the issues discussed being clear-cut in terms of absolute right or wrong, all the characters sketched in phrases of unhesitating certainty. Such writing has a charm of its own, whether the author recalls the days of East End "Settlements" under Canon BARNETT, or fights over again the Budget campaign of 1909-10, or looks for future world-peace to the League of Nations. The charm is still there when he tells of his interviews with Lord CROMER in Egypt, for instance, even though he cannot refrain from suggesting that no journalist but himself quite succeeded in unsealing the lips of that taciturn statesman; or when he portrays MICHAEL DAVITT, with himself in the picture as the only "Saxon" that pugnacious Celt did not abominate. The cumulative effect of these chapters is not only to indicate a very wide range of personal friendships and living interests, but even more to drive home the conviction that the writer, like the rest of us, passed through years that were uncommonly momentous in the making of world history.



INSIDE INFORMATION.

The Doctor. "YOU 'VE GOT TONSILITIS."
The Famous Author. "HAVE I, DOCTOR? WELL, THAT 'LL COME IN USEFUL FOR MY NEXT NOVEL."

Something like a year ago we gave a cordial welcome to *The Town of Cambridge*, an admirable guide-book for those

who might wish to find their way about the sights of the old university town. Now we have equal pleasure in applauding its logical successor, which Mr. ARTHUR GRAY, Master of Jesus College, calls simply *Cambridge University* (HEFFER). It is true that the bulk of the book has appeared before under another name, but this earlier issue has been now for some time out of print, and even those who already possess *Cambridge and Its Story* may be glad to replace it with this handsome volume. As an Episodical History—so called by the Master—it makes a really entrancing book for all Cambridge men who have kindly memories (and who has not?) of their old university. Beginning with a chapter on "The Wandering Scholars," the author takes us through the days of Lancastrian Cambridge to ERASMUS and the Reformation. After the theologian and reformer come the poets; and we have in turn pictures of Cambridge in the days of SPENSER, MILTON, GRAY, COLERIDGE, WORDSWORTH and finally TENNYSON, with an interlude treating of those great sons of Trinity, NEWTON and BENTLEY. By way of epilogue we have a chapter on Cambridge since the War. It is all very fascinating reading, and the illustrations (mostly from old prints by ACKERMANN and LE KEUX) are excellent.

Out of These Things (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is a first novel of unusual quality. Its author, Mr. JAMES A. MORLEY, describes it himself as a "terrible jumble." In a sense perhaps it is, yet told in a more orthodox manner the story would have lost its distinction and much of its charm. (As of course Mr. MORLEY very well knew). *Dr. Wrench-Barlowe*, engaged in scientific research, rented an old manor-house on the Sussex Downs, in which neighbourhood his daughter *Judith* met the fatally attractive and sinister *Hal Marsham*, "with his devils all around him." Not lacking in courage, *Judith* was quite prepared to take *Hal* as he was, being confident of her ability to exorcise the devils when she got amongst them. But she was not prepared for the discovery that he had a living wife and could only offer "guilty splendour." As with the girl who sold winkles in the *Bab Ballad*, "that altered quite the state of her emotion." In fact, poor *Judith* fled, and it was some time before even her family could find her. The story ends on an indeterminate note, as is the modern fashion; but *Hal's* wife, we learn, is afflicted with an incurable disease, and there is no harm in hoping. With that impulsiveness which makes their calling such an attractive one, the publishers of this book predict a "great future" for Mr. MORLEY. Being temperamentally more cautious, I will content myself with saying that we shall certainly hear more of him.

The novelist who specialises in country life as it looks to country livers has certainly chosen a hard row to hoe. The chorus of praise that greeted Miss ST. JOHN ADCOCK's earlier novel suggested that she might become at the very least a minor Buckinghamshire HARDY. In *Master Where He Will* (FABER AND GWYER) she has, we are told, chosen "the social plane of the farmer rather than the labourer." Perhaps moving in these higher circles has put her off her stroke. At any rate I find it hard to believe that this book was written by the author who deserved all the nice things which were said about *Winter Wheat*. Her language, for one thing, seems entirely unsuited to her theme. Such a sentence as "His face whitened as he repressed the flow of venom that gushed from his wounded spirit" surely belongs to a tale of film-star life at Hollywood rather than to one of yeoman-farmer life on English soil. Miss ST. JOHN ADCOCK has nice touches in the drawing of character, but her lovers, *Maris Shatlock* and *Randle Quantrill*, never really become alive, and *Ned Quantrill*, the younger brother, whom *Maris* marries, is disgustingly half-witted when considered as a bridegroom. The love of *Randle* and *Maris* is of the kind which begins with hate and, as usual, creates endless complications, including *Ned's* disappearance and the flight of *Maris* to the stage of the Coliseum. On the last page, when the way to respectable, if poverty-stricken, marriage has at last opened for them, the lovers defy convention and fly into each other's arms. Personally I received the news with remarkably little emotion. I must console myself with the hope that in this book Miss ST. JOHN ADCOCK has been sowing some belated wild oats, and that in her next she will return to the better seed that produced *Winter Wheat*.



Gentleman on fence. "WELL, WHY DID YER GIVE UP BEIN' AN ORGANIST?"
The Other. "OH, THE MONKEY DIED."

The name of Mr. CLAUD W. SYKES as a writer of impetuous fiction was unknown to me until I was dazzled, not to say slightly dazed, by *The Nine-Pointed Star* (HAMILTON). Here we have a secret organisation whose aim was "the overthrowal of all governments, which were to be replaced by a theocracy under the Masters, who would emerge from their obscurity and take their places as rulers of the world." An ambitious programme, you will admit, and one with necessarily innumerable ramifications. Opposed to these would-be theocrats was another society bent on saving the world from universal anarchy, and to this party *Max Prescott*, who tells the story, belongs. Mr. SYKES is the servant of too many "Masters"; he has created nine of them, whereas five would have been enough, but otherwise I have no complaint to make against his tale. Pursuits, shootings, burglaries, spyings, murders are supplied with a profusion that amounts almost to dissipation. In a caption the publishers ask some questions. "But what of 'P,' the sinister shadowy head of the star? Was he swallowed up by the demon snows, or does he still live to trouble the world?" I refuse to answer; it is too easy.

"The constitution of this Indian contingent [for China] is not settled so far, but in service circles there is a persistent statement that Ghurkas will certainly be included, and possibly a battalion of Ghats."—*Sunday Paper.*

If China won't come to the mountains, the mountains must go to China.

CHARIVARIA.

A WEST-END firm is offering to give lessons in spring-cleaning to young housewives. We may be prejudiced, but it seems a peculiarly morbid idea.

* * *

The poor display given by RICCARDO BARTAZZOLO, the Italian heavyweight boxing champion, at the Albert Hall is believed to have been a bitter disappointment to those of his compatriots who had put their black shirts on him.

* * *

Dr. SERGE VORONOFF announces that he has successfully grafted pancreas glands from monkeys on two Italians. It is hoped that experiments of this kind will eventually lead to the perfect organ-grinder.

* * *

It seems that Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN is the only member of the Cabinet who is not musical. This of course explains the neglect of community singing in the lunch-hour at the Foreign Office.

* * *

No doubt these "What to See" signs for motorists will prove useful, but only if they're placed at the entrance to the previous village.

* * *

A Munich woman has three sons and two daughters, and not one of them, although adults, is more than three feet seven inches in height. The craze for small families seems to be on the increase.

* * *

According to a psychologist persons with large ears can never expect to get into the House of Commons. But surely the doors could be widened.

* * *

The public is apt to regard the burglar as a rather low-down fellow, but there are exceptions. A burglar who broke into a house at Elderslie, upon being found outside by a tramway conductor, went into the house with him to search for himself.

* * *

An engineer says that it will not be long before wireless telephony will be as popular as the ordinary telephone now is. But is it?

* * *

With reference to a new laundry to be opened shortly in Manchester it is reported that the LORD MAYOR has been asked to declare it open by cutting the first collar.

* * *

It is estimated that there are nearly five million persons in America who cannot read or write. Most of them seem to be composing songs.

* * *

The fact that Captain WEDGWOOD BENN has decided to join the Labour Party suggests that the door opened to Liberal unity a few weeks ago is functioning as an exit.

* * *

The Portmadoc Players have decided not to perform MOLIÈRE'S *Mariage Forcé* at the Welsh National Eisteddfod next August. We are sure that MOLIÈRE never anticipated that.

* * *

The peculiar whistle which interfered with the programmes at 2 L O has now been traced to Moscow. It was not a Froth-blower practising, as was first suggested.

* * *

A traveller says elephants never die a natural death. Fatty degeneration through a surfeit of buns is not, of course, a natural death for an elephant.

* * *

A doctor says that to go to sleep after lunch is dangerous. Naturally. It gives the other man a chance to go out and leave you to pay the bill.

* * *

Writing on the subject of famous bachelors, Mr. SHANE LESLIE points out that women did not enter the life of Sir ISAAC NEWTON. Unlike ADAM, he got the apple without female aid.

* * *

Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT has confessed his inability to read HENRY JAMES'S books. Yet he can write ARNOLD BENNETT'S.

An artist has been exhibiting pictures painted on both sides of the canvas. Perhaps they're intended for people who live in glass houses. They would be some compensation for not being allowed to throw stones.

* * *

A lady-novelist admits that there is something to be said for the woman of leisure. We agree that it is perhaps just as well that there is somebody with time to read the lady-novelists.

* * *

The announcement that a scheme for having roads patrolled by qualified members of the St. John's Ambulance Brigade is nearly completed should be welcomed by those motorists who are apt to bungle their pedestrians.

* * *

From a fashion-note we learn that Kasha-tussor is a new material for afternoon frocks, not a premonitory symptom of influenza.

* * *

A well-known music-hall comedian has taken offence because the audience threw pennies on to the stage when he was performing. Well, what did he expect? Half-crowns?

* * *

The Eton crop, we read, requires no dressing whatever. Ideas have changed, of course, since Lady GODIVA'S time.

* * *

Park Avenue, New York, which is claimed to be the richest street in the world, is said to contain the homes of four thousand millionaires, but it is not stated which of them was the first to put the *par* and the *venu* into Park Avenue.

* * *

An expert German swordsman has been severely wounded in a duel by a Canadian who had never had a rapier in his hand before. The unskilled duellist is the greatest peril of the modern field of honour.

* * *

With reference to the newspaper allegation that squash rackets players, whose heads perspire very freely, are peculiarly liable to baldness, we can only say that a game isn't worth playing that has no risk attached to it.

* * *

It is now an offence to put colouring matter in foodstuffs, but what are we to do with the girl who insists on making a hearty meal off a lipstick?



A.B. (a bit concerned). "LUMME, NOBBY, YOU AIN'T 'ARF SUBMERGED!"

WINTER WARFARE.

THE WAR GAME.

THE War Game represents the high-water-mark of indoor military achievement. It provides scope for initiative, rapid decision and imagination, and it shows what effect the winter schemes and lectures have had upon the victims.

A War Game is played by two sides, assisted (*sic*) by a Directing Staff. We may liken it to a game of chess between Messrs. Black and White, who sit in opposite corners of the room, each with his face to the wall, and each with a board on which are his own pieces only. A referee, centrally situated, copies all moves on to his own board, which therefore represents the true state of the game at any moment; but the players are ignorant of the position of each other's pieces, except when an occasional "identification" is made. For example, Black, after considerable thought, moves his bishop to a certain square. The referee makes the equivalent move on his board and says, "Takes pawn." "Ah, ha!" says White to himself, and, after profound deliberation, moves a knight to the square from which his pawn has just been taken. "Takes bishop," says the referee. Messrs. Black and White then pause to lick their wounds and to draw such inferences as they can regarding each other's dispositions, movements and intentions.

So it is in a War Game, but, instead of Black and White, the sides are known as Redland and Blueland. Very occasionally a Brownland is introduced, but this merely confuses the players, and such games are never completely successful. For the chess-boards we now substitute maps, and for the pieces toy soldiers, toy guns and toy impedimenta of every description.

Come with me into the billiard-room—quietly, so as not to disturb the players—where you will see an engagement in full swing. That little group standing by the cue-rack is Headquarters, Redland. Blue are shivering over in the far corner, while the dozen or so enthusiasts sitting round the fire are the Directing Staff. Look at these closely, for among them are some of the biggest Brains in the room. The short jolly-looking man poring over the map with a little flag in his hand is perhaps the biggest Brain of all. He is trying hard to find "Road-junction K 3841" on the map, but is not succeeding because that sort of thing requires a much smaller Brain. You might as well use the Astronomer-Royal to verify the number of candles on birthday-cakes as employ this Brain in the capacity of flag-pinner.

Take a good look at the Directing Staff's map. The Red Army, you see, is at present in the top left-hand corner, while Blue's forces are all down in the south-east. The big idea evidently is that the two should meet somewhere near the middle of the map. That, I may say, is the big idea of every Directing Staff, but it is seldom successful. The ground on which decisive actions are fought is almost always situated at the junction of four map-sheets, three of which are out of print or otherwise unobtainable.

Red, whose commander has been studying the text-books, has begun by sending up a reconnoitring aeroplane with orders to fly over the whole map and to see if Blue is on the move. Blueland's commander, who has played a War Game before, has already told the Director that all his men and vehicles are completely hidden under thick hedgerows and in dense forests, with the exception of one battalion of Tanks and some anti-aircraft guns, which are moving on a main road straight up the right-hand side of the map. The Red pilot is told about this and immediately claims to have annihilated the whole column by means of accurate bombing, but the Director decides that the anti-aircraft guns would have rendered this course of action impracticable. As Blue does not claim a direct hit on the aeroplane the Red pilot is allowed to return home and make his report.

No sooner has he gone than Blue recalls his "decoy" column and starts off with his whole army along the bottom edge of the map, westwards. Red, on receiving the air-report, at once sets his troops in motion along the top edge, eastwards.

Both sides are now too much occupied in identifying cross-roads, in writing orders, in calling for returns and in checking map-references to bother any more about "the enemy." There is considerable consternation therefore when a Red Field Bakery (which has been missing for some time) is reported to be having a sharp encounter with a Blue Mobile Pigeon Loft (which is also absent without leave from the line of march). As this skirmish takes place very near the centre of the map the Directing Staff ceases work for a few moments of self-congratulation; but this soon turns to dismay when it is realised that Red has now reached the south-east corner with his main force (less one Field Bakery) and is asking urgently for copies of the three adjoining map-sheets. On investigation it is found that Blue (less one Mobile Pigeon Loft) is similarly situated in the north-west, and, as there are no more maps available and the supply of flags and pins is running low, the Director orders the "Cease Fire" to be sounded and addresses the meeting with a few well-chosen words.

It is not possible, he says, to announce the actual winner at such an early stage of the operations, but he must say that the smoothness and efficiency with which the various movements have been carried out reflect the greatest credit on all concerned, and he hopes that those present will devote considerable time and thought to the many absorbing tactical and administrative problems that have arisen.

THE LATEST INFERIORITY COMPLEX.

[It is stated on the authority of *The Manchester Guardian* that the local authorities of Oswaldtwistle, in Lancashire, are anxious to change the name of the township, in consequence of the derisive criticism to which it has long been exposed.]

SINCE Lancashire 's the county
That always sets the pace,
Rich in her brains and bounty,
For all the British race,
The lead of Oswaldtwistle
Is bound to move all those
Who wear the leek, the thistle,
The shamrock and the rose.

Names that are unmelodious
And jar upon the ear,
Names that are simply odious,
Are doomed to disappear;
For some incite to mocking,
And some "do not amuse,"
And some are simply shocking,
Like Bleedy Pots or Booze.

Bugsworth no doubt will banish
Its name from off the map;
Jemimaville will vanish
And Scrapsgate cease to scrap;
And Noddings and Great Snoring
Will from their slumbers wake,
And Fakenham and Goring
Will cease to gore and fake.

Its odorous enigma
Stanks will no more bewail,
And Ballybunion's stigma
No longer gall the Gael;
And Toller, from Porcorum
Divorced, in joy will live,
And Cheshire grant Noctorum
A proper genitive.

Yet those who long have jingled
With names and places too
With feelings strangely mingled
The situation view;
For if the Oswaldtwistlers
Are supported in their scheme
One of our pennywhistlers
Will lose his favourite theme.

"BULL FETCHES 2,500 GUINEAS."
Headline in Evening Paper.

Isn't it wonderful what these trained animals can do?



WINSTONIUS CÆSAR AND THE LOUD SOOTH-SPEAKER.

[The Revenue Returns will be published in the Press on April 1st.]



Lady (showing friend over house). "AND THIS IS MY HUSBAND'S STUDY. HE TAKES GREAT PRIDE IN THE FACT THAT IT REALLY DOES LOOK LIVED-IN."

HOW TO WIN A FANCY-DRESS PRIZE.

PERSONALLY I detest fancy-dress dances, but this fact had no weight with Belinda. My attendance was taken for granted, and the question of my costume raised at once.

"What," she demanded, "will you go as?"

"I shall go," I answered sadly, "as a lamb to the slaughter."

"You can't," she retorted; "it's a Shakespearean dance." And she added that she had already modestly chosen *Cleopatra* as her own *rôle*. It was, she assured me, an inexpensive one. You could easily run up the dress at home.

"And these synthetic pearls have brought down the price of her favourite drink," I remarked. "I'll be *Romeo*."

Belinda reminded me firmly that *Romeo* and Rugby football are among the things for which a man is too old at forty, and suggested that *Old Adam* in *As You Like It* would be a better choice for me.

But *Old Adam* had one serious drawback. It might not be easy to identify him at a glance, and, as everyone knows, the first step towards prize-winning in fancy-dress is to wear something the judges can recognise.

A doubt as to whether his selection was intended for a powder-puff or a pen-wiper has led many an honest man to award the cut-glass bowl to a *Little Red Riding Hood* whose sole claim was that she could never be mistaken for a pillar-box in these days of slim silhouettes.

It was not, however, the silhouette but the ease with which the costume could be constructed at home that made me think of *Falstaff*.

"Two sofa cushions will just about fill out that fancy-waistcoat you knitted for me," I pointed out, and was told that, if I was going to say mean things like that, I'd better go as *Shylock*.

The suggestion was not meant seriously, but the more I thought of it the more it appealed to me. I always feel as though nobody loved me at a dance, and when the evening arrived the garb of *Portia's* elderly victim just suited my mood.

When one does not like dancing there is of course only one thing to do—take the value of the ticket out in refreshments. At supper I put in some good steady work, though possibly, after reaching double figures, I got a little reckless in my disregard of whether the sandwiches were ham or tongue. Nor did the fact that one of the judges was watching my efforts with obvious interest deter me from a serious attempt to reach the coveted century.

That the judges possessed a competent instinct for the best was proved by the fact that they unhesitatingly awarded me the first prize.

Naturally several rival masqueraders commented adversely on the decision. One *Hamlet* in particular became such a moody Dane that, if only he had adopted that pose earlier, the triumph would almost certainly have been his.

For it was by entering thoroughly into the spirit of my *rôle* that I had caught the judges' eyes. Of that I had no doubt whatever when I recalled the interest with which one of them had watched my *Shylock* insisting on his pound of flesh at supper.

"A Young Chinese, knowing perfect English and Typing, seeks position. Salary no objection."—*Chinese Paper.*

This is one of the few statements recently emanating from China in which we feel perfect confidence.

WINTER SPORTING.

II.

Percival and I, together with the girl in blue, are now having lessons in ski-ing from a guide. We had our first lesson this morning and are all feeling very tired, particularly the guide. We ski more or less independently, I am relieved to find. The guide has assured me that it is only in mountaineering that the party is roped together.

The guide taught us several things, the first being the correct way to get up from the prone position. We have practised this quite a lot. We then learnt an operation known as "stemming," used to reduce speed or to stop. Briefly, "stemming" consists in sliding downhill with the points of your skis close together and the backs far apart. If you can do this at all you are practically bound to reduce speed somehow, if only by getting the points of your skis crossed. Another reason for this position, as far as I can make out, is that, if you meet a casual tree *en route*, you glance it off to port or starboard, whereas, if the points are apart, one ski goes on one side of the tree and one on the other. Of course you reduce speed quite effectively this way too, but it is not such a good way. The consensus of expert ski-ing opinion is against it; also it is apt to spoil the tree and thus annoy the Swiss.

The best way of reducing speed, however, when you descry anything peculiar in your path, such as the top of a fence, a châlet or even the corpse of your predecessor, is simply to sit down. I can stop in two feet using this method. The measurement of course refers to depth. You must be careful, by the way, not to sit on the back part of your skis, or you will notice but little difference either in speed or force of impact.

The next thing the guide taught us was what he called a "Telemark" turn. To accomplish this you get up speed and then sink on to one knee in an attitude of prayer. Personally I find that it is advisable actually to pray. When the flying snow has settled you hear the guide say, "No, Sir, not like that; you crossed your skis." He is quite right; you did. This variation is called the "Tishymark" turn.

He also taught us a "lifted star turn." In this the first thing is to lift one foot, having, you hope, previously transferred your weight to the other. I have not yet learnt exactly what follows; but sometimes you find you have turned, and sometimes the doctor says you didn't.

Later in the morning the guide took us for a trial run. We were followed for some distance by several people with cameras. One gentleman, who engaged me in conversation after an incredibly unusual sort of fall on my part, very kindly offered to come out with me one day and help me ski. I discovered afterwards that he was a well-known humorous artist. I am still thinking this over and shall probably demand a royalty.

When our audience had at last decided to scatter to safety, the guide made us take our skis off and climb to the top of a mountain. Though most people wish they could go up as quickly as they come down, I should be quite content if only I could be certain of coming down as slowly as I go up.

At the top Percival put on his skis, began a sentence and then just disappeared. His voice was heard later from a considerable distance and also a considerable depth, asking what it was he had just failed to do, but the guide was unable to tell him.

My method of descent was quite different. I meekly let myself be the sport of Fate. I lashed my "woods" on to my feet, grasped my ski-ing sticks, said good-bye all round, and then gravity took a hand. I went very fast for several yards, then my "woods" began to go much faster than I could, and I decided to let them win. After that the guide came and picked me up. He said it was a remarkably fine fall.

During the run I achieved several more remarkably fine falls. In one of them I got the back of my right "wood"



Gentleman in stalls (as programme-seller hands him a small bottle). "WHAT 'S THIS?" *Programme-seller.* "YOUR COUGH-SYRUP, SIR. WE GIVE A BOTTLE WITH EVERY PROGRAMME."

in my left arm-pit and the point of my left "wood" under my chin. This effort puzzled even the guide. He stood over the débris for a long time tentatively unhooking a limb here and there—rather like a spillikins enthusiast in play. I lay as still as a run-over chicken and prayed that he wouldn't consider it best to wring my neck and have done with it. However, he decided it wasn't a hopeless case and eventually pulled me to my feet. Then as he picked up my ski-ing stick lying nearby I fell over once more. When this had happened three times he began to mutter to himself in Swiss-German. We discovered eventually that during my fall I had got the point of my "wood" through the loop on the handle of my stick, and every time he picked the stick up it pulled my foot away. He thereupon spoke feelingly in *patois* for several minutes, but was at last called away to attend to the girl in blue whose skis were discernible some distance off waving feebly about like the antennæ of a wounded earwig. Then Percival, who was actually standing triumphantly upright at the moment, was overtaken by a sudden sneeze and went off backward down-hill. He hit something eventually and disappeared, leaving no trace save one ski upright out of a mound of snow. I expected the guide to remove his hat with reverence, hang a wreath on the ski and leave him there till the spring, but in a moment or two Percival came to view again swimming strongly. We all spent ten minutes digging in several feet of snow for one of his ski-sticks, and all Percival said was, had any of us seen a fifty-centime piece which he had dropped from his pocket.

The guide, much to his surprise, got us all safely back to the hotel. He didn't appear keen on going out with us again. He seems to think we ought to take up curling.

Percival has just suggested that to-morrow we make a snow-man in the hotel garden. This remark has caused no small sensation among the ardent winter-sporters. A. A.

"CAR ACCIDENT CASE.
UNDERGRADUATE MULCHED IN HEAVY DAMAGES."
Headlines in Channel Islands Paper.

Some confusion apparently between a top-dressing and a dressing down.

I'LL TELL THE WORLD.

IV.—THE ENGLISH: THEIR PHYSIOGNOMY, THEIR CONQUESTS, THEIR CHARACTER.

ALAS! that we cannot pursue with the minute detail of a psycho-analyst all the foibles of the Norman and Angevin kings, endeavouring to see in the fact that he was a tanner's grandson on the maternal side the reason why WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR loved the wild deer as though he were their father, and tracing in his family emblem of the broom KING JOHN'S addiction to pulling the beards of the Irish chieftains and rolling on the ground amongst the straw. These are matters for the serious historian to consider in the ages yet to be.

Enough for our purpose to note that, with the coming of these last invaders, the English features and the English character began to be finally stirred together and poured into their present honest and homely moulds.



THE VIKING FROTH-BLOWERS' CLUB.
A POSSIBILITY PREVENTED BY THE BATTLE OF STAMFORD BRIDGE.

It is a tempting speculation to ask what would have occurred if KING HAROLD had not fallen at Senlac (close to the site of the large delphinium-bed in the southern border); still more tempting to ask what would have happened if he had been beaten by HARALD HARDRADA, the King of Norway, at Stamford Bridge. Possibly in that case England might have remained part of the Scandinavian empire, with a fixed Nordic physiognomy and a population of blue-eyed froth-blowers for ever greeting each other with the cry of "*Skald!*"

But these things were not to be; by which I mean that they did not occur.

It is often hard in these times to distinguish precisely the red-blooded Saxon or Dane from the blue-blooded Norman, and even from the orange- or the green-blooded Celt. Mixed faces abound. Here and there the intelligent tourist will perceive a man with one Anglo-Saxon eye and the other Iberian, a child half Gothic and half Romanesque, or a woman with two Scandinavian ears, a Teuto-Celtic nose and a Norman tilt to the hat-brim. Nor is that all. The present writer has sometimes amused himself by taking a camp-stool to Victoria Station and, thus seated in the midst of the variegated throng, making a record of some of the racial types that pass and re-pass to their different avocations in that busy terminus. Here, in a tabular form, is one of the lists so compiled:—

(1) Elderly Norman, carrying suit-case and copy of *Strand Magazine*.
(2) Massive Goidel in plus-fours and bowler hat.
(3) Celto-Brythonic porter with Nordic eyes and a parrot-cage.
(4) ? Mongolian ambassador.
(5) Lady with pseudo-Nordic hair and "near" fox furs.
(6) Russo-Greek.
(7) Pure Saxon, carrying sex novel.
(8) Typical typist.
(9) Lancashire lad.
(10) Bradford man.
(11) Pict.
(12) Two Men of Kent.
(13) Assyrians, male and female.
(14) Man of Baghdad, followed by five Angevin porters.
(15) Four Red Indians.
(16) Still more typical typist.
(17) Alsatian wolf-hound, leading a Czech.
(18) Negro border-baron with Anglo-Saxon girl.
(19) Aberdonian eating sandwich.
(20) ? Mongolian ambassador again.

Much of this vast assortment, however, is of modern growth, and it was a slightly more simple England that first began to fix its character in the imagination of the world.

What was that character?

For centuries the English have been renowned for their love of adventure, their mild insanity, their commercial instinct and their sense of fair play. More just than the Patagonian, more self-controlled than the Magyar, with a *flair* for treasure-hunting hardly exceeded by the Arimaspians, with a reverence for established institutions surpassing that of the Eskimos, they unite to a dour obstinacy unap-

proached by the Senegambians a generosity as incredible to the Latin as it is repugnant to the Lett. At least I think so.

Out of many conflicting strains, at any rate, the national temperament arose, and still, in spite of many conflicting strains, it pluckily endeavours to carry on. The name of England has been taken by the English to every corner of the globe, regardless of the fact that the earth is round, and many of these corners the English have occupied. And why not? Somebody was certain to occupy them, and nobody can prove that anybody but the English would have occupied them so long or so well.

How far the English have been wise in holding on to some of these corners and giving up others, and if so which, and when, will remain a problem of imposing magnitude for the future historian. Granting that it was good policy to abandon our claim to the throne of France in 1801, or to evacuate Philadelphia in 1778, was it equally judicious to cede Corfu to Greece in 1864, or Heligoland to Germany in 1890, or to permit the partition, between the Argentine Republic and Chili, of Tierra del Fuego, first sighted by DRAKE in 1578?

Opinions are bound to vary. Times change, and we in them.

Let it be remembered that after the abandonment of the American Colonies it was WILLIAM COWPER, the well-known poet and lover of hares, who wrote—

"True, we have lost an empire—let it pass:
True, we may thank the perfidy of France
That picked the jewel out of England's crown
With all the envious cunning of a shrew;"

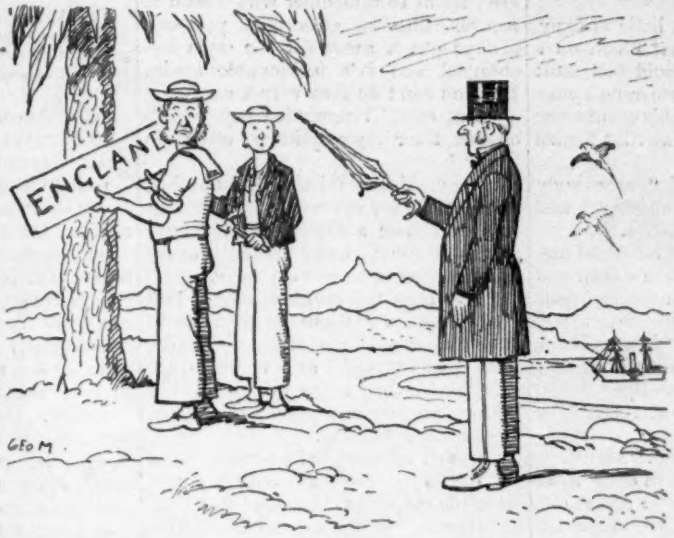
yet none the less it was the same poet who sang

"England, with all thy faults I love thee still!"

and well he might, for he had a comfortable stipend, and we were destined to recover from the blow.

The end of the Empire has, in fact, frequently been prophesied by pessimists, but so far it has failed to occur.

Space and time alike forbid us to deal with the fascinating theme of representative Englishmen who made the name of England known wherever the word "Englishman" was mentioned—Englishmen each different in his nature yet each in some way typical of the national type.



AFFIXING THE NAME OF ENGLAND TO A DISTANT CORNER OF THE GLOBE.

It would be pleasant to speak of EDWARD I., who gave thirteen pence in alms every time his new falcons took their first crane; of CAXTON, the founder of the football coupon; of Sir THOMAS MORE, the prototype of H. G. WELLS; of Sir RICHARD GRENVILLE, who ate glass in the intervals of scouring the Spanish Main; of BACON, who took bribes in the intervals of helping the Earl of OXFORD to write SHAKESPEARE'S plays; of JOHN PYM, whoever he was; of the Pilgrim Fathers, without whom there would have been no America, or at least not so much of it; of OLIVER CROMWELL, who resembled Signor MUSSOLINI except for a slight stiffness in the left leg; of ROBERT BLAKE with his passion for beating the Dutch; of CHARLES II., with his fondness for the creation of duchies; and of many more.

And there have not been wanting great Englishwomen as characteristic in their characters as any of the characteristic women of France, though none of them may have risen to the spiritual heights of a JEANNE D'ARC or to the bodily prowess of a LENGLEN. All of them were united in this, that they loved England with a love that was in no way diminished by their annoyance about politics and the weather.

EVOE.



WILLIAM COWPER FINDING INSPIRATION IN HIS FURRY PLAYMATE FOR HIS POEM "THE TASK."

The "Sanger Circus."

"'Sunny,' the heroine of the musical comedy we are to expect in March for the new Empire Theatre, is a little circus girl. The English production of the play coincided with that other sensational circus play, 'The Constant Nymph.'"
Sydney (N.S.W.) Paper.

"It was when editing the 'Fortnightly' that he [JOHN MORLEY] published his famous studies on the French eighteenth-century tinkers."—*Manchester Paper.*

Critical as he was in his judgments of VOLTAIRE, ROUSSEAU and DIDEROT, he never called them that.

From an article on Riviera hotel-keepers:—

"The extent to which they may be able in a few short weeks to feather their own nests for the rest of the year depends now as always on the size of the flocks of unfeathered bipeds from other lands that light upon their shores."
Daily Paper.

We don't see now where the *hôteliers* get their feathers.

"A story containing a spice of humour relating to a false alarm of fire comes from Hornchurch. We understand that a chimney in a house at Globe-road took fire and dense volumes of smoke were omitted."
Local Paper.

Very funny!

CARS AND FROCKS.

"I WAS just reading," she told me, "that someone is making a new motor-car to sell for seventy pounds."

"It seems," I ventured, "wonderfully cheap."

"And yet," she said a little bitterly, "if I spent even half that much on a new frock I know I should feel most dreadfully extravagant, whereas a man would very likely feel terribly economical if he only gave as much as that for his new car."

"It seems," I confessed, "exceedingly unjust. Possibly the car might last longer than the frock, though."

"Cars and frocks," she informed me, "last exactly the same time—until you can afford to get another and a better in a later style."

"But," I argued—for I would not give in too easily—"I am told that a new frock can only be worn three times, while a car can always be driven oftener than that."

"Not always," she declared. "Blanche's new car could only be driven once; even when they got all the whole pieces out of her area there wasn't one single bit she could drive any more—not one, not once. And the man who sold it her pretended it would stand anything and last a lifetime."

"But I thought Blanche was such a good driver."

"So she is," she cried; "and it wasn't one bit her fault. It was all a horrid woman she knows who chose just that very moment to walk by in her new hat, and so of course Blanche——"

"Of course," I said—"of course. That goes without saying."

"Doesn't it?" she agreed, pleased. "When you've simply got to notice a quite new thing in hats you can't be expected to notice too which way your car's going, can you? Luckily Blanche is really an awfully good experienced driver, so she remembered what the papers always say about 'Safety First' and she jumped. And just in time to get a really good view of the other woman's hat before she turned the corner. And what do you think?"

"What?"

"It turned out to be only a cheap model she must have got at the January sales—eighteen-and-six-marked-down-from-a-guinea sort of thing. Wasn't it too bad? And even that wasn't the worst, because Blanche's cook gave her warning on the spot—said it was such a shock, a car dropping in like that so unexpected like and no chauffeur at all, and she would go where she could hope for better treatment."

"She should have hoped," I said severely, "for better luck next time."

"That's what Blanche said; she said another time Cook might be in the area herself when it happened. But that sort of thing never happens to a new frock. And then it isn't true a frock can only be worn three times, not if you are careful to remember who's seen it before. Besides, after that you can always put it away till the style has changed and it's fashionable again. But you can't do that with a car."

"But cars," I reminded her, "don't change their style quite so often, do they?"

"Why, Major Wilkins," she cried, "bought a new car with six cylinders only ever such a little while ago, and now he's simply heart-broken because it seems twelve's the only wear."

"You miss the entire point," I told her tolerantly. "From six cylinders to twelve is scientific evolution, whereas from frocks straight as a wireless-pole to frocks trying to be crinolines, but letting dare not wait upon I would, is a mere freak of fashion."

"Then I suppose," she mused, "from six frocks to twelve would be also scientific evolution. I must tell Tom."

"Do not," I begged her almost with tears, "wreck a friendship that has more than once stood the strain of even a bridge post-mortem."

"Very well," she promised graciously, "especially as no one wants twelve frocks—not all at once—with nowhere to keep them now houses are so small. Even when there's a garage, men are almost always too selfish to let you make them really useful."

"But to return to our comparison of frocks and cars. You must admit that when a man buys a car he has, at any rate, something to show for his money—the higher the price the bigger the car; whereas, of course, the smarter and more expensive the frock the less of it."

"It is another case," she explained, "of the imponderables counting. Both with cars and frocks it's the trimmings that really take the money. Tom's junior partner bought a new racing-car the other day so as to be sure of getting to the office in time, and then he bought so many accessories he had to sell the car to pay for them."

"At any rate," I said, "he has the accessories all ready for when he can afford to buy a car again."

"Oh, no," she said, "he thought it was no good waiting so long, so he sold them to pay for his new season-ticket. Such a nice car, too; Tom bought it from him for a present to me."

"How nice of him!" I cried.

"Wasn't it?" she said. "Only it keeps him out rather a lot, besides going to the police-courts so often over exceeding the speed limit. Still, it was nice of him, and so I've bought him two new frocks and a fur coat in quite the very latest style." E. R. P.

A CONCISE FLAPPER-ENGLISH GLOSSARY.

[The following glossary, which does not purport to be complete, has been compiled for the guidance of those of Riper Years whom circumstances may bring into contact with Young Persons.]

ADORE. Am not indifferent to. (ADORE PASSIONATELY. Tolerate.)

BEAN, HAVEN'T GOT A. I am not prepared to spend any money on that. *See also* EGG.

BRAINY. Dull, tedious, difficult to carry on a conversation with.

DAMNABLE. Not altogether satisfactory. (PERFECTLY DAMNABLE. Displeasing.)

DEAR, MY. A form of address meaning practically nothing.

DETEST. Am not attracted by.

DIVINE. Not repugnant. (PERFECTLY DIVINE. Commendable.)

DUD. One who does not see eye-to-eye with the speaker.

EGG. *See* FRUIT.

END, DEEP, GO IN OFF THE. Act without customary apathy.

FOUL. Uncongenial.

FRIGHTFUL. Not exactly suited to the mood of the moment. (A politer form of DAMNABLE *q.v.* and FOUL *q.v.*)

FRUIT. *See* THING.

LOATHE. Find mildly displeasing.

MARVELLOUS. Causing momentary interest. (ABSOLUTELY MARVELLOUS. Very interesting.)

MEANING, WELL-. A term of abuse.

MIND. The thinking faculty (not generally mentioned in polite society). *Also in phrase* DON'T MIND IF I DO. Am eager to.

OLD. Used in conjunction with proper names. Also with BEAN, EGG, FRUIT, THING, TOP, without any implication of age or indeed anything else.

SPOT. An indefinite quantity (esp. of liquids).

SUBURBAN. Coming from a different suburb. (Used always in a disparaging sense.)

TERRIBLY. Somewhat.

THING. *See* TOP.

TOP. Human being or person of male or female sex, usually adult.

"The serpent problem and apartment house existence appeared to him as the worst phases of American social life."—*New York Paper.*

We are sorry to hear about these snakes in a Prohibition country.

"Livingstone Church at Stanford Rivers, Essex, was completely destroyed by fire shortly before the service began."

Birmingham Paper.

Very plucky of them to hold the service after that.



Little Girl (to visitor). "I MUST GO NOW—IT'S SEVEN O'CLOCK."
Visitor. "BUT HOW DO YOU KNOW IT'S SEVEN O'CLOCK? I THOUGHT YOU COULDN'T TELL THE TIME."
Little Girl. "IT'S ALWAYS SEVEN O'CLOCK ABOUT THIS TIME."

SOME ROAD-USERS.

THE limousine should make no fuss
If stymied by a motor-bus;
A crisp retort removes the sheen
Completely from the limousine.

The cabriolet 's designed to let
The driver know the weather 's wet;
I daren't repeat what chauffeurs say
When asked to drive a cabriolet.

The coupé is exactly right
For taking damsels out at night;
As long as you pay for the *souper*,
You won't lack *poupées* for the coupé.

The taxi, when its newness wanes,
Is very good at missing trains;
A thing that London sadly lacks is
A Home for Sick and Sorry Taxis.

The charabang shows scant respect
For others than its own elect;
It 's most unlucky to harangue
The inmates of a charabang.

The motor-bus, without remorse,
Unswervingly pursues its course;
It 's quite impossible for us
To influence the motor-bus.

Our own two-seater, though it may
Admit the bus's earthly sway,
Yet hopes that finally ST. PETER
Will clear the way for our two-seater.

Pedestrians are apt to frown
Whenever they 're at all run down;
Quite little things, they tell me, can
Upset the poor pedestrian.

From the description of a "wanted" man:—

"He is said to be 35 and to have side whispers. He is dressed in plus-fours."
Provincial Paper.

Possibly loud enough to neutralise his whispers and give him away.

MISLEADING CASES.

X.—THE LAWYERS' DREAM.

THE House of Lords to-day delivered judgment in the notorious Gramophone Libel Case.

The LORD CHANCELLOR said: My Lords, this case may well go down to history as The Lawyers' Dream. From first to last it has occupied the attention of the Courts for more than four years. Two juries have disagreed about it and one was imprisoned; there have been two trials of the action in the King's Bench and two appeals to the Court of Appeal, while for the past fourteen days it has monopolised the attention of your Lordships' House. Twenty-five King's Counsel have been from time to time concerned in the case, each of them accompanied by a member of the junior Bar, which juniors have received by custom a remuneration equal to two-thirds of their leaders' fees. These fees have with few exceptions been a thousand guineas marked on each brief, plus a daily payment by way of stimulus of one hundred guineas or more; and there are present at the moment no fewer than eight learned counsel who will receive between them a sum of about six hundred-and-fifty pounds for sitting quietly in their places to-day and listening as attentively as they are able to your Lordships' learned judgments. These judgments are five in number, and each of these therefore, lasting an hour or less, will cost somebody about one hundred-and-fifty pounds, a figure for which it is possible to engage the most expensive variety artiste for a whole week.

It is not therefore astonishing that the costs of this case are estimated already at a figure between two and three hundred thousand pounds. But it would be very wrong to suppose that this sum has not been expended for the benefit of the community. The point which your Lordships are required to decide has never been decided before, and, if your Lordships are able to decide it now, it need never be decided again, nor can it be decided otherwise. It is never likely to arise again; but that is another matter. Your Lordships' House is almost the only authority in this mortal world whose word on any subject is the last word for ever. Your pronouncements have the unalterable force of a law of nature; and, if we are able by taking pains to add a single grain of certitude to the shifting sands of human affairs, is there anyone who is prepared pedantically to count the cost? "It is something," as Lord Mildew said in *Rex* v. *Badger*, "to dot an 'i' in perpetuity."

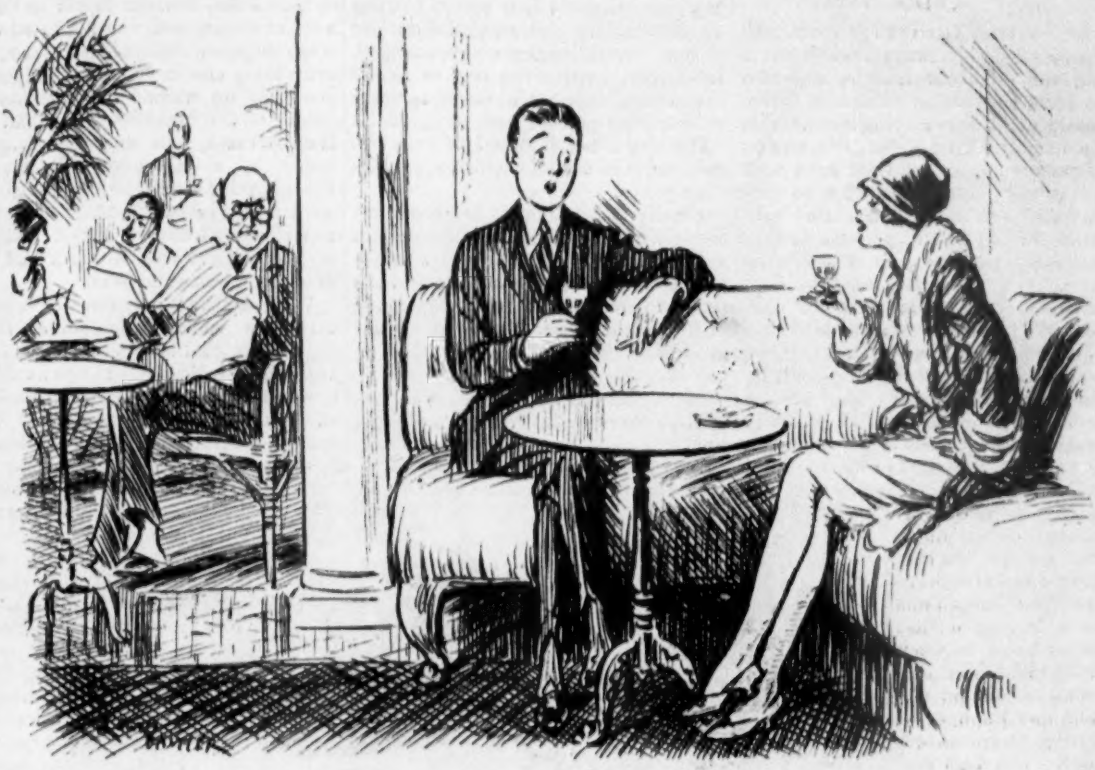
This is an appeal by one Ham against a decision of the Court of Appeal sitting *in ludo*, reversing a judgment by the Divisional Court (Adder J. and Mudd J.), reversing a decision by Judge Brewer in the Shepherd's Bush County Court. The facts are these. The man Ham made a gramophone record, which consisted of a number of uncomplimentary statements, composed and uttered by himself, concerning the private life and personal appearance of Mr. Ebenezer Chicken, the head and father of the well-known multiple stores. This record he sent as a Christmas present to Mr. Chicken, who, at a gathering of his friends and relations, put the record on his own gramophone, when there issued from the instrument, to the astonishment, horror and satisfaction of the company, a series of defamatory and abusive expressions directed unmistakably against the head of the household. Mr. Chicken therefore brought a suit for defamation against Mr. Ham. Now, my Lords, you are aware that by the mysterious provisions of the English law a defamatory statement may be either a slander or a libel, a slander being, shortly, a defamation by word of mouth, and a libel by the written or the printed word; and the legal consequences are in the two cases very different. A layman, with the narrow outlook of a layman on these affairs, might rashly suppose that it is equally injurious to say at a public meeting, "Mr. Chicken is a toad," and to write upon a post-card, "Mr. Chicken is a toad." But the unselfish labours of generations of British jurists have discovered between the two some profound and curious distinctions; for example, in order to succeed in an action for slander the injured party must prove that he has suffered some actual and special damage, whereas the victim of a written defamation need not; so that we have this curious result, that in practice it is safer to insult a man at a public meeting than to insult him on a postcard; and that which is written in the corner of a letter is in law more deadly than that which is shouted from the housetops. My Lords, it is not for us to boggle at the wisdom of our ancestors, and this is only one of a great body of juridical refinements handed down to us by them, without which few of our profession would be able to keep body and soul together. *Jus varium, judex opulentus.*



Fair Pro. (*giving lesson*). "STILL TOO MUCH BODY SWING, SIR. WE MUST CURTAIL THE PIROUETTE."

Now in this case it was held by the County Court judge that Mr. Ham's utterance through the gramophone was a verbal slander, and that therefore the plaintiff must prove that he has suffered some special and material damage. This he was unable to do, for, on the contrary, his friends had visited him with even greater persistency, and as a result of the publicity which the case received the business of Chicken's Stores was actually augmented. Mr. Chicken therefore appealed to the Divisional Court, which held that the utterance complained of was libel and not slander; but the Court of Appeal by a majority reversed his decision and held that it was slander and not libel; but, for reasons which I am wholly unable to follow, a new trial was ordered, and Mr. Chicken added a new wing to his Head Stores.

With the proceedings of the next two years we need not concern ourselves in detail; they culminated in a second hearing by the Court of Appeal, which held on this occasion that Mr. Ham's action was libel and not slander. Mr. Ham appealed. Mr. Chicken added another wing to his Head Stores, and a large new issue of capital was made.



SCENE—*Hotel Lounge.*

Youthful Blood. "I COME OF A PRETTY HARD-DRINKING FAMILY."
Flapper (*doing her best*). "MOST OF MY PEOPLE ARE RATHER DRUNKARDS TOO."

Now, my Lords, we are called upon to decide whether the words complained of, which are without doubt defamatory, and have so been found, are in the nature of a libel or a slander. I have myself no doubt as to the answer. The law is that the spoken word, if defamatory, is a slander, and I do not follow the Master of the Rolls when he says that by "spoken" we are to understand "spoken" in the sense in which the word was understood at the date when "spoken" became the essential element in the definition of slander, that is, spoken by the vocal organs of the human frame without the intervention or assistance of a machine. It is clear that these words were spoken by Mr. Ham through this instrument, and the absurdity of any suggestion that they were not is apparent if we accept the only other alternative and say that they were *written* through the gramophone. The law is clear. The appeal must be allowed.

LORD LICK said: I do not agree. This is a libel and not a slander. The law is clear. *Potts* v. *The Metropolitan Water Board* shows that the distinction in law is not between the spoken and the written insult, but between that which is uttered once, and once only, and that which is uttered in such a form that it is capable of indefinite repetition or publication at the will of others than the original utterer. A statue is not a slander, neither is it written (*Fish* v. *Mulligan*). There is nothing absurd in speaking of writing on a gramophone. Indeed, the first half of the word is derived from a Greek word meaning "I write." In *Marrowfat* v. *The Stepney Guardians* a man trained a parrot to say three times after meals, "Councillor Wart has not washed to-day." It was held that this was a libel. The appeal must be dismissed.

LORD ARROWROOT said: I do not agree. The law is clear. The appeal must be allowed.

LORD SHEEP said: I do not agree. In my judgment this case has been from the first a brilliant and elaborate advertising manœuvre for the advancement of Mr. Chicken's Stores, which this year, I notice, declared a dividend of fifty-six per cent. It is clear to me that the man Ham is in this case the tool and servant of the man Chicken; that the defamatory utterances of Ham were made at Chicken's own instigation and in a manner ingeniously calculated to provoke prolonged discussion and disagreement among His Majesty's Judges; that, this object having been attained, to the great notoriety and advantage of Mr. Chicken's business, Mr. Chicken in any event will cheerfully pay the costs of the entire proceedings; and that your Lordships' House has for the first time been employed as an advertising agent for multiple stores. But as to the point ostensibly at issue, I concur with my learned brother, Lord Lick. The law is clear. This is a libel and the appeal must be dismissed.

LORD GOAT said: The law is clear. At this point, however, his Lordship suffered a heart attack and succumbed.

The LORD CHANCELLOR said: Our learned brother's unexpected demise is particularly unfortunate at the present time, two of your Lordships having held for the appellant and two for the respondent. Opinion therefore is equally divided, and this House is unable to say whether the words complained of are a libel or a slander, and the judgment of the Court of Appeal must stand.

The House then adjourned. A. P. H.

LYDIA.

IT is a terrible thing to go about with a person who is a magnet for dogs. I told you all about Lampo, and now we have had the adventure of Lydia. Rosalie and I were staying last summer in a delightful little Swiss town, and on a Sunday morning we went for a walk in the public gardens, which were very neat and trim and all decorated with notices saying that dogs must be kept on a short lead, on pain of a *Polizeibusze*. We were glad that our dogs were not with us, because our dogs don't like having us on short leads.

Just as we had agreed on this, up came a most remarkable dog, with no lead and no owner, and frisked around us. This dog was constructed, generally speaking, on the lines of a dachshund, but she had been influenced by other considerations, as it were. She was picked out in a liver-coloured design on a white ground; her ears were the ears of a cocker spaniel, and her tail was like a feather duster. The distance between her fore and hind legs was unreasonable; she made one think of a sagging suspension bridge. Her legs and underneath were plastered with mud.

"Oh, you darling!" cooed Rosalie as this object, with infallible instinct, came writhing and squirming up to her; "I'm sure your name must be Lydia." And before I could prevent her she had stooped down and made the amiable creature's acquaintance, caressing her spaniel head and patting her dachshund spine. I groaned, for I knew that from then on Lydia was ours.

Sure enough, as we walked on, that terrible dog ran round and round us, emitting little yaps and yelps of satisfaction, dabbing at us with her muddy paws and generally making believe very successfully that she was ours. From time to time she would make a short joyous dash on the grass, rolling on the flower-beds and bursting through the neat little box hedges, scurrying back happily to us after every excursion with a mildly inexorable look of *Mrs. Micawber* about her. Once or twice she tried to get acquainted with other dogs, but they were all respectable law-abiding dogs on short leads, and they turned their heads haughtily away and passed on. Their owners glared incredulously at Lydia and then at us, and looked round to see if there were no policemen in sight. One old lady picked her dog up indignantly and carried him out of our contaminating neighbourhood. Lydia didn't care; she had us to fall back on. I had a wild desire to make an immense placard and write on it: "This dog is not ours and we have two pedigree dogs at home which are better than yours."

Finally, when Lydia, in an absurd chase after a bird, got herself stuck in a box hedge, breaking down about a yard of it, I felt that I could stand the strain no longer. "We cannot go much further without being arrested," I said to Rosalie. "You found it; what do you suggest?"

"I suggest," said Rosalie, who has bright ideas sometimes, "that we should go into a *café* and leave her outside. She may then go home."

We carried out our part of the programme, but Lydia didn't play up. When I had had a vermouth I looked through the glass door of the *café* and she was there. I had another vermouth and she was still there. I had a third vermouth and she had not moved. Just as I was beginning not to care, Rosalie stopped me. "This *café* may have a back-door," she said. It had. We went out through it, and before we had gone twenty yards Lydia was with us again.

"It's no good," said Rosalie, "we must take her to her home. I know this sort of dog; she'll never leave us."

"That's a good idea," I said with heavy sarcasm. "Just ask her where she lives, will you?"

"I'll look on her collar," replied Rosalie, "since it has not occurred to the brainy member of the firm to do so."

"Restaurant Bratgüggeli," she read out.

Of our pilgrimage to the Restaurant Bratgüggeli I need only say that it was a very long way, that it was raining hard and that we had not the courage to take a taxi because Lydia had done a lot of rolling and was plastered with slimy dripping mud, and the taxis, like everything else in the town, were spotless. So we walked the interminable length of the Bahnhofstrasse and the Hauptstrasse, now and then gasping feebly to a passer-by, "Restaurant Bratgüggeli?" and being waved onwards, ever onwards. As we hobbled and staggered along I cursed Lydia to myself, using words which I had not thought of since the War.

When we did finally see a little place with the words "Restaurant Bratgüggeli" in gold letters on the window, I refused to believe it. It was a mirage, I thought, of the kind that lures travellers on to destruction in the desert. The door, however, was real. When I opened it Lydia dashed in, and we, following her, came face to face with a stout lady carrying two plates of soup.

"*Ach, Mitzie,*" said this lady without any particular emotion, "*du schlimmes Hündelein.*"

"Madam," I said sternly, quoting from my German grammar, "*ist dies Ihr Hund?*"

Without a word she waved us compellingly to a clean and glittering table, and an attendant handmaid put down a plate of soup before each of us. We did the natural thing, being very hungry after our long pilgrimage.

When we asked for the bill the stout lady came up to us.

"I am sorry you have had so much trouble with Mitzie," she said after hearing a brief and by-food-and-drink-much-milder-rendered (as one would say in German) account of our experiences. "You see, we have lend her just lately to my brother, who lives in the Bahnhofstrasse, and he is so careless, he let her stray sometimes. Sometimes before now people have brought her back, and then in the evening he comes here to eat, and he takes her home with him. She is a bad dog"—looking affectionately at Lydia-Mrs.-Micawber-Mitzie.

As the waitress helped me on with my coat I asked her casually, "Is Madame's brother interested in this restaurant?"

"Oh, yes, Sir," said the young lady; "he is the proprietor. Madame is the *Direktorin.*"

I have a profound admiration for the Swiss. It is a race with a wonderful instinct for business.



Injured Wife. "MY HUSBAND HAS DESERTED ME. I DON'T SO MUCH MIND THAT, BUT HE'S TAKEN THE EARPHONES WITH HIM."



MANIERS EN MODEN.

WHAT THE POPULARITY OF THE EXHIBITION OF FLEMISH PICTURES MAY LEAD TO.

THE PERFECT PANACEA.

I UPLIFT my voice in praise
Of the ultra-violet rays,
The perfect panacea for our countless
human ills;
Beneficially actinic
(So they tell us at the clinic),
They are surely superseding potions,
boluses and pills.

Many medicos extol 'em
For a convex spinal column,
For T.B., rickets, megrim, wens, arth-
ritis, mumps and croup,
For pneumonia, bronchial wheezes,
And all manner of diseases
In the pulmonary, glandular or any
other group.

They are spoken of by germs
In the most affecting terms;
If a streptococcus sees them tears will
gather in his eyes;
When they tackle a microbe in
What is termed your hæmoglobin
He rolls over with a shudder, turns his
tootsies up and dies.

Then, no matter what the germ is
That may penetrate your dermis,
Do not worry, do not flurry, but adopt
the better way
And avail yourself at leisure
Of this therapeutic pleasure,
The remedial vibrations of the ultra-
violet ray.

"PLAGUE OF MICE IN CALIFORNIA.

Mr. S. E. Piper, an extermination expert, with a corps of assistants, after a fortnight's survey of the *terrain*, hopes in a month to have delivered Kern County from its plague."
Daily Paper.

A relative, no doubt, of our old pied friend from Hamelin.



Traveller (*by way of conversation*). "I SUPPOSE YOU'VE CLIPPED A GOOD MANY TICKETS IN YOUR TIME?"
Collector. "AH! I SHOULDN'T LIKE TO SAY 'OW MANY I 'AVE CLIPPED."
Traveller. "WELL, I MUST SAY YOU CLIP THEM EXTRAORDINARILY WELL."

GIVE A DOG A BAD NAME . . .

WILL nobody let sleeping Alsatians lie?

Why must we provoke them to wrath?

All over England now men appear to be fighting to the death in upland farms with the fangs of fierce Alsatian wolfhounds fixed in their throats. Herds of ravening Alsatians pursue the traveller over lonely moors. At South Norwood an Alsatian wolfhound boarded an omnibus and held up the passengers and the conductor until he was given a piece of meat. Another interrupted the community-singing service at Nether Wallop, and a third entered the village school at Pocklington and bit a large hole in the Union Jack.

And yet until a few months ago no one had heard of an Alsatian wolfhound doing any of these things.

There is too much of this mass psychology about. Let a theory be started that the rabbit is an untrustworthy playmate, or that the peck of the canary carries poison, and instantly we shall have to read of hundreds of cases where children have been savaged by the pet Angora whilst they were putting lettuces into the hutch, or of unhappy ladies done brutally to death with a piece of groundsel in their hands.

The matter does not end with the more lively of our dumb companions. Camembert cheese may be said at any moment, quite suddenly, in the popular Press, to induce baldness, and a mass of corroborative evidence will be produced. Men will be found who have only to touch it and a lock of hair falls out upon the plate. Sardines are stated to induce nervous depression, and no number of cocktails is sufficient to carry even the strongest of us successfully through the *hors d'œuvres*.

So far as the dogs are concerned I have a suspicion that the whole affair is political. Alsace was ceded to France after the Great War, and, during the long period when we took our hats off to France, Alsatian wolfhounds were so domesticated that they would leap into a river to save a kitten from drowning. As soon as we began to get anxious about the payment of the French debt Alsatian wolfhounds assumed a sinister tone. The strife of the peace affected their *moral*. Fairly quiet under M. POINCARÉ, and dangerous to nobody except burglars and agents for vacuum-cleaners, they grew restive in the days of M. HERRIOT, and with M. BRIAND in power they turned upon their owners and ate the dinner that was meant for the cat. Already I notice that one or two dachshunds, which had been hibernating since 1914, have begun to take the air and walk briskly around. In a month or two I expect to hear that no kind of dog is gentle with children, affectionate as a pet, easily trained to the house, faithful unto death and incapable of barking at the postman, except the Lombardy pointer, the Italian greyhound or the Apennine cairn.

An observer without imagination might hold that dogs of the same breed differed in character, the differences being due partly to training and partly to certain insufficiently psycho-analysed complexes in the pre-conscious dog-ego or canine *id*; that one fox-terrier leads a noble and blameless life, whereas another pursues and harasses every chicken that it meets; that one Sealyham, if left in a room, will keep watch over a fallen glove, whilst another will eat out the inside of a sofa.

But this is to forget the strong nationalist instinct in dogs, which breaks out the moment that their breed is attacked in the Press, transforming



A VERY SPECIAL CONSTABLE.

RIVAL CHINESE DRAGONS (*distracted from their hostilities*). "WHAT ARE YOU DOING THERE IN THAT ARMOUR? IT MIGHT LEAD TO A BREACH OF THE PEACE."

JOHN BULL. "IT'S PURELY DEFENSIVE."

THE DRAGONS. "BUT WE'RE THE POLICE—YOUR NATURAL PROTECTORS."

JOHN BULL. "OH THEN I'LL HELP YOU. THERE ARE NO POLICE LIKE THE ENGLISH."



THE CHILDHOOD OF GREAT MEN.

AN EARLY SYMPTOM OF A LIFE-LONG PREJUDICE. DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON, AS A BOY, REFUSING TO JOIN IN A GAME OF HOP-SCOTCH.

the quietest of Great Danes instantly into a berserk Viking. There are many careful old ladies who muzzle their Irish terriers on the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne.

My purpose in writing this article is to warn all owners of Pekinese dogs not to discuss in front of them without care the present crisis in China. Nobody knows on which side the diddumses are—presumably on that of the northern war-lords; but they may, some of them, be in sympathy with the south. In any case they may be infected with the itch for immediate self-determination, which is causing such changes in the world; and the last thing I want to hear is that any Pekinese of my acquaintance has maltreated a policeman, or has sprung at the throat of the footman who was bringing him his *pâté de foie gras*. EVOE.

"JACK HOBBS,
'THE GEORGE CHALLENOR OF ENGLAND,'
GIVES A DESCRIPTIVE ACCOUNT OF HIS CRICKET RECORD."
West Indian Paper.

Who is this chap HOBBS? Batsman, we gather.

From a sale catalogue:—
"CAMI-BOCKERS ADDER-PROOF RAYON."

We always wear them when in snake-infested regions.

NOW, YOU CHEAP SKATES!

(A Chicago poet holds that the Immortals need re-writing to suit modern conditions.)

SHAKESPEARE.

FRIENDS, Illinoisians, hicks! Say, listen!
My job here is undertaking, not boosting.
Double-cross work survives demise;
Uplift often peters out when folks are way down under.
Cæsar is one case in point.
If Cæsar was a four-flusher,
He sure flivvered some
And got lead-piped according.
Waal, with a ticket from the Brutus interest,
I come to orate at the sepulchral parlors,
Though well known to be fanning for Cæsar;
For Brutus is the oil;
Ditto the rest of the bunch, all dyed in the wool.

WORDSWORTH.

When I lie down like a hayseed,
Nothing doing or kinda bughouse,
I just intuit,
Like any lonesome care-free guy does.
Gee! I feel good.
My! them yaller flowers tickle me to death.

KEATS.

O you Bird, your number will never go up;
Time has nothing on you.
In the old days I reckon
President and bar-tender listened-in to the same dope
As me now.
Maybe the same chin-music as flattened out Ruth
That time she pined for the home-town, weeping on the foreign prairie;
Maybe the same as put the hoodoo on windows
Looking out on a Great Lakes tempest
In a medicine-man dry territory.

COLERIDGE.

In Xanabu (Wash.) Boss Kubla
Fixed a kinda Luna Park,
And right there Alfred
(That was the joss river's first name)
Beat it, I'll tell the world,
Through caves no guy could pass a chain over,
Down to an ocean
Where the spotlight was down to nix.

E. P. W.

From a list of hunting fixtures:—
"KENT, EAST.—M., Ham, near Sandwich."
Daily Paper.

There should be no difficulty then about luncheon.

SECOND THOUGHTS AND THIRD.

A SUBSCRIPTION list for a very hard and deserving case was being passed round the table and my neighbour produced her half-crown. "Although," she said, "if I had any aptitude for learning lessons I shouldn't give a penny."

I asked her to explain.

"Well," she said, "it had always been my habit, unless I was in a dreadful hurry, to find something for beggars. I'm so sorry for them. Until the other evening there came to dine at our house a famous organiser, who upset all my easy impulses.

"The conversation turned naturally on charity; it was a theme with which his name was associated—as naturally as——"

"BEAUMONT with FLETCHER," I suggested.

"Yes," she said gratefully.

"Or tare with tret."

"Yes. Thank you. So the whole question of charity came up—charity in all its branches; so many branches that one almost lost sight of the thing itself among the leaves."

"Very good," I said.

"Was I being funny?" she asked. "I hope not. I hate women who are funny."

"Merely apt," I assured her. "But do go on."

"Well," she resumed, "we all talked charity, and gradually the great organiser convinced those of us who were in the habit of finding sixpences and shillings for mendicants that we were, if not actual criminals, enemies of society. There is no such mischief, he assured us, as indiscriminate giving of alms. The truly deserving suffer at the hands of the impostors. Every appeal should be investigated first. And so on. You no doubt have heard it too?"

"Often," I said. "But life isn't long enough. Let those who have nothing else to do pursue the necessary inquiries."

"Yes," she replied, "that is what I think now. But I must admit that this eminent public man rather impressed me. He repeated so often and so earnestly that we must all do our duty that I determined to try. I would no longer be impulsive. I would institute inquiries (I am using his words); I would plumb the depths.

"As it chanced, I had an opportunity of behaving like a scientific Samaritan almost at once, for only a day or so afterwards, just as I turned out of Notting Hill Gate into the Mall, I was stopped by the most wistful and forlorn little creature I have ever seen. A child of not more than thirteen, pale, tearful and in rags. Would the kind lady help? she asked. Her mother was very ill and there was no food in the house.

"Where was her father?

"Dead.

"Why wasn't her mother in a hospital?

"She was too ill to be moved.

"What was the complaint?

"Pneumonia.

"I was just about to open my purse when I remembered my responsibilities as a citizen, my position as a member of the social family.



THE STORY OF FLYING BENN.

What a wind! Oh, how it whistles
Through the trees and flowers and thistles!
Now it 's caught his red umbrella;
Look at him, poor little fellah!

* * * * * *

No one ever yet could tell
Where he stopped or where he fell;
Only this one thing is plain,
BENN won't play with GEORGE again!

("*Struwwelpeter*," adapted.)

"'Where does your mother live?' I asked, and learned that it was in a tenement building not very distant.

"'Then I'll go with you and see what can be done,' I said. 'You lead the way.'

"It occurred to me that the child did not receive this very handsome offer with much enthusiasm; in fact her sad little face grew sadder, with a shade of alarm swiftly crossing it; but I was too well pleased with myself for thinking of my duty to pay very much attention. It was later that the full significance of her expression struck me.

"'Lead on,' I said, making what conversation I could as we walked.

"Our first steps had been brisk, but after a few yards the child's feet began to lag and her general air was marked by irresolution. A few moments later she stopped altogether.

"'Well,' I said, 'what is it?'

"She hesitated and looked down.

"'Tell me,' I said encouragingly, taking her hand, for I felt miserably sorry for her, so young and so down-and-out.

"'Please, Ma'am, have you any children?' she asked.

"'Yes,' I said, 'three little girls. But why?'

"'I was thinking before coming home you ought to know what mother's other disease is,' she said.

"'Other disease!' I exclaimed. 'Has she got something then besides pneumonia?'

"'Oh, yes,' the child replied; 'small-pox.'

"I am naturally unsuspicious and believe what I hear; but at this point I became doubtful.

"'Oh,' I said brightly, 'that's all right. I don't mind about small-pox a bit.'

"She stopped and looked at me with dilated eyes. I had broken the rules of the game. I saw her thinking hard. 'And Mrs. Jones, who has the room next to ours,' she resumed breathlessly—'Mrs. Jones said this morning, Ma'am, that she thought Mother was sickening for the yellow fever too—yes, and cholera.'

"At that I had to give in. 'Ah!' I said, 'in that case I think I won't come any farther with you.' We were opposite a pastrycook's. 'It's terrible for you,' I continued. 'Come in here and choose the kind of things you like the best;' and I left her with a sausage-roll in one hand and a custard cornucopia in the other."

"That was very unmoral of you," I said. "You were encouraging both mendacity and mendicity at one blow."

"At any rate," she replied, "the mother didn't get it." E. V. L.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

From a correspondence column:—

"The inscriptions on our coins are in Latin because they were adopted at a time when Latin was the written language of all scholars—and no one in authority has thought it necessary to translate them. On a half-crown, for instance, we have 'Georgius V. Dei Gra: Britt: Omn: Rex.' The abbreviated words stand for 'gratia,' 'Brittanorum' and 'omnorum' respectively."—*Weekly Paper.*

"BUTCHERS.—Experienced Man, to make sausages and smoke once weekly; spare time." *Provincial Paper.*

We approve this limitation. It is annoying to find a fag-end in one's Sunday breakfast.



"I THINK PEDESTRIANS ARE NOT SO GOOD-TEMPERED AS MOTORISTS. DO YOU NOTICE WHAT UNPLEASANT EXPRESSIONS SO MANY OF THEM HAVE?"

THE COLOUR QUESTION.

By PROFESSOR BLANCO WHITING.

I REGRET to see that a correspondent of *The Times* has written to protest against the improper use of ties and other garments manufactured in club and regimental colours. "Go where you may, individuals are to be met wearing colours to which they are obviously not entitled . . . Is it not time that some effective restrictions were imposed regulating the sale of club colours, in order that club members may have the protection in this connection to which they are justly entitled?"

The underlying assumption of this strange appeal cannot be too vigorously combated. It breathes the spirit of monopoly, protection, the repression of the individual—in fine of all the influences antagonistic to reform and progress. It is enough to make Freedom shriek even more loudly than she did when KOSCIUSZKO fell. In a free country there must be free trade in colours. The claims of once fashionable clubs, of the public schools and the older universities to preferential treatment in this matter are only the last gasp of a system which has been exposed in all its futility by the fearless pen of Mr. CHARLES MASTERMAN. Those who live in mediæval backwaters cannot be expected to know what is going on in the mid-stream of the great river of democratic urge. For the I Zingari, or the Guards, or the Oxford Harlequins to complain because their colours have been appropriated by the Tooting Orient, or the Ealing Emus, or the Clacton Cassowaries is only a modern instance of *Mrs. Partington* and her mop. You cannot set bounds to the march of natural forces. You might as well argue that any one buying a paint-box or planting carnations ought to be obliged to take out a licence.

And yet, while admitting that colour has its place in our social system and in the world of art, I do not deny that its use as an emblem, a badge or a slogan is attended by serious drawbacks and disadvantages. To begin with, its lavish display is alien to the essential attributes of the Nordic race to which we belong. It is a sign of tropical luxuriance and exuberance. It is only intermittently found in our landscape. The normal restraint and moderation of the average Briton incline him to favour subfusc rather than kaleidoscopic raiment. Yet extremes meet, and when once the Briton abandons the precept, *O formose puer nimium ne crede colori*, he falls a victim to the lure of a chameleonic and carnivalesque extravagance, and seeks to jump to glory in a rainbow jumper.

The remedy for this confused and chaotic cult of colour is to be found not in granting monopolies to favoured clubs, but in the abolition of all club colours, and in the establishment of a perfect equality of opportunity for all classes. The Leucophil League, of which I have the honour to be President, and which has been founded in furtherance of this aim, has issued a manifesto in which the impossibility of attaching specific ethical or political values to any colour is convincingly shown by an examination of its traditional attributes.

Red is not only regarded as the colour of extremes and of revolution; it is also Love's rosy hue and, according to one proverb, the colour of wisdom.

Blue stands for depression, but also for loyalty.

Green is the colour of jealousy and fickleness, but also of childlike simplicity.

Pink represents health, courtesy, perfection, but also bashfulness and painful surprise (*cf.* "Strike me pink!").

Brown is "trusty" in the proverb; it is associated with study, but, *per contra*, "to do a person brown" is no



Little Girl (whispering). "I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING, MUMMY."
Mother. "WELL, DARLING, WHEN THE GENTLEMAN IN FRONT LAUGHS YOU MUST LAUGH."

compliment either to the doer or the done.

Yellow is distinctly to be avoided. It stands for jealousy, falsehood and peril.

Black in one proverb is said to be "lusty"; otherwise all its traditional associations are unpleasing, including pride, grief and piratical propensities.

White. Here alone there is no conflicting testimony. All the traditional attributes are not only favourable but honorific.

The scrutiny of the spectrum therefore lends powerful support to the arguments of the Leucophil League, to say nothing of the proverbial amiability of Albinos and the popularity of White Sales.

From a fashion article:—

"One bride this month brought a fur note to her wedding."—*Daily Paper.*

Then it is to be hoped that the bridegroom brought plenty of Treasury notes.

"He liked to think of men's excellences and opportunities as men, and as Canadian citizens, and quoted from Burns: 'The greatest study of mankind is man.'"—*Canadian Paper.*

Or, as POPE observes, "A man 's a man for a' that."

MUSICAL FEATURES.

[The Press has given much publicity to a statement by a lecturer that "different faces make different noises and it is possible to distinguish one face from another by its sound." The following lines are inspired by a confident belief that the B.B.C. cannot long refrain from exploiting the possibilities of this interesting discovery.]

I NEVER was a handsome man,
My features lack a settled plan,
And, what is worse, I must admit
The pieces do not even fit,
But overlap and seem to stray
And get in one another's way.
Indeed my dial, mug or clock
Would give a timid man a shock,
And horses have been known to shy
When I was merely walking by—
A state of things, you must agree,
That 's most discouraging to me.

But blighted hopes now bloom anew,
The future wears a rosier hue,
For learned men proceed to hint
That soon—I 've seen their words in print—
Our features, be they fair or odious,
May be expressed in terms melodious.
Who then dares venture to deny
That mine, though painful to the eye,
May yet, dissolved to music, win
Applause from millions listening-in,
While couples scramble for the chance
Of jazzing to my countenance?

Thus I, who long have felt my face
To be a family disgrace,
A blot, a blunder and a blight,
Await with ill-concealed delight
The day when all may come to own
The perfect timbre of its tone.
My stock may rise by leaps and bounds
When handsome is as handsome sounds.

"ALE DAMAGE.
TELEGRAPH LINES BLOWN DOWN."
Headlines in Financial Paper.

It looks like a special effort by the Order of Froth-blowers.

"Why does the British Government sit with folded arms allowing itself to be kicked daily?"
Daily Paper.

A sedentary position is in the circumstances perhaps the safest.

"Miss —— was in vivacious mood; she was wearing a charming gown in mauve and pink; the mauve georgette skirt was scolloped at foot, and at each point was a finely gauged pink ribbon motif; at the waist was atmosphere."
Provincial Paper.

It is not so much the clothes the modern girl wears as the air with which she wears them.

AT THE PLAY.

"INTERFERENCE" (ST. JAMES'S).

EVERYTHING went so softly and smoothly (the only person who was at all noisy became perfectly quiet about half-time, after being murdered) that one almost mistook for a comedy, or tragedy, of actual life what was just ingenious melodrama. There was, it is true, one case of character influenced by circumstance—the case of *Philip Voaze*, whose subsequent outlook on life was modified by the news that his days were numbered; but what might have been a true figure of drama was spoilt by the absence of intelligible motive for actions on which the whole play turned.

Perhaps I had better give a brief *dossier* of this gentleman. Before we meet him he had discarded a mistress, *Deborah Kane*, had lived with another woman, *Faith* (I don't know what she was *née*), and then married her; had gone to the War and been reported missing; had, for some motive that escaped me, remained missing, and so long that *Faith* married again, this time a distinguished physician, *Sir John Marlay*. Meanwhile he had handed over to his old mistress a batch of *Faith's* passionate love-letters. One might not have worried about a plausible motive for this astonishing action if these letters, which *Deborah* was using to blackmail her detested supplanter, had not been essential to the plot. And the only motive that the authors could invent was the desire of this man to shake off the persistent attentions of *Deborah* by showing her how much nobler the love of his wife, as proved by these letters, had been than anything that she (*Deborah*) was capable of offering him.

This then was *Voaze's* record when we meet him. By a rather useful coincidence he comes, under an assumed name, to consult *Sir John Marlay* about his health, in ignorance of the fact that the doctor has married *Faith*. In the absence of *Sir John*, his wife receives him (this seldom happens to me when my doctor is out). There is, not unnaturally, some mutual surprise. His old affection revives, but without being returned. He finds her so desperate about her love-letters and the blackmail business that she is carrying on her person a bottle of poison. This he snatches from her and pockets it.

In the subsequent interview with the doctor he learns that he has only a little while to live. As nothing now matters much, he exposes to *Sir John* the facts of his marriage to *Faith*, of the love-letters and the blackmail. The doctor, being Sir GERALD DU MAURIER, doesn't turn a hair.



"WHY, MAC, YOU 'VE LOST YOUR STUTTER!"
"AY. A'VE BEEN DOIN' A LOT O' TELEPHONIN' TAE AMERICA LATELY."

Everybody now proceeds separately to *Deborah's* flat—*Faith* on a futile mission to buy back the letters; *Sir John*, still unruffled, to threaten her with instant death by hypodermic syringe or other medium, unless she hands them over; *Voaze*, lonely and unloved, to throw himself upon her faithful affection for his few remaining days. She welcomes him, in black satin pyjama-trousers, with open arms. It may have been her leg-gear or his feeble condition (he was also maudlin with drink), but anyhow there is a faint flicker of his old passion—until he lays his hand on *Faith's* love-letters and begins to refresh his memory of them. Their beautiful tone produces in him a sudden dislike for the inferior quality of the vamp's love, and he calls her a slut and says other very rude things. It is a great shock to her, and she flings herself on a divan.

At this juncture he has a bright brain-wave. He recalls the bottle in his pocket. Why shouldn't he mix the poison (prussic acid) with some brandy and get her to drink it as a loving-cup in token of reconciliation? No sooner conceived than done. A brief contortion or two and she lies dead, and he goes off content with a neat piece of unrehearsed work and carelessly leaving us to grope about for a motive.

He might have had a good one. He might have done it to make things safe for *Faith* by clearing *Deborah* out of the way. But there was no sign of this. His own casual explanation, made the next morning, was that she had "offended his sense of refinement."

I have spent too much time tracing

the steps which led up to this motiveless murder, and cannot linger over the clever mechanism by which the doctor and his wife are led to suspect one another, quite nicely, of the crime; but I must refer to the latch-key episode as another, though minor, instance of the lack of motive. When *Sir John Marlay* threatens *Deborah* with the hypodermic syringe he offers to return later in the evening (he is dining, by another happy coincidence, in the same building) for a further discussion of this project. "Certainly," says the vamp; "and here is my latch-key." It was most desirable that the doctor should have this means of ingress, because *Deborah* would be



A BRANDY AND PRUSSIC.

Philip Voaze . . MR. HERBERT MARSHALL.
Deborah Kane . MISS HILDA MOORE.

precluded from opening the door to him by the fact that she had been murdered in the meantime. But she couldn't have foreseen this unless she was utilising the knowledge picked up at rehearsals, which wouldn't have been fair; so we were left without reasonable motive for this offer of a latch-key to an absolute stranger, when there was every prospect of her being in a position to open the door herself.

Let me just add that the general want of motive on which I have so tediously insisted seemed to be shared by the Olympian gods when they came so near ruining the doctor in his hour of success (he had just discovered a new serum). He was taking his sudden fame very modestly, showing none of that Greek *hubris* which commonly aroused their Greek *phthonos*.

Sir GERALD DU MAURIER, in a delightful performance, faced the most trying ordeal with his habitual aplomb. When he proposed to the vamp a great variety of sudden deaths at his hand—a practice unusual with our leading physicians—he behaved with the best bedside manner. When he came upon her corpse he retained his superb control, merely registering the very slightest spasm of surprised interest. When he became convinced that his wife had done the deed, he covered up her traces and reconstructed a suicide as if he were dealing with nothing deadlier than a case of mumps. And then, with the police all around him, hot on the scent of crime, he accepted a sudden call to a consultation in the suburbs which took him all the night. We were not privileged to assist at it, but it does me good to picture the scene. We are apt to ignore the private side of a doctor's life. In future, when my medical practitioner wears an air of abstraction while affecting to diagnose my complaint, I shall make allowances for him. I shall say, "Poor fellow, he may well have domestic trouble; he may be worried by the thought that his wife has poisoned somebody, and that at this very moment the sleuths of the law are stealthily advancing on her trail."

As *Philip Voaze* Mr. HERBERT MARSHALL'S performance was an even greater accomplishment. He had no familiar type to follow; he had to realise for us a character to whom the usual code of honour and morality had meant little all his life and meant still less now that he knew himself a doomed man. A hopeless decadent—and a cynic at that—he yet contrived to make the man sympathetic, not only by the pitifulness of imminent death but by force of something that appealed in his own personality with its faint traces of a better nature.

Miss MOYNA MACGILL played sincerely enough, but did not reveal any qualities from which one would have suspected her of the authorship of that remarkable series of love-letters.

If Miss HILDA MOORE had any chance of pretending that this was not melodrama, she scorned to use it. Even for a vamp I found her rather highly-coloured. But she has specialised in this sort of work and did it easily. Nothing, however, in her life became her better than her conduct after death. As a corpse her immobility was beyond praise.

Mr. HERBERT WARING, on the other hand, owed nothing to experience in his handling of the part of *Chief Inspector Haines*. Coming fresh to it, he managed very cleverly to elude the trammels of tradition in this kind. Mr. BASIL LODER had a rather colourless task as a Press stunt-merchant. His engagement to *Barbara*, the doctor's niece (charmingly played by Miss BETTY MOORE), gave him the run of the house. Between his loyalty to the family and the temptation to utilise his privileges for the purpose of a *coup* his dear mind was terribly divided. After all, not every journalist is lucky enough to have a *fiancée* mixed up in a murder thrill.

We got some incidental laughter from *Sir John's* lighter mood, but for sustained humour the conditions were discouraging. It had to be introduced violently, in rather grim surroundings. Thus Mr. SPENCER TREVOR, as a Divi-



INFERENCE AND INTERFERENCE.

SIR GERALD DU MAURIER, AS *SIR JOHN MARLAY*, COVERS UP THE TRACES OF A CRIME IN STRONG SILENCE.

sional Police-Surgeon—presumably a hardened class—was very funny in the immediate presence of the corpse. So was Miss MARJORY CLARK, as *Sir John's* futile sister, at an extremely poignant moment when evidence was required of the hour at which *Faith* had dined with her on the fatal evening.

The first-night audience simply loved it all—every word of it. They cared nothing about motives and probabilities. These things are the concern of the critics; and even they, for all their pedantry, must have been human enough to get some simple pleasure out of so excellent an entertainment. My best congratulations to Mr. Punch's "Personality" of last week on finding another winner. O. S.

"THE DESPERATE LOVERS" (COMEDY).

It seems to me that injustice has been done to Mr. SUTRO by the judging

of his *Desperate Lovers* as a comedy when it was so obviously intended to be the most wildly preposterous and overwhelmingly symmetrical of farces.

The *Baroness della Rocca* (Miss IRENE VANBRUGH), relict of an Italian gentleman who had had some reason to be suspicious of his wife in the matter of a certain journey of hers, from Rome to Devonshire and back, in the company of a Captain Golding, to fetch some of the delectable cream of that luscious county, is quartered upon her hennaed sister, *Mrs. Bailey-Parker* (Miss HELEN HAYE), much to this wealthy but parsimonious lady's chagrin. The lively *Baroness* announces in her violent pink-and-green boudoir that she is to receive a proposal in a few minutes from a wealthy gentleman with whom she has just lunched. And when the absent-minded *Alexander Duminy* (Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH) arrives and begins by saying that he has just been lunching with a perfectly charming lady, and has to be reminded by the *Baroness* that she is that very lady, and by a notice on the piano that he has come to propose, one feels that here is a pleasant and promising enough opening, in the comedy vein, pointed with the usual exchange of light (or reasonably light) epigrams.

Thereupon the key changed, and we were plunged into the most complicated of farcical plots, dependent on the too eccentric will of the late *Mrs. Duminy*, formerly Mrs. Bassopp. *Duminy's* five thousand a year becomes a beggarly five hundred if he marries without the consent of his step-son, *Everard Bassopp* (Mr. SCOTT SUNDERLAND), and *Bassopp's* five thousand also becomes five hundred if he marries without the consent of his step-father. Consent is not to be withheld unreasonably, and the arbiter in any dispute is the sanctimonious solicitor, *Seed*, who gets a hundred guineas for every arbitration and thrives on the arrangement. The egregious *Bassopp*, a Member of Parliament with a bee in his bonnet about babies and perambulators and very properly concerned to uphold the sanctity of the British home, wishes to marry *Lady Eulalie Havers* (Miss MARDA VANNE). *Duminy* objects to *Lady Eulalie* because she has once been a militant suffragette; *Bassopp* to the *Baroness* because of the cream episode. But as both *Lady Eulalie* and *Duminy* are old-furniture fans and despise china, and *Bassopp* and the *Baroness* are furniturephobes and delight in old china, a rearrangement of partners is effected, not without, if the truth must be told, much heavy-footed movement and counter-movement. Why Mr. SUTRO's passion for symmetry should have made it necessary for both the ladies to have received from the same millionaire offers of pensions for favours to be received is not quite clear to me.



A DESPERATE PROPOSAL.
The Baroness della Rocca . . MISS IRENE VANBRUGH.
Alexander Duminy . . . . . MR. ALLAN AYNESWORTH.



A DESPERATE SOLICITOR AND A DESPERATE LOVER.
Mr. Seed . . . . . MR. FEWLASS LLEWELLYN.
Everard Bassopp . . . . . MR. SCOTT SUNDERLAND.

Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH blandly and skilfully attempted to develop his not unpromising *Duminy* as if he were playing in another *The Importance of Being Earnest*. Mr. SCOTT SUNDERLAND gave himself over, and with much success, to a boisterous farcical technique. Miss IRENE VANBRUGH seemed unable to believe in her *Baroness*, though there were occasional touches of her old skill. Miss MARDA VANNE went her own quite pleasant way as the ex-suffragette; Miss EILEEN BELDON invented an excellent procedure of her own for the highbrow sister of *Bassopp*, and Mr. FEWLASS LLEWELLYN bravely concealed his discomfort as the fatuous lawyer; while Mr. PAUL SHELVING, the Birmingham Repertory's designer, apparently cocked a snook at the whole business with his ultra-modernist decorations. The producer certainly seems to have made no attempt to pull the team together into any sort of unity of method, and I can't help feeling that if this had been done the joke would not have fallen so flat; for there was much that was amusing both in the idea and its execution. But the pace of farce must be swifter and the texture more homogeneous if it is not to betray whatever weaknesses it contains.

I have, however, little doubt that our author was unwise to abandon his old technique of the social comedy for the boisterous and apparently easier but in reality quite as exacting adventure of farce-making. And the Devil tempts me to sum up: *Ne Sutro ultra crepidam.* T.

More Wireless Wonders.

From a broadcasting programme:

"'Moby Dick,' read by Hermann Melville."—*Daily Paper.*

Why does not the B.B.C., having made a start on this line, engage WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE to recite the scene between *Hamlet* and *Polonius*?

From a football-report:—

"Low-lying fox spoiled the game."
Midland Paper.

Couldn't the referee get hold of a terrier to dislodge it?

TO MY CAMERA.

COME, Cyclops, I would gratify
Some grudges that I owe you
For blighting with your baleful eye
The pleasing sights I show you;
Only a Symbolist who squints
Would recognise them from my prints.

So sit you here, just opposite
My snapshot-mausoleum,
The while I turn the leaves of it,
Pausing to let you see 'em—
The messes you have made, I mean,
With solar rays and gelatine.

Do you recall Pilatus and
The pastures which enfold it?
That lovely bit of Switzerland
Confronts you now; behold it!
The title that my friends prefer
Is "Night in murky Manchester."

Nor would I have you overlook
The Leaning Tower of Pisa,
The only scene my picture-book
Can boast wherein one sees a
Building equipped with walls that are
Exactly perpendicular.

A final sample. Here we reach
A market scene in Devon;
The men, you note, have three legs each,
The livestock six or seven.
I say no more. You shall not fail
The Vicar for his jumble-sale.

THE SONG-SCENA.

FROM early youth I have been intrigued by those musical compositions usually known as "descriptive pieces." In effect they are a most entertaining form of sound puzzle, the game being to listen to the various noises as they are made and then fit them to the book of words which is supplied on the programme. I had many startling successes, and could even forecast when a storm was approaching or the Harmonious Blacksmith was about to knock sparks out of a piece of iron. I don't mind admitting now that this last was just a trick. I used to watch the man who works the fancy gadgets in an orchestra, and when he stealthily edged towards the chimes I would say, "They are going to shoe a horse in a minute, Auntie." And sure enough in a few moments there would be the chimes, and everyone would refer to the words and find: "He commences his day's work (Solo Chimes: Bandsman Bloggs)." I gained much prestige in this way.

Although, as I say, this particular instance was merely a trick on my part, it is possible by perfectly fair means to make quite a lot of sense out of the collection of noises made by oboes, violins, clarinets, bassoons, cornets and other wheedling or bloomphing instruments that are blown, banged or scraped for the purposes of a Song-Scena. The method I myself use is to decide early on what the whole thing is about and then see whether the subsequent developments fit in. If they don't there 's nothing for it but to ask the orchestra to begin again or, alternatively, to come again yourself the next night. Personally I have never had the pluck to do the former and should never dream of doing the latter. I mention it, however, as there undoubtedly are people who would and even *do* go twice to such things.

Actually there is little risk of any such danger, as these Song-Scenas almost invariably fall into two classes:—

(*a*) Pastoral. (*b*) Eastern.

The theme of all Pastorals is as follows:—

Dawn: A thin sort of tweedling noise is made by the oboe. *The Sun Rises above the Mountains:* violins join in and make wobbly effects. As the sun gets stronger 'cellos also come into action, and then of course *Birds begin to Sing.* This is a very popular item and is done by the Noises-off Man, who secretly blows bubbles through a clay-pipe into a bloater-paste tin filled with water. *The Shepherd* now appears *with his Flock* (loud braying from the bassoon). *A Lamb Gambols* (two bandsmen play knuckledown). And so on—you know the rest. The Shepherd plays a tune—on the flute. A storm approaches. The sheep rush for shelter. Rain and thunder. Thunder and rain. Then the storm dies away, the sun bursts out through the oboe, birds begin to bubble again and all is well. You can go home.

Eastern themes are more difficult. There is almost sure to be a desert and very likely some wild horsemen. If anyone in the orchestra begins furiously hitting the triangle, it is even money that a *Princess is Approaching.* I don't know why. And then of course there are Bazaars, Beggars, Caravans, Dancing Girls, Muezzins and a crowd of other things which all go to make Eastern themes more complicated and difficult than your bucolic stuff.

I remember an Eastern descriptive Song-Scena that started full of promise. Without a glance at the programme I recognised *The Bazaar with its Busy Throng of Merchants.* Here were the little gutter-urchins squealing through the piccolo, and then sure enough came a *Bevy of Beautiful Dancing-Girls,* clashing cymbals and swaying sinuously. Then came a smart tapping of castanets, with a background of bloomphing from the bass-horns.

"As I expected," said I to myself. "Here comes the Lovely Princess seated on a Camel."

Suddenly a horrible catastrophe occurred. I saw it before it actually happened. There was the *timpano* player stealthily lifting his bangers. My scalp moved. Bonka!!

The Princess had fallen off the camel! Scarcely had the adoring crowd time to murmur its sympathy (wood-wind and 'cellos) when "Bonka!" she had fallen off again. In all she fell off five times. Then loud bleating on the bassoon told me that, not unreasonably, the camel had got the hump and run off. I was aghast. This was against all known rules of Eastern Song-Scenas. I could not resist looking at my programme to see what worse was in store, and so the horrid truth came home to me. My method had failed me.

This was no Eastern theme at all, but a Monastic picture entitled, "To-morrow will be Friday."

It appears that the squealing gutter-urchins of the Eastern Market were actually the *Golden-Voiced Choir of Boys* at practice. The Bevy of Dancing-Girls were jolly old monks telling each other funny stories and rolling about with laughter, while the Princess falling off her camel turned out, reasonably enough, to be kegs of cognac being unloaded from mules in preparation for the Lost Traveller season which was just beginning.

Since this disastrous failure I have retired from active pursuit of the game and, like other leaders of art, sport, literature and politics in similar circumstances, now confine myself to telling other people how it is done.

VALENTINE.

FROM A FAIRY TO ANNE, AGED TWO.

BE my valentine to-day;
Do, Anne, do.
Of our famèd fairy band
Never one in all the land
Is as sweet as you.
You shall be my fairy queen,
You shall be my joy,
Sitting on a silver throne
With a lambkin all your own
And a golden toy.

Be my valentine to-day;
Come, Anne, come
Down the little nursery-stair
With your shyly solemn air,
Sucking at your thumb.
I will meet you on the lawn
By the holly-trees;
Get your nurse to wrap you up;
I will bring you home to sup;
Please, Anne, *please!* R. F.

"The sea is in our blood. Somehow or other we must get the air there too."
Daily Paper.

Have they tried deep breathing?

THE CALL OF THE RIVIERA.



A. HAS GONE THERE BECAUSE HE ALWAYS GOES THERE—



B. HAS GONE THERE BECAUSE HE 'S NEVER BEEN THERE—



C. HAS GONE THERE BECAUSE HE THINKS IT 'S RATHER THE RIGHT THING TO DO—



D. HAS GONE THERE BECAUSE HE THINKS IT 'S RATHER A WRONG THING TO DO—



E. HAS GONE THERE BECAUSE HIS WIFE LIKES IT—



F. HAS GONE THERE BECAUSE HIS WIFE DOESN'T LIKE IT—



G. HAS GONE THERE BECAUSE THAT 'S WHERE HIS FRIENDS GO—



H. HAS GONE THERE BECAUSE THAT 'S WHERE HIS FRIENDS DON'T GO—



K. HAS GONE THERE BECAUSE HE 'S WELL KNOWN THERE—



L. HAS GONE THERE BECAUSE HE ISN'T WELL-KNOWN THERE—



M. HAS GONE THERE BECAUSE HE LIKES HAVING TO TALK FRENCH—



N. HAS GONE THERE BECAUSE, THANK HEAVEN, THEY ALL UNDERSTAND ENGLISH—



O. HAS GONE THERE TO GET THE BENEFIT OF THE CHANGE—



P. HAS GONE THERE TO GET THE BENEFIT OF THE EXCHANGE—



AND Q.—I DON'T KNOW WHY Q. HAS GONE THERE. PERHAPS IT'S JUST BECAUSE HE LIKES IT.



Customer. "MY HAIR IS GETTING A LITTLE THIN, ISN'T IT?"
The Firm's Super-Salesman. "SINCE YOU ALLUDE TO IT, SIR, YES. AND WHEN YOU ULTIMATELY LEAVE THE ESTABLISHMENT LADEN WITH THE VARIOUS UNFAILING SPECIFICS WHICH I AM ABOUT TO RECOMMEND TO YOU, I HOPE YOU 'LL REMEMBER THAT IT WAS YOU WHO STARTED THE TOPIC."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A VIVID interest in life and a sensitive discernment of contemporary circumstances have gone to the making of Mr. W. B. MAXWELL'S latest novel. But neither, I feel, is perfectly assimilated, and *The Case of Bevan Yorke* (BENN) suffers as a whole from the animation of its subsidiary interests and the comparative languour of its main theme. The curtain rises on a sufficiently "strong" situation. *Bevan Yorke*, a distinguished Egyptologist, is cut at his club because, being a middle-aged husband and father, he has seduced a young girl of good family and refuses (despite his wife's offer of facilities) to marry her. The consequences of his conduct, of which this is a garbled version, constitute a somewhat unsatisfactory plot, chiefly owing to the disabilities of *Yorke* himself. Human tragedy, as distinguished from the fate that prevails equally in the hen-run, is mainly a matter of principles. Principles in their operation are the swords that transfix us; and *Yorke*, though pierced to the heart by the manifestations of other people's principles, has no principles of his own. Against and around his moral passivity are ranged the corporate conscience of the club that ostracises him and the museum that supersedes him; also the private standards of the wife who will do anything but share his views, the mistress who becomes a half-insane *dévote* and the friend whose genial exaggeration of the English hygienic ethos sets down his troubles to lack of fresh air. Mr. MAXWELL in his capacity of biographer provides some pretty comments on life and letters—in fine, where *Yorke* fails as an individual he succeeds as an inspiration. Of the subsidiary interests before mentioned I particularly commend the book's appreciation of the modern child, and his (or her) pathetic ability to enter into grown-up troubles.

The characteristic charm of Holland, a charm supremely "national and vernacular," has been most sensitively felt and most ardently rendered by Miss MARJORIE BOWEN in *The Netherlands Display'd* (LANE). I know of no volume, nor does Miss BOWEN'S ample bibliography suggest one, which goes over anything like the same ground on the same scale. From Zeeland to Groningen not one of the present eleven provinces is left unvisited; nor has anything, you feel, been included out of a mere formal desire for completeness. My only serious quarrel with a fascinating book is that its mode of composition tends rather to indulge Miss BOWEN'S own connoisseurship than to build up a similar quality in her reader. It is a library book, too bulky and beautiful for a rücksack, yet its strings of small biographies of each city's notabilities are rather fitted for casual reference than for close perusal. It is long—a generous fault—and personally I should have made its eleven short stories, founded on eleven charming Dutch pictures, the nucleus of another volume. I should also have added a map, and insisted on a knowledge of Latin in my proof-reader. These however are small matters. Not PATER himself (whose *Sebastian Van Storck* played sponsor, I think, to those eleven "imaginary

portraits") could have been more happily affected by the glamour of the country. Dunes, canals and windmills; belfries, cobbled streets and carillons; market-places scoured and blanched by sea-winds, cathedrals scoured and blanched by Calvinism; traditions of English and Scots exiles; histories of native genius in every guise—stadtholder, merchant, mariner, painter, philosopher and peasant—nothing is lacking. A big undertaking pluckily carried through. Miss BOWEN can say with the Zeeland lion as he shakes the salt water from his mane, "*Luctor et Emergo.*"

A strong but sombre piece of work
Is *Cloudburst* (from the HEAD OF BODLEY);
In every chapter of it lurk
Ominous threatenings which, oddly,
Lure you to read to see what 's next,
Yet, by their sameness, damp your ardour
Until, half-beaten and perplexed,
You go on reading all the harder.

The people in it farm the soil,
And do it well—a healthy labour,
Though most of them seem urged to toil
By stealthy hatred of a neighbour;
And, failing this, they spend their lives
Bossing their offspring or relations,
Or else, oblivious of their wives,
Pursuing other captivations.

Trusting the title's promise, I
Read on in hopes of gayer weather,
But even at the end the sky
Had hardly pulled itself together;
And I could wish that NEVILLE BRAND,
That shrewd and most discerning writer,
Would turn his very skilful hand
To something just a trifle brighter.



The Star. "I THINK SHE WILL BE A GREAT SUCCESS. SHE REMEMBERS TO BE A LADY ON THE STAGE AND AN ACTRESS OFF IT."

Art, and in particular the art of the painter, is among the themes most fraught with perils to the writer and the reader alike. Miss CLARE STUART-WORTLEY, herself the grand-daughter of a very great painter, tackles her subject with a candour, a simplicity and, above all, a cheerful commonsense most tonic and refreshing to a conscientious public bewildered by "movements" and "tendencies" and "influences" and all that. In her little collection of essays, *Art as We Endure It* (METHUEN), Miss WORTLEY opens the door leading from the prison of a pathetic endurance of false art to the garden of a pleasurable appreciation of the real thing. Endurance, indeed. For it is not true that the English people are insensitive to art. What is true is that they need help to understand it, as how should they not? "Those who have felt and seen can make others feel and see; this is the true art-criticism, the only kind that is justified in existing at all," says Miss WORTLEY crisply. She addresses "the professional man or the well-to-do artisan who with his wife strays through the National Gallery on a wet Sunday afternoon." Miss WORTLEY tells him quite firmly that he and his wife need not despair, for deep within their consciousness dwells the faculty of appreciation. What they must do is to learn to analyse the effect of a picture upon their emotions. If they find that the emotions aroused are stronger than their prejudices, preconceptions and the English dislike of a powerful idea, then they may rest assured they are in the august presence of fine art. Such is Miss WORTLEY's simple, if drastic, prescription, to be preferred before all the muddy draughts of the quack vendors of art-criticism.

Mr. BERNARD HAMILTON makes it quite clear in a preface to *The Giant* (HUTCHINSON) that he expects his latest addition to the literature of the French Revolution to be taken pretty seriously, since no less labour, he says, has gone to its composition than to CARLYLE's History. He has written

a biography of DANTON, which, if it hardly quite gives the impression of historical research on such a scale as that suggested, yet does a good deal to remove the obscurity associated, as CARLYLE himself agreed, with one of the greatest figures in the most terrible chapter of France's chequered story. No sensational departures from earlier accounts are observable, yet the author's work has so much real value that it seems a pity he has tried the experiment of presenting it more or less in the form of fiction. His volume may be expected to attract a larger circle of readers, because he labels it "romance" rather than "history," but since in practice this means only that a good deal of his narrative has to be advanced by somewhat ineffective dialogue, or to pause while irritating trivialities—the "labial ablutions" of a cat, for instance—are solemnly disposed of, the additional attraction can hardly go much beyond the cover. And I have another quarrel with the author, that he is over-anxious to follow CARLYLE in explosive mannerisms—one-word sentences and the like—that are let off with the vehemence of Christmas crackers rather than with the volcanic fury of the great original. All the same there are things in this book that it would be a pity to miss. In particular the story of the amazing mock-trial of DANTON and his associates is most uncommonly well worked up.

CLEMENCE DANE offers, in her own phrase, "not words of wisdom but words of provocation" in *The Women's Side* (JENKINS). She is an eloquent and thoughtful provoker. One is not surprised, from her record, that she is much preoccupied with marriage laws and that feature of education in "monastic" institutions, the phenomenon of *Schwärmerei*, which she has treated with such power and subtlety in *Regiment of Women*. She provokes women voters to consider the fallacy of pleading that women's political interests should be confined to matters connected with the home, as if all the problems of politics, civic, national and international, did not react upon the home. In winning her right to vote woman has implicitly abandoned her right to the luxury of political apathy. Miss DANE faces the old argument that there are no women Shakespeares, Michael Angelos and Beethovens—and the resultant conclusions (mainly illogical) drawn by anti-feminists—not by alleging unequal opportunity in the past, but by admitting the fact of man's supremacy in the highest regions of creative imagination and submitting the ingenious contention that "woman is the feminine of genius," and that the creative artist is always inspired by some woman. So that woman takes her appropriate share in the creation of every work of supreme creative genius, as in the birth of every child. It would seem to follow that she is the father, and the artist the mother, of the outstanding works of art; but perhaps that does not much matter. A book that might profitably be left about by designing persons where Charlestoning nymphs abound.



Owner of Second-hand Car. "CAN'T YOU OVERHAUL THAT CAR IN FRONT?"
Chauffeur (shortly). "NOT WITHOUT OVER'AULING THIS ONE FIRST."

In *Harvest* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) Mr. PETER DEANE, who was with the armies of occupation, has collected twelve stories that demand something more than passing attention. The harvest gathered here is, as Sir PHILIP GIBBS says in a foreword, one of tragedy, and indeed some of these tales would have been almost unbearably tragic had not Mr. DEANE shown compassion and restraint in the telling of them. His themes lend themselves to orgies of emotion, and with so many temptations lurking round him he deserves considerable credit for not indulging in excessive sentimentality. No scenes of actual war are described; it is the misery which peace brought in its immediate train that mainly concerns him. Of the collection my favourite is "*Fräulein*," a story told with fine understanding and humour. Further I will not try to sift the good grain from the less good in a harvest which the discriminating reader is invited to glean for himself.

A personal prejudice, highly unreasonable, no doubt, but none the less deeply rooted, against imbecility and insanity in their various forms as raw material for the writer of fiction has prevented me from enjoying to the full Miss MARY BORDEN'S volume of short stories, *Four O'Clock* (HEINEMANN). The ordinarily astute reader will of course guess at once that so seemingly innocent a title probably hides something much more spicy than the mere tea-and-crumpets it suggests on the surface, without being in the least prepared for the astonishing ugliness of most of the subjects—"Beauty," "Miss Bateman and the Medium" and "No Verdict" are cases in point—upon which Miss BORDEN has here expended so much of her literary craftsmanship. The last story of all struck me frankly as lacking both in taste and point. Social climbers after all are not, fortunately for themselves and the rest of the world, people who need be taken seriously, even those who, being the classically-minded daughters of Deans, are "flippantly familiar," as Miss BORDEN rather oddly puts it, "with Phideas and Plato and Homer."

Sounds of *Oh! the Brave Music*, had reached me; still more vaguely I had heard of *Geoffrey Castleton, Passenger*; but until I came face to face with *Enter, a Messenger* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) my acquaintance with Mr. RICHARD BLAKER'S work was almost solely titular—which I take to be my loss, for his story of *John Staveley*, who was interested in everybody and everything, and of *Phyllis*, who loved *John* and no one but *John*, a born monopolist, shows insight and style. Mr. BLAKER has his faults: his characters address each other too often by name—"Old John" and "Old Helen" are repeated *ad nauseam*—and their heart-to-heart talks are far too prolix; but their creator has a real knowledge of human nature. I confidently recommend his tale to readers who do not think that a novel to be worth while must necessarily be either immoral or unmoral.

CHARIVARIA.

WITH reference to the saxophone band taken to China by the Royal Marines we understand that it will only be used for defensive purposes.

* * *

Certain Swiss hotels are trying to popularise community singing. We think the practice a dangerous one. An avalanche might easily be started by a community yodel.

* * *

We are informed that during the bombardment of Oporto all the invalid port was evacuated in ambulances.

* * *

Some surprise is expressed that in the revised Marriage Service the promise to obey has not been transferred from the bride to the bridegroom.

* * *

In consequence of the outbreaks of fire at two of the West-End Service clubs last week, it is understood that the rule that requires fire-eating members to have their meals in the Asbestos Room is to be more strictly enforced.

* * *

Thames-side residents are said to be getting quite used to floods. They are pardonably annoyed however when the baker's boy rows out of the front-garden gate without shutting it and so lets the goldfish out.

* * *

"Brimstone broken into jagged lumps will keep down moths," says a weekly paper. It is considered unsporting, however, to throw them at a sitting insect.

* * *

As Mr. AUGUSTUS JOHN is said to have been seen in London when he was known to be abroad a gossip-writer suspects that he may have a double. It is anticipated that the famous artist will seek an injunction.

* * *

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has expressed the belief that the Liberal Party, in spite of tempestuous weather, will soon have rounded Cape Horn. At one time it was almost given up for lost at Lloyd's.

* * *

On the subject of the theory of a lemon a day as a remedy for rheumatism, a medical writer asks: "Where and what is the evidence for such views?" In our opinion the answer is a lemon.

* * *

The fracture of an M.P.'s jaw at a dentist's was due to the gag slipping. The question again arises: Should M.P.'s be gagged?

Although astronomical experts are already urging the public not to miss the opportunity—the only one of a lifetime—of seeing the total eclipse of the sun in the North of England in June, we have decided not to take up our position till the weather becomes warmer.

* * *

A London magistrate has pointed out that in French law an actor is not entitled to a Christian burial. In this country, on the other hand, some actors are more than entitled to it.



MORE WIRELESS PHOTOGRAPHY.
(Exclusive to "Punch.")
NATIVE OF WYANDOTTE ISLANDS TRYING TO SIGHT H.M.S. "RENOWN."

We are reminded that a young lady-dramatist whose engagement is announced had her first play banned. Many a playwright has to wait years for that distinction.

* * *

With reference to Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT'S allegation in the BEAVERBROOK Press that the younger novelists are lazy and idle, our feeling is that it is hardly worth making a community song about.

* * *

A lady-novelist thinks that thirty is a nice age for a woman. It is, especially if she happens to be forty.

* * *

A Hertfordshire motorist last week crashed through the gates of a workhouse and pulled up at the office of the master. He must take his turn with the rest of us if he wants to get into one of these places.

* * *

A Brentford man is reported to have broken into the same house twice in the same week. He puts it down to an error in his engagement-book.

* * *

In the village of Greenford, Middlesex, a fox has been barking outside the police-station every night. We think a constable should have been deputed to make a noise like an M.F.H. at it.

* * *

Because he didn't like his partner's play a New York golfer struck him with a golf-club; but it is not said whether he teed him up.

* * *

An appeal for a parrot that can swear has been issued by the People's Dispensary for Animals. A Thames bargee has written to say that, if they will find a parrot of promise but short of experience, he will go along and put the bird in the way of it.

* * *

"Forcing rhubarb has its disadvantages," says a gardening article. That is why we always ask ours if it is prepared to go quietly.

* * *

A ghost is said to haunt a derelict railway-station in South London. Residents living near are reported to have heard sounds like a ham-sandwich moaning for mustard.

* * *

A device has been invented which ensures that pedestrians when being knocked down cannot roll under the car but are pushed along the road. Motorists seem to be never tired of thinking out new entertainments for pedestrians.

* * *

The Lawn-Tennis Association is complaining about the price of tennis-balls, yet HENRY V. got quite shirty when the DAUPHIN sent him a basketful gratis.

* * *

Undoubtedly this Roman wall three feet nine inches thick which has recently been discovered was put up by a man who had been teaching his wife to reverse a two-horse-power chariot.

* * *

Seventy-two members of the staff of Selfridge's have gone to Switzerland for a holiday. It shouldn't be long before there's a White Sale bargain basement underneath Mont Blanc.

FAR EAST AND NEAR WEST.

[Reflections on the Labour Party's demand for the recall of the defensive force sent out to Shanghai with the sole purpose of protecting British life and property.]

It was the hour of middle night;
From bed the Socialist arose;
A sense of something not quite right
Had banished sleep from eyes and nose.

He harked, and then—his fears confirmed—
Stealing on feet as cold as stone,
Down to the floor below he squirmed
And thus addressed the telephone:

"Hallo! Police! Police, I say!
I've burglars swarming all about!
They're shinning up my house by way
Of two wistarias and a spout.

"Also I notice they have planned
To get the loot off quick and clean;
They've occupied my garage and
Annexed my latest limousine.

"Nor are my goods alone at stake;
They might inflict some grievous wrong
Upon my features—even take
My precious life. So don't be long!"

Came the reply: "We'd love to grant
Your very natural request,
But for the moment, Sir, we can't;
Meanwhile we wish you all the best."

Whereat the other shouted, "Shame!
Thus to decline to send your men;
Protection is the common claim
Of every British citizen."

Then firmly answered Scotland Yard:
"We recognise that claim, but fear
The course you indicate is barred,
Because we have no coppers here.

"You will perhaps recall the time
When you denounced the late police
As an encouragement to crime,
A standing menace to the Peace.

"The Government, profoundly stirred
By views from so inspired a source,
After long thought have now concurred,
And yesterday dismissed the Force.

"To get them back, or raise a new
Protective body in their stead,
Would take a month. Good-night to you,
And may the angels guard your head."
(Rings off.) O. S.

Our Cheery Calendars.

"NOVEMBER 25, THURSDAY.

Thanksgiving Day (U.S.A.).
Sir Henry Havelock died, 1857.
Sir F. Chantrey died, 1841.
Dr. Watts died, 1748.

There 's always something to be thankful for."
Little Dorrit."

WINTER SPORTING.

III.

Now that we are getting better at this ski-ing business Percival and I go for runs by ourselves. Of course I do not mean that we go out separately. There is an unwritten law among expert ski-runners that you never go out completely by yourself. This is in case you happen to come to rest in one of the more unauthorised positions, from which, owing probably to the weight of all your ski-ing badges, medals and insignia, you cannot unravel yourself without help, and so are not found till the snow melts some months later.

Perhaps the best way of giving you an idea of what we dauntless ski-ers do is to describe a fine run made by Percival and myself the other day.

At 10 A.M., after a prolonged though inadequate breakfast of rolls and cherry jam, we left the hotel for the funicular railway. We had taken a parcel of food by way of lunch to fall back on in case we were late returning. At 10.5 A.M. Percival went back for his skis. I am always telling him that skis are considered essential for a ski-ing expedition, even though he doesn't really seem to use them an awful lot. He appears to ski better and further on Bedford cord.

At 10.15 we made a sensational arrival at the lower end of the funicular railway and took our skis off. I of course, while entering the train, did my now celebrated act with my "woods" and the electric-light globe in the compartment. By 10.30 we were at the top of an Alp, skod with skis and literally pawing the snow; and at 10.31 Percival pawed a little too near the edge and went off. As he had the lunch I at once pushed off with my boat-hooks and followed. Halfway down I overtook our lunch, which Percival had apparently jettisoned in order to lighten the ship. Three-quarters of the way down I overtook Percival. We both sat down and waited while an expert, following behind, neatly tent-pegged the lunch with his ski-ing stick and handed it back to us. Then we went on to the bottom, Percival in a sitting position on the backs of his skis.

We next did a "traverse." A "traverse" is what you do when the hill looks too steep for direct descent. Instead, you go diagonally across the slope with, so the guide told us, all your weight on the lower leg. This, he said by the way, was essential in order to prevent that commonest of faults, an inward fall. The guide is evidently a hard-bitten and unsympathetic man. Naturally inward falls are commoner than outward falls; and anyone who has tried an outward fall will know why. I speak as an expert in this. It is my subject.

At the end of each "traverse" you bring yourself to a standstill. When you have got up you do a "kick turn." To achieve a "kick turn" you have to put your weight on one "wood" and, raising the other, twist it round and replace it, parallel to the other but pointing in the opposite direction. At this juncture you must be careful; it is very painful to move off downhill with your "woods" pointing opposite ways. The next motion is to deal with the other "wood" in the same way, remembering of course to remove your weight from it first. Then get ready to start the next "traverse"; not however that it matters, because, however quick you are, you will be in motion again long before you *are* ready.

Percival and I fetched several traverses and arrived at the bottom of that slope. Percival unfortunately fetched one more traverse than there really was room for and had to put it back. Then we skirted a wood, which is quite a difficult operation on skis, and Percival went off down another slope. I followed in leisurely fashion. At the bottom a sort of snow-man speaking with Percival's voice told me to beware of a deep drift. I tried to beware but failed. I find it very difficult to beware effectively on skis.

We progressed slowly for the remainder of the morning. Sometimes Percival was ahead, sometimes I was. Very often we fell down, as a rule more or less simultaneously. The great thing of course was, on seeing one's companion fall in a huddled mass, to stay upright long enough to say, "Can I come and help, old man?" before collapsing oneself. Invariably when we were both down some child of six would whizz gracefully past and ask if we wanted help. I think it is dangerous to allow children to ski on the same snow as grown-ups. Some prostrate and infuriated man will probably murder one of them one of these days.

At lunch-time we fetched up at a small *châlet* half-buried in snow. Percival found it first by discovering that the slope he was ski-ing down had a chimney growing out of it. We stopped and had lunch. Though I was glad we had brought some lunch to fall back upon, I wish Percival hadn't fallen back upon it quite so often. I don't mind my lunch being half as thick and twice as wide, but I do object to a tangerine orange shaped like a five-franc-piece.

After lunch we ski-ed a lot more. Then at the top of the last hill-side we got reckless. We said we would "let her rip," and did. Half-way down we passed a group of people lined up on



A SENSITIVE BREED.

MR. BALDWIN. "GOOD DOG! HERE'S A NICE COLLAR FOR YOU."
THE ALSATIAN (*suspiciously*). "I'M NOT A WOLF."
MR. BALDWIN. "I DIDN'T SAY YOU WERE. I SAID 'GOOD DOG!'"



Hotel Lounge Lizard. "PARDON! MAY I INTRODUCE MYSELF TO DANCE WITH MADAME?"
Antique Husband (ignorant of the type). "CERTAINLY NOT!"

skis. Someone said "Go!" as we flashed through them. For a moment there appeared to be a lot of us ski-ing. Then there were just Percival and I and the big white silent spaces.

At the bottom of the hill we saw two little red flags. On either side were people standing about with note-books and stop-watches. It was too late of course to do anything about it. The big white silences were still whizzing past. We just managed to beware of the people and shot between the flags. Percival then disappeared into a mound of soft snow . . . I sat down to rest.

A crowd of people surged round us. All sorts. Important ski-ers with "K" on their skis (pronounced H as in ski); and mere beginners with R. I. P. on theirs. All, to our surprise, were congratulating us.

It appeared subsequently that, arriving at full speed at the starting-post as the word was given, we had beaten all competitors and had passed a beginners' speed test in record time. In fact, we had become members of a ski-ing club and are entitled to wear a badge.

Percival, crawling out of his snow-mound, didn't know whether it was Regent Street or Friday week, so I shall break it to him later that we have acquired a great reputation as ski-runners. But in order to keep it I can see that we shall have to avoid being actually seen on skis again. A. A.

A DECEPTIVE DEMEANOUR.

[Bracing back the shoulders is recommended by a doctor as an aid to the control of the temper.]

I HESITATED for a bit,
When first the row began,
To exercise my biting wit
Upon the other man;
Although I 'd many things to state,
And most of them were good,
The vision of his fighting weight
Induced a cautious mood.

But not for long did I delay
My tongue's inspired attack
When once I had observed the way
He braced his shoulders back,
A signal that could not be missed,
To bid me understand
That, even if he clenched his fist,
He had himself in hand.

Forthwith I showed him, taking his
Appearance as a theme,
The oratoric qualities
In which I am supreme;
No stammering disturbed my flow
While dealing with my text;
I seemed instinctively to know
Just what to call him next.

Without a pause I went ahead,
Nor dreamed it might be true
The ignoramus hadn't read
About the doctor's view;
But oh! I realised the fact
Before he 'd floored me twice:
I hate a man who does not act
On medical advice.

Any Lover to His Lass.

Why change the vows which came so pat,
Obey and Honour—this and that,
Since I can never more be thine
Now they have banned ST. VALENTINE?

"Scarcely a horse-load of leeks could be sold in Dublin in a week unless they were given away free."—*Irish Paper.*

And then the leek-market assumes a distinctly "bullish" tendency.

"The Council for the Preservation of Rural England have begun well. At all events they are not letting the grass grow under their feet."—*Daily Paper.*

But isn't that just what they ought to do?

THE ENIGMATIC SEX.

"I SUPPOSE," observed John, "no one would say I was exactly handsome—what?"

I looked at him carefully. We were sitting in semi-darkness, and by the fitful gleam of the common-room fire John's features appeared to take on an even less prepossessing aspect, if that were possible, than they were accustomed to wear in an ordinary light.

"No," I said.

"And it's no good my pretending to set up to be much of a schoolmaster. Just a pass degree, and the Head never lets me take anything higher than the Lower Shell. Mind you, I like the little devils all right; but I don't fancy they regard me exactly as a flier. The fact is, I'm not."

"No," I said.

"And then as far as games go—well, the only thing I ever did at the Varsity was to scrape into the college second togger as spare man. And of course we're not a rowing school."

"No," I said.

"Also, my handicap at golf is twenty-four, and I am the worst bridge-player since ADAM."

I reflected. It was impossible that bridge could have attained much vogue, at any rate for some years, with the ADAMS; probably they played piquet. But even supposing that the old chap did not acquire the game till comparatively late in his career, he could hardly have practised it with less success than John. It was, I thought, a little presumptuous in John to make an exception of ADAM. But I waived the point.

"Yes," I said.

"In fact," he concluded, "supposing for the moment that you were a young, fascinating and lovely girl——" He paused and regarded me with a smile. "Of course I am only putting it as a hypothetical case."

"Quite," I agreed drily.

"What is there about me that would attract you?"

"Nothing," I said.

"I suspected as much. Yes, I suppose it really is rather extraordinary."

"What is?"

"I've just got engaged to Gloria."

"Mon Dieu!" I exclaimed in English, and I got up and hurried off to evening school.

* * * * *

I confess I was a trifle nettled by the manner in which my wife received the news. As a matter of fact it was not really news to her; she had already heard of the engagement, having lunched that day with Gloria.

"Then why on earth didn't you tell me at tea-time?" I demanded.



Lady Passenger (on bridge). "I THINK A CAPTAIN'S LIFE MUST BE——"
Captain (suddenly, to officer in charge of the whistle). "ONE LONG BLAST!"

"I was so taken up with thinking about baby's teething-powders. I hope you remembered them, darling."

"But surely you realise what an unparalleled piece of luck it is for John? Good heavens! Gloria, the Head's daughter, marrying our prize rabbit!"

My wife flung her arms round my neck. "Don't say you haven't been to the chemist's," she entreated.

I disengaged myself coldly. "There are moments," I said, "when even teething-powders become a matter of secondary importance. I suppose I need not remind you that Gloria has had at least a dozen offers of marriage in the last two years?"

"I knew it," she wailed. "You have forgotten them." And she dashed from the room.

"I've telephoned to the chemist," she said on her return, "and told him you will be round for them in half-an-hour. Somehow he seemed very surprised, almost bewildered."

"His confusion," I replied, "was probably caused by wondering how we could possibly have acquired a second child, already at the teething stage, since I interviewed him a couple of hours ago." And, taking the powders from my pocket, I placed them on the table.

"But you said——"

"No, no," I protested.

"Well, at any rate you made me think——" I shook my head. "My

dearest girl, you over-rate my powers. No woman ever really thinks. They are just creatures of impulse. Look at Gloria."

My wife took up the powders and walked to the door, a favourite post of vantage with her.

"Well, if you ask me," she said, "I think Gloria is a very sensible girl and a very lucky one. I know all you men look on John as a rabbit, as you call him, because he's not particularly brilliant at anything; and I admit he's plain. But he's a jolly good sort and everybody likes him. You like him yourself. Why does a girl fall in love with a man? Do you think it's because he's an Adonis or a senior wrangler or a rugger blue? Rubbish! Gloria is going to marry John because he is John; and that's the best of all reasons." And she departed.

It was nearly midnight when I left the study and went upstairs. A night-light burned dimly on the dressing-table in our room. In his cot, drawn close to the side of the bed, I could just make out the form of our son, plunged in unwontedly tranquil slumber. My wife was also asleep, but she stirred as I entered. I surveyed the pair for a few moments in silence. Then a thought struck me, and I gently pinched my wife's ear. She opened her eyes drowsily.

"What made you marry me, Mary?" I asked.

She closed her eyes again. "I've forgotten, darling," she murmured. "Don't wake baby."

Another Impending Apology.

"He graduated from Keble College in 1922 with a second ass in Theology."
Provincial Paper.

"IMPORTANT NOTES TO SCHOOLS.

(i.) Each candidate must bring a Flora to the Examination."—*Joint Matriculation Board Syllabus, February, 1927.*

Any competitor to the examiners—

"Tell me, have you seen my Flora pass this way?"

"Res non olet."

"Mr. Glyn Edwards [Liberal Candidate for Stourbridge], in his election address to be issued this week-end, points out that the Government has been fragrantly uneconomical."—*Daily Paper.*

This is very refreshing, as we always understood the Government had not been in good odour with Mr. GLYN EDWARDS's party for some time past.

I'LL TELL THE WORLD.

V.—LONDON, THE CAPITAL OF THE ENGLISH.

No work on England would be complete without a passing reference to London, the most important city of that name on this side of the Atlantic. In the United States, of course, we have Londons, Ark., Ind., Ky., Mo., Pa., Tex., Wash. and Wis., whilst London, Ontario, contains all the usual architectural features of London, Eng., including Pall Mall, Oxford Street, Covent Garden Market, Hyde Park and St. Paul's, with the added advantage of a very much smaller population.

Such as London, Eng., is, however, we have to bear it as best we may. There are some who consider it a more wonderful city than Naples. It has been said of Naples, they urge, by some weary sight-seer, "See Naples and die." But in London, owing to the speed and accuracy of the motor-traffic, one may easily die first. This is the more true because on many days, whether one dies or not, one cannot see London at all, and is dependent entirely upon faith and the British Broadcasting Company for the knowledge that it is there at all.

Many plans have been made for the abolition of London, as for instance burning it down; but this has been tried before in vain. The brighter London of CHARLES II.'s time has given place by slow and terrible degrees to the London of to-day.

Approached by way of the north, London begins soon after the Midlands; and approached by way of the south, soon after the sea. On the west it stretches to the sources of the Thames, and on the east it has never been explored, but is popularly supposed to be in the hands of the Chinese. In 1667 the Dutch sailed up the Thames and burnt our fleet at Chatham. But such an event would hardly be noticed by our newspapers now-a-days, where crimes and conflagrations are only important if they occur in the West End.

Most of the buildings of modern London can be conveniently observed on a fine day from Parliament Hill (famous for its connection with the Gunpowder Plot), or even better from the bath-room window of 85, Arcadia Grove, N.W.21, hawkers and street cries prohibited. From both these points the tremendous list in the dome of St. Paul's, which, like most large London edifices, is rapidly heeling over, can be plainly discerned. Bush House, however, a purely American creation, remains upright, and many panes of glass in the Crystal Palace are still intact. The Albert Memorial is invisible, but there is a pleasant little ham-and-beef shop close to the terminus of the electric trams.



ST. PAUL'S ASKEW; DEAN AND CHAPTER WATCHING.

It has often been said that Londoners know little of their own city, and many of its most prominent inhabitants are unaware that it was destroyed by BOADICEA in 61 A.D., or that ASCLEPIODOTUS defeated ALLECTUS near it at a date which I am dashed if I am going to take the trouble to tell you. London was once called Augusta—a silly name. A Saxon folk-moot used to be held on the site of the present Stock Exchange, and HENRY I. allowed the City to farm Middlesex at an annual rent, and hunt the boar and the wild stag in the woods.

But we cannot really go on with this kind of stuff. The important point about London is its enormous growth since it was rather too optimistically planned by WREN, and the complete failure of succeeding architects to carry out his notion of the job.

Nevertheless the determined sight-seer from other lands should not wholly despair of this vast congeries of brick and mortar. With a little organisation and self-discipline much may be seen, and ever afterwards remembered.

The sights of London can be divided into:—

(1) *Open-air Spectacles.*—Amongst these may be noted—

The pelicans in St. James's Park.

The roof-garden and ice-cream-soda-bar at Horridges.

Aldermen bathing in the Serpentine.

The merry-go-round at Trafalgar Square, worked by a stationary engine inside the Nelson Column.
The EPSTEIN memorial panel.
Laundrywomen washing clothes in the Thames.
The City Remembrancer, with his quaint cry of "Oyez," announcing the loss of a vanity-bag.
An auction sale of fountain-pens in the Strand.
The first-night queue for a (coloured) American play.

(2) *Indoor Exhibitions.*—These may be subdivided into (*a*) places where the visitor may keep his walking-stick or umbrella, and (*b*) those where they are forcibly removed.

Amongst (*a*) we find—
Westminster Abbey.
St. Paul's Cathedral.
The Tower.

Amongst (*b*)—
The National Gallery.
The Tate Gallery.
The British Museum.



SEETHING MOB DISARMED AT THE DOORS OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

The reason for this distinction is that the old politico-religious rancour of English mobs has now given place to an insensate fury against archæology and art.

No visit to London can be considered complete unless it includes also—

A tour of the London suburbs.
A study of the night-life of London.

The suburbs are best seen by taking each bus in turn from some central point, such as Charing Cross or Victoria, and seeing where the darned thing takes you to. The traveller will soon find his worst fears realised. The prevailing architecture of the suburbs, so far as it is Late Victorian, has to be seen to be believed and to be dynamited to be forgotten. Here and there a distant old-world village nestles in a hollow of the hills or in a crook of the river, but even these are being rapidly ruined by garage cities in the Tudor-châlet and neo-Georgian rubble designs. Indeed it is felt by many that the whole life of the Outer London suburbs is a fitter matter for community keening than for community song.



COMMUNITY KEENING IN AN OUTER LONDON SUBURB.

London communications, however, are excellent, except on the Edgware and Morden tube, and, within an hour of leaving "Balmoral" or "Mon Repos," the women of London may find themselves eating buns in surroundings of unparalleled pomp and luxury, or buying stockings of almost every tint, from flesh to nude.

The night life of London is very different from the life lived by Londoners during the day. The shops are closing, the sun has set. Work is over, the restaurants are open, the lamps are lit. Pleasure and relaxation follow the strenuous hours of office and business care. Music-halls and cinemas display their alluring bills. Well-dressed crowds on enjoyment bent, some walking and some in motor-cars, throng the thoroughfares of theatre-land. They do this in order to go and see the plays. If there is anything that singles out a night crowd in London from a night crowd anywhere else, it is that all, young and old alike, are filled with a zest for recreation and a determination to enjoy themselves. Eager happy faces and bright inquisitive eyes. The night has now come. Look at yon party with the gay frocks and brightly-coloured balloons. They have put aside the dull routine of work until to-morrow.

The visitor cannot do better than follow their example. EVOE.

NUTRITIOUS NOVELTIES.

(*By Our Vegetarian Expert.*)

THE list of new varieties of vegetables exhibited at the fortnightly show at the Horticultural Hall last week contains some attractive novelties, notably black potatoes with purple insides; the Scorzonera, a long black root with a sweet taste resembling that of a parsnip; and tree tomatoes, which grow downwards instead of upwards and "are delightful to eat, in spite of their name, Cyphomandra betacea."

The enterprise shown by the promoters of the Exhibition is commendable so far as it goes, but the omissions are so numerous as to suggest the obvious comment that we have here only the thin, the very thin, end of the New Veg.

No mention, for example, is made of that very successful specimen of cross-fertilisation, the Rasparagine, which combines the qualities of the raspberry and asparagus, and can be grown either on bushes or in pots. In appearance it resembles the axolotl, and its taste has been compared by an eminent poetess to the *timbre* of the viol da gamba. It is already much in vogue among psychodietists as a contra-inhibitory prophylactic in cases of acute Gongorism.

I also miss that delicious vegetable, which comes from Corsica, the bonapartichoke, which has proved itself invaluable as a tonic and stimulant to newspaper proprietors in the conduct of a journalistic *vendetta*. The exquisite flavour of this delectable root is much enhanced by its name, Helianthus Ultor Bellicosus.

Patrons of winter-sports, and especially of skating, will be surprised to see no mention of the Rocking-turnip, so efficacious in strengthening the knees and ankles as to warrant its somewhat formidable title of Neurasthenanthroposkelesterizon.

The pigmentation of the black potato is noteworthy, but it is far less kaleidoscopic than that of the Patagonian yam, which resembles a yellow plum, but when cut open reveals a pink interior with green spots. I specially regret its absence from the present exhibition in view of those salubrious properties which have caused it to be known

amongst the beach-combers of the South Pacific Isles by the endearing name of the anti-collywobble flower.

Another extremely palatable hybrid whose claims have been strangely neglected by the promoters of the exhibition is the Berberine tom-tomato, which grows in great profusion in the hinterland of Morocco. When crunched by the consumer it emits a sound faintly reminiscent of the notes of the Quangel-wangel-wurzel, which, as BURCKHARDT notices, is the favourite food of the quagga. Yet another compound or synthetic vegetable which has not yet been seen in England is the parslip, in which the somewhat vulgar taste of the nutritious parsnip is mitigated and corrected by the more pungent flavour of parsley.

Lastly I would commend to the notice of the Horticultural Society the extraordinary yellow land-crab-apple of the Galapagos Islands, which grows sideways and turns a bright crimson when plunged into hot water.

SHE-SHANTIES.

ONE OF THE BEST.

I THINK I've done with Mabel Gray,
A perfect woman in her way;
With Mabel one can never say,
But I believe I'm jilted;
I met her first on Folkestone Pier;
The night was very far from clear,
And absent-mindedly, I fear,
I wooed her, and she wilted.
Well, you'd have done the same that night;
The moon was very weird and white,
And had it been electric light
Perhaps I'd not have tarried;
But Mabel is the sort that makes
The most of gentlemen's mistakes,
And then one day a fellow wakes
And finds that he is married.

Dear old Mabel—one of the best!
But no more Mabel for me!
Dogged, athletic and strong as the sea
(And goodness, how strong a strong woman can be!)
Blessings on Mabel, and many times blest
Be the man who has stolen my Mabel from me!

I never had a fault to find
With Mabel; she was clean and kind,
But still she would improve my mind
And take me off to chapels;
She interfered with people's sins;
She'd set her heart on having twins;
She made me live on vitamins
And start the day with apples.
And so I told the constant hen
I could not marry her just then;
She said it did not matter when,
For she was used to waiting;
Nor did it matter where I went,
She patiently pursued the scent,
And took the fastest train, intent
On ultimately mating.

Dear old Mabel—one of the best!
But no more Mabel—Hooray!
Talk about goodness, she was good to me
(And goodness, how good a good woman can be!)
Blessings on Mabel, and who would have guessed
That somebody'd steal my sweet Mabel away?

I said, "My dear, I tell you what,
You are a dear, but I am not,
I go to night-clubs quite a lot
And play bezique on Sundays;
I love the bottle, I confess;
My morals are a horrid mess,
And Brighton is my one address
On Saturdays and Sundays."
I said, "I doubt if we should suit;
I am a most disgusting brute;"
She did not seem to care a hoot,
But told me in a letter
It long had been her girlish plan
To marry some abandoned man
And mould him as a woman can—
The worse I was the better.

Dear old Mabel—one of the best!
But no more Mabel for me!
A slave to hay-fever, but straight as a tree
(And goodness, how straight a straight woman can be!)
Mabel be blest, and an annual rest
To the man who has taken my Mabel from me!

And so I took a nobler line;
Behaving very pure and fine,
I gave up coffee, sweets and wine,
And let old ladies bore me;
And lo! the better I became
The lower burned my Mabel's flame,
The less that Mabel saw to blame
The less did she adore me.
Instead, I think, she does adore
A very bad solicitor
Who likes his coffee more and more
And never goes to chapels;
At any rate she has a plan
To marry and reform the man
As only a good woman can—
They say he's eating apples.

So here's to Mabel—barrels and bins—
For it's no more Mabel for me!
Earnest, intelligent, masculine she
(And goodness, how male a male woman can be!)
Blessings on Mabel, and apples and twins
To the man who has stolen my Mabel from me!

A. P. H.

"OUR BILL FOR CHINA, £645,000."
Headline in Evening Paper.

Those careless "generals" again.

A WORD FOR THE WESTBOURNE.

IT was with a feeling of regret, as when one hears that a mature and respected lady of quality is adopting the fashions of the present-day flapper, that I read that Sloane Square Station, which, it seems, is unchanged from what it was in 1868, is about to lose, at the ruthless hands of the moderniser, the well-bred dowdiness that best becomes it.

Sloane Square has been my station for so long that I have come to regard it with an affection that is quite parochial, and it was with a sense of personal gratification that I saw it described in the Press the other day as the most aristocratic of Underground stations. Yet it is even more than that. Situated as it is on the Bohemian frontier of Belgravia, it can also claim to be the most intellectual. Whatever may be urged on behalf of Hampstead or the British Museum, the station where members of the Chelsea intelligentsia are daily to be seen taking tickets and catching trains, just like ordinary people, can make this claim with confidence. In support of it I will mention a few dozen names—

[EDITOR: No, no!]

Very well, I won't. Instead I will turn to another distinctive feature of Sloane Square Station, of which even many of those who set eyes upon it every day may be unaware.

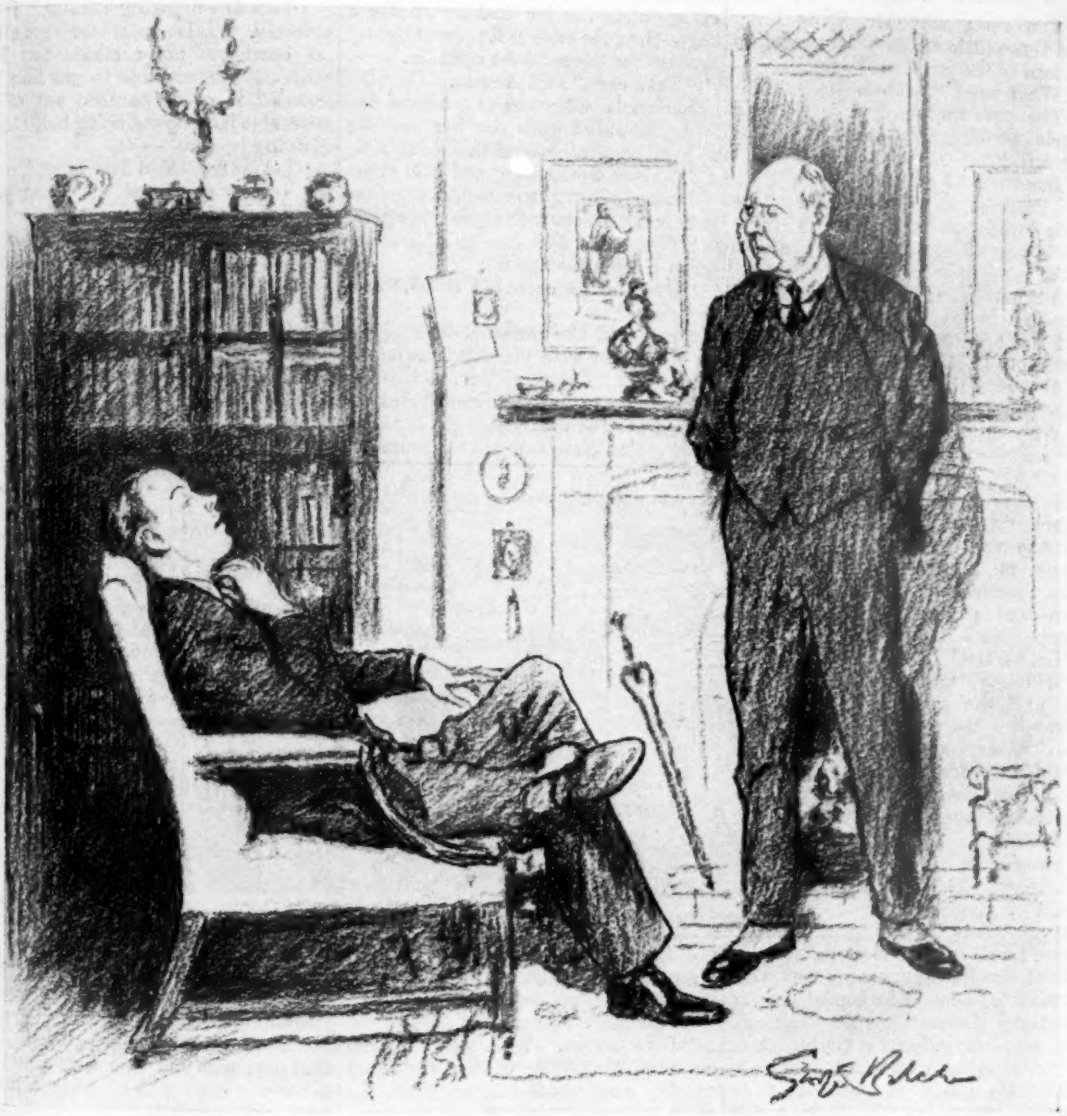
It was not until some time after the improvement of visibility due to the substitution of electricity for steam as a means of underground propulsion that I myself learned that what I had taken to be an extra stout girder traversing the station in mid-air was in fact the case of a pipe through which a little brook, the Westbourne, chatters, chatters—if one could but hear it—as it goes to join the brimming Thames.

When this knowledge was first imparted to me I let three trains go while I conjectured whether they lured the brook into the pipe or built the pipe round the brook. That I have never ascertained. But I have found out some other things about the Westbourne that I would like to tell you, if the Editor—who seems a little captious—doesn't mind.

[EDITOR: I don't mind two or three.]

Well, I have not yet had an opportunity of tracing the Westbourne to its source in the Middlesex mountains, but I could take you to the exact spot on Chelsea Embankment where, by leaning over the parapet, if one is built that way, one can see it come out of a hole in the wall and join the brimming Thames.

And then again in the grounds of the Royal Hospital I could show you—or



Jones (to young suitor for his daughter's hand). "I SUPPOSE YOU HAVE A GOOD SITUATION?"
Young Suitor. "NO; BUT I 'VE JUST WRITTEN A PLAY THAT 'S FULL OF 'EM."

no doubt some kindly pensioner would—an iron trap-door under which it can be heard chatter-chattering quite loudly. It is through this trap-door that the Westbourne is called upon once a year to supply the lovely water-gardens and wonderful miniature lakes that are so much admired at the Chelsea Flower Show.

This fate (which distantly resembles that of Persephone), in addition to the indignity of having its name used for a place like Westbourne Grove, if certain erudite students of place-nomenclature are right about this, seems a cruel one for a little stream that once ran through green fields and sparkled in the sun. I realise that it is now too late to alter it. But I feel that some slight amends might be made. I suggest that in a renovated Sloane Square Station, gorgeous with glazed tiles, shining woodwork and polished brass, the Westbourne where it crosses in mid-air should be enclosed in clear plate-glass and labelled, so that all who look upon it may reflect that Belgravians may come and the Chelsea intelligentsia may go, but the Westbourne goes on for ever.

More Headaches for the Historian.

At Londonderry House:—

"Mr. Winston Churchill, in the uniform of an Elder Brother of Trinity House, spent a considerable time leaning over the balcony railing watching the procession of guests. His uniform and his decorations glittered, but his usual smile was absent."—*Morning Paper.*

"Mr. Winston Churchill stood among the line of people against the balustrade, watching the guests as they climbed the staircase. He, too, wore a confident smile."—*Evening Paper.*

At the opening of Parliament:—

"The Queen . . . wore a dress of cloth of gold."—*Daily Paper.*

"The Queen, in a beautiful dress of cloth of silver."—*Same paper.*

A CHINESE QUESTION.

"I WONDER why Mr. Wing Lung puts these little strips of bamboo into the tops of the jars," said Angela.

"What jars?" I asked.

"The preserved-ginger jars," said Angela, probing into the top of one with a fork.

"Does he?" I asked.

"I suppose so," said Angela. "He is the gentleman who puts the ginger into them, so I expect he puts the little bits of bamboo in as well."

"A kind of make-weight," I suggested.

"I don't think it can be that," said Angela. "That would be dishonest, and I'm *sure* Mr. Wing Lung wouldn't do anything dishonest."

"Why not? 'For ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain,' you know."

"I hope not," said Angela. "I want to retain the very highest opinion of Mr. Wing Lung, because of his beautiful preserved-ginger. *Come* out!"

"Let *me* try," I said.

"Willingly," said Angela, and she pushed towards me the pretty green wicker-covered jar which had found its way across the world from China to our breakfast-table.

I peered into it. The most tempting-looking chunks of ginger were floating stickily in the syrupy liquid which is their natural element, but for the moment they were inaccessible; across the top of the jar were three slivers of springy bamboo. They were wedged across the inside of the jar, forming a sort of convex cage to hold the ginger in position; their ends disappeared into the sticky liquid. Even then it would have been easy if the opening of the jar had been as wide as its body, but it wasn't; the slips of bamboo were about four inches long and the opening of the jar was roughly half that.

Of course it is perfectly simple to hook a fork under the middle of each bamboo in turn and hoist it, bent double and resisting to the last, into the light of day; but unfortunately bamboo only remains bent as long as it must; it won't *stay* bent. Once released from the cramping confines of the jar through the even more cramping opening, it—but I didn't think of that.

"I'll soon get this out for you," I said.

I inserted the fork and lifted gently. The bamboo bent itself gracefully and came out of the jar doubled up like a horse-shoe, the ends still pressed tightly against the edges of the opening.

"Take care," said Angela.

She spoke a fraction of a second too late. Released from the jar, the slip of bamboo straightened itself out with a flip like a steel spring and was gone.

I wiped about a teaspoonful of ginger juice out of my eye with my table-napkin.

"Where did that one go?" I asked when I could see again.

"Over in the corner, I think," said Angela.

I regarded the innocent-looking jar for a moment with profound suspicion.

"Angela," I said, "I do not wish to embarrass whichever Chinese administration has the unenviable job of representing Mr. Wing Lung at the moment, but I am of the opinion that those pieces of bamboo were placed in that jar with a very sinister motive."

"You don't say so," said Angela.

"I *do* say so. With true Oriental cunning Mr. Wing Lung calculated exactly what would happen when the jar was opened, and he put in those slips of bamboo expressly for the confounding of foreign devils."

"Oh, I shouldn't call you that," said Angela.

"Mr. Wing Lung would," I said. "And, what is more, I propose to let the Government know about it. In my opinion they are underestimating Mr. Wing Lung when they send a mere handful of troops to deal with a man capable of things like that. If I knew the Colonel of the Coldstream contingent I'd drop him a note and warn him to keep a special eye open for Mr. Wing Lung."

"That's just what you did, didn't you?" Angela giggled. "Don't you think after what happened to your eye it would be kinder to warn him not to?"

"This is no joking matter," I said severely. "It is a most insidious attack on harmless non-combatants. It is practically impossible to get this confounded piece of bamboo out of this miserable jar without being half-blinded in doing it, and——"

"Let *me* try," said Angela, and, reaching across, she drew the squat green jar towards her.

Very gingerly, if I may say so, she raised the second of the strips of bamboo until it was almost out of the jar, and then, just as it was about to flip itself viciously in her face, she took the ends firmly between the finger and thumb of her free hand and lifted it, still arched like a croquet hoop, clear of the rim of the jar.

"There," she said.

I smiled.

"That's all very well," I said. "But how are you going to put it down? The instant you let go it will flip itself straight."

Angela crossed to the window and, holding her arm straight out of it and shutting her eyes—why, I don't know, unless she expected something to go off bang—she let go. There was a flip and the bamboo strip was in the clover field over the hedge.

But I still smiled.

"You have not finished with Mr. Wing Lung yet," I said. "He has foreseen that move. Your fingers are now so sticky that they are practically useless to you as fingers. I expect Mr. Wing Lung has calculated that you will now starve to death because you can't pick up your knife and fork. What are you going to do about *that?*"

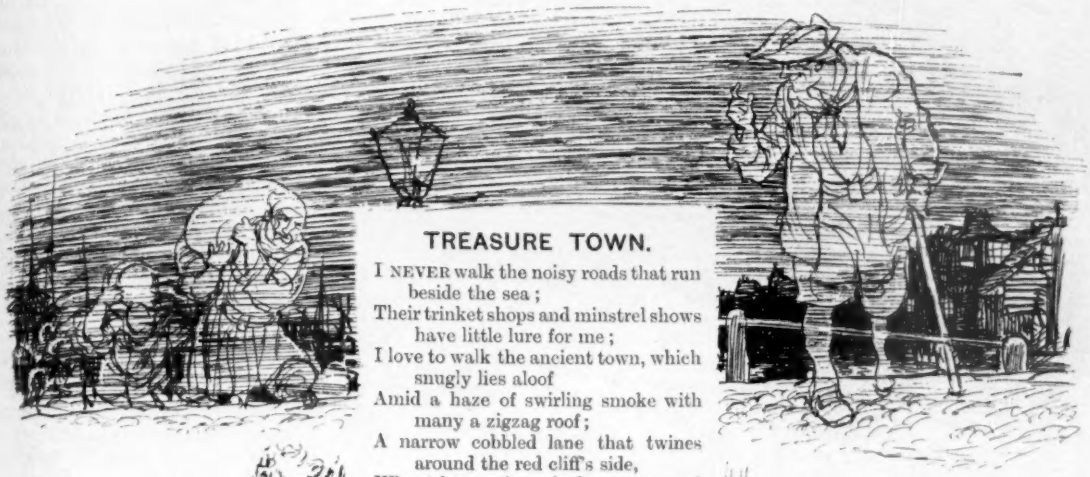
"This," said Angela promptly, and she popped her finger and thumb into her mouth. "Oh!" she added a moment later, "*doesn't* Mr. Wing Lung make *lovely* ginger?"

I agree with Angela about the excellence of Mr. Wing Lung's ginger, but I do not share her faith in the purity of his motives. All I can say is that, if my old battery goes East, I hope the off mule of the second pair will get within six feet of him. That 'll learn him to flip ginger-juice at me. L. DU G.



Enthusiast. "LOVELY! THE VERY SPIRIT OF ZITH!"

"The Church Clock Repair Fund has been wound up during the year."—*Local Paper.*
And what about the clock?



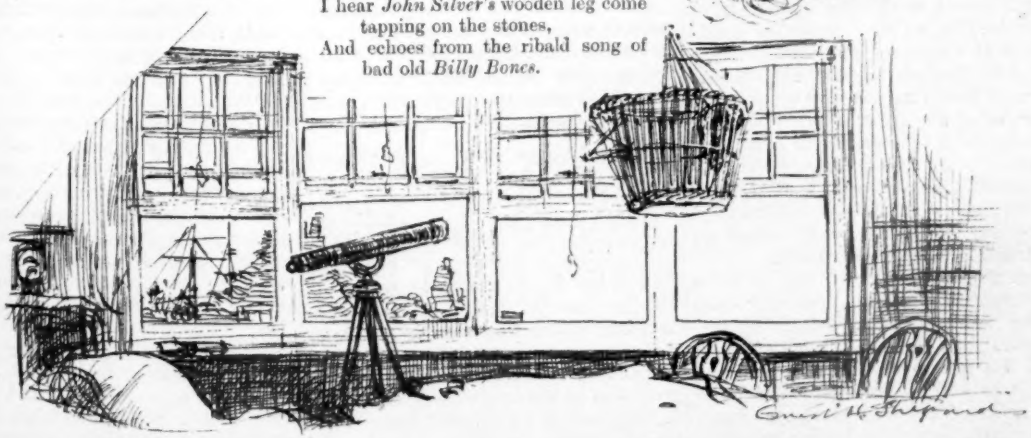
TREASURE TOWN.

I NEVER walk the noisy roads that run
beside the sea;
Their trinket shops and minstrel shows
have little lure for me;
I love to walk the ancient town, which
snugly lies aloof
Amid a haze of swirling smoke with
many a zigzag roof;
A narrow cobbled lane that twines
around the red cliff's side,
Where hosts of crooked cottages and
seamen's taverns hide,
And darkling shops with ropes and
brass and lanterns in a line,
While all the winds are full of tar and
fishy smells and brine;
And crazy wooden stairs go up to gar-
dens decked with shells,
Queer figureheads and jaws of whales
and boats and old ships' bells.

But most of all I love a house, mysteri-
ous and low,
A schooner in the window and a tele-
scope or so;
A parrot in a wicker cage with green
upon his wings
Who shuffles on a crazy perch and
says disgraceful things.
He 's seen a deal of foreign ports; he 's
wise in sailors' lore;
He makes me dream of palmy isle and
glowing coral shore;
He makes me dream of *Cap'n Flint*
and treasure-seeking days;
And often, when the lanterns blink
along the cobbled ways,
I hear *John Silver's* wooden leg come
tapping on the stones,
And echoes from the ribald song of
bad old *Billy Bones*.









"SORRY, MADAM, YOUR TRUNK-CALL TO THE NORTH CAN'T BE PUT THROUGH; THE LINES HAVE BROKEN DOWN."
"KINDLY HAVE THEM MENDED. I WILL WAIT."

MISLEADING CASES.

XI.—WHERE IS MAGNA CARTA?

Rex v. *Haddock.*

THE hearing of this appeal, which raised a novel point of law, was concluded in the High Court to-day.

MR. JUSTICE LUGG, delivering judgment, said: In this case the defendant, one Haddock, is appealing on a case stated from a conviction by a Court of Summary Jurisdiction under the Transport and Irritation of Motorists Act, 1920. The defendant was summoned before the Gerrard Street magistrates on a charge of causing an obstruction in a public thoroughfare by leaving his motor-car unattended for two hours and ten minutes on the night of December 31st, 1925.

The case for the defence was that the motor-car had not in fact caused an obstruction, and it was sworn in evidence that the road was not in fact a thoroughfare at all in the ordinary sense of the term, but a short blind alley terminating in a blank wall, against which wall the motor-car was left with the lights burning, according to law; and the police-officer who made the charge was unable to say that during the period in question he had seen any other vehicle, or indeed any other human being, enter the thoroughfare which the defendant's vehicle was obstructing. The magistrates however very properly, as I think, brushed aside this somewhat frivolous defence and ordered Mr. Haddock to pay a fine of two pounds and the costs of the prosecution, with additional costs of one pound for conducting his defence in rhymed couplets.

Mr. Haddock has now appealed on a point of law, which I confess is novel to me, under the 14th Chapter of *Magna Carta*. The 14th Chapter of *Magna Carta* is directed against excessive fines, and provides that:—

> "*A freeman shall not be amerced* [that is, fined] *for a small fault, but after the manner of the fault; and for a great fault after the greatness thereof . . .*"

And it has been powerfully argued by Sir Rowland Wash that, since there is nothing in the Irritation of Motorists Act or in any other statute repealing or suspending this particular Chapter, the Irritation of Motorists Act must be read in conjunction with that Chapter; that the fine of two pounds is excessive and not "after the manner of the fault," which is a small one, and that it ought to be reduced.

Now in private, and even more in public, life there is no doubt that persons are accustomed to speak loosely of *Magna Carta* as the enduring foundation of what are known as the liberties of the subject, and to assume that that Charter is as potent a measure to-day as at the time of its origin. But in this Court we are not concerned with private or with public life, but with the law, which has not much relation to either. And, if we examine the Great Charter, as I did for the first time in bed this morning, we are led towards the conclusion that, if this is the foundation of the liberties of the subject, then these liberties are not so numerous as is commonly supposed; for out of the thirty-seven chapters of *Magna Carta* at least twenty-three have become obsolete, or have been abolished by subsequent legislation, while among the fourteen which are not definitely extinguished there are at least as many for the benefit of the Crown as for the benefit of the subject, and the remainder have only a precarious existence, if any. In Chapter 8, for example, and Chapter 18, which begins:—

> "*If any that holdeth of us lay-fee*

do die, and our sheriff or bailiff do show our letters-patent of our summons for debt, which the dead man did owe to us, it shall be lawful to our sheriff or bailiff to attach and inroll all the goods and chattels of the dead . . ."

it is laid down very clearly that debts owing to Government Departments take precedence of all other debts, but it would be difficult to found upon these Chapters any extravagant description of *Magna Carta* as the fountain of individual freedom. Again, the ordinary citizen will extract no particular satisfaction from the assurance of Chapter 23, that:—

"*All weirs from henceforth shall be utterly pulled down in the Thames and Medway, and through all England, but only by the sea-coasts.*"

MACAULAY said that the blood of the uttermost settler in the northern deserts of Australia flowed more freely in his veins as he lay beneath the Southern Cross and studied by its light the unforgettable conclusion of Chapter 29:—

"*To no man will we sell, to no man deny, to no man delay, justice or right.*"

But we in this Court are well aware that these undertakings have very little relation to the harsh facts of experience. It is the whole business of the honourable profession of the Law to sell, delay and deny justice—to sell it to those who can afford it, to delay it if the client has money, and deny it if he has not; and many of us wish that we could sell more justice than we do.

Again, in Chapter 30 it is laid down that:—

"*All merchants shall have their safe and sure conduct to depart out of England, to come into England, to tarry in and go through England, as well by land as by water, to buy and sell, without any manner of evil tolls (i.e. extortions) by the old and rightful customs.*"

But he would be a bold advocate who contended that this was an accurate statement of the law or, at any rate, the practice of the land to-day. No man, merchant or no, can depart out of England, come into England, tarry in England or buy or sell without all manner of tolls, extortions and hindrances by the Crown; which is very right and proper, but is not *Magna Carta*.

Again, it was argued before me that at least that portion of Chapter 29 has still effect which reads:—

"*Nor will we proceed against a freeman, nor condemn him, but by lawful judgment of his peers or by the law of the land.*"

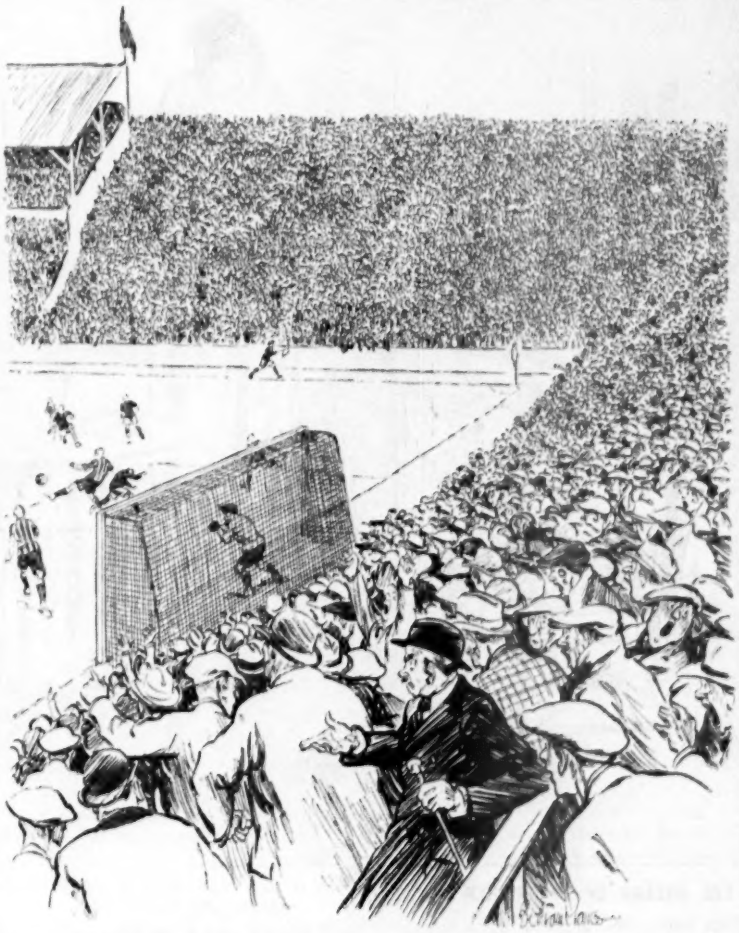
But it was proved in evidence that in fact this method of condemning the freeman is the exception rather than the rule, and it was suggested that this portion of *Magna Carta* must be interpreted in the light of various recent statutes, so that it reads:—

"*Nor will we proceed against a freeman, nor condemn him, but by lawful judgment of his peers, or by the law of the land, or Government Departments, or Trade Unions, or fussy Societies, or licensing magistrates, or officious policemen, or foolish regulations by a clerk in the Home Office made and provided.*"

And in fact in the present case the defendant was not proceeded against by the law of the land, but by regulations; nor was he condemned by his peers, but by a policeman who expected half-a-crown, and by a magistrate antipathetical to the motorist.

Now Lord Mayfly said in *Klaxon* v. *Great Western Railway* (2 K.B. 1871): "The whole is greater than the part," and this is undoubtedly the law. And if, on a detailed examination of a statute, as of a bicycle, it is found that nearly every part is obsolete or has been destroyed, there is a strong presumption that the whole has for practical purposes ceased to exist. And in this case I am satisfied that so little of *Magna Carta* is left that nothing of *Magna Carta* is left, and therefore that Chapter on which the appellant relies must be taken to have perished with the others.

The appellant has done his country an ill service in raising this point, for but for his rash act generations of English orators might have continued in the fond belief that *Magna Carta* was still the abiding bulwark of our liberties, and for that act I shall order him to pay a further fine of five pounds. But it is no part of my duty to conceal the truth, and I am reluctantly compelled to declare that *Magna Carta* is no longer the law. The appeal is dismissed. A. P. H.



Disgusted Supporter (one of a crowd of seventy-five thousand, as star forward is dispossessed of the ball just in front of goal). "SERVES YOU RIGHT! WHY DIDN'T YOU SHOOT WHEN I TOLD YOU?"



Mother. "FOR GOODNESS' SAKE, MABEL, DO HURRY UP. YOU KNOW GRANDFATHER HATES TO BE KEPT WAITING."
Mabel. "I SHAN'T BE LONG NOW, MOTHER. COULDN'T YOU WALK HIM UP AND DOWN THE DRIVE A BIT TO KEEP HIM QUIET?"

THE BALLAD OF THE FISHER'S WIFE.

THE burn gaed glancin' doon the glen
and loupit in the sun;
The sea-trout finnin' in its wame
swam gently up and doon,
Their roon' eyes cockit up to see the
bonny flees aboon—
Wee twinklin' green an' siller things—
gae dancin' o'er the run.
Oh, wae, wae for the fisher's wife
Wha drees her weird her lane!
Oh, wae, wae for the fisher's wife,
Wae for the fisher's wean!

He rose up in the cauld mirk hour that
comes afore the dawn;
"There's saumons swimmin' in the burn
hae swum their last," quo' he;
"I 'll bring ye grilse by denner time:
there sal be trout for tea."
He strappit tight his muckle creel; he
pu'd his longboots on.
"Pit on, pit on your biggest pot!"
He left her to her lane.
"Och ay, ay," said the fisher's wife.
"Ay," said the fisher's wean.

He cast his flees at mornin' tide, he
cast again at noon;
The bonny burn ran lauchin' past
until it reached the sea;
Ye'd say the very chuckie-stanes
were chatterin' wi' glee,
And whiles the flees flew lightly up,
and whiles they drifted doon.
"It 's late, late," sighed the fisher's
wife,
"We 'll eat we twa oor lane;
Draw in, then," said the fisher's
wife.
"Ay," said the fisher's wean.

He cast his flees at evenfa'; the moon
was peekin' thro';
They danced aboon her siller trail:
the tide was rinnin' strang;
A wee wind slippit frae the muir
sweet wi' the heather tang;
The gulls cam mewin' in frae sea, their
white wings damp wi' dew.
Oh, wae, wae for the fisher's wife
Wha sits and sups her lane!
Oh, wae, wae for the fisher's wife,
Wae for the fisher's wean!

He hooked his fish at dead o' night
when a' the warld was still,
When the thin white mist like a cauld
corp sheet had row'd the alder-
tree,
And a weary plaint like a keenin' soul
cam up frae the creepin' sea;
But he brak his wand on a roden bough
as the moon gaed yont the hill.
Oh, wha sal tell the weary wife
Wha sleeps sae sound her lane?
Oh, wha sal tell the weary wife,
And wha the weary wean?

He stood up in the cauld mirk hour
that comes afore the dawn,
His coat was wet wi' the clingin'
mist, but a light was in his ee.
"There 's a saumon swims the
Machrie burn sal lang remember
me!
Wake up, wake up, ye drowsy wife and
pit your kettle on;
We 'll brew a cup tae the bonny fish
I 'll hook ae day again!"
"Och, ay, ay," said the fisher's wife.
"Umph!" said the fisher's wean.

Our Linguists.

From a *feuilleton*:—

"He returned in a few minutes and announced the visitor in faultless English. 'Signor Tillizini.'"—*Provincial Paper.*

From a bookseller's catalogue:—

"Ruskin (J.) Seven Lumps of Architecture, illustrations, crown 8vo, 1903."

The Albert Hall, we presume, for one.



THE FOREIGN ANGEL.

["I hope that we shall get much closer to Russia."—*Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, speaking on the Chinese Question during the debate on the Address.*]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, February 8th.—Mr. BALDWIN, in the course of explaining why the King's Speech contained so scant a measure of legislative promise, said that towards the end of last Session he had noticed signs of fatigue in the House. "Boredom" would have better described it. The new Session brings hope of brighter things. There is to be a Bill to remodel Unemployment Insurance, which will give full scope to the legislatively minded. There will be another Bill to recast the law relating to Trade Unions, which will give ample scope to the loud of lung. A Bill to compensate long leaseholders for loss of goodwill and unexhausted improvements will give the lawyers a chance, and a Bill to "encourage" the British Film industry will give the Liberal remnant a chance to furbish up their Free Trade thunderbolts.

A propos of Liberals, not the least interest of the Session will be provided by the Labour Party's "rush of intelligentsia to the head," as somebody called it, in the shape of Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY, Mr. OSWALD MOSLEY and Captain WEDGWOOD BENN. Captain BENN's appearance, to be sure, threatens to be a brief one, but even if the Leith Labour Party should dismiss him it will not be long before he is back in the House in the other half of Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY's overflow seat. All three are aggressive debaters, of a type with which the Labour Party is not too well provided. On the other hand, there are those in the Party who think that it is already overloaded with silk-stocking Socialists, and that they, the rugged sons of toil, have all too little control over its destinies.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's enigmatic smile, when Captain WEDGWOOD BENN took his seat on the Labour Bench, was a study. Compared with it the Monna Lisa's was a broad grin and the Sphinx's a guffaw. "Come on over, WINSTON!" shouted some Socialist wag. Mr. CHURCHILL smiled, not enigmatically, and shook his head.

To Mr., Captain, Major or Lieutenant-Colonel OLIVER STANLEY, as the papers variously entitled him (it seems to be a case of "On, Stanley, on!"), was allotted the task of moving the Address. He wore Court dress and by comparison with his gorgeous Seconder looked a very crow. His sombre raiment was relieved, however, by a fine string of decorations, and, if the truth must be told, there was a deal more colour in what was on his chest than in what came off it. The Mover of the Address is traditionally thought to have a "difficult and delicate duty" to perform, but the inhibitions all the more entitle him to grace his speech with the flower of eloquence and the perfume of scholarship.

Compared with the Mover, the Seconder of the Address, Major MACANDREW, was a veritable bird of paradise. The door-keeper of a West-End cinema could not have had more bullion disposed about his person. He represents Kilmarnock, which appears to possess a traditional right to furnish the House of Commons with Movers and Seconders of Addresses, and made clear the wisdom of tradition's choice by the ease with which he stifled an incipient Clydeside inflammation by a homœopathic dose of BURNS.



Mr. BALDWIN (Maître d'hôtel) to Chairman of Banquet. "YES, SIR, IT'S RATHER A LIGHT DINNER, BUT, I HOPE, ALL THE MORE EASY OF DIGESTION."

Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD congratulated the Mover and Seconder of the Address on their facile discharge of their task and added that it would be no bad thing if the moderation with which the Parliamentary Session always opened could be continued a bit longer. He found the King's Speech singularly barren of promise and announced that his Party would fight the Bill to amend the law relating to trade unions line by line. Turning to China, he attacked the Press for giving so much publicity to the departure of what he told the House he had never called the Expeditionary Force. Five minutes later he called it the "Expeditionary Force," and when the House laughed explained that he did not mean "Expeditionary Force" in the sense in which an Expeditionary Force was called an Expeditionary Force. He meant an expedition. Why the British people, or for the matter of that the Chinese people, should not learn all about the Shanghai Defensive Force Mr. MACDONALD did not explain.

Mr. BALDWIN said that the measures outlined in the King's Speech were limited to what could be reasonably got through by the beginning of August, in the hope that the House, if not too fatigued, would begin a new Session in the following November.

Turning to China, Mr. BALDWIN reiterated that the Government's policy looked solely to the protection of British lives, and that the question of sending forces to protect these lives "was not for Mr. CHEN." All the points raised by Mr. MACDONALD had been carefully considered by the Cabinet. Mr. BALDWIN likened the LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION to those Biblical commentators who were continually discovering successive layers of inspiration which they classified as "Jahvist" or "Elohist." He was always looking for strata of divergent opinion in the Cabinet, which had in fact but one policy, that of His Majesty's Government.

Mr. PETHICK LAWRENCE followed. There is a certain type of variety artiste that is known in the rude but efficient vocabulary of the Profession as a "bar-filler." Mr. PETHICK LAWRENCE assumed the *rôle* on this occasion. As he rose to speak the House rose in search of tea, and the rest of the sitting was conducted almost entirely for the benefit of the Strangers' Gallery.

Wednesday, February 9th.—For ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain the Heathen Chinee may be peculiar, but he has also managed to learn a thing or two, Lord BALFOUR explained to their Lordships' House, from the Heathen Bolshivee. The question was raised by Lord PARMOOR, who expressed his party's official criticism of the wisdom of sending out a defence force to Shanghai, and wanted to know if the Cantonese were willing to let the question of extra-territorial rights be settled by the League of Nations.

Lord BALFOUR drily congratulated Lord PARMOOR on merely charging the Government with folly when some of his party were charging it with criminal

imbecility. The Government had no designs on China and no aim in sending troops other than to protect British lives. What they talked of as China, he explained, was six war-lords with six armies which, like the maids with the mops in "The Walrus and the Carpenter," had been sweeping it for half a year, and each of whom wanted to be recognised as the Government of China, and became infuriated if any dealings were had with any other war-lord. There was therefore no question which the League of Nations could or would deal with.

Lord READING, speaking for the Liberal Party, supported Lord BALFOUR, and Lord PARMOOR, speaking for himself and the other five war-lords of Socialism, withdrew the demand for papers.

In the House of Commons the assault on the King's Speech was resumed by Mr. THOMAS, who drew an amusing picture of the various Ministers coming to Mr. BALDWIN about their various pledges to introduce legislation on the reform of the Lords, Poor Law Reform, the Eight-Hour Day and the Factory Acts, and being told, "Leave all that to me;" whereafter Mr. BALDWIN had come down to the House and said in effect, "Poor things, you look fatigued. You really must not work such long hours."

Turning to China, Mr. THOMAS took the line—one that commends itself to the Socialist Front Bench above all others—that while the FOREIGN SECRETARY was an earnest worker for peace, worthy of every support, there loomed behind him the sinister figures of the COLONIAL SECRETARY and the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, ever eager to urge him into dangerous courses.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE regretted that the King's Speech envisaged no attempt to deal with increasing unemployment, and intimated that the Cabinet had achieved unity only by throwing aside every controversial topic they had promised to deal with. He dealt with China in a spirit of amiable approval of Sir AUSTEN'S peace efforts, and declared, no doubt with his friend the CHANCELLOR in mind, that he was less afraid of the Reds than of the "see-reds." With a touch of the old Welsh wizardry he declared that the Chinese were the only Conservatives left in the world except the Liberal Council.



Lord BALFOUR *(in reply to Lord* PARMOOR *during the House of Lords' debate on China).* "YOU MUST IN THESE CASES TAKE THE PLAIN AND SIMPLE COURSE OF DUTY. YOU CANNOT FINESSE."

Mr. CHURCHILL, referring to Mr. THOMAS'S query as to why the Government had not consulted the trade unions before deciding to proceed with its Bill, said it reminded him of a soldier about to be tried by court-martial who was asked if he objected to the president of the court or his colleagues. "I object," said the victim vehemently, "to the whole —— lot of you." "Parting company," as he put it, with Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, he intimated that he saw a deal more red about in every part of the world than he liked.

Mr. SNOWDEN charged the Government with "doing everything possible to increase the burdens on industry and prevent the revival of trade." There really was nothing to be added after that, and the House, fearing that somebody might try to add it, quickly adjourned.

Thursday, February 10th.—Sir W. JOYNSON-HICKS told the House that he had set up a Departmental Committee to "inquire into the working of the Shop (Early Closing) Acts," *i.e.*, to see whether Dora should have another lease of obnoxious life. It is to be one of those Committees, he explained, on which the various interests (meaning anybody but the public) are represented.

Answering a question of Lieut.-Col. HOWARD-BURY on the high price of antediluvian taxicabs, the HOME-SECRETARY pointed out that many of them belonged to "retired" soldiers. Presumably the difference between retired and ex-soldiers is that the former never die. They simply fade away—like their cabs.



A FLUTTER IN THE LABOUR DOVE-COTE.
(Willow-pattern style).
MR. C. P. TREVELYAN AND DR. HADEN GUEST.

A motion of sympathy having been presented by the PRIME MINISTER and some eloquent tributes paid by the Party leaders to the late Emperor of JAPAN, the House settled down to hear Mr. TREVELYAN (who, like certain other ex-Liberals, was a be-little-Englander long before he became a Socialist) move the Socialist Amendment calling for the withdrawal of troops from China. He insisted that more troops were not needed to defend the British in Shanghai, and that those sent, while they might protect people in Shanghai, would greatly endanger the six thousand British in other parts of China. The Government's case, as outlined by Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, was that its advisers on the spot took a diametrically opposite view. Before sitting



Alchemist (at the conclusion of another unsuccessful attempt to discover the "Philosopher's Stone"). "AH! STUPID OF ME. TOO MUCH SULPHUR THIS TIME."

down he conveyed the welcome information that the situation in China seemed to be easing and that agreement with Mr. CHEN was more likely.

Mr. MOSLEY, who has many thorns under his tongue (as *Mowgli* would say), a good voice and a fine effrontery in the face of unacceptable facts, referred to the Socialist Party as "the most united party he had ever been in."

Its unity was promptly shown when Dr. HADEN GUEST—a most unwelcome guest at the feast of I.L.P. unreason—opposed the Amendment and roundly declared that it in no sense represented the united opinion of the Labour movement. Sir ALFRED MOND defended the reputation of the British trader in China; Sir ROBERT HORNE pleaded that the House should be united in proclaiming Britain's goodwill towards China; Mr. MACDONALD attempted to tone down some of the asperities of the I.L.P.'s denunciations, and Mr. LOCKER-LAMPSON wound up the debate.

"As the 'gateaux' are sometimes about the size of a walnut, one gets a very meagre tea for 25 francs—plus the tip. Ten shillings for tea for two! And, of course, that does not include cloakroom fees and sundry 'pourbois.'"
Evening Paper.

"For-wood be our watch-word!" as the hall-porter says.

SELF-CRITICISM IN EXCELSIS.

[Variations on a theme suggested by the momentous declaration of Mr. MCCORMACK, who has announced, "I am not the greatest tenor in the world."]

G. B. S.

THOUGH Elizabethan crudity
I 've shown up in its nudity
  And SHAKESPEARE from his pinnacle have hurled,
Yet in moments of self-scrutiny
And suicidal mutiny
  I feel I 'm not the saviour of the world.

W. R. I.

Though hip and thigh I 've smitten
The too complacent Briton
  And shown him the abyss to which we drift,
Though the Anglo-Cats berate me
And Trade Union leaders slate me
  I am not the gloomiest Dean—*just look at SWIFT.*

W. S. C.

Though I 've held more State portfolios
And emerged from more imbroglios
  Than any other Minister or man;
Though earth and air and ocean
Have assisted my promotion,
  Still I 'm not the greatest Churchill of my clan.

J. H. T.

I began with engine-driving
And succeeded in arriving
  In the Cabinet of Nineteen-twenty-four;
My traducers think me slimmer
Than any other trimmer,
  But I 'm not the wiliest Welshman on the floor.

T. H. C.

Though my books are read by Chilians,
Bessarabians and Brazilians,
  And into many millions now have run,
Yet, since the Queen of SHEBA
Never heard of me or Greeba,
  I am not the greatest prophet 'neath the sun.

H. G. W.

Though I 've scrapped the scribes who toadied
BONAPARTE, and exploded
  ALEXANDER'S claims to eminence as well;
Though I 've rectified Divinity
And simplified infinity
  I 'm not a better seller than Miss DELL.

"Both masts and bowsprit [of the Governor's new yacht] are to be built of Oregon pine with the rigging specially insulted so as not to affect wireless."—*Singapore Paper.*

This sounds perilously like *lèse majesté*.



First Farm Labourer. "I WOULDN'T 'AVE OPENED THE GATE IF I 'D KNOWED IT WERE THAT 'UN."
Second F. L. "WHOY?"
First F. L. "THAT 'S THE ONE AS KNOCKED THAT 'OLE IN THE BOUNDRY FENCE WOT I 'AD TO MEND."
Second F. L. "'OW D' YE KNOW 'TWAS 'IM AS DONE IT?"
First F. L. "BY THE SIZE OF THE 'OLE."

RED TAPE IN THE HOME.

THERE is probably no man in the whole of the British Civil Service with a more conscientious respect for the rules of official procedure than my friend Arthur Widdleswick. Nor is his extraordinarily methodical habit of mind reserved for official hours, for I have in my desk examples of his private correspondence over a period of some years, and each letter bears a reference number and is couched in irreproachable official English. I have reason to know too that my own letters to him are all carefully filed and indexed, and that he has been to the trouble of making a *précis* of those which he regards as "precedents."

Not until recently, however, did I discover that the domestic routine of the Widdleswicks is carried out punctiliously by means of a series of minutes and references on paper closely approximating, I understand, to the system followed in Arthur's department, one of the older and more conservative offices in Whitehall.

Widdleswick was good enough to allow me, as an old friend, to peruse many of these interesting "files," and, although he was at first reluctant to give me permission to make their contents public, he at last agreed with me that it would be a good thing if his system were more widely followed, and consented to my making certain extracts. I found it somewhat difficult to make a selection from the wealth of material at my disposal, but perhaps the two series of minutes which follow will give some general idea of the system followed and of its results.

Here then are the minutes on Case No. XY0098/25:—

ARTHUR,—New curtains are badly wanted for bedroom. Submitted for consideration, please.

W. W. 3/9/1925.

WINIFRED,—With reference to the foregoing minute, it does not appear to have been made quite clear to which bedroom you refer. Please be good enough to amplify accordingly.

A. W. 4/9/1925.

ARTHUR,—Back bedroom.

W. W. 4/9/1925.

WINIFRED,—Please complete Form YZ248. Also please state:—

(*a*) Date of purchase of present curtains.

(*b*) Whether present condition, which you state is such as to warrant renewal, is wholly attributable to fair wear and tear. If not, state to what extent it is so attributable and to what extent it is attributable to other circumstances, and to what other circumstances in particular.

(*c*) From what date it is proposed that renewal (if any) should take effect.

(*d*) Whether you have obtained any estimates for new curtains.

A. W. 24/9/1925.

ARTHUR,—In reply to your minute of 24th instant:—

(*a*) About 1912, but am unable to state precise date without reference to previous papers.

(*b*) Partly to fair wear and tear, and partly to your having burnt one or two holes in them by means of lighted cigarettes.

(*c*) Immediately.

(*d*) No estimates obtained pending your decision on the general question of principle involved. This is in accord-

ance with Precedent No. 877 (iii.) of 1916.

Form YZ248 herewith. Omission regretted. W. W. 25/9/1925.

WINIFRED,—I am afraid this file has been inadvertently overlooked for some weeks. Delay regretted. Please attach papers relating to the precedent referred to at (*d*) above. A. W. 3/12/1925.

ARTHUR,—They are not with me. I sent them to you on 1/7/1922.
W. W. 4/12/1925.

WINIFRED,—They do not seem to be with me now. In the circumstances estimates may be obtained in order to avoid delay. A. W. 8/12/1925.

ARTHUR,—Estimates herewith.
W. W. 12/12/1925.

Memo.

In view of impending Christmas holidays hold over till 29/12/1925.
A. W. 12/12/1925.

WINIFRED,—Please say whether there is any change in the position since the date of your last minute.
A. W. 30/12/1925.

ARTHUR,—Yes; mother says she can no longer bear sight of curtains, so is having some new ones sent to us to-morrow as a New Year's gift.
W. W. 31/12/1925.

Memo.

(1) Record as useful precedent.
(2) Put away. A. W. 1/1/1926.

It is scarcely to be wondered at, perhaps, that Arthur's long official experience told in the long run and, in face even of his wife's impetuosity, enabled this matter of the curtains to be brought to what one must regard as an eminently satisfactory and economically sound conclusion. On the other hand I have discovered that Arthur's wife has proved herself an apt disciple of the official method, and on certain matters is practically invincible. Here, for instance, is Case No. SQJ8896/26:—

WINIFRED,—Pink-and-white striped shirt is deficient in buttons. Will you please take necessary action?
A. W. 1/6/1926.

ARTHUR,—I have been unable to trace pink-and-white striped shirt in wardrobe. Please verify. Do you refer to crushed-strawberry-and-cream striped shirt? W. W. 2/6/1926.

WINIFRED,—Call it what you like, but please put the buttons on. Urgent.
A. W. 3/6/1926.

ARTHUR,—This is not altogether satisfactory. In order that there may be no confusion as to identity of shirt in question please say whether the shirt enclosed herewith is the garment to which you refer. W. W. 4/6/1926.

WINIFRED,—Yes. A. W. 4/6/1926.

ARTHUR,—I am afraid this has been inadvertently overlooked for a few days. Delay regretted. Present stock of buttons of appropriate size is unfortunately exhausted. It is hoped that a further supply will shortly be available, and the matter will then receive immediate attention. W. W. 13/6/1926.

WINIFRED,—Noted, thanks; but please expedite. Very urgent.
A. W. 14/6/1926.

ARTHUR,—With reference to the foregoing minutes, buttons of appropriate size are now available, but I am unable to trace the shirt, which seems to have become detached from the papers. Is it with you, please? W. W. 18/6/1926.

WINIFRED,—Yes; wearing it without buttons. A. W. 18/6/1926.

Memo.

Noted for future reference in connection with any similar application.
W. W. 19/6/1926.

Author's postscript.

By the way, I have just received a note from Arthur (Reference No. "Shirts, etc., 1654/1926"), in which he tells me that he has under consideration a modification of his system whereby certain matters of a strictly personal character may in future, on the grounds of special urgency, be dealt with by means of personal interviews.



"NOW SHOWING, LADY."
"THANK YOU, WE 'VE ALREADY SEEN IT."

THE LAST WORD.

You cannot argue with a garage man, neither will he be interested in your ideas. He will listen to them with the tolerant air of a family doctor who allows a patient to babble of his symptoms and then kindly but firmly assures him that that is not *really* what he is feeling. That is only what he feels he is feeling.

I found this out when I took my car down to the works the other day.

"Good morning," said the Garage Man, stepping briskly forward; "what's the trouble?"

"A sticky valve, I think," I replied in all good faith.

"Ah," murmured the G.M. doubtfully.

I went on to explain "the trouble" in detail. "So you see," I finished up, "I think it must be a valve."

The Garage Man shook himself from a brown study. "Carburetter," he remarked so suddenly that I jumped, and he produced a spanner, apparently from the air.

"But I took the carburetter down the day before yesterday," I objected, watching him untwirl a nut; "I know it's all right."

I was rather pleased with myself for remembering to say "down." I thought it would impress him with my technical ability. It didn't. He paused for a moment with his hand on the spanner.

"Did you blow out the jets?" he inquired. I was certain from his tone that the question was merely perfunctory. Whether I had blown them out or not they were going to be blown out now. However, I determined to make a fight for it.

"I did," I replied.

"Under pressure?" he persisted, with an eagle eye on me.

"Yes—my own," I admitted sulkily.

He discarded the spanner and used his fingers.

"George," he called, "get these jets blown out."

George disappeared and the G.M. dripped a small quantity of petrol from the aluminium chamber into his hand.

"Um—you use petrol from the yellow tins," he told me; "look at this." In the palm of his hand were a few grains of yellow.

When George returned the blown-out jets he was busy with the spanner once more.

"You'll find she'll be all right now," he assured me. "It's possible your petrol tank wants draining. Next time it's getting low it might be worth while to have it done. Good morning."

* * * * *

On the following morning I returned, grimly triumphant. "She" was not all right—a fact which I pointed out with some fluency to another Garage Man, who greeted me with the same briskness and listened with the same scepticism.

"Sounds to me like the carburetter," he announced when I had finished, and possessed himself of a spanner from the atmosphere, even as the other had done.

"*Not* the carburetter," I almost shrieked; "that was all done yesterday. I am quite sure it's a valve."

"Jets blown out?" he inquired impassively.

"Yes, under pressure—George's this time."

This was plainly a check, but only for the moment.

"Did they look at the plunger?" he asked, and laid hold of an entirely new bit of the carburetter.

"I don't *believe* it's the carburetter," I announced, but to all intents and purposes I addressed the empty air. The Second Garage Man was exceedingly active with screws. He paused for a moment, swooped down upon some reluctant object in the interior and dragged it forth to the light of day. He glared at it with an expression of ferocity blended with triumph, and handed it over to me.

It was the wretched remains of a poor little cylinder of wire-gauze, crumpled in the middle and with a tiny hole on one side. I am prepared to swear that the thing hadn't been like that before he hooked it out. It had simply wilted with fright, and I sympathised with it.

"That's it, of course," said G.M. II. "Petrol filter's gone. George, bring another petrol filter here."

When all was in order once more he stepped back and regarded his handiwork affectionately.

"George, you'd better run her out for a few minutes," he commanded, and then, suddenly remembering that the car did belong to me, added, as a kindly afterthought, "perhaps you'd like to go too."

George jumped in, and I followed reluctantly, registering bitterness.

We did a consistent forty-five on the level, and then George headed for one of our worst hills—a thing like the side of a house, with nasty curves. I began to hope once more, but my little brute flew up it on top, which she has never done for me. For the first time I began to dislike her heartily.

At the top George slowed down a little and turned to me.

"Seems all right now," he remarked, grinning sardonically.

"Try accelerating," I suggested, and then rejoiced, for clearly and definitely she spat at him, hesitated, cleared her throat and spat again.

"*That's* what I complain of," I explained tiredly, "I'm sure it's a ——"

"Choke in the petrol pipe," interrupted George hastily.

He turned off the petrol and climbed out.

"Now," he said, bending over the pipe, "could you turn on the petrol again?" I turned it on quickly and enjoyed the result. When he could see again George climbed back and we



Master of clumsy dancing. "MAY I HAVE THE PLEASURE OF THE NEXT DANCE, SIBYL?"

Sibyl (who knows him). "CERTAINLY, ESMOND, IF YOU CAN FIND A PARTNER."



"WELL, ME DEAR, AN' WHAT SORT OF A CROSSING HAVE 'EE 'AD SO FAR?"

started for home. There was an atmosphere of strain between us.

"I don't think," I remarked impersonally, "there's much wrong with the petrol supply."

George cast a malignant glance at me out of a bloodshot eye.

"Your dynamo chain wants tightening," he snapped spitefully. I allowed him the point. He was obviously weakening.

"At the same time," I added, "I don't see how that can affect——" I didn't finish the sentence. It was a lonely road and mechanics are strong men.

We returned in silence. The G.M. greeted us on the threshold.

"All right?" he inquired genially.

"Not a bit," I replied blandly.

The G. M.'s face clouded, then brightened. "Switch off the engine a moment, George," he said. Then he bent down over the starting-handle and gave it two or three turns.

"Ha!" he murmured, and straightened himself with the light of discovery shining in his eyes. "George," he said, "the compression's pretty weak. I shouldn't be surprised if it's a valve."

FORTY HORSE-POWER.

DADDY has bought a great new car
  Where forty horses hide;
They 're magicked there—oh, yes, they are—
  All day in its inside;
But when I'm tucked in bed at night,
  And Mummy calls, "Sweetheart,
Here comes your Daddy's car in sight!"
  Then all the secrets start.

For then she kisses me and goes
  Down from my nursery,
And neither she nor Daddy knows
  The next thing—only me:
Soon as she's gone, you see, I fly
  Out through the window straight
To our garage, where anxiously
  The forty horses wait.

There is no car when I arrive—
  Someone's unwitched them all;
They 're prancing horses, live as live,
  Who whinny when I call;
I kiss each one between his eyes,
  All in fair turns, and then
Away we go until sunrise,
  When we come home again.

It is quite secret all we do;
  There's no one knows, but they
And me, the places we go to—
  We never tell by day;
But sometimes when Dad drives me out
  He says, "I like this car;
It's whispering secrets—what about?"
  Well, *I* know what they are. E. T.

"UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE.

CAMBRIGE STILL EXPERIMENTING.

ORDER OF ROWING AND WEIGHTS.

	st	lb
C. E. Wool-Lewis (Third Trinity) (bow)	11	12
T. E. Letchworth (Christ's)	12	1
J. C. Holcroft (Pembroke)	12	1
R. Beesly (First Trinity)	12	8
L. V. Bevan (Lady Margaret)	13	4
J. B. Bell (Jesus)	13	0
S. K. Tubbs (Caius)	12	2
R. J. Elles (Trinity Hall) (stroke)	11	5
Sir J. Croft (Brasenose) (cox)	9	0¼"

Sunday Paper.

Among their experiments the Light Blues appear to have knocked the "d" out of "Cambridge"; but, if they persist in annexing the Oxford cox, the Dark Blues will soon put it back again.

"Minerals of all descriptions abound, and in the course of our trip we saw lead, silver, copper, gold, asbestos and micah."

New Zealand Paper.

Most disappointing that so much potential wealth should end in merely a minor prophet.

MORE JACKDAW IN GEORGIA.

THE MAN WITH A TROWEL.

(After Mrs. ANNA WICKHAM.)

I.—THE GIFT.

I WILL tear from the soil an onion in its pride
And, weeping, carry it to my laughing bride;
Thus will I hold it, thus enchant her eyes,
And bid my love be healthy and glad and wise.

Gold are the tresses that crown her with light,
But more golden the gift I bring to her sight;
At a joyous feast shall the praise be said
Of a golden bulb and a golden head.

And even as, beneath this golden skin,
Whiteness on whiteness folds its scent within,
So in the coifed sweet head of my young bride
White thoughts with white thoughts mix and dreams abide.

I will tear from the soil an onion in its pride
And, weeping, carry it to my laughing bride;
Thus will I hold it, thus enchant her eyes,
And bid my love be healthy and glad and wise.

II.—COMMONSENSE.

I keep a hedgehog in my mind,
He lives on fancies,
He 's Commonsense.
He eats the gay swift flies of my romances
With diligence.

He swallows the grey grubs of care
And keeps me sane,
But wild thoughts stir and wing into the air;
He works in vain. W. K. S.

THE GENTLEMAN FROM NAPLES.

WHY the gentleman from Naples wished to go to Norwich I did not know then and I do not know now. But he did. An acquaintance of mine wrote and informed me of the fact, asking me to meet him at Victoria Station and pilot him safely across London to Liverpool Street.

I was quite pleased at the idea and saw at once the part expected of me. After all, it is just these pleasant little acts of courtesy to the individual foreigner that link nation to nation in friendship and goodwill.

The gentleman from Naples would be tall and distinguished—a Count or perhaps even a Prince. I should step forward and greet him with a bluff but sincere English handshake. He would admire my car, admire my skill in driving, admire the traffic, the omnibuses, the policemen. I heard myself saying, "That is St. Paul's," and "Here we are in the heart of the City." He would be properly grateful; but, waving his thanks aside, I should put him into the right train, shake him once more bluffly but sincerely by the hand, and there the matter would end.

It was of course just possible that he might almost force me to promise to spend next August at his villa—one of his villas—on Capri. His yacht too would be nice.

I took special pains to polish the car, and it really looked quite impressive when I drove up to the arrival platform. The train came in, but in the ensuing pandemonium I saw no tall nobleman waiting anxiously for me to rescue him from the crowd. There was, however, one passenger who kept staring at me—a small dark creature with curly hair and a pointed moustache, laden with packages, bundles, cardboard boxes and overcoats. He approached with an ingratiating smile which I mechanically answered. In a moment he had sprung at me and planted a loud wet kiss on my cheek, while parcels of all descriptions fell in showers around our embrace. Yes, he was the gentleman from Naples.

In vain I tried to interrupt his flow of several different languages; he was not to be hushed up. I saw that the best thing to do was to get him into the car as quickly as possible and drive him away. After successfully stowing all the assorted packages on the back seats and concealing them with a rug, I was just pushing him on board when his general harangue of greeting suddenly turned into a more practical channel and he began a declamation on the text "*bagaglio*." There was evidently more luggage.

He darted off to find it. I darted too, as I did not wish to be left, perhaps for ever, with a car full of preposterous packages. With the aid of a crowd of interested spectators I managed to discover the salient facts of the luggage situation, and with their aid induced him to return to the car while I took steps to retrieve his *bagaglio*.

But yes, he knew the automobile, the beautiful, the blue one; he saw it now; he would go there to await my illustrious return. I heaved a sigh of relief and went in search of a black trunk (*importantissimo*) from Naples. Having found it and appeased the Customs officer, I consigned it to a porter and made my way back to the road.

The car was there, the packages were there, but the gentleman from Naples had disappeared. After searching everywhere in vain I had almost decided to drive home, packages or no packages, when I suddenly caught sight of their owner.

I must here explain that my car is a Crawley-Oxted and, as all the world knows, half the cars on the road are of the same make. One Crawley-Oxted is as like another as twin-brothers. I therefore understood the situation at once when I saw the gentleman from Naples puffing a thin black cigar as he sat complacently in the front seat of a Crawley-Oxted standing only a short distance beyond my own.

Just as I was about to step forward and claim him, a large man in a check overcoat appeared from nowhere and began asking him questions, beginning with "What the——?" "Who the——?" "Why the——?" The gentleman from Naples had started answering them eloquently in his own language when, on turning round, he suddenly became aware of the absence of his parcels. One then recognised the insignificance of the large man's violence; it was pale pleading compared with the inspired imprecations of his uninvited passenger.

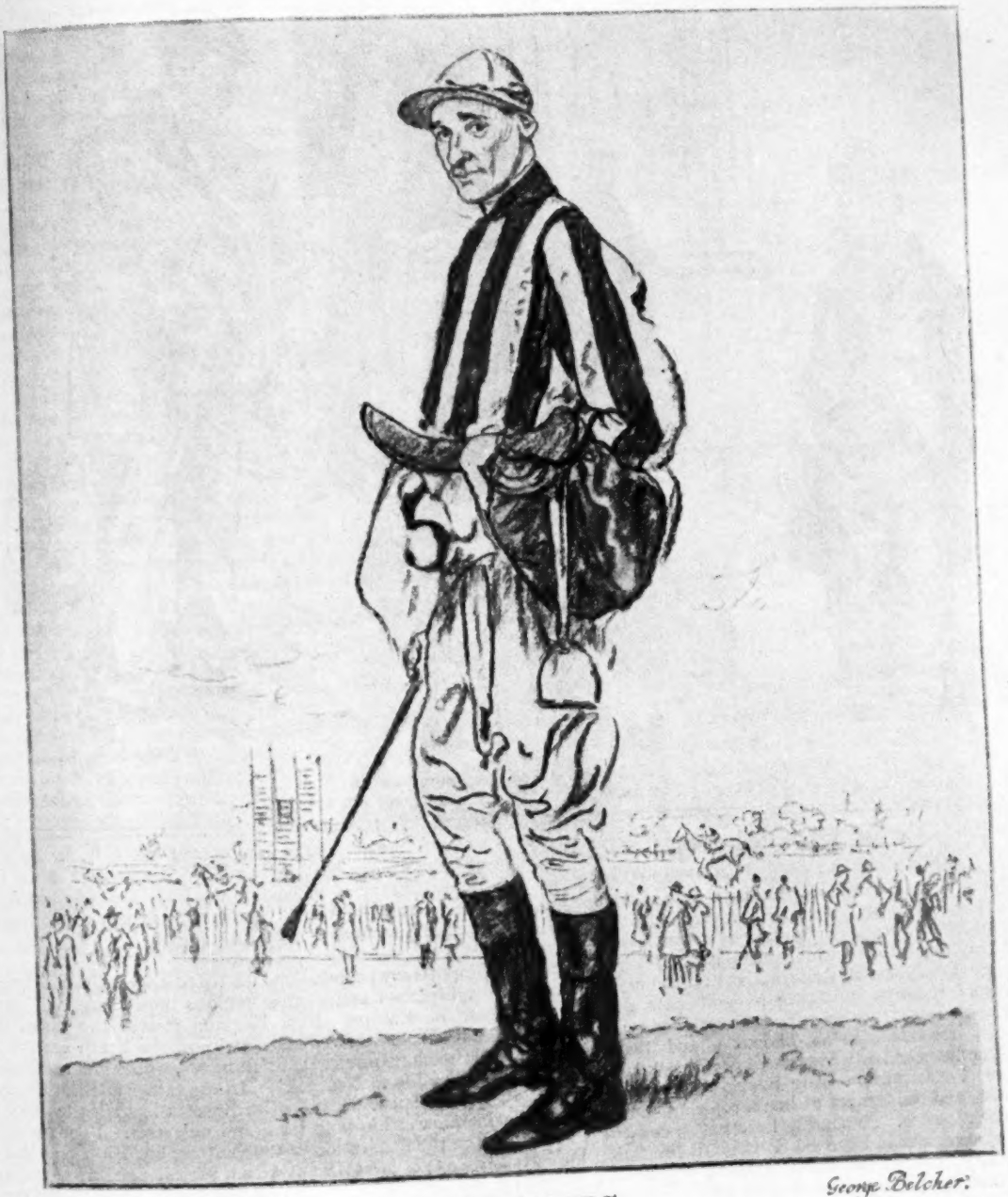
My own knowledge of Italian, largely founded as it is on the study of an English translation of the *Divina Commedia*, was insufficient to allow me to follow the discussion, but I recognised such words as thief, traitor and assassin.

The large man looked thunderstruck, as was only natural in one who, on finding a strange foreigner in his car, was being accused of stealing the said foreigner's property.

It was at this point that I did something for which any decent man who believes in hospitality, international goodwill and the League of Nations will condemn me. I slipped into my own car, pressed the starter button, put the gear in reverse, and backed down the road. When I had retreated to a safe distance I hailed a taxi and, after stealthily transhipping the packages, gave the man double fare to Liverpool Street and told him he would find his passenger biting his own hat at a gentleman further up the platform.

Even by this dastardly device I had not got quite clear. On turning out of the station gates I discovered a large melon rolling about on the floor at the back, and I had a horrid moment throwing it out in a quiet turning off Victoria Street.

I have decided to spend next August as usual—at Bognor.



George Belcher.

MR F.B. REES.

With seat secure and sensitive strong hand
On Shaun Spadah he won the Aintree "Grand";
Extracted from the Welsh, that gallant people—
No smarter jockey ever chased a steeple.

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—XXXVI.



Offended Dignity (*in bowler*). "WAS YOU STARIN' AT ME?"
The Other. "NOT ME. I SEED ALL I CAN BEAR OF YER AT A GLANCE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

To understand the Woman's Movement of the 'sixties it is vital to realise what it strove to replace. If it is regarded, as it largely was in its own time, as an immodest attempt to thrust female legs into bloomers, it must be remembered that practically the only alternative to bloomers then available was the five simultaneous petticoats described by FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE. The five-petticoat and bloomer schools, irreconcilable as Thomists and Scotists, have hardly influenced Lady STEPHEN'S *Emily Davies and Girton College* (CONSTABLE). Lady STEPHEN is a very feminine feminist, and the temper of her chronicle is as gracious as it is enthusiastic. Personally I am not so convinced as her first chapter would have me be that all limitation implies inferiority; or that the whole business of providing women with men's opportunities was well and wisely undertaken. I can conceive a great spirit as not less usefully employed in "ironing the muslins" of Miss DAVIES'S youth than in sitting on the committees of her old age. But the history of the seventy-odd years that intervened between these polar activities is of the first social, political and educational importance; and the careers of Miss DAVIES, Mme. BODICHON, Miss GARRETT (Mrs. GARRETT ANDERSON) and their friends and disciples are in the best tradition of single-hearted pioneers. Miss DAVIES appears to have been the statesman, Madame BODICHON to have had the vision and held the purse-strings. The purse, it is amusing to note, was largely a paternal one; and the attractive daughter of the M.P. for Norwich was seen at her best in the lady's traditional *rôle* of the wise distributor of masculine wealth. This inconsistency, and a hundred others as pleasant, only add to the human charm of a supremely interesting book.

For literary purposes the United States continues to ignore its unitedness and exploit regions more "regional" than those of Europe. New England started the game; the Middle West followed suit; and now the South has turned up Miss ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS, whose first novel deals with low life in Kentucky. In the career of *Ellen Chesser*, a typical "poor white," Miss Roberts has tried to depict a panorama of life both local and universal. I congratulate her on the inspiration of the venture, but I can only credit *The Time of Man* (CAPE) with a partial measure of success. It is a long story, and its cosmic design tends to disappear under an accumulation of interesting but unessential detail. Its author's outlook is pessimistic. "To what end this profuse and often painful raising of tobacco, turkeys and children?" is the sum of her attitude towards the activities of her native state. *Ellen*, when young, is equally given to misgivings—and with cause. Her parents are poor coarse folk, leading a vagabond life on the road or bartering a large degree of independence for a small degree of comfort as farm-hands. However *Ellen* grows in girlish favour and rustic competence, wins a certain social prestige and acquires a wooer. How the wooer drifts away and *Ellen*, casually married, declines into the overcast endurance of middle-age,

is the touching theme of the last half of the book. Its end sees her on the road again with her children and her unsatisfactory mate. In spite of its heroic structure and individual passages of great charm, the cumulative effect of the story is an enervating one. Miss ROBERTS, I feel, has stressed the passions of her characters at the expense of their profounder relations to life.

Shires and Provinces (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE) is authored by SABRETACHE of *The Tatler* and illustrated in line and colour by Mr. LIONEL EDWARDS. A prominent feature has been made here of hound history, past and present, fifteen packs being noticed. Now, considering that there are at least one-hundred-and-fifty packs in Great Britain and that in any work thereon must of obligation be included Beaufort, Belvoir, Cottesmore, Pytchley and Quorn, what to draft for his remaining ten must have been difficult for SABRETACHE to decide. A fairly representative lot have, however, been "put on," though, somewhat to my surprise, no Yorkshire establishment is among them. I am glad to be reminded that the modern fox and galloping hound can still put up the old-fashioned long-distance hunt, which I had thought till recently as obsolete as the Old Towler type of hound whose slowness was, I'd have said, the *fons et origo* of such processions. SABRETACHE however recalls the Belvoir run from Clawson Thorns of January 1926; he may well remember it, for did it not in four hours cover twenty-nine miles? and was not SABRETACHE of the few fortunate ones who saw something of a historic hunt? Royalty was out, moreover, and the fox, perhaps to celebrate the fact, crossed a country where the first JAMES had hunted in 1604—the bagged hare, probably. And the pictures? Well, did I start on Mr. EDWARDS I should cover twenty-nine miles too; but just look at the pen-and-ink of that Badminton fox—he's had nearly as much as he wants—nipping over a wall; and, if any well-disposed person wishes to send me a seasonable gift, I'd adore to have the original, in colour this, of that lovely sombre thing, those few couple of Cottesmore hounds flying like shadows, a dark pasture, a dark sky.



Mother. "ISN'T IT DREADFUL, AFTER ALL THE MONEY SPENT ON HIS EDUCATION, CHARLES HAS DECIDED TO BE A JAZZ DRUMMER?"
Father. "QUITE IMPOSSIBLE!"
Mother. "OF COURSE I TOLD HIM YOU WOULD NEVER CONSENT."
Father. "NO. I MEAN HE 'LL NEVER PLAY THE DRUM WELL ENOUGH."

Miss GERTRUDE ATHERTON once wrote a book called *American Wives and English Husbands*. Mr. HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL, hailing from the opposite side of the Atlantic, has described the complementary partnership, and told the story of an American husband and an English wife. For *Chester* (or *Chet*) *Cowland*, dollar millionaire, arriving at Dinard in search of holiday and health, found there *Lucy d'Aguilar*, daughter of a ne'er-do-well father and a lymphatic mother, but of the very best English families on both sides, fell in love with her in his brisk Californian way, and carried her off to San Francisco, where she became, from English Mr. VACHELL's point of view, *A Woman in Exile* (HUTCHINSON). It was certainly a very comfortably upholstered exile, for *Chet* not only had his millions, but kept on adding to them, and was as generous as American husbands have the no doubt well-founded reputation of being; still *Lucy* was at first a little out of it, for she had come to a land where the language, in spirit even more than in idiom, was foreign to her, and the values of Burlingame were other than those of Dorrington Court. Mr. VACHELL's longish and leisurely book, in which twenty

years or so separate the last page from the first, is in fact a study of discrepancies and adjustments, and his notations are extremely delicate and precise. *Lucy* cannot understand the industrious idealism of her husband, bent on making a fortune to the greater glory of his native land. But Mr. VACHELL understands it very well indeed, and how the little differences, which do not amount to divisions, between *Chet* and his wife are the result of a sort of spiritual bigamy, for *Chet* had married California before ever he set eyes on *Lucy*. *Lucy* too came to know and love it, and we leave her, though she had lost her American husband, returning to San Francisco, after a brief and rather disconcerting sojourn in post-War London, a true adoptive daughter of the Golden West.

I suppose *The Autobiography of a Chinese Dog* (CAPE) may be considered fortunate in the hour of its appearance. Pretty nearly anything about China or the Chinese is likely to be read eagerly enough during the next few months at all events. I do not say that Mrs. FLORENCE AYSCOUGH requires any adventitious assistance of this kind. She has given her proofs in *A Chinese Mirror* (also charmingly illustrated, by the way, by Miss LUCILLE DOUGLASS), a book that was not only a pleasure to the ordinary reader but concealed beneath a charming exterior more real knowledge of China and Chinese ways than the layman would suspect. Mrs. AYSCOUGH seems to make a habit of imparting information by stealth. *Yo-Fei*, her little dog of the LO-SZE breed — the "short-mouthed laughing dog" of the country-folk — takes occasion in writing his autobiography to discuss at considerable length Chinese poetry, the cult of tea-drinking, dragon dances and wedding customs. There are also several useful lessons in the art of speaking pidgin-English, a language that is not so easy as beginners are apt to think. A distinctly well-informed dog is *Yo-Fei*, you perceive, and only occasionally addicted to childish humour. Perhaps there is a little too much of "Mussuss" and "Uncle Peter" and other nick-names of the household; but these animal autobiographies have their natural failings. I can recommend the book to all who would like to acquire insensibly some slight knowledge of the Chinese spirit.



Native (to Visitor). "OF COURSE WE DON'T ALWAYS HAVE SO MANY PEOPLE TRAVELLING BETWEEN MUDFORD AND SLOGOMBE; BUT YOU SEE THIS IS THE 'RUSH HOUR.'"

Youth, clamorous, strong and selfish, is apt to engross the attention of the novelist to the exclusion of the middle-aged and the old. In *Her Son's Wife* (CAPE) Miss DOROTHY CANFIELD, defying the popular convention, demonstrates with an admirable skill that the old may wage a sterner fight than the unstable young, and that parents may suffer afflictions much more substantial than the fleeting griefs of their lads and lasses. *Mrs. Bascomb*, teacher in an American school, widowed, highly cultured (as they say), sensitive and devoted to her only son, was compelled suddenly to accept a vulgar, worthless daughter-in-law and condemned helplessly to witness the steady degeneration of the boy in whom her life was centred, and who was in fact also vulgar and worthless. Exactly how atrocious the parental suffering may be under these conditions Miss CANFIELD illustrates in remorseless detail. The shock of the marriage itself is but the beginning of tragedy. *Mrs. Bascomb's* immaculate little home is invaded and its charm destroyed by the callous and slatternly *Lottie*; *Mrs. Bascomb's* soul is tortured (and no wonder) by *Lottie's* conversation in the vernacular of the Middle West: and *Mrs. Bascomb's* little grand-daughter, whom her parents spoiled and neglected by turns, began to acquire some extremely undesirable ideas. To save the child *Mrs. Bascomb* casts money, leisure, comfort and all into the flame of sacrifice. She does more, for in the last resort she gives her conscience to the fire, deliberately yielding to wrong that good may come. She is a heroine, this old *Mrs. Bascomb*, and, portrayed with Miss CANFIELD'S fine insight and delicate art, she may stand for many thousands of stout-hearted women, alike in America and England, who, behind the starched blinds of respectability, silently wage a hopeless and a losing battle against the unconscious cruelty of the young.

I can pay no greater compliment to Miss ELINOR MORDAUNT than to say that *The Further Venture Book* (LANE) sent me flying to the atlas. "Mine," she writes, "is a quest of little islands," and by the time she had finished it she had seen some of the strangest places and people in the world. The beaten track has no lure for Miss MORDAUNT; anything in the nature of a Continent prevents what she calls her "mental lungs" from expanding. I am content that she should suffer from this slight disability, provided that she will travel among islands as fascinating as those she has described. Look at any map of British New Guinea and you will find some of them—the Trobriands, for instance, where "nothing is done without magic," and (if you are lucky) Tuma, "which is at once the landing-place of all the souls of all dead Trobriands and the setting-out place of every new soul that fares forth to seek its earthly mother." But of all the places visited by this intrepid traveller the one which I want most eagerly to see and smell is Moendoek, in Bali, with its perfume of roses. Many excellent illustrations accompany a volume of real delight to anyone who longs for exploration, but is compelled to do it vicariously from an armchair.

We regret that, owing to an error on our part, a review of *The Case of Bevan Yorke* (BENN), by Mr. W. B. MAXWELL, appeared prematurely in *Punch* last week. The date of publication is February 25th.

"INTERNATIONAL RUGBY MATCH, ENGLAND *v.* IRELAND, February 12th.—Wanted, one Reserved Seat in the centre of the ground."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

We were glad to notice that this unreasonable demand was not acceded to. No doubt the referee put his foot down.

CHARIVARIA.

DEAN INGE imagines the girl of to-day saying to the elderly man who disapproves of her: "We don't dress to please you, old bean." He refers of course to the Gloomy Bean.

* * *

"I believe the young peop'e of to-day are better than those of previous generations," says the Bishop of LICHFIELD. This confirms the opinion already held by the young people of to-day.

* * *

Mr. A. J. COOK says he is the gramophone of the miners. It was of course the miners who got the needle.

* * *

One thing at least seems clear about this Chinese situation. Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD thinks the Government is in the right, while the LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION holds a contrary view.

* * *

All seats for the Grand National are now booked, with the exception of a few saddles, from which a continuous view of the race is not guaranteed.

* * *

In a St. Louis divorce suit the wife complained that her husband, after telling her he hated her, had turned her out-of-doors scantily clad. Wives are very different in this country, where they go out-of-doors scantily clad of their own accord, whether their husbands hate them or not.

* * *

It is suggested that women's frocks should be edited, but when one considers how handy the average editor is with a pair of scissors this would only make matters worse.

* * *

A flock of about two thousand larks is reported from Maidstone. It looks as if we are soon to have community singing in the air.

* * *

Three Brimstone butterflies and four nests of robins are reported from South Devon. It is now up to Thanet to announce a case of sunstroke.

* * *

"Where do our taxes go?" asks a morning paper. It is a question which has long ceased to worry the average man. What he wants to know is where the taxes are coming from.

A music-hall artist who claims to have the strongest lungs in the world blew down a pile of eight bricks at the second attempt. There is some talk of making him a life-member of the A.O.F.B.

* * *

With reference to the newspaper allegation that American Rhodes Scholars at Oxford are an exclusive set, we can only express the hope that they will in time adapt themselves to the ways of a democratic country.

* * *

A medical M.P. is reported as explaining that the House of Commons is ventilated by a system that makes it practically germ-proof. Still some funny things blow in when they leave the door open.



"I HOPE THAT NEW MAID OF YOURS IS GETTING OVER THE 'FLU.'"
"OH, YES, THANKS. SHE 'S ALREADY WELL ENOUGH TO SIT UP AND GIVE NOTICE."

The British draughts team, which is now in America, includes one player, aged seventy, who took part in the last series of matches between the two countries in 1905. It is hoped that his experience will make up for what he may have lost in dash.

* * *

A writer in a daily paper draws attention to the sparkling eyes and clear skins of people who have just come out of gaol. Yet there is a curious prejudice against this simple remedy for lassitude and bad complexion.

* * *

It is feared that the decision of the East Ham Council to ban the "kick" Charleston at dances at the Town Hall will have the effect of keeping many of the really smart people away from East Ham.

* * *

Some Labour M.P.'s are to sing glees and shanties on the music-hall stage during the Easter recess. It is understood that Mr. J. H. THOMAS's numerous engagements as a Society Entertainer will prevent him from joining the party.

* * *

An American is claiming compensation to the amount of ten thousand dollars on the ground that since his injury everything he sees is doubled. In that case the defendant might get off with five thousand dollars.

* * *

Three scholars at a Vienna school recently tried to blow up the buildings with a nitro-glycerine bomb. The schoolmaster quite rightly boxed their ears.

* * *

Complaints have been made in the Press that too much is charged for asparagus in London. On the other hand it costs a lot to teach the stuff how to lead a straight life.

* * *

In the opinion of an essayist, man always has an advantage over woman. How true! For instance when the warm weather comes he can discard some of his clothes.

* * *

Two men sent to penal servitude at Manchester last week were described by the judge as two of the cleverest forgers in England. They have decided to use this testimonial on their note-headings when they set up in business again.

* * *

In view of the fact that a doctor has said that laughter creates appetite, many men are taking small doses of their income-tax demands as a cocktail.

* * *

Sir MAX MUSPRATT says that British manufacturers should remember LOT'S wife. Can he be starting an opposition to the Mustard Club?

* * *

A man is reported to have bought an estate by means of robbing train passengers going to Monte Carlo. He doesn't seem to have done so well on the return journey.

* * *

A postman in court the other day described the writing on an envelope as being so bad that it took four postmen to decipher it. Another Debate on the Address.

THE PRO-ALIENS.

FORWARD they tramp on trailing feet;
At intervals along the line a
Flamboyant banner tells the street
That I must keep my "HANDS OFF CHINA";
As if I itched to have a try
At pulling plums from that preposterous pie!

Wearing a slightly conscious air
They move, with faces set and solemn,
On to Trafalgar's usual Square
To mass beneath the Sailor's column;
They love this haunt; they haven't much
Fear of infection from the NELSON touch.

There they will hear their spouters spout
Of China's urge to be a nation
And boost the British devils out;
How in this noble aspiration
BALDWIN has found a vile excuse
To let his sanguinary war-dogs loose.

He talks of British lives at stake!
Who are they? Profiteers, all bloated,
In whose defence he hopes to slake
That lust of blood for which he's noted;
We have no brothers there in thrall—
The only lives that really count at all.

Red-hot their passionate bosoms glow
For foreign lands because they're foreign—
Russia for choice, and China, though
It's just a war-lords' rabbit-warren—
Taking a sympathetic tone
Toward any other country but their own.

For me, when Labour brands as sin
This "expedition" sent to Shanghai,
And to protect your home-grown kin
Shocks a pro-Chink (or -CHEN, or -CHANG), I
Long for a land across the seas
Where I can be pro-English if I please.

Thither I fly where peace abounds,
And in my ears no noisy prattle
Of "China for the Chinese" sounds,
And only flowers are flung in battle,
And on its banners I shall see:
"*Cannes pour les Anglais*"; Cannes, in fact, for me.

O. S.

THE NEW MARRIAGE SERVICE.

"WHAT I want to know," said Babette, putting down the morning paper, "is, are these new marriage laws going to be retrospective or not? How will they affect people like us who've been married for ages?"

"Babette," I said reproachfully, "does it really seem ages to you?"

"Well, say about a week," she replied tactfully.

"Thank you for those few kind words," I murmured.

"The question is," she went on, "can I change now if I want to? The paper says that the new form is to be alternative to the old, so I presume that in the future a woman will be able to choose whether she will have all her husband's goods and obey him, or have only half and keep her independence. But in my young days we had no choice, and I don't know whether we can adopt the new arrangement or not. If we decide to change I shall have to give you back half a bungalow, three-quarters-of-an-acre of freehold land and about sevenpence-halfpenny in cash."

"The cash value is grossly understated," I said. "You've forgotten the cheque that came yesterday for my article on Bimetallism in the East. That's another three guineas."

"So it is. That alters the case considerably. That would mean my giving you back the sum of—er—the sum of—well, ever so much money. Still I should never have to obey you again. I think it might be worth it."

"But you never have obeyed me yet," I reminded her.

"Yes, I did once," she said. "Don't you remember when they asked me to be secretary of the Equal Franchise Association and I asked you to say I mustn't. You did, and I obeyed you at once. By the way, isn't there a Latin proverb—*bis* something—which means that she who gives in quickly gives in twice? That makes twice I've obeyed you in our brief married life."

"Even if it is twice it's only twice in eighteen months," I said, "and I don't call that much."

"It's a fairly good average," said Babette; "and they're going to ask me to be on the anti-something-or-other soon, so I shall get a chance of obeying you twice more. That will put your average up a hundred per cent. How pleased you'll be!"

"What I can't quite decide," she continued, "is whether I should benefit by the change or not. If only you were a bank-clerk with a fixed income it would be so much easier. How can I tell whether my freedom will be worth half of what you make this year?"

But on this point I refused to give an opinion.

"I suppose," said Babette, and her voice became soft and cajoling—"I suppose I couldn't have it both ways, could I?"

"It doesn't sound an impossible solution—for you," I said.

It was then that Babette came and sat exactly where I was sitting, a habit of which I cannot cure her.

"I suppose," she said softly—"I suppose I couldn't have all your worldly goods out of the old version, and not have to obey you out of the new? That would be what is called a compromise, wouldn't it?"

"Quite," I agreed.

And we left it at that.

GRANDFATHER PIPES UP.

["It was very difficult to get a view of the Victorian ankle."
Mr. A. J. MUNNINGS.]

Miss Eighteen-years-old, with your gift for revealing
The hose you put on to allure and attract,
If you were more artful your charms in concealing
You'd catch the young fellers in shoals, for a fact;
A man's curiosity now never rankles;
Lads see without trying as much as they please;
I scarce saw so much as your Grandmamma's ankles
Before we were married. Tcha! cover yer knees!

I recall how we bucks in the era Victorian
Would boast of a glimpse we had stolen, for days;
That glimpse was a hint of a beauty, a glory, an
Elegance hidden from man's vulgar gaze;
You gels conceal nothing; your legs stout or lank'll
Display themselves boldly, not even by halves—
But the efforts I made to see Grandmamma's ankle
Before we were married! Tcha! cover yer calves!

"A lagre bear appearing suddenly among the crowd create l a scene yesterday afternoon. Women screamed . . . and people bolted in all directions."—*Glasgow Paper.*

Assuming that this is a misprint for lager-beer we are surprised (and so, no doubt, was the journalist from Glasgow) that the appearance of liquid refreshment should have caused people to bolt in more than one direction.



WIRELESS TELEPATHY: A PERFECT RECEPTION.

JOHN BULL. "I KNOW WHAT THEY'RE THINKING ABOUT. WELL, THEY'LL HAVE TO THINK AGAIN."



Kind-hearted Niece. "WELL, UNCLE, I CALL HIM SHOCKINGLY OVER-DRESSED. YOUR LITTLE PENDANT IS *MUCH* SMARTER."

THE SHIP-KEEPER.

WHEN dusk comes round again
And red goes down the sun,
And all the stevedores' men
Have finished up and gone;

When silent all and dark
The tugs and lighters lie,
And derricks stand up stark
And still against the sky;

When solemn, slow as doom,
The dock policeman's tread
Wakes echoes in the gloom
Of each deserted shed—

Old Mike, his nightly tale
Of tasks at length complete,
Limps slowly to the rail
On lame rheumatic feet,

Lights his black clay, and leans
And thinks, as old men do,
Of bygone things and scenes
His lusty manhood knew;

Until, when stars begin
To gleam by two and three,
He sees the ships come in
That no one else can see—

The ships that wait no tide,
The ships that take no steam,
But to their moorings glide
As quiet as a dream;

The ships he served of old,
When blood was young and hot,
Long wrecked or scrapped or sold,
Their very names forgot;

The ships that raced the wool,
The grain, the jute, the tea,
Titania beautiful,
And proud *Thermopylæ*;

The "Lochs," the Irish "Stars,"
Old fleets of far renown,
Green's, Wigram's, Somes', Dunbar's,
The pride of London town.

Cold Alps of shining snow,
He knows them one and all,
The fast ships and the slow,
The big ships and the small;

Knows too each glimmering queen
Or carven king they bore,
Each dragon gold and green,
Armed knight or turbaned Moor.

Lost shipmates of old years
Along their bulwarks throng;
Old speech of theirs he hears,
Old yarns, old scraps of song.

The last rose leaves the skies;
The river breeze blows chill;
But still with age-dimmed eyes
He dreams as old men will,

His pipe between his lips;
Still, dreaming, seems to see
The lost and lovely ships
That no one sees but he. C. F. S.

WINTER SPORTING.

IV.

Percival is rather in disgrace here, and, though I have tried to dissociate myself from him, even going so far as to tap a different barometer after breakfast, I too have become involved.

It began by Percival finding someone who was even worse at ski-ing than he was and volunteering to teach her; for needless to say it was a girl. This was all right as long as they practised on the slopes at the back of the hotel. No one was worried by that, with the possible exception of the domino-bridge group in the *salon*, who did object occasionally to the repeated thumps on the wooden hotel walls. It was when he took her out on runs and became

involved with the mighty ones of the ski-ing fraternity that the trouble began.

One man, plus two "woods" which are both out of control, can spread a lot of consternation among really good ski-ers, particularly if they have just collected for some important racing event. But one man teaching one girl by holding her round the waist, plus four "woods" all out of control, can do terrific things; in fact they need an Alp or two to themselves. In a race the day before yesterday, for instance, the man who was second would have been first if it hadn't been for Percival taking part; and this does not mean that Percival won.

The climax however came yesterday, when Percival and the girl he thinks he is teaching, clasped in each other's arms, doing twenty miles an hour and apparently only using one ski between them, suddenly gadarened down a steep slope and torpedoed Somebody Very Important below the snow-line, sinking him in three feet of drift. It was unfortunate that I, who had merely rushed up to help, only succeeded in ramming the fellow again just as he was breaking surface. After that episode we have quite definitely given up ski-ing. In fact to-day we left our "woods" in the hotel umbrella-stand and sat quite still watching the curling on the rink.

Curling is very impressive. Personally, I shouldn't have said there was any game you could play with a broom and a round stone weighing half-a-hundredweight, and if there was I shouldn't choose to play it on ice. But a day on the curling-rink will soon change your ideas. There is no accounting for tastes, and there is a lot more in curling than you think.

To begin with, I believe that you have to be retired and above the rank of major before you are allowed to curl at all. This may not be true, but it is the impression I received from watching. Then too you must carry a broom draped and bound in some bright colour. This is to sweep the ice with. Ice is notoriously dusty; and to use a vacuum-cleaner is not considered good form. Non-slip rubber boots should also be worn, though it adds considerably to the hazard of the game and the amusement of the onlookers if you don't.

More than this I am not at the moment able to disclose, owing to our being requested to go away by several angry players before I had mastered the details sufficiently to take a proper hand in the game. It was entirely my own fault, I admit. I had no idea that curling-stones, though so heavy to lift, could, once started, move so far and fast over the ice. When asked therefore by a player at the far end to return his stone which had come to rest near the corner where we sat watching, I was a bit doubtful of being able to get it to go so far. And so I exerted all my strength.

Wasn't it ISAAC NEWTON who first discovered the law about moving bodies, if left to themselves, continuing at the same speed for ever? I see now where he got the idea from. That stone simply whizzed across the ice. It showed no sign of stopping anywhere inside Switzerland. For one horrible moment I was convinced it was going to break through the hard ice parapet round the rink and glide rapidly off into the village. But it bounced off equally rapidly and nearly cut its owner off by the hocks.

Then it hit another stone. That I thought would bring it to rest, but it didn't. They both began to move rapidly in different directions and with-



Mistress. "HAS THE MAN SEEN TO THAT UNPLEASANT SMELL IN THE PANTRY SINK?"
Maid. "YES, MADAM."
Mistress. "WHAT DID HE DO ABOUT IT?"
Maid. "HE SAID IT DIDN'T SMELL."

out any apparent reduction in the speed of the original stone. One hit the side of the rink and rebounded into a third stone; the other narrowly missed a retired general before impinging on two more stones and sending them off into a group of colonels. Within thirty seconds seven stones were in motion. Within a minute every stone on the ice was involved and the rink looked like the start of a game of snooker pool when someone has played a hard first shot at the red pyramid. Those of the curlers who had not been able to scramble to safety on the side had to jump again and again to let the massive stones whizz past underneath. It was a fine sight. It went on for some while.

After some five minutes Percival detected a distinct slowing down on the part of one or two of the less speedy curling-stones. One or two of the curlers were also showing signs of fatigue. Others were gathering up their brooms and beginning to move towards us. So we started to leave.

Did I say we were requested to go away? It was a euphemism. One or two of the ladies may have said that, but several of the retired military men put it quite differently. Their meaning, however, was clear. A. A.

From the Cambridge Lent Race-Card:

"CLARE 2.

Yellow and Black.

R. M. Murgoci (bow)	9	13
2 J. Moltzer	11	4
3 J. T. Crawshaw	10	8
4 J. Lees	11	10
5 R. B. Black	11	3
6 K. W. Blackburn	10	13
7 W. H. T. Fisher	10	4
C. S. D. Bryant (str)	11	10
A. V. P. Elliott (cox)		0

The ideal cox at last!

I'LL TELL THE WORLD.

VI.—ENGLAND: HER MANUFACTURES AND INDUSTRIES.

IT often happens that the strong stern Englishman of quasi-Nordic breed discovers on opening his newspaper the following remarkable statistics:—

	£	s.	d.
Exports for current year, calculated to March 31	3,000,000,000	0	0
Imports for current year, calculated to March 31		7	6

and an outcry is at once raised by the more volatile organs of the daily Press, which point out that we are giving everything away to the confounded foreigner and getting nothing out of him in return.

Preserving, however, his traditional phlegm, the strong silent Englishman merely waits for some more statistics, and as likely as not he will read—

	£	s.	d.
Exports for quarter ending June 30		6	8
Imports calculated over a similar period	3,500,000,000	0	0

Whereupon another outcry arises in the Press, on the grounds that all Englishmen are unemployed because the whole country is being filled with foreign goods.

The true fact is that whereas the mind of the Englishman naturally dwells with pride upon his love of adventure in far-off seas and the beauty of the English landscape at home, somewhere, in obscure and little known parts of the country, blossom as it were by blossom, a great deal of manufacturing activity is going on. And the reasons of its existence are not far to seek.

The English like ships, and, though the sordid details of commerce may not interest the romantic part of their mind, yet in sailing a ship it is convenient to have something to put in the hold when one sets out, and something different to bring back when one returns. It is to this curious circumstance that England owes the commerce that has made her whatever she is.

Whilst manufactures remained an affair of simple homely craftsmanship, such as may be studied in my books on *Mediæval Guilds and What About Them?* and *Sussex Iron and Gloucestershire Wool*, or, even better, in Patcham's *Humorous Tales of the Hanseatic League*, their grimy details aroused little or no indignation in the Englishman's mind, but unfortunately the complication of scientific machinery, due to the refusal to prohibit coal, has now become so terrific that a patriotic islander can only read about industrial processes with fatigue and pain. So that the very source of the country's prosperity appears upon closer inspection to be little better than a foul blot on the body politic.

Who, for instance, on being told that—

> "the operation which succeeds that of the drawing frame is slubbing, where the sliver has a certain amount of twist imparted to it, and is wound on a bobbin,"

or even more terribly—

> "its effect is to throw the wool partly out of its teeth and prepare it for being entirely removed by the doffer,"

or possibly worse—

> "whilst the castings are still at a dull red heat, the pigs are detached from the sows, or irregular larger pigs, by means of a crowbar,"



ELIZABETHAN MERCHANTS TRADING IN THE EAST.

—who, we ask, will not gaze out with relief into his garden, where already the first snowdrops are appearing, and thank Heaven that we still have TENNYSON and SHAKESPEARE to read, and can breathe the pure air of the countryside on the Cotswold Hills? Who, again, will not feel a yearning for the sunny hillsides of France and Italy, which manufacture scarcely anything but oil, wine and dust?

And yet it is by means of such vile mechanical orgies as we have indicated that many of us are enabled to exist, and with tranquil pleasure to contemplate the glories of the eighteenth century or DRAKE and the Spanish Main. No one can regret more than the present writer that the enormous growth of English power and prestige during the nineteenth century arose out of industrial areas which the high-spirited Englishman only observes when travelling to Hoylake and North Berwick.

But so it is.

Another trouble arises from the fact that the English, having toured the globe with profit and pleasure, began to teach it the industrial processes which they had discovered. Nation after nation thereupon, giving no gratitude to its mentors, started slubbing and throwing wool out of its teeth and detaching the pigs from the irregular larger pigs on its own.

Yet still the Saxons trade.

Whether the visitor from overseas should be invited to make a tour of the manufacturing towns of England is a moot point. They vary in the opaqueness of their gloom, yet each has a cheerful patriotism of its own, incredible as it may seem to dwellers in the south, a distinctive rainfall and a service of trams as irritating to motorists as that of outer London itself.

The most progressive municipality of the provinces is Hull; also Widnes, Warrington, Bootle, Bradford, Burslem-on-Trent, Aston Villa, West Bromwich Albion, Newcastle-on-Tyne and many more.

Wool-gathering is carried on in Yorkshire, and cotton-reeling in Lancashire,

> "WHAT DO THEY WOT OF ENGLAND WHO ONLY LONDON—WHAT?"
> *Anon.*

under the auspices of Mr. MAYNARD KEYNES. No effective legislation has been introduced to prevent calico-bleaching, paper-making or tanning. Boots and soap are manufactured at Nottingham. Ships are built by the Danes in the North-East and the Picts or Goidels in the North-West. Tea-services are exported from the Potteries to China, and coal is an import or export trade in accordance with the fluctuations of Mr. A. J. COOK.



ARKWRIGHT INVENTS THE SPINNING-JENNY.



HOME INDUSTRIES IN SUSSEX.
LITERARY AGENTS' MESSENGER CALLING FOR MSS.

It cannot be too clearly pointed out that the imports, which perpetually fail to balance the export trade of the English, have varied from age to age, and conceivably may vary again. Thus the import of French wines, so essential during the political connection of this country with the Kingdom of Burgundy, is now of less moment than American films. Silk stockings, now made of tin ore, are a much more important staple in these days than in the time of ALFRED THE GREAT (founder of our Navy), when they were not worn at all by the humbler classes of the female peasantry. Chain-mail and arrowheads are no longer the principal product of Sheffield, and novel-making has replaced the forging of cannons in Sussex. Oxford, once a theological centre, now manufactures motor-cars, and Cambridge, once also a university town, constructs light revues.

Yet the ships of England still plough the seas. EVOE.

BRIGHTER BATHROOMS.

YOU may have noticed the interesting little sideline of psychology which has recently been explored by *The Morning Post*. It concerns the speed with which we can think in moments of emergency, and was started by a correspondent who explained that he dropped his safety-razor while shaving. He actually caught it by the handle before it reached the floor, but before doing so he distinctly remembered thinking (*a*) I have dropped my razor; (*b*) if I don't catch it it may break; (*c*) but if I don't catch it carefully I shall probably cut my hand.

Now this is not so bad *inter pontem et fontem*, as the Augustinian phrase has it, but for promptitude and range of cerebral action I consider that it is completely overshadowed by an experience of my own the other morning. I was shaving with the old-fashioned naked razor when it slipped from my grasp. My ratiocinative process, in the strict sequence of its links, ran, if my memory serves me, as follows:—

(1) Damn! I've dropped my razor.

(2) I am wearing thin bedroom slippers and the big toe of my right foot lies immediately in the path of the falling razor.

(3) If my big toe is cut off shall I be eligible, as a duly registered reader of

The Daily Gale, for benefit under *The Daily Gale* family insurance scheme?

(4) If *The Daily Gale* admits liability, shall I be allowed to keep my big toe as a souvenir, or will *The Daily Gale* want to have it mounted for the front office window?

(5) Shall I be handicapped without a big toe? Does the absence of such a toe make any difference to one's Charleston?

(6) Does it hurt to have it cut off?

(7) Is it possible to procure artificial big toes?

(8) Would it not be as well to take my big toe out of the way?

Acting on the last link in this chain of ideas I sprang briskly to one side and the razor buried itself harmlessly in the bathroom floor.

Does not the whole subject suggest a most interesting and intellectual pastime for bathrooms, apartments which are at present somewhat tamely given over to the priestlike task of pure ablution varied by occasional bursts of song? Could it not be made a point of honour with all users of bathrooms to see how much could be thought in them, and how swiftly, at times of crisis? I am not of course thinking of those who have often composed a complete comminatory service while waiting to secure vacant possession of such apartments.

But the occasional *crise de toilette* is not exclusively concerned with razors; and if we could have, for example, the emotional history registered between

(*a*) stepping into a much too hot bath and leaping wildly out of it again;

(*b*) slipping on the soap and receiving concussion of the brain; or

(*c*) dropping a stud and seeing it roll right under a linen-press,

would not the morning ritual become a more significant affair and our knowledge of mental processes be most usefully increased?

Our Comprehensive Church.

From an article on the new Prayer-book:—

"New services of Crime and Compline."
Daily Paper.

Comment by enthusiastic innovator:—"Prime, I call it!"

"Lady (37) desires post taking cash or other light employment."—*North London Paper.*

This advertisement does not emanate from Holloway, but the advertiser may go there if she isn't careful.

"Men . . . with no Previous Experience of Motors and Motoring are Stepping into Well-paid Motor Trade Positions Every Day."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

And Knocking over Pedestrians Every Other Day.

THE OPENING OF THE PING-PONG CLUB.

"Blanche and I," she said to me joyously, "have made it up again, and I am so glad!"

"There had been a coldness?" I asked. "It's the worst of going out together on these half-price remnant days."

"It wasn't that at all," she retorted hotly. "After all, Blanche only got half the piece of silk we were looking at, and so I said at once she could have both bits; and I think it was very nice of me—don't you?"

"Did Blanche?"

"I expect so, but we hadn't much time, because we remembered just then we wanted to look at the cheap hats at the other end of the shop, and so we rushed off at once. And it was just as well we had to because some of the shop-people aren't very nice and get quite stuffy if any of their silly old remnants come in half."

"Yet surely," I said with some indignation, "it is obvious that if to grow two blades of grass where there was but one before is to benefit humanity, then to make two remnants out of what was previously only one must also be to benefit the shops."

"Of course," she agreed. "I must remember that. But what really upset Blanche was the opening of the new Ping-Pong Club the other day. She really was offended with me over that."

"Does that mean," I asked, ready to be severe, "that the club was your fault?"

"Oh, no," she protested. "Not a bit. But there was a lot about it in all the papers, you remember—how exclusive it was going to be, and such reckless luxury everywhere, almost like a new cinema or tea-shop, and invitations for the opening night sent to none but really well-known people."

"That explains," I said meekly, "why I didn't get one."

"Blanche didn't either," she said gently, and still more gently she added, "We did."

"And that explains . . .?" I asked.

"Blanche," she agreed. "Exactly. Only it was silly of her to be cross, because she hadn't done the work I had."

"For the club?"

"For the invitation," she corrected me. "That invitation cost me seven calls in one afternoon and I forget how many others as well, besides one lunch and an introduction to my own dress-maker, as well as giving up a taxi when it was raining hard, though I just know I waved first. Still, that was for a woman who was on the Ping-Pong Committee, and she must have appreciated it, because our invitation came the very next morning."

"You deserved it," I said warmly. "To give up a taxi when it's raining hard and you know you've waved first is to attain the summit of human virtue."

"Isn't it?" she agreed, pleased. "Only luckily it didn't matter much, as Tom was there waiting for me in our own car, only I knew the Ping-Pong woman wanted that taxi just awfully, because of her new hat; and I think you ought always to take every chance you can of being nice to people—don't you?"

"I do indeed," I said. "And so your invitation came next morning?"

"Yes," she said; "only I'm not quite sure it was because of the taxi, as it seems they had changed their minds that day—they had intended to make the opening night exclusive, and then they decided to have it select instead."

"Is there any difference?" I asked. "I thought exclusive meant excluding nobody, and select meant selecting every one."

"I don't think myself," she told me thoughtfully, "that either word means anything at all, but anyhow it was no use to poor Blanche, because her name begins with a 'Y' and they only worked through the Directory as far as 'W,' when it got too late to send any more. Luckily we were all right, because our initial comes so soon."

"But then Blanche wouldn't mind not having an invitation when she knew so many were going out?"

"I don't suppose Blanche knew exactly," she confessed. "I think I forgot to tell her, and I don't think anyone else did either. All she knew was that we had one and she hadn't; but that was no reason why she should walk right past me in Bond Street, pretending not to see."

"But you've made it up now?"

"Oh, yes. You see, it wasn't a lucky night. Everything went wrong. Tom pretended he felt too tired to go out—said he wanted to stop at home and listen to the wireless—morbid, I call it. Then he said he hated crushes, though you know yourself he used to play Rugby whenever he had a chance."

"What he called Rugby," I corrected her.

"Anyhow, I know," she went on, "I was only just in time to catch him hiding his very last clean dress-shirt so as to pretend there wasn't one left, and it's ever so difficult to get your frock just so and keep an eye on a husband all at once. However we got off all right in spite of Tom's arguing so about not having had any dinner; you see, I felt it wouldn't do to be late, and everyone



Footman. "NOW, THEN, GET ALONG—YOU 'VE NO BUSINESS TO COME RINGING HERE."
Socialist Tramp. "GARN! WHY AIN'T YER DOIN' YER BIT AT THE FRONT?"

says a bar of chocolate is ever so sustaining."

"Did you enjoy yourselves when you got there?"

"Oh, we didn't. The police stopped us a mile away and said that was as near as we could get in the car, and we must walk the rest of the way, and the Ping-Pong people had closed the doors because there was no more room inside, only on the roof and the window-sills, and they were fast filling up. You see, their committee actually had asked all the really well-known people in London—all, without exception; they hadn't left one out, and all of them had come, bringing their friends with them."

"So I suppose," I said, "Blanche made friends again when she found you hadn't been able to get in yourselves?"

"Well, I didn't exactly tell her that, but I made up my mind on the instant, the moment the policeman told us, and I wrote a little note then and there in the car and sent it round to her by special messenger with our invitation card to say I felt, after all, she would enjoy it more than us—like Sir PHILIP SIDNEY and the water, you know."

"Blanche must have been touched," I said warmly. "Not everyone would give up a really select and exclusive affair like that simply to give someone else the chance to go instead."

"Besides," she added as we shook hands and parted, "I did think it would be such a pity if an invitation like that were quite wasted." E. R. P.

"I am officially informed that the B.B.C. will broadcast the race for the Grand National on March 24."—*Daily Paper.*

That 's very thoughtful of them. Now we shall know what to back at Aintree on Friday, March 25th.



THE BROWNES BRING A COUPLE OF YOUNG GUESTS FROM LONDON TO OUR VILLAGE WHIST-DRIVE.

LITTLE TALKS.

THE SEDATIVE.

IT was about midnight, and all was quiet in the hospital. Nothing sounded except the continuous yowling of two cats outside my window, the puffing and blowing of steam-engines at the railway-station, the flapping of a blind, the ringing of the telephone-bell in the hall, the singing of revellers in the street, the occasional arrival of a doctor at the front-door, and the banging of a shutter in the basement. In spite of this hush I could not sleep. It was about two hours since the last nurse had tucked me up and left me, with my electric bell-push hidden handy under the pillow. To-night, if possible, I was to do without a sleeping-draught, for I was convalescent and must begin to throw off the bad habits of the invalid. But if I could not sleep I was to ring for the night-nurse and she would give me hot milk or some stronger soporific. I extracted the bell-push and pushed it, and as usual the bell did not ring. I pushed the push at intervals for half-an-hour and nothing happened. The cats howled, the door banged, the locomotives hooted, the blind flapped, and I lay in my bed forlorn, without an appendix and with not much hope.

And then in the passage I heard the patter of healing feet. I uttered a hoarse but ineffective cry, for it seems that most of the vocal organs are seated in the appendix, and so are the sneezing, coughing, nose-blowing and laughing organs, for whenever I do these simple things it hurts; at any rate my cry was futile, so I picked up *Sunflowers*, the detestable novel my good aunt gave me, and I flung *Sunflowers* at the door.

It hurt, but I hit the door, and the night-nurse came in. I told her I could not sleep, and she said I was not trying. I told her I wanted dope, but she said I must try to do without it. So I said in that case she must stay for a little and compose my mind with soothing conversation. So she stood in front of the fire and we had soothing conversation.

I said, "How is the Abdominal in Number 17?"

(I must explain that this is a very secretive hospital, in which the staff have a strict and no doubt admirable code of reticence. I have asked from time to time, not in vulgar curiosity but by way of conversation, about the names and diseases of my fellow-sufferers in the building, but it seems that we are all anonymous, the one to the other. So that I know the others only by their room numbers and their generical complaints; they have neither name nor title nor sex; they are the Abdominal in Number 17, or the Tubercular in 8, or the Pneumonia in Number 10, or the Child with Tonsils Upstairs. And I am referred to, I believe, as the Emergency Abdominal in 21.)

The night-nurse said that the Abdominal in 17 had had hæmorrhage and nearly died during the afternoon, and she asked me if I felt like sleep yet. I said "Not very," so we talked about operations, with special reference to abdominals. I asked her about my appendix, and she said I had had a nice fat appendix and if it had not come out when it did it would have burst, and then I should have had peritonitis, with tubes, and she explained how very few people are quite the same again after that; and I felt more and more like sleep. She gave a little demonstration with her fingers of the dimensions of my appendix; she compared it with other appendices she had known and placed it finally for size and interest between the appendix of an elderly bishop and the appendix of a young Hungarian who had afterwards committed suicide; and then we had a really jolly talk about insides, because I felt that, if I heard much more about insides, I should almost certainly drop off into a dreamless slumber.

Well, it turned out that in the best abdominal operations they take out the whole of the inside and leave it about outside while the surgeon is cutting up

the particular bit he is interested in; but they put pads of hot saline over the inside to keep it warm, and when it is all over he just bundles the inside back, like someone packing a suit-case in a great hurry; and the night-nurse said that really sometimes she wondered something wasn't packed upside down or the wrong way round.

So I asked, just casually and as a matter of academic interest, how much of my inside had been taken out, and she said not very much, and as far as she knew it was all put back in the right order and with no kinks. And she said there was really nothing in it, because she remembered the case of a very fat abdominal whose inside came out all over again after the operation because he was so fat, and the other nurse said, "This case has collapsed;" so she went in, and there was his inside lying about the bed, so she said, "What does one do in a case like this, I wonder?" and the other nurse said, "Get some hot saline," so they put hot saline over the inside and kept it warm, and they took the abdominal back to the "theatre" (which is what they call the place where they do these things, which I think is so nice), and the surgeon came and put the inside back, and the fat abdominal was as well as you or me after it all, so you can see there is nothing in it.

After this little story the night-nurse asked if I was ready to sleep yet, and I said I didn't think I was quite ready for sleep, not just yet, and if I did I thought I might dream a little perhaps. So she said, did I walk in my sleep because last night she thought she heard someone banging about the hall about two o'clock in the morning. And I said that as a matter of fact I did walk in my sleep sometimes, and for all I knew it was me banging about in the hall. And she said I ought to be careful, because she knew a man once who walked in his sleep at the sea-side and jumped over a cliff, and after that he was never the same man again. Then she said I really must go to sleep, and she would fetch me some hot milk; and I lay and brooded over our conversation.

And while she was away there was a great commotion in the hall, and the front-door was opened and shut several times. When she came back at last I asked her what was the matter, and if another Emergency Abdominal had come in, or what. She said, "No, it is only a B.I.D.," and I said, "What is a B.I.D.?" and she said a B.I.D. was a Brought-In-Dead, which means the victim of a street-accident who dies on his way to hospital.

This depressed me so much that I could hardly drink my hot milk, and I said that I really thought, after all, perhaps I had better have a sleeping-draught. She said "Very well," and gave me a cachet the size of an oyster which stuck in my throat; and while I was trying to get it to go one way or the other she picked up *Punch* and saw my initials, and she murmured "'A. P. H.' —how funny! That's 'Ante-Partum-Hæmorrhage.'" Then she tucked me up and went away, bless her; and after some time I went to sleep; but it is no use my describing my dreams because this paper would not print them, and even a psycho-analyst might not enjoy them. And now I do not know that I am quite so keen as I was on signing myself as I do, for hæmorrhage was never one of my favourite words; but I cannot deny that I am A. P. H.



Collector (to riparian householder). "YOU 'RE BEHIND WITH YOUR WATER-RATES. IF YOU DON'T PAY 'EM WITHIN TEN DAYS YOU'LL HAVE THE SUPPLY CUT OFF."

Oriental Candour.

From an Indian application for employment:—

"I beg to say that I am a plucked B.A. Of course I have a mean record to submit in support of my technical position being always a rolling Jack. Yet I believe I have sufficient amount of talents and pluck to demonstrate my practical usefulness. I beg to say that I have a pricking passion to serve a cotton-trading Firm and that is why I am always vehemently persistent at making uncalled for inquiries with such Firms. Excepting the favour of reply."

"The best English is heard in Norfolk. . . . This may, I think, be attributed to the settlement of so many Huguenots in the Eastern Counties, especially Norfolk."

Letter in Daily Paper.

Nothing like a French accent for improving one's English.

SOMEWHERE IN VAR.

"I REMEMBER to myself," said the kind French gentleman, "an experience almost exactly similar to yours.

"Two English had come to a hotel in this part of the Riviera and had brought with them two friends. The weather was bad."

Enderby and I ceased knocking the egg-shaped ivory balls round the uneven contours of the cloth. Neither of us seemed to be very good at the game of billiards as played in France; and indeed I doubt whether anyone would be very good on a table where the ball, preparing itself, as it were, for the last plunge towards a cannon, thinks better of it and relapses suddenly into a different undulation of the champaign.

Mrs. Enderby looked up from the sampler which she was sewing with many coloured wools, a sampler designed by a well-known English artist, and so frank in its details that, as she was constantly leaving it about in the hotel, it was always shocking the puritanical natives of Provence. Natasha had uncorked a bottle of seething violet ink, purchased at Hyères and probably made of the blood of the cuttle-fish, and was writing postcards to people at home saying how lovely everything was, if it were not for the mistral and the rain. She also stopped to listen. The kind French gentleman went on.

"The two English," he said, "had told, perhaps, their friends, 'In this part of the Riviera in the month of February the sun shines always, the wind blows never. It does not rain. The beautiful mimosa is in flower, and the air is embalmed with its scents. One wears the lightest of clothes and sits all day long in the full air. In the evenings it is cold, but at the little hotel to which we take you the *chauffage* is admirable, the service excellent, and the cooking of a perfection beyond all dreams. One walks under the woods of pine and amongst the *bruyère* of the hills. The villages are small and droll, and the little railway of the Sud, that is most droll of all. It puffs furiously amongst the corners of the coast. Sometimes even it is unable to make the ascent of the hill and breaks down. It is very amusing. There is no part of the coast so delightful as this.'

"What then? They arrive. Is it as they say? No, not at all. The spring is in retard. There are clouds in the sky. The wind blows prodigiously. The waves make a noise savage and incessant, more terrible than the sound of the *chauffage* in the water-pipes. But the hotel, to begin with, is comfortable, and the *cuisine* is indeed good. The English friends are very polite. They make no complaint. They protest that all goes well. When one says to them, 'Ah, but you should have been here last year when every bough was yellow with mimosa in full flower,' the English lady takes a green branch in her hand and says, 'Ah, but look here. Here is one bud already almost completely formed.'

"When one says, 'Last year at this hour of day it was too hot to move from a seat upon the terrace,' the English gentleman says, 'But look! Even now I can scarcely move. In my heavy coat and muffler I perspire visibly.'

"And when one says, 'The sea last year was not like this sea, but of a deep blue colour, warm and tranquil, without waves,' they reply both together, 'Ah, but it is beautiful, the Mediterranean Sea! Often we have seen the sea not so blue nor so calm as this at Brighton in the month of March.'

"Oh, yes, they are very polite. But their friends are sad. They cannot explain how wonderful the Riviera was last year. Even the little railway of the Sud has disappointed them, for there is an express train which brings them to the station swiftly and easily.

"'Last year,' say the English to their friends, 'we thought we should never reach the station, the little engine panted and struggled so in mounting the hill. It was the drollest thing in the world.'

"'It matters not,' reply their friends. 'It is a very droll railway all the same. Perhaps another time we shall have better fortune, and the engine will break down.'

"There are, however, some consolations. The *chauffage* of the hotel is at first without reproach. The service is good and the cooking, as all agree, divine. The English remain indoors until *déjeuner*. They walk a few moments on the terrace in heavy overcoats; they return to the salon and wait for dinner. They are not unhappy. The mysterious and terrible noise of the wind and the waves does not keep them awake at night. They drink the *vin rosé* and enjoy the excellent sauces of the *chef*.'

"But then, alas, there is more trouble. The proprietor of the little hotel quarrels with the head-waiter, with the boots, with the chambermaid. They receive their *congé*. Those who succeed them are not so good. This causes a little of sadness. It becomes worse when the *chauffage* grows irregular and the electric lights begin to be extinguished suddenly, one does not know why nor when. It may be at the moment when the new waiter is serving the soup into the plates, and one receives the soup suddenly upon the knees. The polishment of the boots becomes atrocious and the English spend much time polishing the boots with their own *cirage*. Now only the cooking remains excellent and consoles the English for the troubles which afflict them."



Captain of shipwrecked Crew. "YOU 'RE THE MOST USELESS BLOKE ON THE ISLAND. AIN'T THERE *ANYTHING* YOU CAN DO?"
Ex-Hotel Boy. "OH, Y-YES, SIR. I—I CAN C-CLEAN BOOTS."

He paused.

"And finally?" we said.

"Alas, it arrives one day that one of the English, in a high balcony above the sea, over which the clouds pass rapidly before the wind, is polishing a large English shoe, heavy and designed for the golf. There comes a sudden stroke of the wind and, startled, he lets the shoe fall from his hand. There is a loud cry.

"What has occurred? It is a tragedy. The chef has been searching for a little mimosa to place in the vases of the dining-table. As he walks on the terrace below the balcony he has been struck by the shoe, which falls upon his head. The shock has stunned him. He is removed to the hospital."

A tear rolled down Natasha's cheek. I sighed.



The Lady. "IS IT GETTING LIKE ME?"
The Genius. "OH, I'M LONG PAST THAT STAGE."

"And then, Monsieur?" said Enderby in a gruff voice.

"Figure to yourself," continued the kind French gentleman, "of what kind is the dinner that evening. The electric-light now shines, now is extinguished. A sympathetic groaning comes from the *chauffage*, which warms not at all. The waiting is abominable. There are tears upon the face of the staff, lamenting for their comrade who has been wounded. And the *diner*? Most terrible of all, the *diner* has been cooked by the gardener, who knows little of sauces and has attempted as his *chef d'œuvre* a fillet of beef *à l'Anglaise*. It is of a durability not to be believed."

Enderby put up his cue in the rack.

"I fancy that the sun is bursting through the clouds," he observed.

And most happily it was. Bowing gracefully and bidding good-bye to the kind French gentleman, we filed out softly on to the terrace to watch the remarkable event. EVOE.

From a review of a recent novel:—

"Mrs. —— has a reel gift of imagination."
Sunday Paper.

She ought to have a shot at the films.

DEPARTMENTAL RHYMES.

THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

RESERVED and calmly dignified,
The Foreign Office boasts with pride
That grave austerity and tact
Invest its every word and act.
Behind those august office walls
Occur no rude unseemly brawls;
No vulgar epithets are heard,
No angry or abusive word
Mars the fair phrases, smooth and terse,
In which diplomatists converse.
The well-trained staff, alert, discreet,
Pass to and fro on noiseless feet,
Their fingers laid upon their lips,
For well they know their smallest slips
May set the nations charging head on
Into another Armageddon.

Ambassadors and diplomats
In black frock-coats and snow-white spats
Stalk up the stairs by ones and twos,
Prepared for vital interviews.
When one remarks, "The day is wet,"
The phrase may veil a subtle threat,
And, should he jest or risk a pun,
Moscow and Rome and Washington
Buzz with excitement till they know
The hidden meaning of the *mot*.

The FOREIGN SECRETARY sits
Engaging in a war of wits
With Count von Plonck and Baron Blimp,
Who take him for a perfect simp;
But he, despite his guileless looks,
Reads their false hearts like open books.

Through secret traps in walls and floors
Of unfrequented corridors
Mysterious shapes emerge and peer,
Observing if the coast be clear,
Then twitch their cloaks about their faces
And glide away with stealthy paces.
One thus may see in full disguise
The men who foil unnumbered spies—
The strange elusive "Mr. C,"
That nameless shadow, "No. 3"—
Come popping up from underground
And vanishing without a sound.

* * * * *

If anyone should scoff or jibe
At what I truthfully describe,
Suggesting that it's all a spoof,
I answer thus, in stern reproof:
"Consult your fiction shelves with care,
Then contradict me if you dare."

C. L. M.



Owner of Alsatian. "ISN'T HE SPLENDID? FULL OF SPIRITS BUT AS GENTLE AS A LAMB."
Friend. "I SUPPOSE HE 'S WON A LOT OF PRIZES?"
Owner. "UNFORTUNATELY, NO; HE ALWAYS BITES THE JUDGE."

A BALLAD OF WIDOWS.

(*Based on a report in the Press.*)

It was a widow ran him in
And charged him on her oath
That he had robbed her of her tin
Under a plighted troth.

She said that he had won her heart
With confidence and dash,
But followed up a worthy part
By borrowing her cash.

And, though at first she little deemed
That he would prove unkind,
As time went on and wedlock seemed
To have escaped his mind,

And, as the debit grew apace,
At last she smelt a rat,
And coyly asked him to his face
What he was getting at.

He did not plead a present need,
He did not say good-bye,
He merely took a quiet hook
And left her high and dry.

So when she knew the man had sloped
She got upon his track,
And, though perhaps she hardly hoped
To see her money back,

She prayed the law, with broken trust
But unabated vim,
To scrub his features in the dust
And so get square with him.

The judge was stern; the widow wept;
The court was deeply stirred;
When out a second widow stept,
And forth there came a third.

And still they followed, one by one,
Like leaves before a gale
Till eighteen widows rose and spun
The same old wintry tale.

And eighteen voices swelled with cries
That might have split a rock,
And eighteen pairs of hostile eyes
Glared darkly on the dock,
Whose occupant showed no surprise,
But laughed like one-o'clock.

The jury saw the crime was clear;
The judge pronounced the law;
His mien was cold, his voice severe,
Though not unmixed with awe:—

"These eighteen widows cry aloud
For vengeance and redress;
Their purses yawn, their heads are bowed;
All the eighteen, no less.

"To be content with three or four
Might not have been so bad;
But when it comes to near a score
You go too far, my lad.

"For nineteen months in lonely quod
Your energies shall lag;
A month *per* widow and one odd"
(That justice was a wag).

"There, lying on a hard plank bed,
You 'll learn regret, no doubt;"
He saw the widows (eighteen head)
Before him, lean and stout,
And not without concern he said,
"You 'll want it when you 're out."

Off to his doom the culprit went,
And for that space of time
He will have leisure to repent
And meditate his crime.

Off to their homes the widows passed,
Where doggedly they wait
A day when they will meet at last
Before the prison gate.

And, when the law has raised its ban
And gives him to the air,
I shouldn't like to be the man
That brought those widows there.

DUM-DUM.

"I have been asked to draw our Station Mater's attention to the way those young natives hang about the station and pester passengers when the trains come in."
South African Paper.

Mother should smack them.

Statement by a coal merchant:—

"We have to pay 8*s.* a ton more for our coal at the pithead than before the pre-stoppage."
Daily Paper.

This sounds like one of those after-post-prandial utterances.



A MARRIAGE HAS BEEN RE-ARRANGED . . .

THE BRIDE. "WITH ALL THY WORLDLY GOODS (NEVER MIND HOW THOU GOTTEST THEM) DOST THOU ME ENDOW?"

THE BRIDEGROOM. "CERTAINLY NOT—ONLY A SHARE OF THEM. I ADOPT THE REVISED VERSION."

THE BRIDE. "OH, THOU DOST, DOST THOU? THEN I DON'T OBEY."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, February 14th.—Peace hath just as many victories as war. Major HENNESSY, Vice-Chamberlain of the Household, must be accounted one of them. Awfully arrayed, like the Austrian army, he brought the House a message from the KING (replying to its motion of regret at the death of the Emperor of JAPAN), and his finely-modulated tones and commanding yet withal modest carriage wrung a murmur of applause from all sides.

Major CADOGAN heard from Mr. AMERY that our agreement with Turkey has already borne fruit in the shape of a £200,000 saving in Iraq, and was expected to yield a million-pound harvest in the coming year. Mr. J. H. THOMAS suggested that it might be only a transfer from one account to another. "No, Sir," said Mr. AMERY, who presumably has the British Exchequer in the Middle East feeding out of his hand, "it is a real saving."

Do you know what "robusta" is? It sounds like the name of a GEORGE MEREDITH heroine, but it appears to be a sort of inferior grade of coffee. If you asked for it in your favourite restaurant they might wonder what you meant, though they would probably bring it to you in the end. Anyway, Viscount SANDON asked the COLONIAL SECRETARY if the Government approved of the natives of Kenya being forbidden to grow coffee (including robusta), and Mr. AMERY, looking robusta than ever, replied that for purely agricultural reasons Kenya "discouraged" coffee-growing by unskilful natives.

Sir FREDRIC WISE learned from the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE that the value of our imports from Russia in 1926 was twenty millions odd and of our exports fourteen millions. This would have satisfied anyone less particular than Sir FREDRIC, but not for nothing has he been called the Ilford Auger. *Guido, the Gimlet of Ghent*, as described by LEACOCK, was a plain blunt man by comparison. Under the Auger's penetrating eye the MINISTER admitted that eight millions out of the fourteen were foreign goods re-exported to Russia, an admission which mightily pleased the "Kick-out-the-Bolsheviks" group on the Conservative benches.

Presumably on the principle that it ought to be darkest before the dawn, even if it isn't, the Labour Party always keep their most subfuscous orator for the crepusculous hour immediately preceding the customary rejection of their amendment. To-day Mr. CLYNES led the attack on the Government's still unspecified Trade Union law reforms. Mr. CLYNES in action recalls BURNS' "wee sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie." He may not really be like that. His matter may be leonine in conception. Delivered in the *robustamente cantabile* of Mr. KIRKWOOD or the *allegro giuocoso* of Captain BENN his sallies might provoke his adversaries to the limit of endurance. Mr. CLYNES, however, is not built that way.



ANOTHER CAT-AND-MOUSE ACT.

[As played between the protagonists in the debate on the proposed Trade Union legislation.]

MR. CLYNES AND SIR JOHN SIMON.

On this occasion he was quite overshadowed by Sir JOHN SIMON. I rather think that the Government means to leave, and if it is wise it will leave, to Sir JOHN both the selection of and the task of defending its contemplated changes in and elucidation of the Trade Union law. It may not be his Bill but his approval will secure it a comparatively easy passage. Its mildest defender on the Government Bench will, as Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD foreshadowed, be assailed by every available argument from Labour Members who have arguments to advance and by every available noise from those who have none. Before the icy and penetrating legalism of Sir JOHN SIMON and the irresistible drive of his argument the Labour Party are as helpless as a mouse before a *Grimalkin*.

Sir JOHN, in one of the longest speeches he has ever made in the House, declared that Trade Union law must be made clear, and in particular that general strikes must be definitely declared illegal, as in fact they are. He thought the reform should come from within the Trade Unions themselves, but saw no signs of it. On the contrary he found responsible Trade Union leaders assuring their audiences that the general strike was a preliminary skirmish, a try-out, and that next time something more elaborate and effective would be brought off.

Sir HENRY SLESSER and Mr. J. H. THOMAS shot puny bolts that made no impression on Sir JOHN's coat of legal mail, and the Amendment was defeated and the Address agreed to.



AUNT SALLY UNDER HEAVY FIRE.

SIR W. MITCHELL-THOMPSON.

Tuesday, February 15th.—Asked by Sir MERVYN MANNINGHAM-BULLER why the last contract for army meat had been placed outside the Empire, the SECRETARY FOR WAR replied that the two tenders for Empire meat were forty-five per cent. and twenty-six per cent. above the tender for Argentine meat. The difference was too great to overlook even for the sake of Empire trade. The House found some consolation in the fact that while one at least of the tenders for Australian meat came from an American firm the contract for

Argentine meat had gone to a British firm.

To Mr. BUCHANAN, who is concerned about the difference in prison administration in England and Scotland, Major WALTER ELLIOT cautiously conceded that Scottish prisons were for the most part considerably smaller. A Saxon below the Gangway started to shout "Shame!" but desisted. All the same it does seem as if the campaign against concealed advertising will have to be extended to Westminster.

After Mr. HERBERT WILLIAMS had personally explained that he had never been an organiser of the I.L.P. or anything like it—if there is anything like it—as alleged on the previous day by Mr. J. H. THOMAS, and Mr. J. H. THOMAS had apologised for damning Mr. WILLIAMS with what he personally regarded as fulsome praise, the House balloted for private Members' motions.

Various Civil Service Supplementary Estimates produced a number of small debates which largely centred upon the subject of coal. The Board of Works bought foreign coal, for which, Commander BURNEY insisted, the Labour Party should be grateful, since it had kept them warm in the House. Mr. BATEY called it "blackleg coal"; Mr. JACK JONES assured Captain HACKING that he could supply all the heat the House wanted, and Mr. OSWALD MOSLEY nearly produced internal combustion in his party by talking of the recent "coal *strike*."

The hour of 8.15 found Mr. GERALD HURST moving that a reformed House of Lords is desirable. The subject—an academic one, as the cautious speech of the HOME SECRETARY indicated—might have been expected to produce a light-hearted if not an irresponsible debate. Members however took it very seriously.

Mr. THURTLE argued that the nation needed no second chamber to guard it against ill-advised and hasty legislation by the Commons, and then denounced the present House of Lords for not guarding the nation against the Government's ill-advised and hasty Eight Hours Bill. He would tolerate the House of Lords as an ornament but not as an implement. Sir JOHN MARRIOTT, on the other hand, thought it ought to be made useful. He frankly sought to see a reformed and re-armed House of Lords squelching the ill-advised and hasty legislation of the next Labour Government that takes office. Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY, speaking on behalf of the eight heirs to peerages in the House, got quite excited. It is evident that in his view the future House of Lords will be neither useful nor ornamental.

Wednesday, February 16th.—Debate is always at its keenest in the Lords when the well-being of the indivjdual (including their Lordships) is at stake. Lord MONKSWELL complained that the "lethargic" railways would not carry him from Glasgow to London in three hours, and moved for papers. Viscount PEEL retorted that the thought of anybody wanting to come from Glasgow to London in three hours filled him with dismay. This almost brazen attempt to divert attention from the shortcomings of the railways to the speed at which people ought to want to leave Glasgow did not succeed. Lord PARMOOR, affecting to be unaware of the Clyde and all its works, said the remedy was to put the railways under State control.

The usual cheers greeted Lieut.-Col. HEADLAM, the new Financial Secretary of the Admiralty, when he rose to answer his first question as a Minister. The FOREIGN SECRETARY answered a lot of questions about China. He assured Mr. MOSLEY that it required no Treaty with China, nor was it a breach of international law, to send troops to Shanghai to protect British lives. He also informed him that Mr. CHU, who had represented himself as speaking for all parties in China at Geneva, had, so to speak, bitten off more than he could chew. Pekin had disowned him.

The SPEAKER refused to allow Sir F. MEYER to ask a question intimating that Mr. BECKETT and another Labour Member had got to Poland by making false representations to the Polish Embassy, and likewise refused to allow Mr. BECKETT to say he hadn't done anything of the sort. As Sir F. MEYER got in his question before it was disallowed, and Mr. BECKETT managed to shout "Liar!" before being called to order, the honours seemed to be even.

When the POSTMASTER-GENERAL rose to make a reply derisive Labour Members went through the motions (and noises) of baring their heroic bosoms to his promised firing party, and Mr. THURTLE inquired with elaborately simulated anxiety what hideous penalties the POSTMASTER had decided to inflict on the broadcasters of incorrect news.

Should judges have "boon companions" in the shape of Judges' marshals? Mr. BAKER thought not—they cost over three thousand pounds last year—but Mr. BLUNDELL hazarded that to be the boon companion of a judge must be a very respectable occupation. Sir DOUGLAS HOGG agreed.

The House discussed beet sugar, forestry and (at 8.15) the Education of the Adolescent. In the evening debate Mr. TREVELYAN accused Lord EUSTACE PERCY of having a "strongly developed faculty for disintegrating political co-operation." All the Labour Party asks is to be clasped to the Conservative bosom, but Lord EUSTACE won't even pat its head. In this case the EDUCATION MINISTER'S air of aggressive self-confidence rather disintegrated the political co-operation of his own party, the Conservative amendment to the Labour motion being only carried by eighteen votes, while one disintegrated supporter of the Government, Lady ASTOR, positively co-operated with the Opposition.

Thursday, February 17th.—On coming up for its Second Reading the Covent Garden Market Bill was withdrawn amidst acclamation. There were "no flowers." The market will continue to occupy its present site, which is anywhere between the Embankment, Kingsway, New Oxford Street and St. Martin's Lane, and, instead of porters



"Put not you on the visage of the times
And be, like them, to Percy troublesome."
KING HENRY IV., Part 2, Act II., Scene 3.

[A Labour Member's private motion in favour of immediately raising the school-age was only defeated by eighteen votes. Lady ASTOR voted against the Government.]

LADY ASTOR AND LORD EUSTACE PERCY.



THE CHILDHOOD OF GREAT MEN.

SIR H. M. STANLEY, AS A BOY, IS FIRED WITH AN AMBITION TO DISCOVER DARKEST AFRICA.

bearing sweet lavender and Jersey potatoes, the shade of Captain CORAM will confront the emblazoned janitors of immeasurable caravanserais.

To-day was "hands-off" day in the House. The HOME SECRETARY told it—politely, of course—that the Police Fund was none of its darned business. Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN told it that the preservation of London squares and open places was primarily the business of the L.C.C. Lord EUSTACE PERCY declared that political teaching in schools was a matter that could be safely left to the teachers themselves.

Mr. CHURCHILL told Mr. G. HURST the amount of the National Debt. The House looked hopefully towards the questioner, but he did not produce his cheque-book and we still owe the money.

The seven thousand pounds' grant in aid for the tour of the Duke and Duchess of YORK to Australia enabled some of the Labour back-benchers to give their customary display of bad manners. It was left to one of their own party, Dr. SHIELS, to tell Mr. KIRKWOOD that THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES were performing duties quite as onerous as sitting on a leather seat in the House and bellowing inanities.

"NON OMNIA POSSUMUS OMNES."

["I cannot dance, I cannot sing, I cannot even patter, but I can enjoy myself looking at you enjoying yourselves."—*Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD at a Labour Social.*]

LET gilded youth and golden girl
  Their agile hoofs uplift,
I watch them as they glide or whirl,
  Unenvious of their gift,
Content with Fortune's scanty plums,
  Although by Fate's decree
Tarantulated Tootsicums
  Were not bestowed on me.

But strange exotic steps or tunes,
  And bands that snort and squeal,
And gestures suited to baboons
  To me do not appeal;
You might as well compare the drone
  And skirling of the pipes
With the sick peevish saxophone
  As strong Scots ale with swipes.

The dear old songs I never sing,
  For, though my tones are rich
And even fruity in their ring,
  I lack the sense of pitch;
I cannot sing the strange new songs,
  They make my voice go phut;
I've not the lung-power that belongs
  To good Dame CLARA BUTT.

Nor can I patter in the mode
  Of conjurers and mimes
Or GILBERT, whose invention flowed
  Unfettered by his rhymes.
My style is wholly free from frills,
  'Tis simple, strong and terse;
I never used official quills,
  As CANNING did, for verse.

Yet think not, O ye limber elves,
  That I look glumly down
On you as you enjoy yourselves
  With an Olympian frown;
I love to see youth have its fling,
  To hear young lions roar,
But I am saddest when I sing;
  I cannot take the floor.

"*Il faut se borner*"—so the great
  NAPOLEON'S maxim ran,
And his advice to concentrate
  Is good for every man;
For, though he was a plague and pest
  Throughout his whole career, I
Am ready to admit *fas est*
  Ab hostibus doceri.

"Possessing a very bad record, Thos. —— was sent to prison for six months' hard labour for stealing a gramophone."
Provincial Paper.

The outcome of a misguided effort, it would appear, to improve that bad record.

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."

OUR leading actor-managers may say what they like about dress-rehearsals, but *I* think that they are necessary. If we had only had a proper dress-rehearsal for our village production of *Noblesse Oblige; or, Cupid and Lord Ronald*, the first night would have been different. As it was—well, if you were there, you may have noticed a longish sort of pause at the end of the big scene, the one with the snowstorm and the wretched outcast in it. You did? That's what I mean.

Cupid and Lord Ronald is a very fine play. *Cupid* does not actually appear in person, but *Lord Ronald* does. In fact *Lord Ronald* is like the lights (worked by the Vicar), always popping in and out. It is a play too which provides unique opportunities for the producer's art, and the whole countryside knows by now that, when we produce a play in our village, it *will* be produced. And, when I say produced, I *mean* produced, not slung on to the stage anyhow. Last year, in the great scene in which *The Miller's Daughter* drowns herself in the mill-race, the people in the front row of the stalls were very nearly drowned as well. That'll show you.

Detail, that's what we go in for, and when our producer discovered that there was a scene with a snowstorm in *Cupid and Lord Ronald* its selection was assured. The entire village spent four days cutting up the snow.

This is the big scene of the play. *Lord Ronald*, noble-hearted fellow, meets the brother of the humble girl whom he has loved and lost, in a snowstorm, ragged and down and out—that is, the brother is ragged and down and out, not the girl. Only, you see, he doesn't know that he is her brother, or that she is his sister, or anything—it's a jolly good plot—but, being frightfully noble and so on, he dashes into the ancestral castle and comes back with a pair of trousers, which he gives to him. In the pockets of the trousers there are some fearfully fatal papers, put there by the villain—it's an original sort of plot too—only *Lord Ronald* doesn't know this; and there are blood-stains on the trousers which *Lord Ronald* got ratting. Then the brother gets arrested, but *Lord Ronald* stands up in the court and says, "The trousers are mine"—that's where the *noblesse oblige* comes in—but he's really innocent, and—— However, I mustn't spoil it for you in case you haven't seen it yet. I know it sounds a bit complicated, but it works out all right in the end.

At the final rehearsal everything went beautifully. The play lasted a good deal longer than we expected, owing to most of the lines having to be spoken twice, once by the prompter, and once by the character to whom they properly belonged; but audiences like to get plenty for their money.

Then came the night, and you could positively *feel* the play gripping the audience as one line followed (and occasionally even overlapped) another. By the time the curtain went up on the great scene the audience was tense with excitement. There is no other word for it. And when they saw the snow descending in great handfuls they gasped with surprise and pleasure—which was jolly decent of them, seeing how many of them had helped to cut up the old newspapers of which it was made.



"'HERE,' HE SAID, 'TAKE THESE, MY POOR FELLOW.'"

The great moment of *Lord Ronald's* noble act arrived.

"Stay here a moment, my poor fellow," he said to the shivering outcast; "I will return." And he made for the door of the ancestral castle.

"You are a human being," said the prompter.

"What?" said *Lord Ronald*. "Oh, yes. You are a human being, the same as I am," he added handsomely, and disappeared amidst applause.

The shivering outcast shivered some more and walked up and down twice.

"'Tis bitter cold," he said. "*Lord Ronald* does not know me, though we played together as little children."

At this point *Lord Ronald* was due for reappearance, but he didn't show up. The outcast shivered again and continued to walk up and down.

"We played together as big children as well," he said by way of filling up time; but still *Lord Ronald* failed to materialise.

The shivering penniless outcast took a silver cigarette-case out of his pocket and lit a cigarette. This is always effective on the stage and is a splendid way of tiding over an awkward pause. Then he walked up and down once more, carefully treading out some snow which had caught fire from the match.

"*Lord Ronald* is a long time," he said. The audience agreed with him. "I hope nothing has happened to him," he added anxiously.

His anxiety was not misplaced, for as he spoke *Lord Ronald* was engaged in a frenzied attempt to raise a pair of trousers. He had forgotten to bring the spare pair with him.

Neither the producer nor the prompter took up a very sporting attitude in the matter; both refused absolutely to lend him theirs, though he pointed out that they should have them back in a moment. The stage carpenter was equally obstinate, and the electrician was only just prevented from offering personal violence to the distraught nobleman.

It was a stray boy scout who, at any rate partially, saved the situation. By way of doing his good deed for the day he allowed himself to be persuaded to lend a pair of diminutive khaki shorts, and to sit in his overcoat until the end of the scene.

It was then that *Lord Ronald* showed himself to be a real actor. He carried the incident off with a *savoir faire* which many a professional might have envied.

"Here," he said in ringing tones as he held out the wisp of khaki to the astonished outcast, "take these, my poor fellow. I do not need them any more. I have left the Boy Scouts for ever."

L. DU G.

An Occidental Error.

"Lord and Lady —— will return to England from a cruise to Jamaica and Trinidad and other Eastern cities early next month."

Evening Paper.



WHY STOP AT COMMUNITY SINGING? WHY NOT COMMUNITY OPERA?

SOME GADGETS.

MAGNETOS will without compunction
For trifling reasons fail to function;
I know, because a pert mosquito
Once laid an egg in my magneto.

The carburetter, so I 'm told,
Can suffer terribly from cold;
I find a little knitted sweater
Is helpful to my carburetter.

The differential is the bulge in
The axle which one must indulge in;
It 's fortunately not essential
To understand the differential.

The oil-can needs conveyance to
Unusual spots, so persons who
Can coil and also can uncoil can
Perform most nobly with the oil-can.

The wheel 's designed to check infringements
Of laws relating to impingements;
The scope of its success, I feel,
Depends on who is at the wheel.

Accumulators are no doubt
The reason why the lights go out;
But still it doesn't do to hate or
Disparage the accumulator.

The four-wheel brake provides for me
A means of stopping suddenly
(The process is inclined to shake
The owner of the four-wheel brake).

From sparking-plugs it 's well to batter
All chunks of carbonaceous matter;
One thus elicits cheerful chugs
From quite reluctant sparking-plugs.

"74 MARRIES 74
Happy Sequel to a Boy and Girl Courtship
'FLU DELAYS WEDDING."
Headlines in Daily Paper.

It seems to have been an unusually prolonged attack.

AT THE PLAY.

"DRACULA" (LITTLE).

THE late Mr. BRAM STOKER'S *Dracula*, which I understand has for many years been a cause of frequent nightmares in the unsophisticated, has been done into a play by Mr. HAMILTON DEANE, and I am bound to say that he has made a mirth-provoking affair of it—in parts. It is true this vampire business is not primarily designed for mirth, and no doubt the apparatus of suddenly-opened doors, clocks that tick eerily, howling lunatics who eat flies and white mice, pink-eyed bats (not induced by alcohol), magnesium flashes, swirling mists which don't smell at all like mists, pale-faced aristocratic aliens whose bodies are not reflected in plane mirrors and whose hair is twisted into devilish horns may very well be more seriously alarming between the pages of a book than they are in the three-dimensional medium of the stage. If this had all been played in a full-blooded transpontine manner, and if everything had not been said seven times, laughter would have been even more easy, though I admit there was something especially diverting in watching a company of grave conscientious actors in the West-End manner heroically pretending to take it all seriously.

Of course *Jonathan Harker* was asking for trouble when he shared a semi-detached house with *Doctor Seward*, who apparently kept or didn't keep his loosely-controlled lunatics in the other half of it. And it was tempting Providence to let the house on his other side to so obviously sinister a person as *Count Dracula*, with his mysterious packing-cases, his horned hair, red eyes and gaping fangs. But he couldn't be expected, I suppose, to realise that his sister-in-law would fade away to the grave, after I know not how many unavailing transfusions of blood, with those queer tiny wounds in her throat. And it was certainly rough luck that his own wife should apparently be going the same dreadful way. Not at all surprising that *Doctor Seward* (who looked and talked less like a medical man than seemed humanly possible) should be puzzled. Mere mumps would have puzzled him, I feel sure.

But help is at hand. *Professor Abraham van Helsing*, the Dutchman—psychologist, psycho-analyst, hypnotist and were-wolf specialist—arrives. His diagnosis is that a vampire is at work. Nonsense? Not at all. We scientific men know a good many queer things, let us tell you. He interviews the deplorable *Count*, having learnt about the packing-cases, which from his specialised knowledge he recognises as the lairs or changing-places necessary to every self-respecting practising vampire; offers him garlic, a herb notoriously fatal to vampires (and other non-Fascists), and sees the violent convulsions into which it throws him; after which he brilliantly concludes that the red-eyed nobleman may have something to do with the sad business. "Of course I can't be sure, mind you, but——"; the cautious scientific attitude in fact. This is, as you have guessed, a frightfully scientific play.

The heroine is visibly sinking. Shall we be in time to save her? The astute *Van Helsing*, having further cheered the



HYPNOTISING "NIPPY."

"You shall come across continents to serve me."

Count Dracula . . MR. RAYMOND HUNTLEY.
The Parlourmaid . MISS KILDA MACLEOD.

patient and her friends by explaining what a perfectly terrible condition she is in and how lucky she is to have him there; having removed and sterilised (with garlic) all the *Count's* lairs but the one in the coach-house next-door; having explained to *Lord Godalming* that it is necessary that his late *fiancée*, *Lucy*, must have her tomb broken into and a stake driven into her heart in order to prevent her going about as a "beau'ful lady" (a were-wolf in fact), nibbling the throats of the Hampstead young—she is "undead" and must be made "true dead"; having carefully decorated poor *Mrs. Harker* with garlic and hung a cross about her neck, which the maid, hypnotised by *Dracula*, removes in a trance, thus leaving the vampire free for his hasty evening meal; having with his three friends surrounded the *Count* aforesaid and tried vainly to impress him with four fore-fingers dramatically levelled at him, he countering with a firework, under cover of which he makes his escape—it only remains for the four heroes to track the beast to his lair in the coach-house and at the precise hour of sunset to shine four green bulls'-eyes upon him and plunge a stake into his heart so that his tortured soul may leave his body with a fizz in a cloud of smoke.

For us it only remains to sidle quietly into the Adelphi, wondering sadly why this sort of thing should be supposed to be adequate entertainment for adults in this year of grace in one of the world's capital cities. T.

"THE MARQUISE" (CRITERION).

Mr. NOEL COWARD, experimenting with the period play in the course of his giddy pilgrimage through all the styles, has been so resolutely determined to avoid the reproach of a Wardour Street technique that he has made his early eighteenth-century noblemen and their serving-folk fully seized of the latest London idiom, with, I gladly attest, a certain gain in liveliness and interest. He has also, perhaps less defensibly, given them a more modern mentality than is altogether plausible, though I suppose it is open to any author to claim that all this talk of modern mentalities is mere cant and that the main types have always been much the same in all ages.

On a September evening in the year 1735 a rather awkward dinner-party is in progress at the château of the *Count Raoul de Vriaac* (who had the wit to have his dining-room charmingly decorated by Mr. WILLIAM NICHOLSON). *Raoul's* pretty *Adrienne* and his friend *Duke Esteban Santaguano's* son *Miguel* are betrothed. With the principals and their parents sit the *Count's* sleek chaplain and his handsome young private secretary, *Jacques*, who at the crisis of the feast, the toasting of the happy pair, rushes from the table in evident distress. Of course, poor fellow, he is in love with *Adrienne*, as you rightly deduce.

But there is deeper matter to account for the general air of constraint. *De Vriaac* has taken to religion, and taken to it very gloomily, as some will. In vain *Esteban* rallies him, recalls their youthful gallantries, reproaches him for his dulness and short temper. From the wall the late Countess, an uncomely and saintly bore, looks out of her frame. The well-fed chaplain holds a watching brief for the departed lady and the Church. The gay *Esteban* can stand no more of it and takes his leave. *Adrienne* confesses her love for

Jacques, first to *Miguel*, who is much relieved, having a private entanglement of his own, and then to her father, who in the most Christian spirit vehemently enforces the claims of duty, decries the importance of passion and descants upon the insolence and iniquity of poverty.

A tap at the window. A roguish comfortable face. It is *Eloise*, the one abiding passionate memory of his life. She had left him after the birth of *Adrienne*, who had always passed for the daughter of the late countess. Her coach has broken down; she prays shelter for the night. He has never been able to thrust her from his heart. But now, fortified by the sour admonition of the portrait and the goggle eyes of the chaplain, he drives her forth into the night. A short interval and then a ring and the major-domo announces the *Marquise Eloise de Kestournel*. *Adrienne*, drawn by some special sympathy to the kindly imperturbable lady, defies her father's authority and instals the *Marquise* in the best bedroom.

How on the morrow the *Marquise* learns of her *Adrienne's* penniless lover, how and for what good reasons she disapproves of *Miguel*, compelling the terrified chaplain, at the points of two horse-pistols, to marry *Adrienne* and the secretary, and carries them off to Paris, I cannot tell more precisely without spoiling the most brilliant and entirely unexpected climax of an exceedingly well-prepared situation which dissolved a delighted house in laughter.

This happily-conceived comedy races along on the light wheels of the author's lively and ingenious wit without a pause till the time comes for the difficult business of gathering the loose ends. The opening of the Third Act is as good as the best that preceded it. *De Vriaac*, in despair at the flight of his old mistress, seeks comfort in the cognac flask and counsel from his seneschal, who, drawing courage from the same source, explains in a well-written scene how the religious Count is a much less sensible, Christian, lovable person than the Count unregenerate. The sainted bore's picture is tossed into the fire. The old Adam, expelled with the fork, returns. The way is prepared for *Eloise*.



THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL MOTHER.—I.
"My Daughter's Father!"
The Marquise Eloise de Kestournel. MISS MARIE TEMPEST.
The Comte Raoul de Vriaac . . . MR. W. GRAHAM BROWNE.



THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL MOTHER.—II.
"My Son's Father!"
Esteban . . . . . MR. FRANK CELLIER.
The Marquise . . . . . MISS MARIE TEMPEST.

Thereafter is a decline of wit and a fumbling movement. The quarrel of *Esteban* and *Raoul*, the too-long-protracted duel (duels are always dangerous things, the players' natural concern for their eyes reducing their rapier-play to something nearer single-stick—head-strokes barred), the sentimental reunion of *Raoul* and *Eloise*, on the last chord of a song of true love, in the solid bonds of respectable matrimony (there had never been a Marquis de Kestournel)—all this marched heavily, and I cannot believe that the author ever intended, or at first writing set down, such an unhappy ending.

One supposes that the part of *Eloise* was deliberately made to the measure of Miss MARIE TEMPEST—an artistic peccadillo justified by the result. Certainly it was presented by this accomplished lady with all her old resource, her sense of humour, her exquisite finish in detail and perfect timing of her effects. The wayward, naughty, imperious, kindly, teasing moods succeeded one another to our continued entertainment. Time happily lays a light hand on this brilliant player, who received an affectionate and deserved tribute at the curtain's fall. Mr. GRAHAM BROWNE's not too easy or grateful part of *De Vriaac* was carefully and cleverly done, and Mr. FRANK CELLIER was at his adroit best as the courtly raffish *Esteban*. Miss EILEEN SHARP's pleasantly unsophisticated heroine fitted very well as a foil into the cynical setting, and Mr. GODFREY WINN's *Miguel* was a pleasant companion-piece. Mr. COLIN JOHNSTON's chaplain was quietly offensive, as was intended, a "flattering" part well done. This actor knows the value of standing still. Mr. ROBERT HARRIS, the forlorn lover, was scarcely effective, but he had little scope.

The nimble dialogue puts a considerable strain on the principal players' memories,

AT THE PLAY.

"DRACULA" (LITTLE).

THE late Mr. BRAM STOKER'S *Dracula*, which I understand has for many years been a cause of frequent nightmares in the unsophisticated, has been done into a play by Mr. HAMILTON DEANE, and I am bound to say that he has made a mirth-provoking affair of it—in parts. It is true this vampire business is not primarily designed for mirth, and no doubt the apparatus of suddenly-opened doors, clocks that tick eerily, howling lunatics who eat flies and white mice, pink-eyed bats (not induced by alcohol), magnesium flashes, swirling mists which don't smell at all like mists, pale-faced aristocratic aliens whose bodies are not reflected in plane mirrors and whose hair is twisted into devilish horns may very well be more seriously alarming between the pages of a book than they are in the three-dimensional medium of the stage. If this had all been played in a full-blooded transpontine manner, and if everything had not been said seven times, laughter would have been even more easy, though I admit there was something especially diverting in watching a company of grave conscientious actors in the West-End manner heroically pretending to take it all seriously.

Of course *Jonathan Harker* was asking for trouble when he shared a semi-detached house with *Doctor Seward*, who apparently kept or didn't keep his loosely-controlled lunatics in the other half of it. And it was tempting Providence to let the house on his other side to so obviously sinister a person as *Count Dracula*, with his mysterious packing-cases, his horned hair, red eyes and gaping fangs. But he couldn't be expected, I suppose, to realise that his sister-in-law would fade away to the grave, after I know not how many unavailing transfusions of blood, with those queer tiny wounds in her throat. And it was certainly rough luck that his own wife should apparently be going the same dreadful way. Not at all surprising that *Doctor Seward* (who looked and talked less like a medical man than seemed humanly possible) should be puzzled. Mere mumps would have puzzled him, I feel sure.

But help is at hand. *Professor Abraham van Helsing*, the Dutchman—psychologist, psycho-analyst, hypnotist and were-wolf specialist—arrives. His diagnosis is that a vampire is at work. Nonsense? Not at all. We scientific men know a good many queer things, let us tell you. He interviews the deplorable *Count*, having learnt about the packing-cases, which from his specialised knowledge he recognises as the lairs or changing-places necessary to every self-respecting practising vampire; offers him garlic, a herb notoriously fatal to vampires (and other non-Fascists), and sees the violent convulsions into which it throws him; after which he brilliantly concludes that the red-eyed nobleman may have something to do with the sad business. "Of course I can't be sure, mind you, but——"; the cautious scientific attitude in fact. This is, as you have guessed, a frightfully scientific play.

The heroine is visibly sinking. Shall we be in time to save her? The astute *Van Helsing*, having further cheered the



HYPNOTISING "NIPPY."

"You shall come across continents to serve me."

Count Dracula . . MR. RAYMOND HUNTLEY.
The Parlourmaid . MISS KILDA MACLEOD.

patient and her friends by explaining what a perfectly terrible condition she is in and how lucky she is to have him there; having removed and sterilised (with garlic) all the *Count's* lairs but the one in the coach-house next-door; having explained to *Lord Godalming* that it is necessary that his late *fiancée*, *Lucy*, must have her tomb broken into and a stake driven into her heart in order to prevent her going about as a "beau'ful lady" (a were-wolf in fact), nibbling the throats of the Hampstead young—she is "undead" and must be made "true dead"; having carefully decorated poor *Mrs. Harker* with garlic and hung a cross about her neck, which the maid, hypnotised by *Dracula*, removes in a trance, thus leaving the vampire free for his hasty evening meal; having with his three friends surrounded the *Count* aforesaid and tried vainly to impress him with four fore-fingers dramatically levelled at him, he countering with a firework, under cover of which he makes his escape—it only remains for the four heroes to track the beast to his lair in the coach-house and at the precise hour of sunset to shine four green bulls'-eyes upon him and plunge a stake into his heart so that his tortured soul may leave his body with a fizz in a cloud of smoke.

For us it only remains to sidle quietly into the Adelphi, wondering sadly why this sort of thing should be supposed to be adequate entertainment for adults in this year of grace in one of the world's capital cities. T.

"THE MARQUISE" (CRITERION).

Mr. NOEL COWARD, experimenting with the period play in the course of his giddy pilgrimage through all the styles, has been so resolutely determined to avoid the reproach of a Wardour Street technique that he has made his early eighteenth-century noblemen and their serving-folk fully seized of the latest London idiom, with, I gladly attest, a certain gain in liveliness and interest. He has also, perhaps less defensibly, given them a more modern mentality than is altogether plausible, though I suppose it is open to any author to claim that all this talk of modern mentalities is mere cant and that the main types have always been much the same in all ages.

On a September evening in the year 1735 a rather awkward dinner-party is in progress at the château of the *Count Raoul de Vriaac* (who had the wit to have his dining-room charmingly decorated by Mr. WILLIAM NICHOLSON). *Raoul's* pretty *Adrienne* and his friend *Duke Esteban Santaguano's* son *Miguel* are betrothed. With the principals and their parents sit the *Count's* sleek chaplain and his handsome young private secretary, *Jacques*, who at the crisis of the feast, the toasting of the happy pair, rushes from the table in evident distress. Of course, poor fellow, he is in love with *Adrienne*, as you rightly deduce.

But there is deeper matter to account for the general air of constraint. *De Vriaac* has taken to religion, and taken to it very gloomily, as some will. In vain *Esteban* rallies him, recalls their youthful gallantries, reproaches him for his dulness and short temper. From the wall the late Countess, an uncomely and saintly bore, looks out of her frame. The well-fed chaplain holds a watching brief for the departed lady and the Church. The gay *Esteban* can stand no more of it and takes his leave. *Adrienne* confesses her love for

Jacques, first to *Miguel*, who is much relieved, having a private entanglement of his own, and then to her father, who in the most Christian spirit vehemently enforces the claims of duty, decries the importance of passion and descants upon the insolence and iniquity of poverty.

A tap at the window. A roguish comfortable face. It is *Eloise*, the one abiding passionate memory of his life. She had left him after the birth of *Adrienne*, who had always passed for the daughter of the late countess. Her coach has broken down; she prays shelter for the night. He has never been able to thrust her from his heart. But now, fortified by the sour admonition of the portrait and the goggle eyes of the chaplain, he drives her forth into the night. A short interval and then a ring and the major-domo announces the *Marquise Eloise de Kestournel*. *Adrienne*, drawn by some special sympathy to the kindly imperturbable lady, defies her father's authority and installs the *Marquise* in the best bedroom.

How on the morrow the *Marquise* learns of her *Adrienne's* penniless lover, how and for what good reasons she disapproves of *Miguel*, compelling the terrified chaplain, at the points of two horse-pistols, to marry *Adrienne* and the secretary, and carries them off to Paris, I cannot tell more precisely without spoiling the most brilliant and entirely unexpected climax of an exceedingly well-prepared situation which dissolved a delighted house in laughter.

This happily-conceived comedy races along on the light wheels of the author's lively and ingenious wit without a pause till the time comes for the difficult business of gathering the loose ends. The opening of the Third Act is as good as the best that preceded it. *De Vriaac*, in despair at the flight of his old mistress, seeks comfort in the cognac flask and counsel from his seneschal, who, drawing courage from the same source, explains in a well-written scene how the religious Count is a much less sensible, Christian, lovable person than the Count unregenerate. The sainted bore's picture is tossed into the fire. The old Adam, expelled with the fork, returns. The way is prepared for *Eloise*.



THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL MOTHER.—I.
"My Daughter's Father!"

The Marquise Eloise de Kestournel. MISS MARIE TEMPEST.
The Comte Raoul de Vriaac . . . MR. W. GRAHAM BROWNE.



THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL MOTHER.—II.
"My Son's Father!"

Esteban . . . . . MR. FRANK CELLIER.
The Marquise . . . . . MISS MARIE TEMPEST.

Thereafter is a decline of wit and a fumbling movement. The quarrel of *Esteban* and *Raoul*, the too-long-protracted duel (duels are always dangerous things, the players' natural concern for their eyes reducing their rapier-play to something nearer single-stick—head-strokes barred), the sentimental reunion of *Raoul* and *Eloise*, on the last chord of a song of true love, in the solid bonds of respectable matrimony (there had never been a Marquis de Kestournel)—all this marched heavily, and I cannot believe that the author ever intended, or at first writing set down, such an unhappy ending.

One supposes that the part of *Eloise* was deliberately made to the measure of Miss MARIE TEMPEST—an artistic peccadillo justified by the result. Certainly it was presented by this accomplished lady with all her old resource, her sense of humour, her exquisite finish in detail and perfect timing of her effects. The wayward, naughty, imperious, kindly, teasing moods succeeded one another to our continued entertainment. Time happily lays a light hand on this brilliant player, who received an affectionate and deserved tribute at the curtain's fall. Mr. GRAHAM BROWNE's not too easy or grateful part of *De Vriaac* was carefully and cleverly done, and Mr. FRANK CELLIER was at his adroit best as the courtly raffish *Esteban*. Miss EILEEN SHARP's pleasantly unsophisticated heroine fitted very well as a foil into the cynical setting, and Mr. GODFREY WINN's *Miguel* was a pleasant companion-piece. Mr. COLIN JOHNSTON's chaplain was quietly offensive, as was intended, a "flattering" part well done. This actor knows the value of standing still. Mr. ROBERT HARRIS, the forlorn lover, was scarcely effective, but he had little scope.

The nimble dialogue puts a considerable strain on the principal players' memories,

and the best of all this engaging trifle will go better when the little hesitations are practised away. I cherish a faint hope that the author will take his fluent pen and write a new ending, or bring out from a pigeon-hole the earlier draft which I suspect is lying there.

Mr. NICHOLSON's dress designs were admirably harmonised; distinguished yet undistracting. T.

MR. CHURCHILL REPORTS A LEAGUE MATCH.

THE dawn of the Feast of Fools brought to a pinnacle of ecstasy the frantic hopes and fears with which for months our great centres of population had followed the swaying fortunes of their favourite gladiators. It was now certain that the climax of the struggle was at hand. Before the packed and delirious multitudes of the proletariat returned home to their evening meal it would be known whether the Ramblers or the Stragglers would wear for a twelvemonth the roses of victory. Whichever won their match would be head of the League.

There were few, however, who dared to stake their ultimate garment—for in spite of tendencious criticism of recent legislation the Exchequer still profited enormously through the popularity of betting—on either side winning outright. The forces to be opposed were so well matched that the injuries they must suffer and inflict would of necessity be evenly balanced. Everything pointed to a drawn game. In that event the Stragglers, by virtue of some recondite arithmetic connected with the scoring of goals, would find themselves cheated by a miserable decimal of their hopes of the premiership.

For some weeks it had been foreseen that these proud rivals would be the protagonists of the decisive encounter. Nothing that could equip them for the battle had been neglected. By obtaining the transference of a noted half-back from Lancashire the Stragglers had fortified their defences, and in a centre-forward imported from the Midlands they had provided a spear-head for their attack. Rumour estimated at thousands of pounds the cost of these human bulwarks. Less plentifully endowed with resources the Ramblers had contrived, by disposing of three pillars of their reserve eleven, to induce the immigration into their territory of a celebrated goalkeeper from the north-east coast.

This practice of exchanging players in mid-season, by which it comes about that a footballer may wear a pink shirt one Saturday and a blue or a yellow the next, has much exercised the critics of the professional game. Stern moralists have found themselves not unwilling to condemn those who leave their side, perhaps at a crisis in its fortunes, and go over to another party. But what has become customary in politics must not be denied to sport. To an adventure already sufficiently hazardous it adds a touch of incalculable speculation.

Buffeted healthily by the spicy breezes of Blackpool or by saltatory exercise on the sands of Skegness, the two teams steeled themselves for the shock of battle.

Next week Mr. CHURCHILL will describe the kick-off.

[This is not true.—ED.]

PHILANTHROPY IN DISGUISE.

DETAILS of the projected Pine Hills Golf Club have already appeared in the Press, and have been subjected to a good deal of misdirected criticism. It is stated that the membership will be limited to a hundred-and-fifty, that the entrance fee will be five hundred pounds and the annual subscription one hundred pounds. In an interview with a representative of *The Daily News*, Mr. ABERCROMBY, one of the chief promoters, after describing the site of the proposed links and the initial outlay of seventy thousand pounds necessary to acquire the freehold, equip the club-house, etc., went on to say that the idea arose out of the extreme difficulties in the way of playing golf near London during the week-end without booking a starting-time. "The fact of the matter is," he added, "there are really too many golfers."

The figure fixed for the entrance fee, we may note at the outset, is only half that said to be charged at "The Links" near New York, the most exclusive golf club in the world, but it is sufficient to account for the wholly undeserved comments alluded to above, comments which, as we hope to show, are triumphantly rebutted by the last sentence we have quoted from Mr. ABERCROMBY's statement. Viewed in their true light the motives of the promoters of the Pine Hills Golf Club are patriotic and benevolent, and deserve the widest recognition. Their example, if followed in other pastimes and recreations, cannot fail to be a potent instrument in the restoration of Great Britain's prosperity and commercial pre-eminence.

For there are not only too many golfers; there are also too many—far too many—lawn-tennis players. Complaint is made of the exorbitant prices charged for laying down hard courts and for good rackets and balls. Such criticism indicates gross ingratitude to the manufacturers, who are really doing their best to limit the numbers of those who devote their leisure to pastime instead of the serious study of economics, salesmanship, synthetic products, etc. A writer in *The Daily News* welcomes the prospect of the introduction of stitchless balls at fifteen shillings a dozen, and first-class rackets costing little over two pounds. The present prices force thousands of lawn-tennis players to take the second best, and "it is impossible to play good lawn-tennis with bad materials." This argument shows a deplorable lack of insight into realities. What is really wanted is not cheaper but dearer tennis. If the price of rackets was stabilized at a minimum of five pounds each, and of balls at, say, two pounds a dozen, and no club was permitted to charge less than an entrance fee of a hundred pounds and an annual subscription of twenty pounds, the loss of time and temper involved in the present waiting for a court would cease, and the majority of players—many of them of indifferent quality—would be diverted into other and more profitable spheres of activity.

Again, take dancing. There are really far too many dancers nowadays, and the overcrowding of saloons seriously impairs the comfort of those who can afford to cultivate the art. And here again the safeguarding of the expert and opulent minority must not be regarded as a measure of self-protection. It would be unjust to deny them a far-sighted sagacity and a benevolent regard for the greatest happiness of the greatest number. The restriction of dancing to clubs which impose an entrance fee and subscription carefully chosen so as to exclude all persons who do not pay super-tax, would automatically impel those who were eliminated to seek an outlet for their energies in occupations in which they might eventually earn enough to enable them in old age to cultivate those expensive pastimes for which they are at present unfitted.

It only remains to be added that there are far too many listeners-in. The number in the British Isles alone is estimated at ten millions, and the deplorable influence of their unrestrained activities on the prospects and prosperity of musical composers and conductors has already been made clear in the memorable monition of Sir THOMAS BEECHAM. But the remedy is simple. Let the cost of a licence be raised to, say, fifty pounds and the immediate reduction of this gigantic army of indolent auscultationists will follow as the day the night; once more the concert-halls will be filled, and peace reign in the heart of Mr. WILLIAM BOOSEY.

COMICSTRIPITIS.

NO, PLEASE DON'T WORRY—I 'M QUITE ALL RIGHT; I 'M ONLY DOING THIS AS A SLIGHT PROTEST AGAINST THE CONVENTION THAT A HUMOROUS SERIES MUST—

Fougasse



START PEACEFULLY— AND— LEAD—



GRADUALLY— UP— TO—



SOME— VIOLENT— CALAMITY.



"Tourist from U.S.A. "THIS SURE MAKES ME HOMESICK."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THAT the last volume but one of *The Tale of Genji* proper is far more attractive than its predecessors I attribute to the fact that there is less concentration on *Genji* and an unprecedented skill on the Lady MURASAKI's part in rounding up the stray situations her amatory hero has created. Mr. ARTHUR WALEY has put his most accomplished work into *A Wreath of Cloud* (ALLEN AND UNWIN), and, though I still think he tends to over-estimate our temperamental sympathy with MURASAKI's age and deflect his vocabulary accordingly, I have nothing but enthusiasm for his translation as a whole. The volume opens with an amusing biography of the authoress, who apparently recouped herself for a life of circumspection in the service of a prudish Empress by giving free literary play to an ironic wit and a luxurious imagination. The story is devoted to the continuance, readjustment and consequences of *Genji's* relations with his wife *Murasaki* and his various mistresses, with the disagreeable pendant of his adoption and attempted seduction of a second young girl. The fate of *Tamakatsura*, almost identical with that of *Murasaki*, is complicated by the fact that she is the daughter of one of *Genji's* mistresses, but not of *Genji* himself, and that *Genji*, pretending she is his own child, erects a formidable barrier to his own subsequent passion. *Tamakatsura's* destiny is not determined when the volume closes, nor is that of the child-lovers, *Kumoi* and *Yūgiri*, nor that of the baby *Princess from Akashi*. All these young people are responsible for passages of romantic charm, relieved by incidents of such satiric implication as *Genji's* distribution of stuff for spring clothes to the women of his palace, a ceremony during which *Murasaki* endeavours to divine from the character of the material her husband's relations with the recipient.

It would almost seem as if the charm that hangs about old documents comes largely from their quaint other-world spelling. No one would want to be told, for instance, how a modern steamship company's board-room was found to be uncomfortably near the pay-office, yet when Sir W. FOSTER, quoting from India Office records in *John Company* (LANE), says of certain "marryners" that they crowded about the entrance in "Bishoppgate Streete," one is reasonably content to read further that "it was mociond to have some more convenyent place made up for thatt use neerer unto the gate." Fantastic spelling, however, is not the only delight in this volume, in which the writer, with no small zest for his task, has brought together any number of half-forgotten stories and traditions of The Honourable the East India Company. Here is stout JOHN DEAN, ordinary seaman, who refused to desert the merchantman *Sussex*, abandoned as derelict by her officers off the coast of Madagascar. Here are two comical ambassadors from the famous kingdom of Bantam, lionised by all London, King and Court included. Here is a duplicate insurance

policy from the seventeenth century, and again a facsimile of the petition for employment as a "writer" presented by a lad called WARREN HASTINGS. Warehousemen, in these pages, are provided with "suits of canvas doublets and hose without pockets"—pockets being liable to conceal pepper, of all things—and "hot cawdles" are supplied, before the days of Factory Acts, to workers in saltpetre as a cure for agues. Uncovered treasures like these, just not musty with age but delicately touched with a fragrance that has lavender in it, if perhaps a hint of cobweb, go to make up a narrative that stirs no very lively emotions and aims at no great literary triumphs, yet has a place entirely its own. It compares, in fact, at all completely only with the writer's companion volume, *The East India House*. I think this one is to be preferred of the two.

Blue Magic's a tale told in letters;
ROY DEVEREUX writes it, and he
Isn't irked by these self-imposed fetters—
For such I conceive them to be;
The book (CROSBY LOCKWOOD) discovers
A lady who has in her train
No less than a trio of lovers,
And all of them sighing in vain.

Their wooings are fresh and inviting,
But rather to you than to her,
For the call of the desert and writing
Are things which she seems to prefer;
In fact, she 's a difficult creature,
For none of the characters fails
In any one cardinal feature
Essential in letter-box tales.

They 're splendid at penning epistles,
There 's never a sign that they shirk
When something is needed that bristles
With details to help the good work,
And, whether their missives are sloppy
Or highbrow or thrilling or flat,
They all send the printer a copy,
And what could be kinder than that?



Acquaintance. "AND IS YOUR OTHER LITTLE GIRL AT ALL LIKE THIS ONE?"
Fond Mother. "OH, NO, SHE 'S QUITE A CONTRAST TO HER."
Acquaintance. "HOW NICE!"

Of all historical monuments, stranded like a whale's bones high and dry above the tides of to-day, few save the Pyramids are more remote than the Palace of Versailles. "The spirit of the Pharaohs" went, as its latest chronicler maintains, to the making of it; "the same reckless squandering of the resources of a nation, the same prodigality of labour." Appreciating this aspect of his subject to the full, Mr. G. F. BRADBY nevertheless contrives to render *The Great Days of Versailles* (BENN) with extraordinary sympathy; chiefly, I think, because he distinguishes, as between sin and sinner, the pageant from the actors who played in it. He describes how a *petit château de cartes*, a mere hunting-lodge, became a colossal palace. Cartloads of dead workmen were removed from the barracks in which they were lodged as the work proceeded; and when it was done its housing of all save the highest notabilities out-barracked the barracks. "Deadly dull" too was the life that was lived in it. Yet, amazingly enough, the livers of that life were often in the fullest rustic sense "characters." Their names and relationships are at times extremely confusing, and Mr. BRADBY furnishes a helpful list of *dramatis personæ*. He also plants the confines of his volume thickly with genealogical trees. Yet the true praise of his book is that even the inexpert will find his way about its world as he goes, and come to recognise the individual voices and gestures of its *habitués*. Too modern to euphemise their vices, not modern enough to perform the same service for their virtues, Mr. BRADBY has given us no one-dimensional portraits. I particularly commend his Madame DE MAINTENON and the delicacy with which he has traced her relations with her own family and her own heart.

The bright art of the short story has at the moment no more talented exponent than Mr. A. E. COPPARD. His tales, or *contes*, as we should have called them in the good old

days when, having never heard of TCHEHOV, we all swore by MAUPASSANT, are acceptable to the most fastidious of editors. All the stories in *The Field of Mustard* (CAPE) are well worth reading, and a good half of them are worth re-reading. It is not so much what he does as the cunning and lively way he does it. Take, for instance, his name-piece. Two women, returning home from gathering firewood, sit beneath a hedge and discuss a man whom they both have loved. Being no Classicist, I am not sure whether LUCIAN transcribed the equivalent colloquy, but certainly he might have done, for the models for it must have existed in his day and ages before. *Judith*, again, the heroine (to call her so) of what is perhaps the best story in the book, stoops to conquer and, as is the way of conquerors, destroys her victim and shirks the issue of her devastating condescension. That too seems a familiar situation; while *Camilla* and *Olive*, those spinsters in uneasy circumstances who travel the continent of Europe together, quarrel and are reconciled—they are as familiar as the dishes of the *table d'hôte* which constitute their staple diet. Mr. COPPARD can take a trite or trivial theme and treat it with that touch of novelty which, since practically all plausible themes have been used times beyond measure, is all that we can reasonably ask of the story-teller, but which we do not often get. If he has any faults they are that his sense of irony sometimes runs away with him and that he succumbs too readily to the lure of the phrase. But he is a *raconteur* for whom to be thankful.

The future of Miss SUSAN GLASPELL is a matter of great moment to some and of some moment to a great many more. With this, no doubt, in their minds her publishers tell us that *The Road to the Temple* (BENN) "was finished only a few months ago, and may be taken as the first really mature work of this writer." It is a biography of her late husband, GEORGE CRAM COOK, who gave up Harvard and Heidelberg to turn farmer on the Mississippi, and then gave up farming to live in Greece as a shepherd among shepherds and finally to die there by the ruins of the Temple of Apollo at Delphi. "And games," we are told, "were instituted in his honour." COOK was a rebel against all forms of convention and authority, and, being an American, he did it all very thoroughly and with immense seriousness. He was a man of many enthusiasms, which went as suddenly as they came, and his life is thus largely a record of failure and futility. He was always on the point of writing something great; he never wrote it. He started a movement for regenerating the American theatre, and dropped it when success was under his hand. Miss GLASPELL pleads for him that, for all his weaknesses, he had "vision," and never lost his sense of wonder. But he did often lose his sense of proportion, and Miss GLASPELL spares us none of these lapses. Never were trivialities so faithfully or so lengthily recorded. Many a suburban householder has trained a robin to take the crumbs from his breakfast-table; it has remained for GEORGE CRAM COOK and Miss GLASPELL to reveal the cosmic implications of this simple feat. *The Road to the Temple* is a long road, mostly uphill, and I am not too sure that the view at the top is "worth it." In any case this book gives no clue to Miss GLASPELL'S future; it is merely a rather lengthy interlude.

Peking is the scene of *Chinese White* (HUTCHINSON), "in the period between the establishment of the Republic and the more recent disorders." An aroma of sex prevails through this tale of *Manon Cassily*, who loved *David Magee* none too wisely. Believing that her love was not returned she concealed her motherhood from him and pretended that the child was of her adoption. Personally I think *Magee* was marvellously slow of perception, but the whole plot would have collapsed if he had not been one of the world's worst guessers. Subsequently *Manon* was befriended by *Li Feng-Chang*, Minister of Customs and a man of power, ability and discretion. In a story whose British men-folk were certainly not Ministers of Morals I found *Li Feng-Chang's* restraint as refreshing as a change of air. Indeed he and the affairs of the moment may win some popularity for this account of *Manon's* lapse; but DAVID CALDER WILSON'S hand, though strong, is also rather crude, and I would gladly have exchanged several pecks of spice for a few pinches of subtlety.

While admitting that *The Traitor's Gate* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) has its moments of tense excitement, I cannot award it a high place among Mr. EDGAR WALLACE'S bountiful collection of sensational novels. Let those on Tower guard duty beware, for here we have a keen and excellent young officer, *Dick Hallowell*, drugged and—to the detriment of the Crown Jewels—an impostor substituted for him. And Mr. WALLACE almost convinces me that such outrages are possible. Indeed it is not with the crime and its development that I have a feeling of dissatisfaction; my grievance is that the relationships of the people in one way or another involved in it were too complex. I wish, however, to give honourable mention to *Mrs. Ollorby*, a dear old lady with a positive genius for managing other people's business. I have so great a respect for the style in which Mr. WALLACE usually tells his stories that I do not hesitate to draw his attention to the following sentence: "The water was fresh, she told him, and after slaking his own thirst, he searched in his pockets in the hope of finding something that would stay the pangs of hunger." He must have been in a great hurry when he wrote that.



Visitor. "WHY CAN'T YOU ALL PLAY AT THE RACE-GAME?"
Tommy. "WE *ARE* ALL PLAYING, BUT I CAN'T MAKE MY BOOK TILL WILLIE GETS HIS MID-DAY WIRES OFF."

"Captain Wedgwood Benn, M.P., to-day applied for the Children Hundreds."—*North-Country Paper.*

"The Pied Piper" again?

CHARIVARIA.

THERE is this consolation about China. Anything that happens in that country nowadays is bound to be an improvement.

* * *

It is now being suggested that a certain Chinese warship did not fire on the arsenal at Shanghai. The crew were merely sending some of their shells back to be refilled.

* * *

Up till now we understand that Chicago is still refusing to send any representatives to President COOLIDGE's disarmament conference.

* * *

There are stated to be more centenarians in Spain than in any other European country. A possible explanation is the national habit of putting off dying until to-morrow.

* * *

Writing on the subject of Liberal unity, Mr. C. F. G. MASTERMAN advocates opening the gate to the younger generation. The real difficulty about this gate, however, seems to be to prevent the older generation from slipping out.

* * *

Answer to Correspondent: No. The Monarch of Hedjaz has no jurisdiction over foot jazz.

* * *

A man in Paris was recently fined twopence for crossing the road at the wrong spot. It appears the taxi-drivers complained that he did not give them a chance.

* * *

A recent police case at Christchurch recalls the fact that it is illegal for a tramp to ask for hot water instead of cold. It isn't illegal to ask for it when staying at an hotel. It's usually futile.

* * *

A *Daily Express* reader relates that his grandfather's pony was often used, without permission, by CHARLES PEACE in committing his burglaries and murders. This confirms the belief that CHARLES PEACE was not a straightforward man.

* * *

While nearly everybody who has to stand and wait in the street for a few minutes indulges in the Charleston to keep warm, it is remarked that the police never do. No, the pavements aren't wide enough.

With reference to the decision of the L.C.C. that the eclipse of the sun, which will be visible in the North of England in June, is of no educational value, we think it only right to point out that, if it had been, arrangements would have been made for it to be seen in London.

* * *

According to a daily paper the Celtic name for Trafalgar Square was *Bryn Vryn*, which means "Gently rising bosom." Mention this to someone else who is waiting to cross it.

* * *

We are doubtful whether SHAKESPEARE ever was a golfer. His vocabulary only contained twenty-three thousand words, according to the latest estimate.

* * *

A contemporary describes betting as a means of getting something for nothing. Experience teaches us that it is usually a method of getting nothing for something.

* * *

Judging by the exceptionally low birth-rate in England and Wales, it would appear that many people are putting off being born until things in this country have settled down a bit.

* * *

Three hundred windows were smashed in the Peckwater Quadrangle of Christ Church, Oxford. But surely that is carrying the craze for more fresh air a little too far.

* * *

A number of M.P.'s have expressed their willingness to speak in Hyde Park. It is understood too that several Hyde Park orators have no objection to speaking in Parliament.

* * *

On the first night of a play produced in London recently the curtain is reported to have descended prematurely. That, of course, is a matter of opinion.

"I think men will be wearing suits of yellow this summer," says a fashion writer. We very politely ask him to think again.

* * *

On consideration we have decided not to offer the Alsatian League and Club of Great Britain our suggestion for a motto, "*Inter canem et lupum.*"

* * *

It is stated that the proximity of the South Downs interferes with the reception of wireless at Brighton. There seems no end to the advantages of this favourite resort.

* * *

There is apparently no truth in the rumour that the Somerset village named Wedmore is to be adopted by Los Angeles film actresses as a mascot.

* * *

In classical circles it is feared that the bitter controversy about the correct pronunciation of Latin will have the effect of deterring many people from using it as a medium of ordinary conversation.

* * *

We gather from the many articles in the Press that the secret of health is still a secret.

* * *

There is only one motor-car on Easter Island, in the Pacific. We understand that callous pedestrians tease the thing.

* * *

The idea of buying three stockings instead of a pair seems to have proved so popular that artificial silk-worms are said to be already on overtime.

* * *

Mr. T. A. EDISON does not think that radio will ever oust the phonograph. Then we can only say that the value of radio has been over-estimated.

* * *

It has been pointed out that most of the sculpture of the period suggests that the Romans had large muscular ears. Well, they needed them when MARK ANTONY was about.

* * *

A new racing-car has been constructed at the Sunbeam works capable of doing two hundred miles per hour. But surely no pedestrian can run so fast.



Spiteful Cat. "WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO HAVE YOUR FACE LIFTED, SWEETY?"

The Welsh Wizard Has a Brainwave.

"Mr. Lloyd George replied that what was happening in China to-day was a little disturbing, but the best thing for China and for the world was a Pacific settlement."
Daily Paper.

SPRING SONG.

ONCE upon a time, spring was supposed to begin on St. VALENTINE'S Day. Owing to the immediate arrival of a second winter the day after, and the consequent discrediting of St. VALENTINE as a prophet, that worthy gentleman may be removed from the calendar, and I must say that, after last year's spring, he deserves all he may get.

But supposing he does go, some other method of deciding on the beginning of spring must be found.

I approached Smith.

"Feeling of spring in the air to-day?" I queried.

"No," he said, "no. Nothing like it. I never think of spring until March 31st. It isn't safe. Spring begins for me on April 1st."

Whereupon, after I had reminded him that April 1st was All Fools' Day, he went back into a sort of winter coma. Smith really hibernates from November 1st to March 31st. He regulates the seasons by the office radiator.

I approached Robinson.

"Quite like spring," I said.

"Spring? Why, my dear fellow, I saw bats in my garden on February 3rd. Spring always begins with the bats."

Robinson knows a lot about bats. He has them in his belfry, if you know what I mean, and, though one would rather talk to an optimist than to an ordinary idiot, there is not really much difference.

I approached Jones.

"Spring is coming," I said genially.

"If," said Jones—"if there is no sudden frost we may have an early spring this year. I was looking at my tennis flannels last Sunday. The moths have been at them again. Anyway, I've ordered the new wall-paper for the dining-room."

He's like that. Spring is positively wasted on him. He goes about looking for trouble of that sort. He is the sort of man whose mere appearance makes one put the cleaning into spring. To him, summer is the season when the blight is on the roses, autumn the time when the rates are due, winter the harbinger of income-tax and influenza. The moths have not only been at his flannels; they have been at his mind.

I called on Williams.

He was sitting without a fire watching a faint discoloration on the wall-paper which he asserted was sunshine. He took me out into the garden, which was practically a naked desert, and bade me sniff the air and listen. He stood transfixed while a croupy starling made a revolting noise on a neighbouring chimney-stack. To Williams that croupy noise was the very voice of spring. I shouldn't be surprised if he had already cast every available clout. I caught a violent cold by sitting in his cold room and wandering in his howling wilderness of a garden.

I called on Nicholson. He was out. He had, it appeared, gone to Italy to find a place in the sun for himself. Lucky brute!

I wandered in my own garden. A slug had completed the destruction of the rosemary, one-thousand-seven-hundred-and-ninety-three dandelions were showing in the lawn, two-and-a-half snowdrops were trying to flower, and the window-cleaner had put the base of his ladder on the only crocuses that had found the courage to come up. All signs of spring in a way, of course, but not what I was looking for. I wanted something I could rely upon, something that would reassure me that the time of gooseberry-tarts, lamb and mint-sauce, new peas and new potatoes, was really at hand.

Two-and-a-half snowdrops were not enough. I went indoors, drew the curtains, put a lot more logs on the fire, filled my pipe and reached for my book. It should be winter then, though spring could not be far behind.

Then Ann came in.

"A lovely evening," she said. "Quite like spring."

"Why?" I asked eagerly.

"Oh, I don't know. Only I've just seen the first cuckoos."

"Ah!" Here was really evidence at last. "Where?"

She smiled, and a doubt swept over me. It was certainly too early for cuckoos, and any self-respecting cuckoo must be expected to be in bed before eight o'clock.

"I came up by Lovers' Lane," she said. "The cuckoos were sitting on the log near the stile. The housemaid from the 'The Elms' and the chauffeur from the 'The Oaks.' The darlings!"

And then I knew that spring had come.

Our Youthful Cynics.

From Smith minor's English paper:

"Milton wrote L'Allegro—The Happy Man and Il Penseroso—The Thoughtful Man. L'Allegro was written to celebrate his marriage and Il Penseroso was written to celebrate his married life."

Our Up-to-date Scholars.

The girls in a London school were required to paraphrase:—

"Be wise with speed,
A fool at forty is a fool indeed."—YOUNG.

This was one pupil's effort:—

"When driving a car do not go at more than forty miles an hour, because there is sure to be an accident."

She deserves success.

LONDON PRIDE.

[The London County Council's General Purposes Committee reported last week that it did not see its way to recommend the Council to act on suggestions which had been made to attract visitors to London. Sir JOHN GILBERT added that any proposal to advertise London condemned itself. London had no need to make itself better known.]

THERE'S more than one city
Excels us in din,
In the feats of banditti
In sundaes and sin;
In the height of skyscrapers,
In motors *de luxe*,
In the size of its papers,
The skill of its crooks.

Shall we seek and invoke
Publicity's aid
To lure foreign folk
Our haunts to invade?
O'er the Seas that are Seven
Shall we blazon our fame
On the vaults of high heaven
In letters of flame?

No; London is proud
Of her past and her sons,
But to add to her crowd
Is a thing that she shuns;
So, having discussed what
Was fit, she replies
That London is just what
She won't advertise.

IT DIDN'T HAPPEN IN LONDON YESTERDAY.

[*The Daily News* offers a daily fee for "a brief account of any odd London happening." These accounts appear under the heading, "It Happened in London Yesterday."]

THE pretty girl in the third-class carriage of the train from Southampton looked shyly at her fellow-traveller.

"My maid is bringing my trunks on the boat-train," she said. "I felt I kind of wanted to just slip into li'l old London with no one to meet me. It's my first visit, and before I start work I want to dream round those places I've heard about all my life from my grandmother—she's English, you bet. The Tower and the Abbey and the Temple, and the old streets DICKENS wrote about. I'm just crazy to see them all—by myself. I guess I'll feel purry small when I stand in Westminster Abbey."

The train drew in to Waterloo and the famous film-star got out with a face as radiant as a child's.

You know as well as I do that it didn't happen in London yesterday.

"Gentle Lady; widow, lonely, wishes to supervise (real) Gent's Home; Country not objected to."—*Advt. in South African Paper.*

But will the real gent find the lady really gentle?



THE TREASURY TROVE.

Mr. Winston Micawber. "SOMETHING *HAS* TURNED UP."



Acquaintance to (Film-Star). "YOU KNOW, MISS FANFARE, I AM A REGULAR READER OF YOUR FASHION ARTICLES IN 'THE DAILY GOSSIP,' AND I FIND THEM VERY HELPFUL."

Film Star. "SO EVERYBODY TELLS ME. I REALLY MUST START READING THEM."

BRASS TACKS.

"LET US get down to brass tacks."

I do wish somebody would tell me what it means.

I am always doing it. Or rather, I am always being invited to do it. You know what happens. The argument is ambling easily about, darting into pleasant corners, lingering here and there, not too serious and not too profound, keeping the company lively and not much more important than the needlework or tobacco which have the rest of their attention. And then some grim man, who has said nothing so far and that incoherently (I have Potter principally in mind)—some grim man, I say, leans forward suddenly and points a forefinger (he always points a forefinger, and generally waggles it as well), and he says sternly:—

"All very well, but let's get down to brass tacks."

Instantly we are all ashamed. Any decent-minded man who is invited to get down to brass tacks realises at once that till that moment he has been footling in the clouds, hovering on the fringes, messing about in the attics of the question. He longs with the grim man to proceed to the core and fundament and heart of the thing, and he considers swiftly in his secret mind, "Now what exactly are the brass tacks of this particular problem?" in order, if he can, to get down to brass tacks before the grim man does, though in this he is very seldom successful.

But whoever gets there first it is all the same, because when the conversation gets down to brass tacks it generally sticks there, for there is no more to be said. In the region of brass tacks there are no irrelevancies or charming side-issues, and without these, of course, there is no conversation, everyone feels uncomfortable, and the guests who have come from Hampstead begin to murmur that it is time they were going home. The party dwindles rapidly till nothing is left but the grim man, who is mercilessly hammering brass tacks into the head of some mild individual in a corner. So I would advise all young hostesses not to invite to their most important parties too many men who get down to brass tacks.

As for a woman who gets down to brass tacks—never! But happily there are very few of these.

The fatal influence of brass tacks on parties could be endured, however, if only one felt that they added something to the sum of human wisdom. But it is my experience that when Potter gets down to brass tacks, he says something extraordinarily useless and usually stupid. The discussion may turn, for example, on Protection and Free Trade, and there is quite a merry buzz. Then Potter gets down to brass tacks and he says, "Well, you can't get away from it, this country is an island." Everybody feels a worm, particularly those who had been under the impression that this country was a continent or an isthmus. There is a general feeling

that the thing is settled and the conversation stops, which in this case perhaps is just as well. If Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is the topic the brass-tacks expert says that anyhow he won the War; if it's Nationalisation, he says that when you come down to brass tacks a man can't keep a wife and seven children on thirty shillings a week; and if it is Chinese Policy he says that anyhow you wouldn't like one of them to marry your sister. The brass-tack merchant should be a great satisfaction. But somehow he isn't.

I may be wrong, but it seems to me that brass tacks are a comparatively recent growth. Certainly there have been more brass tacks about during the last year or two than I ever remember. I cannot recall that we had brass tacks during the War. I believe we muddled through the South African War without any brass tacks at all. And I am sure that, if brass tacks had been as familiar in 1918 as they are to-day, we should have had a Brass Tacks Ministry. For the brass-tacks mind must evidently be the ideal instrument for government. It brushes aside all petty quibbles, flimsy excuses, sentimental pleadings, blasts its way through the jungles of irrelevance, gets down to brass tacks, and presumably hits the tacks on the head. I imagine that the boy MUSSOLINI, as he walked back from school with his companions, was continually getting down to brass tacks. Italy, I suppose, is a nation of brass tacks.

I remember now. It used to be bed-rock we got down to. Yes, I can remember Potter getting down to bed-rock, very red in the face and wagging that forefinger. And before that he used to go to the root of the matter. And now it is brass tacks.

I wish I knew why. I have even drafted one of those charming little letters you see in the Sunday newspapers, in this style:—

AUTHOR WANTED.

SIR,—Can any of your readers trace the following:—

"'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all"?

I am, Sir, T. PRITCHETT.
The Glebe, Sevenoaks.

And rows of people know who wrote it and write next week to say so.

My letter runs:—

SIR,—Can any of your readers tell me the origin of the expression "to get down to brass tacks"?

I am, Sir, A. P. HADDOCK.
Bella Vista, Hammersmith.

But I shall never send it, for I have a gnawing fear that dozens of people will know what it means. And I should like to think that it means as little to everybody as it does to me. I like to think of a whole nation constantly hearing or using, and always with spirit and a great air of significance, a phrase which means absolutely nothing.

And meanwhile one can indulge one's little dreams. Is it, for example, one of these subtle protracted advertisements? Is the brass trade behind it all? Will there be a Brass Tacks Club in the end? Or is it—perish the thought!—some dull industrial catch-word from Birmingham or Sheffield? Does the ironmonger at his stock-taking begin with electric kettles and pass down gradually, through ring-bolts, screws and two-inch nails, till he gets to brass tacks, which are the foundation and bottom of his trade? And are they? What, now I come to think of it, *are* brass tacks? Are there such things? I never heard of them, except from Potter and his clan. I have done many little jobs about the house with nails, brass-headed nails and even tin-tacks, but never to my knowledge did I buy a brass tack. And if I did how should I get down to it? Do I get down to my tin-tacks? And why are they called tin when manifestly they are made of some other metal? And why does Potter not get down to tin-tacks, for they presumably are lower than the brass kind? It is all a great mystery, and to-morrow I shall go to the ironmonger's for information, and he will probably strike me.

* * * * *

I have visited two ironmongers. It



Novice (fully dressed, to Swiss guide, just having arranged his first ski-ing lesson). "GOOD LORD! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO COME OUT IN *THAT* KIT, ARE YOU?"

seems that brass tacks do exist, but neither of them had brass tacks in stock. When I asked them about the phrase, the first said, Yes, he seemed to have heard that expression. The second said I thought I was funny, didn't I, but he had something else to do.

* * * *

To-day I walked home from the station with Potter. We had not gone twenty yards before he got down to brass tacks. About China. I said, "By the way, can you tell me the origin of that expression?" He said, "Yes, well, of course —— Well, I mean, it means—— It means —— Well, anyhow, I mean, it's perfectly clear what it means, isn't it? It means getting down to—— well, getting down to bed-rock, and all that."

So now I know. A. P. H.

RED RIBBON.

She is slim, she is fair,
She wears a red ribbon,
A bow in her bonny brown hair;
She might have worn blue
Or she might have worn white,
Either one of the two
Would have suited her quite,
But she wears a red ribbon,
A bow in her bonny brown hair.
She is fair, she is slim,
She wears a red ribbon
That makes her look modest and trim,
But take care!
Her ears are laid level,
She kicks like the devil.
Red ribbon! Red ribbon! Beware!

W. H. O.

"Mr. Bernard Shaw's Ned Connolly in 'The Irrational Knut' hated chess."—*Weekly Payer.*

Evidently not a chess(k)nut.

Commercial Candour.

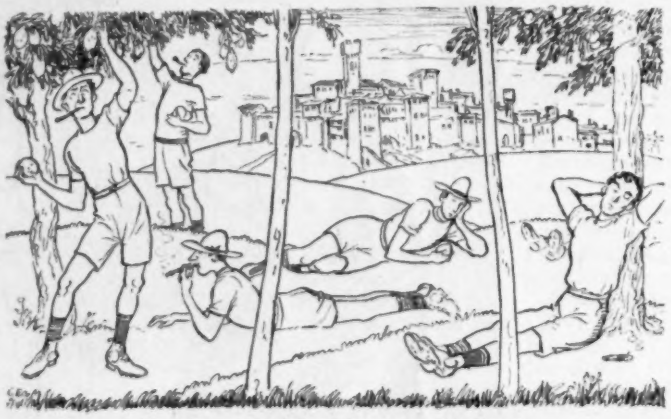
Notice in the window of a provincial wineshop:—

"All the bottles in this window are simply specimens of the goods we sell and are worthless . . ."

I'LL TELL THE WORLD.

VII.—The English: Their Love of Games.

Sailing round the seven seas and planting here and there a flag and here and there the seed of a mighty industry, the Anglo-Saxons likewise spread the Nordic or Teuto-Goidelic attitude towards games. It is a lesson not yet wholly learned.



Italian footballers resting at half-time.

Two Spanish gentlemen, we read, business partners and friends, were recently playing golf at Los Angeles when a dispute arose as to whether one of them had taken four, or it may be five, strokes in reaching the green. His opponent, growing enraged in the course of the discussion, drew a revolver from his pocket, shot his life-long friend through the heart and then committed suicide.

Such an action would be wholly repugnant to the English sense of fair play. Social ostracism, the severance of business relations, the refusal of a daughter's hand in marriage, expulsion from the best seats at the bull-ring—all or any of these, together with a brief report of the circumstances by radio to the Royal and Ancient Golf Club at St. Andrews, would have sufficed to meet the emergency. Assassination, even accompanied by the expiatory act of *felo de se*, was an unpardonable breach of etiquette.

To the Englishman, whilst all may be fair in love and war, and a good deal in business, games are placed upon a far higher pinnacle than these. It is for this reason, amongst many others, that the attacks on our English public schools, where indiscriminate massacre, even on the Rugby football-field, is absolutely forbidden, are destined to fail so miserably.

Every country has its own national pastimes. Polo for the Persian, pelota for the Basque. The Idahoo in his lonely igloo playing oojah is no less contented than the Dyak head-hunter or the Chinaman absorbed in the intricacies of Noh-jong-boul. "Thine, Norway, is the pilum!" sings the poet, and it may be impossible to wean the Bushman from his boomerang or substitute halma for hoto amongst the Hottentots. Yet the games peculiar to the English and played according to the English rules are rapidly becoming popular in the most distant parts of the globe, sparing neither sex, race nor creed, and defying the rigours of climate in their advance. Pisa plays Association football against Florence in an atmosphere reminiscent of the martyrdom of St. Lawrence. Toulon tackles Marseilles at Rugby when the languid tourist sits gasping for breath amongst the orange-groves. Cricket has ravaged the West Indies and holds the gorgeous East in fee. The whole world is connected by golf-links, and wherever a patch of soil can be artificially levelled there will the eagle-eyed tennis-players be gathered together. It is calculated that lawn-tennis is now played in seventy-five different languages, and that in several of them a word for



English octogenarians arguing about what won the Cesarewitch in 1842.

"Love" had to be invented before the game could be played at all.

Nor can anyone who has seen a light four or a racing eight on the Lower Danube, the Orinoco or the Volga be ever likely to forget the spectacle.

All this the English have done. And if they are not now in every case champions of the sports which they have presented to the world, it is but another instance of their generosity, for they could easily have kept altering their rules and made them too complicated for foreigners to follow.

As for the Englishman's love of his own games, it is best seen in the fact that it permeates every particle of his consciousness and every fibre of his being.

Two men of the Nordic race, in endeavouring to fix a date at a London club or elsewhere, will frequently talk thus to each other:—

"You remember the passing of the Anthrax Bill?"

"I do. It was in 1907."

"1908."

"You're wrong. It was 1907, the second year of CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN'S premiership. It was the year my great-aunt Mary died, the year of the great flood on the Trent."

"You've got things mixed. It was 1908. I remember clearly. My house was burnt down that year. I broke both my legs by falling on a piece of banana peel, and the Anthrax Bill was passed while I was in hospital. I remember the night-nurse breaking the news."

"Sorry, old man, but it was 1908. My bank failed that year."

"Look here, we'll put it to the test. Was or was not the winner of the Halifax Gold Plate announced in the House of Commons during the last stages of the Anthrax Act?"

"It was."

"And what was the name?"

"Guadeloupe."

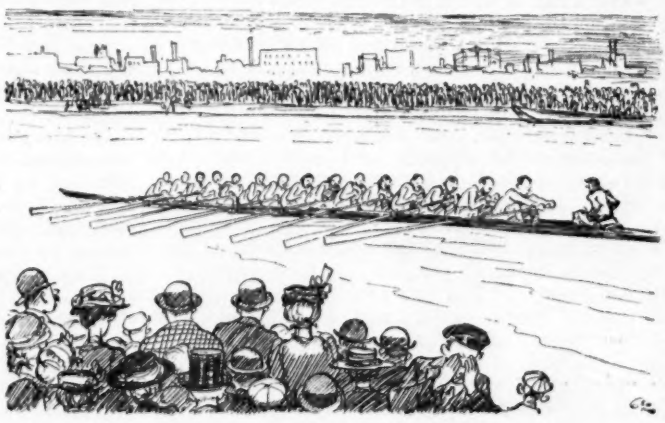
"Well, 1907 was Guadeloupe's year."

"By Jove, so it was."

In a similar way the principal crises of political history during the past thirty years are recalled to the mind by the circumstance that it was this or that year that the Derby was won in a canter or a snowstorm, the Grand National was run in a fog or lost in a monsoon; that Oxford was deliberately scuttled and sank; that Cambridge, owing to a miscount, rowed fifteen in a boat; that W. G. GRACE was bowled off his cap or his beard when playing against the Australians at the Oval, or that *Shamrock VIII.* struck an iceberg near the Azores.

From the knurr and spell of Northumberland to the stoolball of Sussex and Kent, the number of native English games is almost uncountable and their antiquity immense. Even in the mediæval period the popularity of cricket and football competed seriously with archery and witch-burning, and when badger-baiting was abolished as smacking of Popery, the institution of race meetings was probably the most valuable enlargement of political theory made by the STUART kings. The recent taxation of betting, alas, is only too sure a sign of the distance we have advanced towards the Socialistic state.

The foreign tourist desirous of understanding the English enthusiasm for racing and football may attend the several fixtures in person, or, if the weather happens to be unseasonable, as is often the case between the months of September and June, may follow the results on the wireless or the tape at a club or hotel, where the comfort is greater, though the excitement is no less intense.



"CAMBRIDGE ROWED FIFTEEN IN A BOAT."

With regard to golf, cricket and tennis, it has been urged by the present writer that the British Broadcasting Company should make use of their undoubted prestige to relay the incidents of matches to offices, roof gardens, and private residences during the long summer afternoons, when the claims of business no less than the terrors of the climate render actual attendance too large a sacrifice. Cricket in particular would benefit by this reform, as the following brief forecast will show:—

"The batsmen are now at the wickets and the fielders have taken their place in the field. Jones is about to bowl to Smith. Jones, the fast bowler, takes a long run. He has made his mark. He is running. He has delivered his first ball. Smith has returned the ball to Jones. Jones has bowled his second ball. Smith has sent the ball along the ground to cover point, Brown. Brown has returned the ball to Jones. Jones has bowled the third ball. Smith has sent the ball to mid-off, Robinson. Robinson has returned the ball to Jones. Jones has bowled his fourth ball. Smith has returned the ball to Jones. Jones has bowled his fifth ball. Smith has sent the ball to point, Wilkinson. Wilkinson has returned the ball to Jones. Jones has bowled his sixth ball. Smith has returned the ball to Jones. The umpire has called Over. It is over. The first over is now ended. The second over will now begin. The fielders have taken their new places for the new over. Evans is about to bowl to White. Evans is a slow bowler. White is a slow bat. Evans takes a slow run. Evans has bowled his first ball to White——"

But why continue? Enough has been said to show how the march of modern science may still go hand-in-hand with the modern enthusiasm for games which has been fostered by the Anglo-Saxon race, an enthusiasm which still helps to promote peace in an age of social chaos and industrial unrest.

EVOE.

MOHAMMED OF THE DOUBLE FACE.

THERE are some things—and people—in whose changelessness one has the most deeply-rooted belief. Westminster Abbey, *Bradshaw*, a British policeman—these are the first I can think of. But far exceeding my confidence in any one or all of them was my belief in Mohammed-ben-Amzah, my cook-boy.

Cook-boys may come and cook-boys may go—as a rule. Each one seems to have a wider grin, a dirtier shirt and a more predatory hand than the last. But the moment I saw Mohammed I knew that he was going to stay with us. He had an indescribably haughty mien which the unique and unclean garment he wore did nothing to lessen. Perched on his head was a moth-eaten red fez which allowed a glimpse of a black wisp of hair, that centre lock of suitable length by which the True Believer expects on

the Day of Judgment to be haled up to heaven. No Roman emperor wore his laurels with more dignity than Mohammed wore his abject fez. Not for him was the subservient salaam, the sycophantic smile of his unworthy predecessors. I have hardly ever seen Mohammed smile, and certainly never with the vulgar purpose of being amiable; merely when some humorous calamity happened to a fellow-servant.

He is skilful, deft, devoted, silent-footed and silent-tongued. The soul of a perfect English butler seems somehow to have found its way into his slim Arab body. He is a walking reference-book of the things every woman wants to know. When I am distractedly planning out a dinner-table and getting thoroughly muddled over it, Mohammed will come and tell me kindly but definitely which Sidi-Captain should sit on my right hand, for he knows (Heaven only can tell by what dark means!) the exact order of their seniority.

Of course the moral ascendency he has gained over me has its drawbacks. I should like, for instance, to invite the Kaïd and his wife to dinner, but I dare not, because I know that Mohammed regards these emancipated Mussulmans as shameless children of Eblis. He would be capable of refusing to fill the Kaïd's glass with that juice of the grape forbidden by the Prophet, and the sight of Madame la Kaïd's unveiled face would shock his austere soul to its depths.

Or so I thought—till the other night. But the other night I had a nerve-shaking experience which upset my whole scale of values. This is exactly what happened.

For the fête of the Aïd-el-Kabir there were great festivities in the native quarter. It was rumoured that there would even be held a meeting of the Aï-Saouwa, that pleasant sect whose regimen consists of live scorpions and spiny cactus-leaves, and their light recreation of piercing themselves with swords and licking red-hot iron bars. Drawn by a horrid fascination, which psycho-analysts would doubtless explain in some peculiarly loathly manner, we felt we simply had to see it, so at ten o'clock we dismissed Mohammed for the night and made our way to the Arab town, guided by the thrumming of the tom-tom.

It was a pitch-black night. A few torches lit up the fandouk, which was thronged with natives, all squatting on their haunches and monotonously swaying. In the centre a little circle of the elect were sitting round the Master of the Ceremonies, who was chanting a verse of the Koran which they all repeated after him.

We sat down on a wooden bench that was found for us and at once became completely hypnotised. We forgot we were the scornful heirs of civilization, and wanted to sway up and down and chant, "*La illah ill' Allah*" with the rest of them. And when everyone had reached the desired state of hypnotism the proceedings began to get more exciting. The natives beat faster and faster on their drums and the circle of disciples redoubled their efforts. They rolled their heads round on their shoulders as if inviting dislocation; the whites of their eyes alone showed, and their bodies moved exactly as the bodies of snakes dreamily and mechanically obey the movements of the charmer.

Presently one sprang to his feet and began to whirl round like a top spun by an invisible hand, and in a moment they were all doing the same thing. The Master of the Ceremonies produced a box from the folds of his gandourah and calmly poured a heap of black scorpions into the hollow of his hand, and while we watched him fascinatedly he seized each in turn and dropped it into the eagerly-open mouth of a whirling disciple. After which repulsive *hors d'œuvre* the spinning teetotums began to get really hungry, and seized great pieces of thorny cactus and started to eat them. . . .

"I think we 'll go home now," I murmured.

"Don't be silly. It 's just getting exciting . . . and, good heavens, look—there 's Mohammed!"

I stared spellbound. Leaping up and down with the wildest cries and tossing up scorpions one by one to catch them in his mouth, was Mohammed the perfect Cook-boy. . . .

The only way in which I can describe my feelings is to say that if I saw a dignitary of the Church doing a Charleston down Piccadilly or a respected member of the Government entering the House with a false nose on, I should be no more shocked or surprised. Mohammed, whose Olympian calm I had never yet seen broken, gambolling like a mad dervish—Mohammed, whose fastidiousness forbade him to touch food that had been in the same cupboard with a box of tinned ham, eating scorpions as children eat sweets out of a bag! It was incredibly disgusting. Of course I blamed my husband for bringing me. It seemed the best thing to do.

Well, that was last night. This morning I rang for breakfast and waited expectantly. Mohammed came in wearing his fête-day clothes, orange bolero, spotless white pantaloons, a new fez decorated by a long and lustrous tassel. His face was a grave bronze mask. I suddenly realised that it was impossible to question the mysterious creature.

All at once I caught sight of a noisome yellow object wriggling about outside.

"Mohammed," I exclaimed, "there 's a scorpion on the verandah! Take it away at once."

He slid away with great speed and reappeared with my curling-tongs, with which he nipped it up and threw it away.

"Pardon, Madame!" He gave me what was almost an apologetic look from those usually unreadable dark eyes. "I had to get something to pick it up with, I could not touch it with my fingers. I go to boil the tongs."

Well, did I or did I not dream last night?

THE PERSONAL ELEMENT.

Snifferson is, to use his own phrase, a conscientious anti-alarmist. He has not, and never has had, the slightest doubt that seeing Red is infinitely worse and more harmful than being Red; and he is also one of those curious persons who seem really anxious to believe that whatever their own country does in the way of foreign policy must of necessity be wrong.

He has always been the same. In his comparative youth he regarded Lord Roberts as a "senile scaremonger," and loudly scoffed at the idea of Germany preparing for war or nursing any unreasonable military ambitions. Talk of German spies in this country used to make him foam at the mouth with scornful indignation. To-day he roundly declares that the Bolshevist menace exists only in the distorting imagination of wrong-headed and dangerous cranks.

It is hardly necessary to add that he has always advocated cutting down the Navy and Army.

I was therefore considerably surprised at his attitude in connection with the despatch of troops to China. Not only was he in favour of this step, but he even criticised freely what he was pleased to call the dilatoriness of the Government in getting the forces under way. When the first battalions arrived in China he appeared greatly relieved.

Recent events have caused him more than once in my hearing to express satisfaction that British soldiers are on the spot.

I taxed him with his inconsistency and asked him whether his attitude at this juncture was quite in keeping with the opinions he had expressed so long and so loudly.

"Well, perhaps not," he admitted thoughtfully. "But, you see, I have a brother in Shanghai."

"A large floating mine in the track of shipping off Plymouth has been sunk by gunfire by the destroyed Tactician."—*Weekly Paper.*
There 's life in the old Tactician yet.



Visitor. "IT MUST BE VERY LONELY HERE WHEN YOU 'RE CUT OFF FROM THE MAINLAND FOR WEEKS TOGETHER."
Native. "WELL, IT BE THE SAME FOR THEM."

THE PAPER-CHASE.

THE driver's eyes were glaring ahead fixedly as the car tore along the road.

The woman sitting behind sat forward to speak, but he ignored her, so engrossed was he with the urgent need for speed. Two or three fruitless attempts she made to gain his attention. Then she gave up and sat quiet, her expression rather pathetic in its sadness. Eventually they reached a town, and he pulled up at the entrance of a large hotel.

Hurriedly he jumped out and turned to the woman. "We haven't been long; we should find it," he blurted out. "Where do you think you left it?"

"Oh, Jack," she began.

But he had turned to the manager and was speaking to him. "My wife lost a hundred-pound note here this morning," he said, "so we came straight back——"

The woman broke in. "Jack, dear," plaintively she spoke, "I 've been shouting at you for the past hour that I found it in my handbag after all, but you wouldn't listen. It had slipped behind the lining."

"Good Lord!" exploded her husband, "and I 've been risking both our necks. Oh, well, we may as well stay the night here now."

They were alone again, and he turned to her once more.

"Couldn't you have *made* me understand—waved it under my nose, or something?"

"*I tried to do that,*" she wailed, "*and the wind blew it out of my hand.*"

"TOXOID INOCUPATION DEFEATING DIPHTHERIA."
Canadian Paper.

Here, on the contrary, it has been noticed that a comparatively poor resistance to disease is put up by the idle.

THE INTERPRETER.

LIFE has its moments even in this part of the "White Man's Grave" to which it has pleased God and the Colonial Office to send me. It is made more bearable by the fact that Henry is now with me as an Assistant District Officer, to give him his full rank and style. It needed a little wangling to get him away from the outlandish province in which he was first interred, but he is nothing if not persistent.

A few weeks ago we were summoned to bring in all our Emirs, Waziris, Geladimas, etc. (by the way, these are humans, not fauna), to attend a great Durbar given in honour of our Supreme Commissioner at Meno—a VERY GREAT MAN, with capital letters throughout.

It was a most uncomfortable business. Meno was crowded, and the Public Works official who invented the sentry-box type of bungalow (Mk. I. B. 3. 1925) will, I trust, spend a long time in purgatory nailed up in one of his diabolical devices.

The Durbar was timed to take place at 8.30 A.M. on the day after we got in, and Henry and I were out early marshalling our guests. There must have been several thousand there altogether, and, if there is anything more pungent than a large and excited mob of Pilanis, I have yet to meet it. However we got them into some sort of order and then adjourned to the royal pavilion with other perspiring D.O.'s to await the Very Great Man's arrival. He came along soon after, accompanied by the Lieut.-Governor and the Resident, and, having adjusted a monocle, proceeded to cast before the assembled swine the pearls of his oration.

Having glared at the chiefs, glared at the officials present and fixed the official interpreter, one Alu, with his glittering eye, he commenced: "The fundamental essential in the administration of a primitive people is a proper admixture of sympathetic patience on the part of the governing race with a loyal spirit of trustful adherence and docility on the part of the governed masses."

He paused. The interpreter opened his mouth, cast up his eyes to heaven and remained dumb. It may be said in his excuse that Pilani, the language into which this great truth was to be translated, is chiefly notable for the fact that its vocabulary is limited to about two thousand words, the local native considering, very wisely, that to call a spade an agricultural instrument of labour is redundant.

The V.G.M. glared once again at the interpreter, cleared his throat and again delivered himself of his opening remarks. Once again there was a deathly silence.

The V.G.M. turned to the Resident and remarked coldly, "Mr. Roboson, when I come here for the express purpose of delivering an address to the assembled peoples of Pilani I do at least expect to be provided with an interpreter who is not a dumb ignoramus; perhaps you will call on one of your officers to make my meaning clear."



Grannie. "WELL, DEAR, CAN'T YOU FIND ANYTHING TO DO?"
Muriel. "I CAN'T FIND ANYBODY TO PLAY 'HIDE THE THIMBLE' WITH ME, SO I'VE HIDDEN IT MYSELF, AND NOW I'M WAITING UNTIL I FORGET WHERE I PUT IT."

The Resident looked extremely uncomfortable; Pilani is not suited for the expression of such great thoughts, but he could hardly say as much to the V.G.M., who prided himself on "his intimate knowledge of the country he administered," etc., etc. There was a pause, and then, to my horror, Henry stepped forward and gravely saluted. "I think I can do what you wish, Sir," he remarked.

Now Henry had only recently been ploughed in his attempt to pass the Lower Standard Pilani exam., a sore point with him, and his knowledge of the language was limited to bourgeois talk of horse-boys and orderlies. The Resident looked as if his blood-pressure was mounting dangerously high, and most of us, I think, began to feel a little damp about the brow.

Once again the superb opening sentence was bellowed forth. Without a blink Henry turned towards the crowd and, with a graceful motion of his left hand towards the V.G.M., spoke as follows: "You see on my left hand the Monstrous Bull Elephant of the South, who has travelled many days and through many strange places that he may lighten your eyes with his magnificence."

"*Zaiki!*" roared the multitude, this being the local equivalent for "Hear, hear."

The V.G.M. beamed on Henry and continued: "In my scheme of administration I consider it a matter of most profound importance that the political genius of the governed race should be explored and exploited to its utmost limits."

"You will observe," interpreted Henry, "that he is appearing before you in a very fine suit of raiment, and that his strangely-shaped hat is adorned with feathers of superb whiteness."

"There are men," said the V.G.M., "who take an ignorant pride in uprooting the customs ingrained in the hereditary feelings of a proud, if primitive, nation, and imposing in their place the habits engendered by a thousand years of Western culture; but of such am not I."

"So far as his personal appearance is concerned," interpreted Henry, "you will admire his breadth of figure and his marked rotundity, the strength of his voice and the flashing glass which is fixed in his eye as a sign of his greatness."

"*Zaiki, Zaiki!*" shouted the company, bowing to the ground, for the Pilanis have a natural reverence for a man of girth.

"It will therefore be my constant endeavour, and the endeavour of all my officers, so to study your customs and habits that we may sift all that is beneficial in them and interweave with them the knowledge gained by our experience of other peoples for your especial and peculiar benefit. May the blessings of Allah be on you!" concluded the V.G.M.

"And you must realise," said Henry, "that this wonderful costume is only one of many dozens owned by the Bull Elephant; his slaves are innumerable and his wives number more than a



Guest (whose wedding gift of a coal-scuttle has not been acknowledged). "I HOPE OUR LITTLE PRESENT ARRIVED QUITE SAFELY?" *Bride.* "OH, YES, *INDEED* IT DID. *DIDN'T* YOU GET MY LETTER? IT 'S PERFECTLY *ADORABLE*, AND—ER—WE 'RE TAKING IT WITH US ON OUR HONEYMOON."

thousand in his own country. This Very Great One hopes that you may all grow fat, that your wives may increase in number and that they will perform their duties expeditiously in adding to your families."

"*Zaiki, Zaiki, Zaiki!*" roared the people, now thoroughly convinced of the importance and good sense of the distinguished visitor.

The V.G.M. turned to Henry: "I am much obliged to you Mr.—er—" ("Manton," interposed Henry)—"Mr. Manton. You think you have conveyed to them the sense of my remarks?"

"To the best of my ability, Sir," replied Henry.

"Very satisfactory," continued the V.G.M. "It is always pleasing to find a young officer keen enough on his work to become proficient in the language of the people amongst whom he works."

"He turned to the Resident: "No doubt Mr. Manton has passed the official language test?"

The Resident swallowed; Henry fixed him with a cold stare which dared him to deny it. "Oh, yes, Sir," he answered; "Mr. Manton was not successful at his first attempt, but he has since satisfied me that he has made great strides in his knowledge of the language."

The party then broke up, and next day we set off to our headquarters. On arrival there I found two official telegrams from the Resident awaiting me. The first read as follows: "Ref. Gazette Notice No. 41 of 1926 aaa language exam. results aaa for Mr. Manton failed read Mr. Manton passed aaa amend your copy and inform this officer aaa"

The second ran as follows: "Ref. Manton's application for local leave to shoot big game aaa unable to approve aaa consider a further encounter with a bull elephant might be disastrous aaa inform him aaa."

"PERSONALS.

From this day I will not be re-ponsible for any debts contracted by my wife."

Canadian Paper.

Why make such a fuss about it? The advertiser is not the first bookie to refuse to execute orders by telegraph or telephone.

CHANGE OF WEATHER.

AT times I feel within my mind
A friendly passion, full and sweet,
For all the race of humankind,
And itch to say to all I meet
With altruistic unction, "I
Am your own brother, passer-by."

At others I remain apart
In deeply egotistic mood;
I hug my angry little heart
And revel in my solitude,
Prepared at sight to black the eye
Of any casual passer-by. E. P. W.

Isolation.

"Is it a fact that an onion a day keeps influenza away?"—*Local Paper.*

Influenza, perhaps; one's friends, certainly.

"Getting married appears to be one of the chief pastimes of Young Russia. The process has been reduced to its simplest terms by the new Soviet decrees. All that is required is a declaration before an official.

Getting unmarried seems to be as easy. Divorce is granted on the films.est (sic) pretexts.'"—*Evening Paper.*

Just as at Hollywood.



ARTISTIC LICENCE IN A BOHEMIAN NIGHT-CLUB.

The Lady. "YOU 'RE VERY SENTIMENTAL TO-NIGHT."
The Artist. "AH, ME DEAR, I FEEL ALL AROUND ME THE FIRST SWEET FRESH FRAGRANCE OF SPRING."

WINTER SPORTING.

V.

I SEEM to have devoted a lot of time to the discussion of ski-ing and curling, but it must not therefore be assumed that they are the only winter sports. In the giddy social whirl of these big white spaces, five thousand feet above sea level, we have also the following:—

(1) Skating.
(2) Bob-sleighing.
(3) Luge-ing.
(4) Dancing.
(5) Bridge.
(6) Photography.
(7) Badinage.

Some of these, as you can see, are less dangerous than others; for instance, I have never heard of legs being broken at bridge and rarely at badinage, whereas in bob-sleighing I gather they snap in several places at once. Indeed, I am often told (by those who bob-sleigh) that "bobbing" is a sport requiring much courage and that it is a perpetual wonder that they come through alive. Often too I am told (by those who don't bob-sleigh) that this is in some cases a regrettable fact.

Several of the above sports you will further observe can be carried on simultaneously. For example, numbers (4) and (7) are perfect complements, and a combination of (1) and (4) is a test of skill. Combinations such as (2) and (5) will however be found difficult if not impossible.

SKATING.

Percival and I have not skated. I don't know how to, though for me this is a minor point; and Percival hasn't skated since he won a Beginners' Roller-Skating Competition (Class III., Boys 6-12 years) on the pier at Portsmouth in 1906. What I mean is, he thinks he may have gone off a little.

BOB-SLEIGHING.

Bob-sleighing we have done once, but we are not going to try it again. It is the poorest sport I know. You spend approximately an hour-and-a-half in heaving a great wooden carriage through the snow, in getting it put on a funicular, in heaving it about some more, in sitting on it, in getting up, in hammering down protruding nails, in resuming your seat, and in giving the name of your next-of-kin. Then there is a sort of hiatus, accompanied by a blizzard, for fifteen seconds, and you hear a man saying, "I think he 'll be all right now."

LUGE-ING.

Luge-ing is bob-sleighing in a much more gentlemanly manner. You need a bob-run for a bob-sleigh, but a luge is a cheery little thing which you can take anywhere. It is as friendly as a terrier, not half so much nuisance and twice as useful when it comes to going down any hill. If, for instance, you want to go into the village to buy carved ivory figures, or cow-bells, or wooden boxes skilfully disguised as *châlets*, you say airily, "Let 's take the luge, it wants exercise," and there you are. It trails along to heel till the ground slopes downward, and then you sit on it and are off.

Shopping in this manner, however, is sometimes expensive. You find you have to buy things in shops into which you never really meant to go at all. When you arrive unexpectedly through a thin wooden wall, together with a hundredweight of snow, your native politeness demands that you should purchase at least a packet of chocolate. The Swiss shopkeepers, by the way, speak perfect English, but I never found one who was able to do it in a

situation like the above. They always relapse into Swiss-German, and I must say it sounds far more effective.

DANCING.

Dancing is of course the mainstay of life in a winter sports centre. The inexpert ski-er can try on the dance-floor to regain some of that prestige which he has forfeited earlier in the day by shooting on the back of his neck down the slope his lady was about to use and thereby involving her in his ruin. No man looks his best on these occasions, particularly if he has fallen so inextricably that she is able to get up first and lend him the helping hand. If however he is an inexpert dancer as well, his case is rather hopeless, for a *contretemps* which on the snow-slopes one can pass off with a laugh and a cheery "Let me do it up again for you!" takes on quite a different aspect in the ballroom. In this case nothing seems left for him but to sit out with the lady (notwithstanding the fact that sitting in any form is hardly a change for him after his day's ski-ing) and try to impress her with stories of his prowess at bridge and his similarity in temperament to the late RUDOLPH VALENTINO. In this case his winter's sport should rather be classed under the head of Badinage.

BRIDGE.

For bridge you do not really need much snow. It usually occurs on the days when the outside snow is largely used up and more is being laid on (to the joy of the ski-runners and the annoyance of the curlers); or in the evenings when the less serious-minded are dancing. It is best to bring your own cards; bridge with the hotel pack (Château-bottled, 1906) is a game of its own, in which the unobservant or too honourable player is severely handicapped.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

Of this sport there are two branches, amateur and professional. Of these the amateur branch is by far the more interesting. Half-a-dozen families at least in every Swiss village live by developing rolls of under-exposed amateur film for eternally hopeful enthusiasts. And what a variety of joys amateur photography possesses! The joy of finding your camera more or less in shape after you have done a long run on skis; the joy of setting all the little gadgets to "Brilliant Sun," or "Near View," or "Cloud-burst Expected"; the joy of loosing off at a clean white expanse of snow and labelling it "Percival in Ski-ing Kit"; the joy of wondering whether you have turned the last film on and not knowing till the genial Swiss who develops for you shows you a print like a battlefield and says it must be one you took at home because there's no place like it in Switzerland; and finally the joy, months after, of sitting over a fire and pointing out with a pipe-stem indistinguishable dots in the middle distance of a smudgy photo and saying, "That's me doing an 'Open Christiania'; see where my left foot is." There's nothing like it.



Doctor. "AND DON'T SMOKE ON AN EMPTY STOMACH."
Patient. "THAT'S ALL RIGHT, DOC, I NEVER HAVE ONE."

Professional photography, on the other hand, consists chiefly in following a man with a camera about the place till he looks like taking a group, when you firmly grip your ski-ing-sticks, charge into the forefront, occupying two-thirds of the picture, and glare sternly at the Jungfrau with the gaze of the experienced skier. You can later buy post-card prints at fifty centimes a time and send them off to friends, writing on the back, "This is one of the local views; I may be somewhere in it." Occasionally it even appears in *The Continental Daily Wail* as—

"A JOLLY GROUP OF WELL-KNOWN SKI-RUNNERS AT MÜRREN.
UNE JOLIE GROUPE DE PROMENEURS À SKI BIEN CONNUS À MÜRREN."

But do remember to brush the snow off your breeches first.

BADINAGE.

This goes well with anything except bridge. On the whole it is perhaps best adapted to ski-ing. Uncomplimentary remarks on Major Blud-Wessel's "telemark" turns, made ostensibly to a companion at your side, can, owing to the rarefied atmosphere, be easily heard by the Major across a valley half-a-mile wide. Five minutes of this will probably make him burst forth into virulent repartee. You affect not to hear and continue your observations.



Neglected Wife (*to golf-fiend*). "WHY NOT MAKE AN EFFORT AS YOU DID WITH YOUR SMOKING AND CUT IT DOWN TO ONE ROUND A DAY?"

He repeats *fortissimo*. This time you pause and look wonderingly about you before resuming. He gets at it again with embellishments that melt the snow for several feet round him. When he has nearly sworn himself out with a magnificent peroration, you or your companion (or with luck a total stranger on a near-by mountain) simply call "What?" If he is unable to answer, whether owing to apoplexy, avalanches, or snow-blink, you have won. A. A.

"RUSSIA BUYS HERRINGS."
Headline in Daily Paper.

"Red" ones, of course.

Athletics at Cambridge.

"Half-Mile won by seven yards. Time, 2 min. 11 sec."—*Daily Paper.*

Who said the leopard cannot change his spots? These Light Blue pards can, and pretty quickly too.

"Wat de heer Clynes zeide was dit (volgens het verslag van de 'Times'):

As a policy he thought that the general strike was a crude and foolish proceeding, but as the endeavour of one class to rescue another it was a fine and praiseworthy display of reddiness to sacrifice and to serve."—*Dutch Paper.*

Does our perspicuous contemporary owe an apology to "de heer Clynes?" On the whole we think not.

ELIZABETH AT THE ZOO.

WHENEVER Elizabeth goes to the Zoo
There 's *such* a commotion and hullabalco.

The elephant washes his ears and his face
And hooshes the water all over the place.

The lion, who 's rather inclined to be vain,
Takes a brush to his tail and a comb to his mane.

The camel stops humphing and puts on a smirk,
And actually offers to do some more work.

The long-necked giraffe is uneasy with doubt—
Supposing Elizabeth misses him out!

The tiger roars loudly whenever she 's near him;
He 's proud of his voice and he wants her to hear him.

The kangaroo leaps in the air with great vigour,
For someone has told him it 's good for the figure.

The big hippopotamus puts up his snout
To ask what on earth the excitement 's about.

The gentle gazelle, very tidy and sleek,
Just rubs his cold nose on Elizabeth's cheek.

The woolly white bear waves his great paddy paws
And wistfully looks for her smile of applause.

The solemn babcon, who is seldom gregarious,
Is skittish and friendly and almost hilarious.

The crocodile beams just for once in a way
And ceases from tears for the rest of the day.

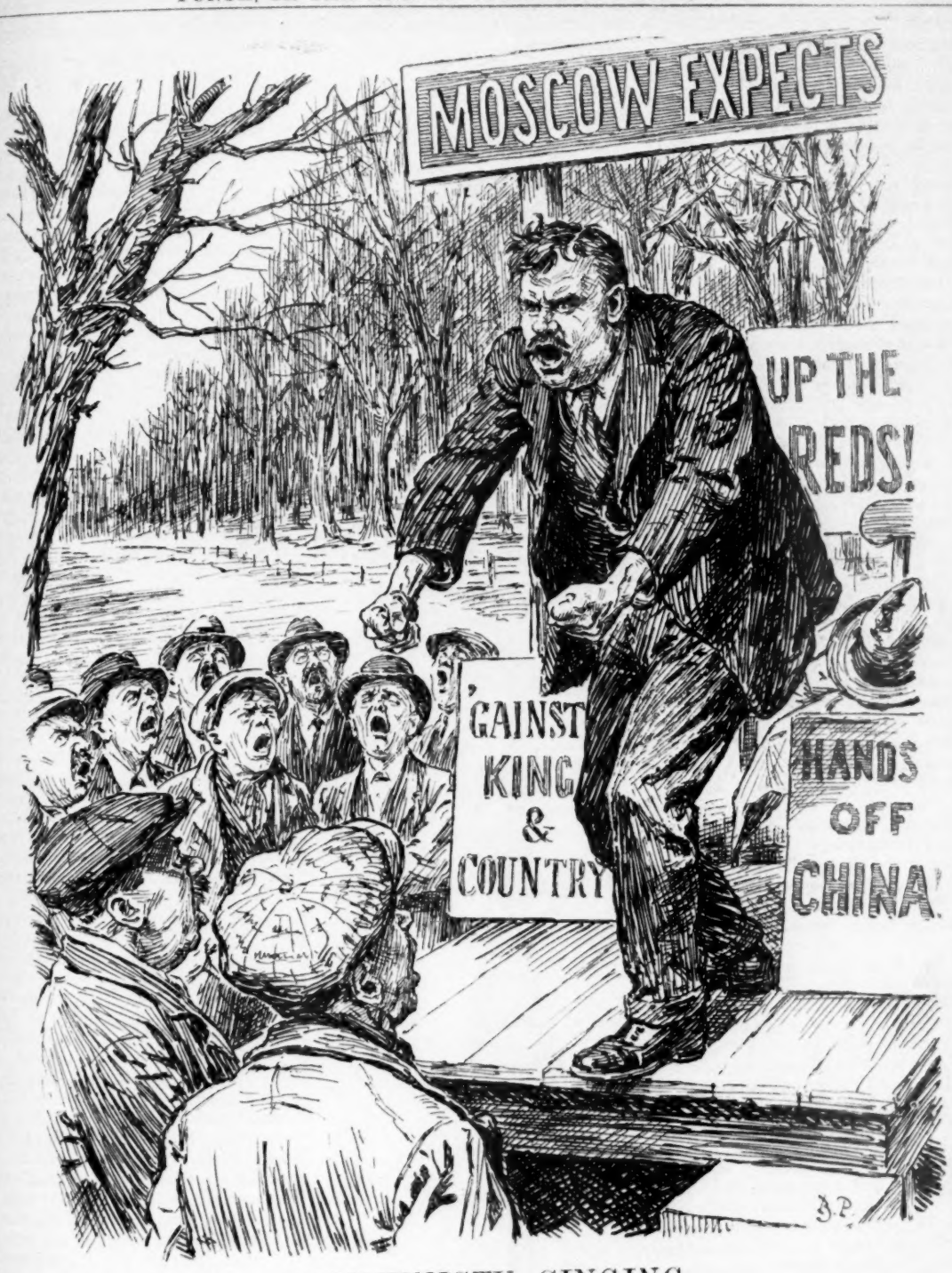
The ostrich uncovers his head from the sand
And tries to take hold of Elizabeth's hand.

The pelican opens his bill very wide
To show her how shiny he keeps it inside.

The penguin bows low, getting mixed with his feet,
Like a pompous old gentleman rather replete.

The squirrels rush wildly all over the trees,
Their kind little hearts simply bursting to please.

And everywhere round is a buzz and a hum,
"Oh, *isn't* it thrilling? Elizabeth 's come!"



COMMUNISTY SINGING.

Anti-British Leader—

"For I myself have said it
And it 's much to my discredit
That I am an Englishman.

Oh, I wish I 'd been a Rooshian,
Or a French or Turk or Prooshian,
Or perhaps a Chinaman;

But despite my aspirations
To belong to other nations,
I remain an Englishman."

[All burst into howls of humiliation.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, February 21st.—Colonel WEDGWOOD, who believes in giving to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, provided the Socialist Party has not earmarked them for communal ownership, asked the COLONIAL SECRETARY why an alien king's image and inscription appears on the Palestine coinage. Mr. AMERY explained that Palestine is using the Egyptian coinage while its own is being minted. This will bear inscriptions in all three of Palestine's official languages.

Mr. AMERY also informed Mr. ROY WILSON that the Nigerian Loan had been over-subscribed four times within a few minutes of the lists being opened.

The House's pleasure at learning that there is still a spare bob or two knocking about was enhanced by the news (gleaned from the SECRETARY OF THE OVERSEAS TRADE DEPARTMENT) that in 1926 we exported two-hundred-and-eighty-thousand pedal bicycles and only imported one thousand.

Captain GARRO JONES asked the PRIME MINISTER if the Government would acquiesce in the disarmament proposals made by the United States. Mr. BALDWIN said he expected to be replying to the United States shortly, but tactlessly refrained from saying anything about replying to Captain GARRO JONES.

Whenever he finds himself in a fog, which is apparently pretty often, Mr. TREVELYAN puts in a quiet Sunday in the Natural History Museum. He would prefer the British Museum—the stuffed owls in the other place have a look of the Fabian Society about them—but they shut it on foggy Sundays, and Mr. TREVELYAN has to worry along with the dinosaurs. Sharply questioned on this point the SECRETARY FOR THE TREASURY explained that South Kensington has lighting facilities denied to Bloomsbury.

Sir A. CHAMBERLAIN, answering Mr. LOOKER, said that the British Concession at Hankow would be administered by a Sino-British municipality. Later on, in reply to Mr. CLYNES, Sir AUSTEN read the text of the agreement between Mr. O'MALLEY and Mr. CHEN, which provides that the Concession is to be handed over to "the new Chinese municipality." The House ignored this trifling discrepancy in its obvious satisfaction at having secured an agreement of any sort.

After Mr. JACK JONES, who comes from Cork and should know better, had objected to Mr. O'MALLEY pronouncing himself "O'Mailley," and Mr. WITHERS had introduced a Bill to regulate the date of Easter Day—the present system of thinking of a Golden Number, dividing it by the Epact and multiplying the result by the Indiction or the perihelion of Halley's comet, is undoubtedly clumsy—the House settled to its Supplementary Estimates. The Pensions Ministry secured a handsome slice without any real opposition. The Scottish Board of Health followed suit, but had to go into the Lobbies for it. The question of the greatly increased number of sickness certificates issued during the coal stoppage was mentioned in the debate, and Dr. SHIELS indignantly asked if it was suggested that doctors had certified people as ill who were not ill.

"The hon. gentleman and myself are both members of the medical profession," replied Major ELLIOTT soothingly, "and we can say things with regard to that profession which we should bitterly resent if they were said by other people."

The MINISTRY OF HEALTH had not only to go into the Lobbies for its paltry £200,000 odd, but had to closure the debate as well.

Tuesday, February 22nd.—This spring the wanton lapwing will not only get himself another crest but, if Lord BUCKMASTER can manage it, another lease of life. If the Protection of Lapwings Bill becomes law, the plover will no longer be able to lay even a proportion of its own eggs, and the seagull will have to work overtime. Lord BUCKMASTER, whose return to work was the subject of some graceful congratulation, praised the lapwing as the farmer's best friend. Their Lordships gathered that as "the beneficent ally of the agriculturist" the bird almost ranks with Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

Lord DESBOROUGH, while not opposing the Second Reading of the Bill, unexpectedly exhibited himself as the



THE RETURN OF THE MIGRANTS.

"WHAT YOU BACK, TOO? FANCY YOUR WINGS BEATING MY LEGS!"
SIR SAMUEL HOARE AND LORD WINTERTON.



"*POUR ENCOURAGER LES AUTRES.*"
(Chinese style.)

[Mr. G. A. SPENCER, M.P., has been expelled from the Parliamentary Labour Party for "his action in securing a favourable settlement for his followers in the Nottingham coalfield and for his subsequent formation of a non-political trade union."—*The Times.*

beneficent ally of the gastronomer. There was, he declared, a large body of ornithological opinion to the effect that the taking of the first clutch of plovers' eggs tended rather to increase than to diminish plovers. He has a friend who keeps ducks, he told their Lordships, and he always destroys the early eggs because they come to no good.

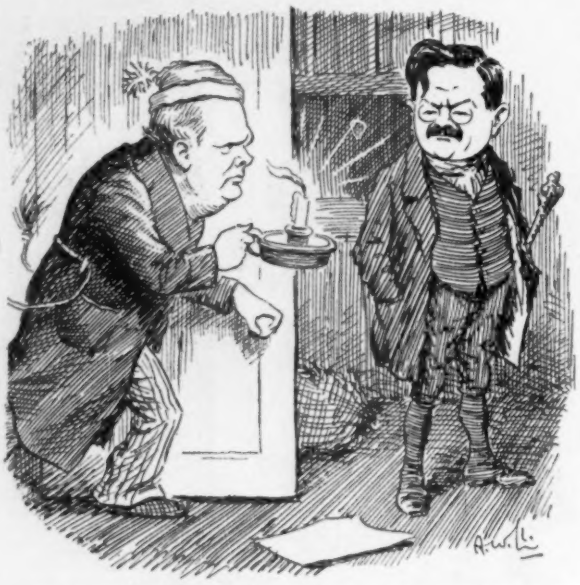
Lord DESBOROUGH's argument greatly impressed Lord SOUTHWARK, who reminded their Lordships that the G.P.O. had laid a fat nest-egg in the shape of a seven-million-pound surplus. He suggested that, if the egg were taken now and made into an Imperial penny-post omelette, the G.P.O. would almost certainly go ahead and lay harder than ever.

Lord LUCAN, who is no ornithologist, advanced the Government's view, which is that penny postage, like plovers' eggs, is a luxury that the nation cannot at the moment afford.

The Poor-Law Emergency Provisions (Scotland Bill) gave Scots on both sides of the House the opportunity of agreeing that a Bill providing that the British taxpayer should pay £240,000 towards debts illegally incurred by Scottish parish councils for poor relief *must* have its merits. Scots Labour Members, however (undeterred by Mr. KIRKWOOD's failure at Question-time to discover "where is the Treasury Chest?"), went further and moved an amendment requiring the British taxpayer to pay the whole debt incurred by the councils, instead of a paltry forty per cent. of it. The House thought otherwise.

At 8.15 Mr. PARKINSON moved a resolution calling on the Mines Department to promote a system of co-operative selling agencies for the distribution of coal. The PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE, however, took the view that the object of a selling agency was obviously to sell at the highest price, and the matter could therefore be safely left to the industry itself.

Wednesday, February 23rd.—Lord ARNOLD drew attention to the resignation of the Senior Medical Inspector of Factories and charged the Government with going back on the Draft Convention (on lead-poisoning) signed at Geneva and, at the instance of the manufacturers, regulating, instead of prohibiting, the use of lead-paint for interior decoration. He laid on the paint (and the poison) so thick that Lord BURNHAM rebuked his "vitriolic violence" in what was a "vexed and difficult problem of industrial policy in the international sphere." Lord DESBOROUGH, for the Government, said it was vexed indeed, and it would be a pity if all civil servants resigned when they did not agree with the head of their department.



Mr. KIRKWOOD. "I SHOULD LIKE TO ASK THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER WHERE HIS TREASURY CHEST IS?"



THE WISDOM OF THE KERBSTONE.
SIR CYRIL COBB.

In the House of Commons Mr. HARRIS introduced a petition, signed by sixty-four thousand costermongers, against the L.C.C. (General Powers) Bill. Mr. HARRIS had left his pearlies at home, to the disappointment of the House, but his determination to "Knock 'em in the Old Kent Road," or at any rate in the County Hall, was unmistakable.

Mr. LANSBURY, whose zeal for culling information about British troops in China is under the suspicion of Sir W. DAVISON, pressed, along with other Labour Members, for the Wahnsien Report. Sir AUSTEN again declared that it would not serve the interests of peace to publish it now. Did not this refusal give the impression that this country had a good deal to hide? asked Mr. THURTLE. It would not if it were not for the kind of questions put in that House, retorted the FOREIGN SECRETARY tartly.

Mr. SCURR, desiring, like *Christopher Robin*, to shout out "Bears, you see we are walking on all the squares!" introduced a Bill to prevent London squares from being built on by the L.C.C. Major OWEN, in a burst of Liberal jollity, followed up with a Bill to reform leasehold injustices.

Scots canniness in the person of Mr. GRAHAM provoked an amendment to the Poor Law Emergency Provisions (Scotland) Bill to substitute the words "equal to" for the words "not exceeding" (the forty per cent. to be paid by the Saxon taxpayer), and Sir J. GILMOUR, who is familiar with the old Scotch saying, "Bang goes not exceeding sixpence!" accepted it.

London Members had a good innings with the L.C.C. (General Powers) Bill; the value of the costermongers as a boon to the poor consumer providing the central theme of the discourse. CAPTAIN HACKING, whose favourite song is "The Coster's Serenade" (though you would not think it to look at him), blessed them on behalf of the Government; and Sir CYRIL COBB convinced the House that the costers had a good friend in the L.C.C., and that the Bill would not unduly curb their activities.

Thursday, February 24th.—In inquiring whether the MINISTER OF EDUCATION was acquainted with "The Red Flag," and if so, what were his objections to it, Mr. WILL THORNE was none too clear. But the reply made it plain that "the funeral march of a fried eel"



THE MISOMELODIST:

OR THE MAN WHO KNEW WHAT HE DID NOT WANT.

(as Mr. BERNARD SHAW has described it) is not the song that reached Lord EUSTACE PERCY'S sensitive heart. "I have felt the strongest objection to 'The Red Flag,'" he said, "on artistic and other grounds."

Mr. LANSBURY asked the HOME SECRETARY to state what periods of detention without trial in this country Messrs. TCHICHERIN, BORODIN and LITVINOFF had undergone. "And how many Socialists have been imprisoned without trial by the Soviet Government?" interposed Mr. SEXTON.

On the motion for the Second Reading of the Great Western Railway and Southern Railway Bills Members waxed eloquent on the pleasures and vicissitudes of travel. The Great Western got the bouquets and the Southern the brickbats. Mr. GALBRAITH, who lives at Purley, declared that it was quite impossible to

> "Live in Surrey
> Free from worry,"

as the Company urged him to do, unless they gave a better service. Mr. BAKER reviled its "prehistoric" third-class carriages, and Sir E. HUME-WILLIAMS its "deplorable" boats. Sir E. CECIL and Sir G. COURTHOPE stoutly defended the railway, and Mr. HOPKINSON and Sir G. BUTLER advised the malcontents to stay in England or travel by Imperial Airways. The Bills were passed without division.

"The circle, if not a vicious one, is one difficult to find the end of."—*Provincial Paper.*
But that applies to most circles.

LITTLE TALKS.

THE WASH; OR, DAWN IN HOSPITAL.

I WOKE, like a log, one eye at a time. Dimly I perceived beside my bed the night-nurse, a basin of water in one hand, a thermometer in the other.

"Do you feel like a little wash now?" she said brightly.

"No, Nurse, I do not," I said, and I went to sleep again.

When I re-woke (as the films might say) there was a thermometer in my mouth and the night-nurse had "captured" (as the poets say) one of my hands.

"You know very well," I said, taking out the thermometer, "that my pulse and my temperature are always the same. I am very well. All that I need is sleep, and this is the hour of all hours in the day when I sleep the best. And if I am not to sleep I will not be washed."

"You must be washed," she said, "before the doctor comes."

"I am quite clean enough for the doctor," I said. "I will be washed at noon, when I stop sleeping."

"You will be washed now," she said, and, untucking all my snug bedclothes, she piled them in a disorderly and draughty heap.

"This is barbarous," I said.

"It is," said the night-nurse, and scrubbed my face with a hard rubber sponge.

"It is extraordinary," I said. "Whenever the doctor comes he inquires if I have slept well; when Sister comes in she asks anxiously how I slept; last night you gave me, yourself, *two* different preparations or drugs to make me sleep. One would think that the whole establishment had no other aim than to make me sleep; all the resources of medicine have been mobilised to make me sleep. Yet when I do sleep, or rather when at last I drop into a fitful doze, I am immediately woken up. And for what purpose? To be washed!"

"You're a martyr, aren't you?" she said. "Now the hands."

"The hands do not want washing," I said. "Wash the hands if you must; but you will have no assistance from me."

She dropped the hands into a basin of boiling water.

"I should have thought that you, at least, Nurse, would have seen the futility of this proceeding," I said. "That sleeping-draught you gave me was wholly ineffective. All night I tossed upon my sleepless couch, counting the hours, and every quarter reviling the punctual clanging of your local clock. Before five, I know, I did not sleep a wink. About six I may have dropped off. And no sooner do I drop off than you wake me with thermometers and soap."

"You have been sleeping like a log since ten o'clock," she said. "Now the legs."

"I deny it," I said. "What time is it now?"

"It's half-past seven," she said, "and I'm late."

"Do you realise," I said, "that when



Old Lady (by way of making bright conversation to new-comer at Riviera Hotel). "YOU DON'T LOOK VERY ILL; WHAT IS YOUR DISEASE, DEAR?"

I am in full health I do not begin to *think* of washing till about nine, and even then it does not always happen? Yet now, when I am extraordinarily ill and cruelly deprived of my appendix, I am expected to endure this distasteful ordeal at day-break."

"You 're lucky," she said; "at some places they wash the bodies at six."

"No one shall wash *this* body at six," I said.

"Can you lift that leg?"

"I cannot," I said; "I am very ill."

She went out of the room, and I went to sleep again.

She came back with Nurse Andrews. They woke me up again and seized the right leg. They soaped the right leg and sponged it with a cruel sponge. They put the right foot in a basin, poured methylated spirit over the heel and sprinkled powder over the whole. They rubbed the right leg with a towel and hid it under a blanket. Then they unveiled the left leg and started on that. Meanwhile the maid came in and did the grate, leaving the door open.

"Do you have many deaths in this hospital?" I said.

"Not so many," said the night-nurse.

"Well, one of these days you will have an Abdominal dying of ablutions. Just because I have no appendix," I said, "you think you can humiliate and torment me how you like. And there 's another extraordinary thing I 've discovered. I have been lying in this bed for a fortnight, Nurse, with no tobacco, no alcohol, no late nights, no night-clubs nor dances, nor the pernicious society of your sex, Nurse. I have not so much as eaten a sweet. I have lived, in fact, a life of abstinence and virtue, gazing at flowers, reading good books and eating little but vitamins. And if there is anything in what the reformers of this world tell us, I should wake each morning as fresh as a lark, Nurse. As soon as my eyes are open I should have all my faculties alert and buoyant, ready for anything. Well, they are not, Nurse. I am not fresh. I wake each morning feeling like an old piece of blotting-paper, as other men do. I wake fuddled and suicidal and quarrelsome and hog-like, as usual. I wake like chewed string. I wake as I might wake after a week's debauch."

"If you will turn him over, Nurse Andrews," she said, "I will do the back."

"You will kindly leave the back alone," I said. "And I will not be talked about as if I were something in a butcher's shop. I am a living soul, with aspirations and a future life, and you are not to keep speaking of the back and the leg as if I were so many joints of beef."

Neither of the ministering angels took any notice of this protest, so I resumed the main argument.

"There is this further consideration," I said. "So far (touching wood) I have made a most rapid recovery from the mutilations of the doctors. The wound is not septic, the tongue is clean, and, if all goes well, as you have told me, I shall escape from your clutches in record time. In fact, Nurse (making every allowance for the skill and attention of the medical and nursing professions), the conclusion is that, in order to be healthy, and especially before an operation, a man should constantly absorb in enormous quantities all those poisons which modern civilisation has made available, for this it is my habit to do, and you see the result; but you will find that long after I leave you the teetotalers and vegetarians and non-smokers will be stretched upon their beds about this hospital, feebly complaining and constantly ringing the

bell. Which is the worst case here, Nurse?"

"The Abdominal in Number 9," she said.

"An archdeacon, I believe. A non-smoker?"

"Yes."

"And a teetotaler?"

"Yes."

"Well, there you are," I said.

"Now the teeth," she answered.

I washed the teeth under protest, for this is a thing I hate to do before ladies. I then shaved by numbers and lay back exhausted. They then began the painful and fatiguing process which is known as making the patient comfortable. This took a quarter-of-an-hour. I am condemned for some reason to sit upon an air-cushion, and while one is being washed one slides to the bottom of the bed. The two good women with heroic efforts hauled me up into a sitting position, but left the air-cushion behind. While the air-cushion was being placed in position I slid down the bed again; it seemed to be a down-hill bed. They heaved me on to the air-cushion, reviling me alternately for exerting myself too much and for making myself too heavy. When I was enthroned on the air-cushion at the right elevation the air-cushion was not central, and while the air-cushion was being centralised I slid down the bed again. When both the body and the air-cushion were right the pillows were wrong, and while the pillows were being put right, I did an avalanche, air-cushion and all. And all the time, with little anecdotes about abdominal cases they had known, the thoughtless women made me laugh, which hurts more than anything.

"Are you comfortable *now*?" said the night-nurse at last.

"I am not," I said. "But I would rather live on in discomfort than perish of exhaustion in a position of ease. I do not feel nearly so well. For a whole hour, Nurse, I have had worry and hard work, and all this before breakfast. When a man is in health, Nurse, a man takes great care of himself before breakfast, husbands his strength, nurses his soul and does as little as possible. But here upon a bed of sickness he does the equivalent of about two hours' hard labour before breakfast. It 's extraordinary. And, speaking of breakfast, Nurse—well, what about breakfast?"

The night-nurse arranged upon the table a number of nasty-looking steel instruments.

"The doctor is coming before breakfast," she said, "to take your stitches out. And," she added wickedly, "I hope it hurts."

A. P. H.



Householder (to maid who has been sent for the plumber). "IS HE COMING, MAUD?"
Maid. "YES, SIR. HE'LL BE HERE ALL RIGHT. YOU SEE, HE'S PROMISED TO TAKE ME OUT THIS AFTERNOON."

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"Mr. —— declared that every slip in the yard of —— would shortly be occupied by a ship. If the same could be said of every shipyard in the country the industry would be well on the road to prosperity."—*Daily Paper.*

The *Renown* at the Marquesas Islands:

"As the Administrator stepped upon the quarter-deck, the band struck up the 'Marseillaise,' and when he left the cattle cruiser's guns coomed a salute."—*Liverpool Paper.*

Such is Renown!

Underneath an advertisement picture:

"As is seen by the picture, the treatment is absolutely painless."—*Provincial Paper.*

Not a squeaking likeness.

At a farmers' dinner:—

"The menu was typical of agricultural England—roast beer, roast pork, roast mutton, fruit tarts, and Stilton cheese."—*Local Paper.*

We are glad to observe from the first item that that fine old English beverage, mulled ale, is coming into its own again.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE DONOVAN AFFAIR" (DUKE OF YORK'S).

NOT since *Hamlet*, I should suppose, has there been such a shambles on the stage as this *Donovan* affair, and at one time it looked as if the whole cast was destined to be done to death with game-knives or shot with carefully-disposed revolvers.

The late *Jack Donovan* seems from all accounts to have been a bit of a lad. He had apparently lived or attempted to live with most of the ladies, gentle (comparatively) and simple (comparatively), in his environment, and to have been more or less affianced to the rest. And never surely had an odder, madder, badder crowd of well-dressed citizens assembled than were gathered at *Peter Rankin's* dinner-table on the fatal night. *Donovan* had a luminous cat's-eye ring with the wonderful gift of making the possessor irresistible with women. It was luminous in the dark, to prove which the lights had been turned out, and when turned on again there was our young Fifth Avenue *Don Juan* with a game-knife in his heart. Everybody suspects everybody else, and to do everybody strict justice everybody else seems likely.

The play opens with the surviving guests of the evening corralled by the police in the library, with a bull-necked detective bullying the lies out of them all in turn. Everybody has something to conceal. One young man has stolen money out of *Peter Rankin's* bank. Later he gets a bullet in the diaphragm from the banker for his pains, but meanwhile has his innings and throws suspicion on a perfectly innocent person out of some complicated spite, of which, from this welter of ugly deeds, desires and hatreds, it was impossible to follow the detailed outline. Another has come with loaded gun at hip, having frankly professed his readiness to shoot if he couldn't get the potent cat's-eye by moral suasion. A third young man, an invalid, apparently no real initiate of this corrupt crowd and certainly innocent of the crime, but offering a hint as to the actual perpetrator, is, after another dark interval for the examination of the cat's-eye ring, found with the same old game-knife sticking in his rubricated shirt-front. As to the women, the wife of *Peter Rankin* has had a notorious past and is obviously discreetly enjoying an unvirtuous present. Of all the assembly she seems most capable of sticking game-knives into people, so that we know that she is, at least in this capital matter, quite innocent. Of the others, anyone may be the culprit.

It would be frankly impossible to plot out the triangles, quadrilaterals and polygons of the diffused affections of the adventurous group, or to indicate the twists and turns of the inquiry conducted by *Killian* the detective. The main fact that emerged was that the author, Mr. OWEN DAVIS, who is experienced enough to know better, definitely sold us a pup. The cat's-eye had nothing whatever to do with the case, and was merely put in to make it all more difficult. On this conscienceless plan anybody can make an insoluble mystery.

Still the game of "odd man out" by knife and bullet was an exciting one, the excitement modified by laughter as the score mounted and the lights went up and down. The murderer was baulked in a last attempt by the police breaking the panel of the locked door—a panel which, by the way, had earlier in the evening fallen out of the door, to the ambiguous comment of *Peter Rankin*, "That such a thing should happen in my house!"

The acting was as good as was necessary—indeed better. Mr. FRED GROVES as *Killian*, Miss AMY BRANDON THOMAS as *Mrs. Peter Rankin* (contriving to look ever so wicked), Mr. FRANKLYN BELLAMY as the butler, Miss DOROTHY DIX as *Rankin's* honest daughter, Mr. LESLIE HARDING as *Carter*, Mr. LAWRENCE IRELAND as Lawyer *Holt*, Miss DOROTHY TETLEY as the hysterical *Ruth*, and Mr. PAUL NEVILLE as the Irish "cop" deserve special mention out of a long cast. A half-crown shocker, lazily finished. T.



KEEPING A GOOD WATCH ON HIM.

"I COULD SEE EVERYTHING YOU WERE DOING BEHIND MY BACK, REFLECTED IN MY WATCH."

Clarke Tremayne . . . . MR. O. B. CLARENCE.
Sir Francis Mordaunt . . . MR. C. M. LOWNE.

"THE WICKED EARL" (HIS MAJESTY'S).

Whatever the merits of Mr. WALTER HACKETT'S Farcical Adventure it is unquestionably pleasant to have Mr. CYRIL MAUDE with us again with that diverting soft chuckle of his, a veteran on the eve of retirement disporting himself like a two-year-old, robbing mail-coaches, drilling "bad men's" abdomens with guns, inheriting titles and sharing them with simple Western maidens. I think perhaps the author might have made up his mind more clearly whether he wanted to present us with strong "dramma" or uproarious farce. Blood and jokes don't mix very readily, and the serious people, sheriffs, desperadoes, even the lawyers, are so serious, and the two *Earls of Clarges* so impenitently flippant and absurd, that we are not as thrilled by the rough stuff or as amused by the ludicrous vagaries of our two aristocrats as we might have been if the mixture had been less crude. However, as three-dimensional film-work for a simple nature, *The Wicked Earl* serves to pass two hours pleasantly enough.

In the Long Gallery at Saffron End, from the walls of which many entirely respectable Tremaynes, and one dubious, look down, the new Earl is expected by his lawyer and his evidently apprehensive uncle. The late eccentric nobleman, so the coroner's verdict declared, had shot himself accidentally when cleaning his revolver. The lawyer, *Sir Francis Mordaunt*, has his doubts—the uncle and the butler know more than they care to tell—and the new Earl, opening a sealed

letter, learns that his father met his end at the hand of one *Death Valley Tomkins*: it is a surprisingly naïve and unliterary affair, the letter, and closes with an injunction solemnly laid upon the young man to go out and "get" that deft marksman, *Tomkins*. By some astute work with a watch used as a mirror *Sir Francis* detects collusion between *Uncle Clarke Tremayne* and *Billings*, the butler. These two faked the corpse of the late earl, and evidently no intrusive expert pointed out the difference between the effect of a bullet at a range of eighteen inches from one fired from a window at a dozen yards. But now we are to learn the reasons for their manipulations and for the uncle's perjury concerning some "papers." (*Sir Francis*, by the way, continues to bleat plaintively about "papers" whenever he gets an opening.) *Uncle Tremayne* tells his story in the solid. We are taken back twenty-odd years to Indian Spring Pass, in the cañon country of New Mexico. The hunt is up for a notorious train-robber, *Apache Kid* (pronounced apáshy), a most engaging scoundrel, who has got away with a hundred-thousand dollars and an assortment of rings and watches, which are evidently kept as love-offerings for any likely maid or matron. One such, a schoolmarm fuller of courage and womanly wit than of learning, holds him up with a revolver, flirts charmingly with him, helps to conceal him in a bush that wouldn't adequately conceal a jenny wren, and so foils the sheriff and his posse. Whereafter *Clarke Tremayne* and *Billings* announce to the *Apache Kid* that the death of his cousin has made him Earl of Clarges and convey him out of the country. Such is the story told by the timid respectable uncle, whose passion is the honour of the Tremaynes, and the last twenty years of whose life have been made a burden by the thought as to what the train-robber Earl might do next. There was some trouble, you remember, about the funds of the Agricultural Society, of which he was President, and a certain humour to be extracted (by someone more detached) from the fact that he was for many years a Director of the London, Brighton & South Coast Railway.

Of course the blameless and unlikely young nobleman, a timid fellow afraid of cows, will go forth and find his father's murderer; of course he will be made free of the fellowship of a desperate band of outlaws, of whom the leader happens to be *Death Valley Tomkins*, and will hold his own with them; he will befriend and help the escape of the daughter of the very woman his father had flirted with so inconclusively twenty years ago; he will disarm in the most distressingly unconvincing manner (really Mr. HACKETT!) the ruffian *Tomkins* and shoot him with his own gun; will find the boodle hidden by his late lamented and lamentable father, and generally live happily ever after with the rescued maiden, who follows him to Saffron End to warn him that the *Sheriff*, who just missed catching his father, is now hot on his trail. Well, well. No one need complain that the films have it all their own way, or that our brains are going to be too heavily exercised by all this.



LOVE AT SIGHT—CLOSE RANGE.
Apache Kid . . . . . MR. CYRIL MAUDE.
Sally Lunn . . . . . MISS MARION LORNE.



COCKTAIL-TIME IN NEW MEXICO.
Mexican Annie . . . . . MISS STELLA ARBENINA.
Death Valley Tomkins . . MR. ALFRED DRAYTON.

Let us freely acknowledge the excellence of the parts, if the whole is not quite satisfactorily put together. Mr. CYRIL MAUDE made a really credible and entertaining *Apache Kid*, and played with a skilful difference of characterisation the grotesquely avenging son. Mr. O. B. CLARENCE (the embarrassed *Uncle Tremayne*) and Mr. C. M. LOWNE (the unbelieving lawyer) could have done what they did so competently in their sleep. The outlaws were a likely crowd. Mr. ALFRED DRAYTON, always the happy villain, made a sound thing of the sinister *Tomkins*, and Mr. SAM LIVESEY'S *Sheriff* did not lack stomach and plausibility. Mr. JAMES DYRENFORTH gave us an amusing, indeed a very clever, little study of the stammering *Sam Perkins*, sheriff's deputy. Miss MARION LORNE'S rendering of *Sally Lunn*, the schoolmistress, and of the daughter who so obviously took after her, was full of humour and resource. Miss STELLA ARBENINA cleverly touched in the portrait of a Mexican siren, and Miss JOYCE KENNEDY was amusing as a modern young woman with the bumps of irreverence and self-interest highly developed. A special word of praise is due for the scene set for the outlaws' refuge in Whispering Canyon, and for the speed with which the elaborate changes were made. T.

MELODIOUS MARS.

ALL who have the welfare of the Army at heart will be delighted to learn that the authorities have at last set the seal of their official approval upon the scheme for the encouragement of singing amongst the troops. The delay in realising the prime educational and moral value of this exercise is quite unaccountable. As was to be expected, however, the zeal and thoroughness with which the various departments concerned have entered into the task of working out the details have more than made up for their initial apathy.

A series of exceedingly handy official text-books has already been issued, and the following table of contents will give some idea of the ground that they cover:—

Vol. I.—Military breathing. Interior economy. Scales and exercises. Military voice-production. Words of command. Visual training and sight-reading. Hints on larynx inspections. Epiglottis drill.

Vol. II.—Part-songs. Glees. Simple solfeggi for soldiers. Songs without words. Songs without tunes. Plain-song. Barrack ballads. Aural examinations.

Vol. III.—Combined training. The attack. The crescendo. Mobility. Songs of battle.

(A short appendix is issued as a confidential document, entitled "Officers' Mess, Guest-night in, Songs for use on.")

Not the least attractive feature of the scheme is that it throws practically no additional clerical work upon the staffs of the lower formations and units. In fact the new daily strength return by voices, the extraordinary bi-weekly manuscript madrigal programme (three copies), and the supplementary forecast of expendable stores required for quartet work (in quadruplicate) are the only innovations of any consequence, and of course they would not be called for if they were not considered to be absolutely essential.

The new procedure for General's Inspection makes it clear that the all-round military efficiency of a unit will be judged in future more by its vocal performances than, as has been the case hitherto, by the punctuality of its returns. A brief description of the latest ceremonial will perhaps be of value to those who have not yet received their text-books.

As soon as the inspecting officer appears the command, "By tones—number," is given, whereupon the men number off smartly from the right, "*Do, re, mi, fa,*" etc., repeating at every octave. In place of the time-honoured "Present arms" the General is greeted with a few bars of the regimental anthem, two companies taking *decani* and two *cantoris*, with the headquarter wing in close support to deal with any unforeseen occurrence. The Commanding Officer doubles the tonic in the lower octave and the General replies with a suitable *bel canto* or florid counterpoint, after which he proceeds to inspect the troops, stopping from time to time to test an intonation or to inquire kindly after a uvula. Finally, instead of calling upon the junior subaltern to take the battalion through a few drill movements, he selects an officer at random and asks him kindly to oblige by stepping out and giving a solo. This is done to a figured bass by the regimental sergeant-major and an *obbligato* by the precentor (formerly known as the adjutant). The inspecting officer then chants a few remarks, which, if complimentary, are acknowledged by renderings of "Hail, smiling Morn" and the "Hallelujah Chorus." Other pieces to be held in readiness for use if required are "Miserere" and "Down among the Dead Men."

It is gratifying to know that every possible assistance is being given to commanding officers to enable them to attain the unquestionably high standard that is expected of their units. Schools of Army singing are being established in all the important military centres at no expense to the public, and an entirely new branch of the service has been created to act as leaven to the remainder. Competition for transfer to this newly-formed Royal Army Sol-fa Corps is likely to be very keen. A smart distinctive uniform has been approved, consisting of a khaki surplice and brick-red mortar-board bearing the inspiring motto "*Sursum Chorda.*"

"NEW PHASE AT SHANGHAI.
SUN ABDICATES."
Headlines in Daily Paper.

Now we really have something in common with China.

From a Girl Guides' handbook:—

"RULES OF HEALTH.

6. A Guide never walks with his hands in her pockets."

But before she is much older she will probably have her hands in his.

From a Brewer's letter:—

"Speaking for my firm, I have much pleasure in saying that we brew our beer only from the very finest malt, sugar, and hops that money can buy."—*Welsh Paper.*

Froth-blowing in that district must be a specially cheerful pastime.

WITCHERY.

SAID the ancients, there are sirens on
the islands of the sea
Who lure wave-weary mariners with
songs of sorcery,
And mothers, wives and lady-loves in
vain must look and long
For the ships of those who listen to
their fatal ocean-song.

If the open sea's wide waters with the
sirens' voice entice,
There 's a burn by which I 've rested in
the hills, not once nor twice,
That can hold me and enfold me by
enchantments of its own
As it lulls with soft allurements while
I linger there alone.

Hills unclimbed serenely challenge,
home with kind temptation calls;
But with all its runs and ripples, little
linns and tiny falls,
Sings the burn's seductive music,
"Crowded valleys! crags austere!
Heed them not. Time nowhere lapses
softly, slumbrously as here."

If some summer day I 'm missing, let
the friends who chance to care
Seek beside those witching waters—
they will find me happy there,
Them and all the world forgetting,
drowsing in an endless dream,
Languid, lost, complacent captive of
that lone heart-stealing stream.

W. K. H.

Another Impending Apology.

From an official guide to the borough of St. Marylebone:—

"Harley Street runs parallel with Wimpole Street, and is to-day almost entirely monopolised by the medical and kindred professions, but in other times it rejoiced in many famous residents."

The Simple Life; or, Diogenes Outdone.

"WANTED.

Bung or House; 3 beds; 2 or 3 months; now: adults; careful."—*Provincial Paper.*

The Problem of the Over-filled Quiver.

"Authors and Composers invited to forward novels, poems, stories, tales, children, plays, films, essays, lyrics, music, songs."
Local Paper.

"Lady desires post; domesticated, fond of cooking children."—*Weekly Paper.*

"Lady —— will thus assume a third tile, for her previous husbands have included a lord and a prince."—*Evening Paper.*

We suppose she celebrates each union by getting a new hat.

"Rome, Tuesday.

The special military tribunal created last autumn held its inaugural sitting this morning at the Central Law Courts. Black-shirt militiamen and Carabinieri were on duty inside out outside the court."—*Daily Paper.*

Cases of extroversion inside the court are usually confined to the witnesses under cross-examination.



MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.

XXXVII.—AIR CHIEF MARSHAL SIR HUGH TRENCHARD.

IN a fortnight, if the "Cease-Fire" bugles hadn't butted in,
He'd arranged to have his Specials loosing bombs above Berlin;
And to-day, when skies are normal, whence "there rained a ghastly dew"
(*Locksley Hall*), our "airy navy" circles round its central HUGH.



Prospective Purchaser. "WHAT'S SHE LIKE ON HILLS?"
Owner. "HILLS! DOWN 'EM IN A JIFFY."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

AGAINST oppressive realities which it has no means of combating the soul of man usually erects some such barricade as humour or mysticism, and leaves it at that. Many oppressive realities of to-day, I have noticed, come thoughtfully provided with a specific philosophy for their victims. They present the gas-mask with the gas, and before you know where you are you are breathing their air without any noticeable discomfort. American Big Business is particularly given to these mystical interpretations, and Mrs. ALICE TISDALE HOBART, in describing her modest and arduous part in the operations of her husband's oil company in China, has added a religious exaltation to the natural fervour of a hundred-per-cent. Middle Westerner. She has very little use for "the ruthless sights, sounds, smells of the over-stocked East," and being, apart from professional glamour, a critic of few susceptibilities and illusions, does not pretend that the Chinaman has any particular craving for oil or love for the foreigner. Her husband's task in China was to extend the borders of American commerce; hers to improvise a series of Main Street homes in a series of officially-furnished "company houses." This process, repeated in innumerable Chinese outposts, culminated in an attractive English house *By the City of the Long Sand* (FISHER UNWIN); and in that city, Changsha, the capital of the independent province of Hunan, her story begins and ends. It is not, strictly speaking, history; its names, dates and events are reshuffled for personal reasons. But I have no doubt it presents a typical picture of the life of a courageous woman in circumstances that assume a heightened interest from the developments of to-day. Its illustrations—photographs taken by several hands—depict with exquisite charm an aspect of China almost wholly ignored in the text.

It is ungracious to grumble at profusion, but I feel that Miss MARJORIE BOWEN has undertaken perhaps a little too much in giving us another romance on the heels of her book on the Netherlands. A certain amount of good material has gone to the making of the new-comer; but the ingredients are blended without discernment and the simmering (if I may so culinarily express myself) seems to have been unduly accelerated. The book deals with a diabolical situation, recurring over and over again in the same house with a new set of characters. *Denis Burgoyne*, a middle-aged failure, is for some unapparent reason loved by *Kitty Lovell*, a wealthy and masterful widow. On the point of proposing to *Kitty*, as an easy if unpalatable way out of reduced circumstances, *Burgoyne* inherits a competency and an old house. *Five Winds* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) stands on the site of the temple of a Westmorland *Æolus* of satanic disposition, whose aboriginal shrine was destroyed by an original *Burgoyne*. Every *Burgoyne* dwelling in "Five Winds" comes to perdition, and on his way thither ruins or slays

a woman and acquires a familiar in female shape. The token of this destiny is a blue-stoned ring, and this *Burgoyne* secures in London before leaving for Westmorland. His sojourn at "Five Winds" is devoted to the perusal of ancestral records and a partial fulfilment (with *Kitty* as victim) of the ancestral doom. The records, purporting to be of the seventeenth, eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, are not very convincingly written in a common romantic patois. The last, however, boasts an original portrait of a married courtesan, while the main chronicle gains a brief Defoe-like credibility from the visit of an ordinary tourist to the scene of horror.

Thumb-nail sketches from the notes that he took
Make H. MORTIMER BATTEN'S new book
Nature from the high grounds, Nature from the low,
Or from anywhere a camera and car can go.

Full fifty incidents—fifty and more
Make up an interest that 's all out-o'-door;
They're facts found at random, a Northern whirligig,
Most about animals—small beast and big.

Here roar the great harts, at rut, and roar anew;
Here pop the weasel and the wicked little shrew;
Bold beasts and shy beasts, but most particular
I like the kingfisher that rode in the car.

JENKINS publish this light and happy stuff—
Mr. BATTEN'S sketches on his thumb-nail or his cuff:
Read them, and tell me that you're glad you haven't missed
His jolly *Nature Jottings of a Motorist.*



Welfare Worker. "DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THAT THIS CHILD WAS DROPPED ON TO THE FLOOR?"
Workman. "THAT 'S ALL RIGHT, LADY. ALL MY KIDS BOUNCES."

I have seldom met such a charming family, so charmingly presented, as *John* (working for Greats), *Chloe* (at home for the moment), *Mike* (last year at Rugby), and *Maud* (a schoolgirl for some years yet), whose father is the central figure of Mr. ALLAN MONKHOUSE'S new novel, *Alfred the Great* (SECKER). They are modern youth at its best, with all its shining qualities and enough of its defects to convince us that the picture is true. My only regret is that Mr. MONKHOUSE did not, for his own sake, see fit to give them a more popular type of father. For *Alfred Burton* was an author, and I doubt whether any section of the public, whatever its gauge of brow, is interested in the troubles of an author. Even writers themselves are not interested in other writers. And the fact is so nakedly exposed on the cover of the book—"a domestic comedy concerning a crisis in the life of a literary man," which is rather like putting the greenest apples at the top of the basket. *Alfred*, then, for all the skill which has gone to the composition of him, is something of a pill, but I ask you to swallow him for the sake of his family. I recommend this delightful book to all parents and all young people. It will make them pleased with themselves, parents no less than children. And even the crustiest of grandfathers will admit, after reading it, that there is something in English family life to-day which he never knew himself and would have given much to know.

CRASCREDO'S *Horse Sense and Sensibility* (COUNTRY LIFE) is a pleasant book of gossip about horses by one who has



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taken the trouble and has the wit to understand the shy, sensitive, wayward and, to the perceptive, intelligent friend of man. Our author is an optimist about the future of the horse, all the gathering evidence to the contrary notwithstanding. If HORACE WALPOLE'S "traveller from Lima" were perched on the ruins of the Quorn kennels, he would find, says CRASCREDO, members of the Hunt busy rebuilding them. But what likelihood there is of a world fit for foxes to live in he does not suggest. Certainly the English will not let the horse die without a desperate struggle; and by the English our author doesn't mean merely the English of the hunting classes. There is sound advice on the teaching of the young horseman. CRASCREDO prescribes long hours of conversation between rider and mount and much haunting of hay-lofts and corn-bins and harness-rooms. Words of blame are offered, and rightly, to rich men and fool architects who line stables with shiny white tiles; reproof too to the elect of the shires who offer no welcome to the "new men" in the hunting-field, but merely sneer at the cut of their clothes, the pattern of their crops or the buckles on their bridles. A wise book, in fact. Perhaps the author is a little too eager a jester; he will break off any piece of horse-lore just when he is most interesting and ride off on a witticism. But no one who has lost a favourite will read unmoved the charming little sketch in which the forlorn motor-and-junk-haunted stables are revisited by the ghosts of their old inhabitants. "With our motors we know now every mile of the road, not every yard, as we used to do." CRASCREDO throws off little things like that as proof of his own sense and sensibility. Mr. LIONEL EDWARDS in his admirable drawings proves his fine gift of conveying the sense of poise and movement in his charming models.



Cheerful Person. "AH—HA! PAINTERS, EH?"
Bored Person (who has had the same question fifty times that morning). "NO, CAT BURGLARS."

An excursion into the land east of the sun and west of the moon is ever alluring to the right-minded adventurer. There reposes the free state of Dorimare, whose history is related by Mr. HOPE MIRRLEES in *Lud-in-the-Mist* (COLLINS), and whose queer capital city bore that name. Dorimare was anciently allied to the adjacent realm of Fairyland, of which the mercantile class in *Lud-in-the-Mist* so violently disapproved that, quite contrary to the habit of commercial persons, they indulged in a revolution, slew the aristocracy and proscribed all intercourse with the people dwelling beyond the Elfin Marches. Even the mention of the word fairy was forbidden. But the old legends remained, the old magic songs were sung, and the fairy-folk continued to smuggle into the town their fatal and tempting fruit, of which whoso ate became mad. Here the story repeats the sinister aspect of the Little People so dauntingly suggested in CHRISTINA ROSSETTI'S weird poem, *Goblin Market*. These fairies, though not wholly evil, are malign and mischievous, horribly associated even with the appearances of wicked men who are dead. How their enchantments subtly interpenetrated the monotonous life of *Lud-in-the-Mist*, stealing away the minds of the children and eventually intoxicating the respectable (if stupid) burghers, Mr. HOPE MIRRLEES narrates with a charm which persists in spite of its author's occasional lapses into inadequacies of diction.

Miss MARGARET PETERSON'S new novel, *Pamela and Her Lion Man* (HUTCHINSON), is described on the wrapper as a "story of love and adventure," and that it certainly is. Both the love and the adventure begin almost on the first page, when *Pamela*, on the day on which she leaves school, discovers and coldly succours an unknown man, with motor-cycle, unconscious by the roadside. A few days later she starts for Africa with her father and finds the unknown as stoker on the liner. Yet a day or two more and the ship sinks, very conveniently for Miss PETERSON. The stoker rescues *Pamela* and bears her off, sole woman in a boat-load of his mates. Eventually she and her "Lion Man" are landed on the coast of Africa, "not far from Abyssinia," and taken by the local Arabs for their own special brand of Aphrodite and her servant. Here the adventures begin in earnest, and with them the love, though *Pamela* to the last rather boggles at consenting to marry a stoker, and the "Lion Man" refuses on principle to woo her in any other guise. For the reader who doesn't mind how highly-coloured his, or her, love and adventure are I cannot imagine anything jollier than this story. It goes with a swing from cover to cover, and every page is pleasant, if some are a little oddly written. Really high-browed readers will shudder at the thought, but I must confess to having enjoyed it.

Madame de Soyau, the leading lady of Mr. E. P. OPPENHEIM'S *Madame* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), was a dazzlingly attractive and an extremely dangerous woman. In pre-war days she had collected a team of "dashing young adventurers" who had committed various crimes and pooled the proceeds thereof. To ensure their loyalty she had made each of these "dashers" give her a written confession of his first crime. Then the War broke up *Madame's* collection, and as the years passed the various members of it wanted to forget nothing so much as their lurid pasts. But their astute leader had kept their confessions, and presently she summoned the members of her team to her villa on the French Riviera, for each of them to earn what she was pleased to call his "quittance" by doing her one more service. The idea is ingenious and worthy of its author, but, apart from "Rapasto's Last Service" and "Madame's Mosaic Law," I did not find his lure quite so potent as in the past. All the same, if I had to suggest a book for a long journey, I should unhesitatingly recommend these tales.

CHARIVARIA.

Trotsky has announced that he does not agree with having British troops in China. If he did we should want to know what was wrong with the idea.

* * *

A writer in an evening paper points out that, as the climate of Canton is hot, the further northward the Cantonese troops advance the more they are likely to feel the cold. It takes an expert to explain things like that.

* * *

Battles between the rival Chinese armies have recently been postponed because of rain, but spectators clearly understand that no fighting is guaranteed.

* * *

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald takes a grave view of Italy's Mediterranean policy. We too have an uneasy feeling that Signor Mussolini is not blind to the possibilities for gondolas in the Suez Canal.

* * *

"What does Mr. Churchill want?" asks a daily paper. The answer is that all a Chancellor of the Exchequer wants is what we have left.

* * *

It is now denied that, at the suggestion of Mr. Baldwin, a proposal has been made by Mr. Evan Williams to the Bishops that a small committee of coalowners might intervene to bring about a settlement of their differences in regard to the revision of the Prayer Book.

* * *

Now that some Territorials have been refused refreshments in a London hotel on the ground that they were in uniform it is expected that in future, in the case of trouble, nations will only be able to have plain-clothes wars.

* * *

A correspondent having written to *The Daily Mail* to say that since that paper had increased its size he had been late for business every morning, it is possible that business will have to be abolished.

* * *

A manufacturer is anxious to find a new name for the gramophone. We have found several, all different, for the one next-door, but we don't think any of them is suitable for family use.

Mr. J. Havelock Wilson has challenged Mr. A. J. Cook to a public debate in Edinburgh. The idea, we fancy, is that it might result in a triumph of mind over patter.

* * *

An American Revue actress says she hopes to come over here shortly to shock the inhabitants by defying the authorities. Surely she is not going to be so brazen as to purchase cigarettes after 8 p.m.

* * *

It appears from the fashion experts that the feminine waistline is to return this year, although it is not known where it will be placed. One suggestion is that it should be worn round the neck instead of a fur.

* * *

As an instance of the rejuvenating effect of modern fashions we hear of a girl who is sometimes mistaken for her own mother.

* * *

Football matches are now broadcast. The owner of a particularly sensitive set claims that he heard the barking of a hot dog.

* * *

Two houses, The Limes and The Elms, in Bromley Road, Catford, are being reconstructed as a police-station. The rumour that the new building will be called The Birches is not relished by the bad boys of the district.

* * *

Things appear to be so quiet in Mexico just now that the American authorities are wondering where they ought to book seats for the next revolution.

* * *

One definition of a charity dance is that it is an entertainment at which people with whom it is a charity to dance are given an opportunity of dancing with one another.

* * *

According to a weather expert we shall now be free from gales until next September. This looks as if many froth-blowers will be thrown on the rates.

* * *

Mr. J. A. Cooke, who managed to secure the largest piece of pancake at Westminster School last week, was presented with a golden sovereign. It must have been the one that America didn't get.

* * *

In our opinion the drawback to the "jumping-balloon," with which experiments have been promoted by *The Daily Express*, is that pedestrians who adopt it are liable to be regarded as fair game by the aviator as well as by the motorist.

* * *

The Chinese can tell the time fairly accurately by looking at a cat's eyes. Provided he has had the experience, any man can do the same by glancing at the corners of a Judge's mouth.

* * *

The matter of overcrowding on London's Underground has again been raised in Parliament. The passengers' grievance is a long-standing one.

* * *

From the Registrar-General's latest returns it is deduced that the end of the surplus of women is in sight. Some of us men may yet live to get a seat in a Tube.

* * *

The College of Pestology has decided to employ large numbers of motorists in a campaign against mosquitoes. This explains why the College has as yet made no attempt to combat the swarms of motorists.

* * *

Tennis matches are to be played in the Albert Hall. It is rumoured that the building is to be equipped with a sliding roof to enable a famous French player to make his usual entrance by aeroplane.

* * *

A woman living in a village in the province of Catalonia has given birth to a child with five arms. This seems to be nature's attempt to produce the perfect jazz pianist.



Wife (sternly to husband, as crowd of sixty thousand commence community singing). "Now you just keep quiet, Henry, or you 'll ruin the whole thing."

BETTER WIRELESS.

"I've only just heard about it," I explained hurriedly, "and so of course I'm off at once to buy one before they 're all gone."

"If you mean a new hat," she said sympathetically, "don't let me stop you for one moment."

"I do not mean a new hat," I answered with some indignation; "this is pre-war and much admired by connoisseurs, besides being perfectly safe in the cloak-rooms of even the most fashionable hotels."

"Then what is it?" she asked.

"A wireless set," I explained—"crystals, valves, cat's-whiskers and loud-speakers all complete."

"But you 've got one," she protested. "When we had lunch with you the other day I remember quite well you offered to start it for us, only Tom had an engagement and so had I."

"Yes," I agreed, "I remember. You both had, hadn't you?"

"Well, then," she demanded, "what do you want another set for in such a hurry?"

"You see," I explained reluctantly, "mine isn't one at all—not really. It doesn't work; it hasn't any works to work, not even a cat's-whisker. It 's only a cabinet, an empty cabinet. But you 've no idea how long people will stop sometimes, and if you offer to turn on the loud-speaker they nearly always remember they 've an engagement, both of them."

"I quite understand," she said coldly; "and next time we come to lunch we 'll go immediately it 's over, and even before—unless it 's quite a good one."

"Do not for one moment," I begged her, "imagine that in your case—I assure you I didn't really care one scrap whether I missed that rubber of bridge at the club or not. I merely wished to get Tom back to his office in decent time for once and to give you a chance to get to What 's-their-names before all that cheap line of what-d 'ye-call-'ems was sold out."

"It was thoughtful of you," she admitted, still coldly; "but what happens if someone 's very nice and sweet, and just tells you to go on with the loud-speaker—some people will endure anything if they think they 're being polite—what do you do then?"

"It happens seldom," I assured her, "for such true courtesy is rare in these degenerate days. But when it does I make them my friends for life by saying suddenly that I 'm sure they 'd really rather not, and I won't. Nothing will induce me to, I tell them; and indeed nothing would. Their gratitude is invariably touching."

"Only I don't quite see," she persisted, "why all that should make you now in such a hurry to buy a real genuine set?"

"I 'm afraid," I reproached her gently, "you haven't kept up with the newest developments in broadcasting. They 're going to tackle the biggest thing they 've ever attempted—they 're going to broadcast Thought, just Silent Thought, that and nothing more. The programme that evening will be known as the Programme of the Silence of the Six Suffering Scientists."

"Why suffering?" she asked. "They won't hurt them, will they?"

"They will be silent," I pointed out. "A silent scientist—well, just listen to 'em when they get together, and then think of six of them obliged to sit together silent all an evening long."

"Well, it seems impossible," she decided.

"In these days," I said gravely, "nothing is impossible. Why, only last week I wanted to chat with an old friend in New York, so I simply rang him up as if he were in the next street, and, after I had been sitting for four-hours-and-a-half with the receiver to my ear, because the Post-Office told me to be prepared, I got a perfectly clear message from the local office to say they would try again another day. So I 'm sending a postcard instead to save time."

"The miracles of modern science," she observed.

"Exactly," I agreed. "And the news about the great broadcasting experiment was in all the papers—not a thing to miss. Sir OLIVER LODGE will explain it first, though Silence must be a difficult thing to explain in these days. Then, on a certain day of this very year, Silence will follow. The valve will cease from valving and the crystal will be at rest. I daresay even the cat's-whisker will no longer whisk. All through the land the voice of the loud-speaker will be quiet, the very ether itself will thrill unimaginably to a great stillness, while all the time from busy eager 2LO a great unceasing wave of silence will go pouring out into the void from that historic room where six scientists will sit together and never say a word: contradicting each other, when they feel they must, with their eyes alone. Can you wonder," I demanded with bright intensity, "that I determined on the spot to buy the very best set on the market, no matter what I have to owe for it, so as to be ready for that epoch-making day?"

"I shall tell Tom," she cried, kindling at my enthusiasm, "that we must have a new one too."

"Only think what it will be," I said on a rising note of ecstasy, "if this movement spreads, as it surely must, and soon the B.B.C. is sending out Silence all the day long. Think of our suburban gardens given back to us; think of Sunday afternoons with seven loud-speakers quite close and every one of them vigorously reproducing Silence; think of the ruthless motorist no longer able to say, 'Here 's a lovely, quiet, peaceful spot where we can picnic, so I 'll get out the portable wireless and fix up the loud-speaker.' Think——"

But at the happy prospect tears choked my voice, and she, she wept too in sympathy and joy. E. R. P.

"CORINTHIANS."

WHEN decked in their caps and their colours,
The blue, the old gold or the rose,
Even Anthonys, Leaders and Dullers
May find them redoubtable foes.
Overweight? They can carry the burden;
Overmatched? They 'll dispute you the claim;
They are triers, and glory 's their guerdon;
They ride for the love of the game.

They may take their full share of reverses,
But don't for a moment believe
They are infants escaped from their nurses—
They have sometimes a bit up their sleeve.
You may scorn them as doomed to disaster,
You may mark them for jostle and jest,
But among them is maybe a master
Requiring no weight from the best.

They don't sit as loose as they 're thought to,
And some have sound sensitive hands
And can ride out a horse as they ought to
And lift a tired horse when he lands.
There are some independent of teachers,
With lore of their own to impart,
Who can give you a lead over Becher's
Or match you at stealing a start.

You may find when the birch-twigs are spinning
And the guard-rail is rapped by the shoe
They are equally bent upon winning
And bold in the battle as you;
Ay, and sometimes a tiny bit bolder
At the moment when boldness avails,
So—*never look over your shoulder*
When Corinth comes up on the rails!

W. H. O.

"JESUS IV. REMAIN HEAD OF RIVER.
A RARE EXPERIENCE."
Sunday Paper.

Unique, we should have thought.



THE OLD COACHMAN: A PICKWICKIAN PASTICHE.

Lord Oxford (*as* Tony Weller). "WERRY GLAD TO SEE YOU HERE, SAMIVEL, THOUGH HOW YOU 'VE MANAGED TO GET OVER THE OLD PARTY IS A MYSTERY TO ME."



Visitor (to very modern artist who believes in distortion). "BUT SURELY SOMETIMES, IF YOU GET A SITTER WHO IS REALLY BEAUTIFUL, IT MUST BE HARD TO RESIST THE TEMPTATION OF PAINTING A PORTRAIT?"

MISLEADING CASES.

XII.—LEGACY TO THE LIBERAL PARTY.

In re Macalister. Runciman v. *Prim, Russell* v. *Prim, Simon* v. *Prim, Lloyd George* v. *Prim, Phillips* v. *Prim, Walter* v. *Prim, Stephenson* v. *Prim, Kensington* v. *Prim, Stanley* v. *Prim, Kenworthy* v. *Prim, Maclean* v. *Prim, Benn* v. *Prim, Smith* v. *Prim.*

THE hearing was continued to-day of an action in the Probate Division arising out of the will of the late Miss Mary Macalister, of Peebles, who left a legacy of one million pounds "*to the Liberal Party.*"

MR. JUSTICE TOOTH, in his judgment, said: Dead men tell no tales, and it were better sometimes if they made no wills. In the painful case which is now approaching its conclusion the defendant, Mr. Prim, is the executor of a Miss Macalister, and the several plaintiffs are thirteen persons or associations of persons, each of whom asks for a declaration that he is or represents "the Liberal Party" and is therefore the proper recipient of a legacy of one million pounds. The testatrix, an unmarried woman of great age, was active in politics, it appears, at the time of Mr. GLADSTONE's first Home Rule Bill, and since the death of Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN lived the life of a recluse in a mountain cottage. It is therefore not surprising that, out of touch with modern conditions, she did not describe the object of her bounty in terms of greater precision, but it is unfortunate, and testators who have similar bequests in contemplation would do well to provide some indication of the particular Liberal Party which they have in mind, such as a telephone number or a Christian name.

It has been proved in evidence before me that there are five main Liberal Parties, and the relations between them are such that no one of these parties will willingly share a taxi with any other, while each of them has at least one offshoot which is accustomed to foam at the mouth when the parent-body is mentioned. Under these conditions the efforts which I made to bring about a compromise between the parties were naturally unsuccessful, and any proposal for a division of the spoils resulted only in a further division of the Israelites. Indeed, it says much for the sincerity with which these colleagues detest each other that, rather than share a common bank-balance, they would continue cheerfully with thirteen independent overdrafts.

I was asked by Mr. Carruthers, who represents the fourth Parliamentary Liberal Party from the right, to base my decision on considerations of principle, and to say that that Liberal Party is *the* Liberal Party which preserves intact and untarnished on the field the holy banner of the true Liberal faith. But when I adopted this line of inquiry I was disappointed to find that each of the plaintiffs was the one authentic repository, torch and organ-voice of Liberal principle; and, though few of them were so far in agreement as to be able to construct a common catalogue of these principles, all of them were agreed that the other parties had consistently ignored them. Further, though many of them were insistent that principles were everything and persons nothing, the discussion of principles in this Court has invariably led to the most distressing exchange of personalities, for those who attached the most importance to principles were loudest in their denunciation of persons.

Again, I have found it difficult to arrive at any clear definition of political principle. The evidence on the whole goes to show that a man who has made up his mind on a given subject twenty-five years ago and continues to hold to his opinions after he has been proved to be wrong is a man of principle; while he who from time to time adapts his opinions to the changing circumstances of life is an opportunist. One of the plaintiffs, a Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, in his evidence bitterly described a man of principle as "one who religiously keeps to the left in a one-way street," while the witness SIMON, who followed, described the witness GEORGE as one who drives on both sides of the road everywhere. The witness GEORGE said that he had little use for principles which were whiskers and crinolines, and the witness SIMON replied that these, at any rate, were preferable to principles which were naked and unashamed. I asked the witness ASQUITH if the widespread assertion that gentlemen prefer blondes was the kind of generalisation which he had in mind when he spoke of principle. He replied that, if a man of principle had for thirty years of Parliamentary life endured without flinching the honest obloquy of the multitude and the insidious calumny of cabals in the conviction that men of gentle birth are, for the most part, more powerfully attracted by women of fair complexion and light colouring, then it would need more than the occasional spectacle of a public-school man in the embraces of a dark woman to extract from him a recantation of his faith. He added that, though he envied a man (such as the witness GEORGE) who was able to change his mind every ten minutes, for his own part he was unable to achieve any material alteration of opinion in less than ten years. He also said that the chameleon was endowed with the power of changing its colour for the purpose of concealing itself from view, but there were some chameleons who changed so rapidly and often that the only effect was to attract the attention of their enemies.

These observations, however entertaining, have advanced me very little towards a just disposition of the dead woman's property. The plaintiff GEORGE and others invited me to ignore the question of principle and direct my mind to the realities of the situation. They said that the other plaintiffs consisted for the most part of collections of fossils of great age, embedded in the rocks of principle and having none of the attributes of life except a miraculous power of polysyllabic speech, and they argued that it could not have been the intention of the testatrix to leave so much money to a number of talking fossils while there was any Liberal Party which could be said to be actually alive and possessed the substance of popular approval if not the trappings of principle. And this appeared to be a promising line of inquiry, until it was sworn in evidence by the witness RUNCIMAN that the Liberal Parties referred to were supported entirely by Conservatives.

I have therefore turned my attention in another direction, which was suggested by only one of the plaintiffs, a Mr. Smith, of Wimbledon, who confesses frankly that the Liberal Party which he represents is a party of one, but insists nevertheless that it is the only Liberal Party. It has struck me as odd that no one of the distinguished Liberals concerned in this case has used the word Liberty, and had it not been for the obscure Mr. Smith the subject might never have entered my head. But Mr. Smith has argued with some force that there must at one time have been some shadowy connection between the Liberal Party and the idea of Liberty. What is more important, he has called evidence to show that the testatrix, Miss Macalister, was herself an earnest lover and apostle of liberty, resented strenuously all that large body of human actions which may be roughly classed as "interferences," and attached herself to the Liberal Party on the assumption that it stood for freedom, not only in Ireland but in England. Now, in cross-examination the witnesses ASQUITH, GEORGE, GREY, SIMON, RUNCIMAN, and indeed nearly all the plaintiffs, have confessed that they have been guilty from time to time of legislation,



Permanent Red. "AFTER ALL, WHAT IS OUR POSITION IN CHINA, I ASK YOU?"
Neutral Tint. "I DUNNO, MATE, BUT THANK YOU FOR ASKING ME."

or proposals for legislation, of which the main purpose was to make people do something which they did not wish to do, or to prevent people from doing something which they did wish to do. Few of them could point to an item in their legislative programmes which had any other purpose, and, with the single exception of Mr. Smith, they have no legislation to suggest of which the purpose is to allow people to do something which they cannot do already. On the contrary, it appears they are as anxious as any other party in Parliament to make rules and regulations for the eating, drinking, sleeping and breathing of the British citizen. On these grounds, therefore, Mr. Smith has argued that these plaintiffs have not the idea of liberty in the forefront of their political equipment, and do not therefore deserve the name of Liberal as the testatrix understood it; and in my judgment that argument is well founded. Mr. Smith's own programme is simple: (*a*) to propose no legislation unless its purpose is to allow people to do what they like, and (*b*) to support no legislation whose purpose is to stop people from doing what they like.

Here and there, he admitted, good cause being shown, he is prepared to compromise; but that, *prima facie*, is his foundation and beginning. For example, the first measures which he intends to introduce are a Bill to repeal the Marriage Act of 1886, by which a wedding may not take place after three o'clock in the afternoon, a Bill to Allow the Sale of Cigarettes and Chocolate at any Hour at which Anyone is Willing to Sell Them, a Bill for the Institution of the Death Penalty for Police Officers who enter Respectable Night-Clubs Disguised in Evening Dress, and other beneficent, if minor, measures whose purpose is neither to improve, uplift, enrich nor reform the British subject, but to increase by however little his liberty. I have decided therefore that Mr. Smith alone of these plaintiffs has made good his claim to be that Liberal Party which the testatrix had in mind, and an order will be made accordingly. The plaintiffs George and Asquith to pay Mr. Smith's costs.

A. P. H.

"Furn. or Unfurn., substantial Bungalow on Congleton Cloud; 8 rooms, 6 bed."
Provincial Paper.

A castle in the air at last!

GLAD NEWS FOR THE GOURMET.

The romance of food is being realised at last. Food, our leading firms are beginning to recognise, can be as worthy of sympathetic prose as a psychological romance. The firm whose reputation can afford rhapsody is that one which can look its valued customer in the eyes and say, "This is the cheese we supplied to Mr. Gladstone;" or "That, Madam, is a tea to Miss Nightingale's blend." We make our appeal at once to the heart and the stomach; lightly playful yet always deferential, and retaining at the same time an unwavering grip upon the business of selling.



Young Thing (to her Counsel who has won the day for her). "Oh, *do* give me a lock of your curly hair, please."

Dressed Dishes Department.

Sole Charlotte Corday.

A favourite dish of Marat's. Many of the fine flower of France, when dining with the Commune, *en famille*, *en garçon* and *en fille*, were so enraptured with this *plat* that cries of "*A la langouste!*" "*Sacrés entrecôtes!*" and "*Vivent les sanscôtelettes!*" echoed round the table (or *table* as it was then termed).

Whole Sole (twelve persons), 12/6.

Hors d'Œuvre.

Whether you like to pause in silent ecstasy before a shell-pink flake of our tunny-fish, or are of the introspective nature which sombrely values the grey pearls of Astrachan caviare, you will hail our *hors d'œuvre* as *chefs d'œuvre*.

Anchovies.

Our anchovies, cosily curled in silver spirals, won fame at the battle of Passy-le-Poivre (1651).

In slender fancy flagons, 2/6, or in Olde Englysshe Wooddenne Tubbes, 6/-.

Olives.

Our Italian olives, light green like a larch-wood in April, sleeping in finest golden oil from Monte Invidioso, were not unknown to Dante.

Per 8 oz. original old stone jar, 3/9. Per 8 oz. vecchio pozzo di pietra originale, 4/6.

Hams.

Ivory fat which dissolves on the tongue with each slice of short crumbling lean—these are the hams cured in lonely Rapscullion cottages over smouldering fires of peat from the bogs of West Ireland by peasants grown bent in our exclusive service. Eaten with pickled passion-fruit, every impromptu snack becomes a little feast.

Our Rapscullion hams, per lb. 4/-.

Our lonely Rapscullion half-hams, from 15/-.

Teas.

If Napoleon had possessed a larger supply of our Caravan Tea, he simply would not have been able to retreat from Moscow permanently. We can show in our vaults papers that prove he delayed his departure for three days, so entranced was the Man of Destiny with the fragrance of the leaf. So brisk did a farewell cup of this invigorating beverage render the marching of the French troops that a peasant of the vacated area, observing them in retreat across his native river, was inspired with the now immortal Vulgar Boot Song.

Our Siberian Steppe blend, per lb. 7/6.

Our Siberian Two-Steppe blend, per lb., 8/6.

Our Siberian Door-Steppe blend, per lb., 9/6.

The Tea in the 1812 Tins.

Ices.

While the guns of Waterloo were about to boom, fair women and gallant men waltzed the night away at routs



"This animal was called the Triceratops Prorsus."
"Not to its face, I presume."

where water ices, of which we alone hold the recipe, were served. Brussels, famous for its lace, sprouts and carpets, has yet given the world of fashion no better thing than these.

When you give your next big dance you will turn again to us. For do we not freeze ices of muscatel, transparent and delicately intoxicating as a successful lie? Have not our ices given rise to some of the famous *bons mots* of the world?

Witness the following, culled from the famous memoirs of past and present generations:—

His Grace the Duke of Monmouth. Stap me! The *glace* of fashion and the mould of form!

Mrs. Fitzherbert. By George! this is my fourth. After these, Sir, I can retire with a suitable coldness into Brighthelmstone's *domes*ticity.

The Countess of Oxquith. I was looking my very prettiest when I first ate one of your ices.

Our Bombes Make Your Party Go Off.

Wines.

In cities whose clubs are so exclusive as to be practically memberless, there our wines are served.

When the quality returned with full bags from snipe-shooting in Lowndes Marshes (now Square), it was to the rare and wondrous wines from our cellars that, disordered with aristocratic fatigue, they addressed themselves.

If you would wax jocund with magnanimity you will call for a bottle of our Vintage Burgundy, casked in seasoned wood from the murmuring forests of Migraine-en-Tête in the Blotteaux district or from sun-drenched Sailli-le-Silly-Sot.

And those who falter for their lady's favour are braced to confidence, persuasion and a ready wit by a goblet of our Sparkling Escapade.

Our Sherry, per doz., 120/-. With silver pokerette for burning, 160/-. With pokerette engraved with crest, to order, 200/-.

Our Porto Colorado (one thick web), per doz., 240/-. Obscured with more and thicker webs, 300/-. Ditto, ditto, ditto, and with label illegible, 360/-.

Our Cellars Have Bin and Will Be.

Cryptic Counsel.

"Sayings of the Week.

'If some of our friends who are 78 now had been living forty years ago they would have been dead at 68.'—Councillor —— at —— Club."—*Provincial Paper.*

From "Situations Vacant":—

"Boy, age about 15, smart and able to swim; private service."—*Daily Paper.*

As hall-boy in a riverside bungalow, we imagine.

From a Parliamentary report:—

"In a silence so solemn and profound that you could not have heard a pin drop, nor heard a scratch of a fountain pen in the Press Gallery."—*South African Paper.*

It must have been rather disappointing for the young reporter who thought that at last he had a chance of making a noise in the world.

Extract from letter of a laundry company:—

"This article [a towel] has been carefully examined by our Technical Manager, who wishes to state that these holes are razor cuts, and not due to lack of negligence on our part during the washing process."

They seem to have done their best.

WINTER SPORTING.

VI.

My account of the Winter Sporting in which Percival and I have lately indulged has brought me in a large number of letters from earnest inquirers, both in England and Switzerland, asking for further information on the subject. I will devote this week to answering a selection of the more interesting queries.

A. W. (*Muswell*).—A ski is a flat piece of wood much longer and heavier than you think. It is usually made out of sandalwood. No, it has no brakes; perhaps you are thinking of a scooter.

D. B. (*Hants*).—The following is the kit you will require:—

One ski-ing suit (snow-proof),
One pair skis (see answer to *A. W.*),
One pair ski-ing sticks (fool-proof),
One haversack for camera, lunch, bandages and spare parts,
One keg of brandy,
One St. Bernard.

L. W. J.—The word is pronounced as in "ski stoops to conquer."

Ski-er.—It does not sound like a "Telemark." Turning on the back and then slipping sideways out of control is more like an "Immelmann" turn, but this is usually only done by aeroplanes.

Leonard (*St. Moritz*).—(1) It was your own fault for expressing an opinion about her so readily. The fact that a man tells you he is no longer engaged to a girl does not necessarily mean he has broken it off. He may have married her.

(2) Yes, Swiss doctors are good.

Martha (*St. Mürritz*).—No, a proposal in Switzerland is not really considered valid until it has been made three times. Then you are entitled to it.

Claude.—(1) There is no law, Claude, as far as I know, which limits the scope of a man's figure-skating, but for him to cut the words "Claude is a poor hoot" on the hotel skating-rink is, as you say, neither funny nor gentlemanly.

(2) Possibly (if the ice lasted long enough) it is a libel.

(3) By the way, is the statement true? It makes a legal difference.

J. B. P.—From the photograph you send it appears to have been a nasty accident. There is rather too much snow about for me to give a definite opinion, but I should say the owner of the small of the back and the broken ski-ing-stick originally had the right-of-way. The owner of the left leg and ski and the right arm is to my mind in the wrong—or is he two people?

S. G. (*Essex*).—No, it is not necessary to tie red ribbon round your skis to denote that you are a beginner. There are various little signs by which the experienced onlooker can always tell.

Jackie.—No, roller-skates are not good form.

Sportsman (*Tooting Bec*).—Ice hockey is certainly much in vogue, but I have never heard of football on skis.

Enthusiast.—No, not a graceful turn. You look like a stick of barley-sugar.

Etiquette.—You ask the following:—"X, an inexperienced ski-er, drops a ski-ing-stick while pottering down a slope. Y, an expert who skis for England, passing at a very high speed, gets it between his legs and comes down a fair whistling crack. The stick is projected within X's reach once more, and X, without thinking what he is doing, says, "Thanks awfully." What should X do next?" There is only one course open to him. He should rapidly bury himself in the snow and hibernate till April.

Ægbert.—It is a fact that in mountainous country at high altitudes the voice carries considerably further than in the cities of the plain. You should have thought of this, however, before you spoke to the young lady in question. No, I don't know her mother.

A. A.

THE WALL GAME.

Government Departments are proverbially guileless, but there should be limits. I mean, when the telephone authorities provided their call-boxes with plain walls of a light cream colour they should have foreseen the result.

I cannot think that I am peculiar in my objection to conducting business conversations surrounded by this sort of thing:—

Western 234,
I've said it twice before.
Could I have Park 65
If you are still alife?
London Wall 0528,
Take your time, I'd love to wait.
Waltham Cross 6432,
I'll be cross till I get through.

I do not suggest that this is the work of one individual. Possibly some exasperated caller found relief in one specimen and his successors carried on the good work. This is highly probable, for it is painfully catching. I myself once almost—but there is no need to go into that. It was perhaps fortunate that on that occasion there was no vacant inch of wall.

Once only have I detected in these effusions any evidence of thought for others. The author of the following:—

Brother callers, do not weep,
She is not dead but gone to sleep,

had his fellow-sufferers in mind; he even tried to excuse the operator. Not his the hand that perpetrated the enormity in the left-hand corner, where a crudely-outlined headstone commemorates

JOHN BULL,
who died of old age while waiting for his number.

It is superfluous to quote further outrages, they are accessible to all those possessed of eyes. I shall merely endeavour to encourage the authorities by making one or two suggestions, in the hope that some responsible official may visit the dentist and there read *Punch*. I do not of course mean that I hope anybody, even an official, will have to visit the dentist, but it will be painfully familiar to most of us that persons under that unpleasant necessity are enabled, if not compelled, to study *Punch* with a completeness and detachment seldom possible outside and very infrequently bestowed by Government departments upon communications from the public.

(1) All future walls of boxes should be painted black. This would preclude defacement and discourage idle gossip.

(2) The surviving blank walls, if any, might be filled in with helpful maxims for the guidance of callers, after the style of those so thoughtfully included with the earlier directories. Something like this:—

Though we kindly let you call,
Remember, please, this is OUR wall.

The operator has no time to play;
Be brief, be civil and then go away.

Chigwell, Chingford, Sidcup, Sloane
Don't exist for you alone.
Whether it 's Wembley, Thame or Tring,
Patience is a splendid thing.

There must be many unappreciated poets who for a moderate remuneration—need one be more explicit?

(3) If the departmental worship of economy cavils at the slight expense involved in (2), use may be made gratis of quotations from existing works. No additional staff would be required, as one of those ladies who do the knitting in our post-offices could be employed to look up suitable examples. There are plenty of them (examples, I mean) obvious to the poorest intelligence, but here are one or two as a beginning, all by well-known authors and dealing with the telephone:—

"If you can wait and not be tired by waiting."—*Kipling.*

"O me no O's."—*Ben Jonson.*

"Beware the fury of a patient man."—*Dryden.*

"With one hand he put
A penny in."—*Pollok.*

A selection of this kind would make the time pass pleasantly and also promote a lofty tone of moral philosophy.



War-rich Lady (*who has just settled in an old family mansion*). "THERE'S ONLY ONE THING I'M NERVOUS ABOUT HERE—THEY SAY THE PLACE IS HAUNTED."

Caller. "OH, I SHOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT THAT. THE FAMILY WAS ALWAYS MOST EXCLUSIVE; THEY ONLY HAD THE BEST CLASS OF GHOST."

THE GREAT PAPER-CHASE.

THE Labrador Hinterland seemed of small use
In spite of its rivers and forests of spruce,
And no one was anxious to swallow or gulp it
Till somebody whispered, "Why shouldn't we pulp it?"
And started the Mainland and Isle on a race
To secure the control of this coveted place.

'Twas a struggle heroic, for Newfoundland's grip
Was never relaxed on its grant of the slip
Of the Labrador coast and on all it implied—
Which Canada stoutly and strongly denied.
The lawyers rejoiced in the golden profusion
Of fees, but the case never reached a conclusion
Till, by common consent, the contestants referred
The award to headquarters, and left the last word
To the court of appeal that's enthroned in our city,
The old Privy Council's Judicial Committee,
Which has finally handed the Island the prize
Of a tract that exactly quadruples its size.

The issues involved are extremely perplexing,
Though throwing much light on the art of annexing;
For once you establish your claim to a "coast"
The rights that it carries to ruling the roast
Can be legally stretched, so it seems, till they reach
A water-shed seventy miles from the beach.
But two points are clear: both the parties remain,
As they were, still inside the Imperial domain;
While the fact that they asked us at home to decide
Is a proof of their trust and a ground for our pride.



Motorist. "WELL, WHERE WOULD YER LIKE TO GO, FLOSSIE? THERE 'S BEEN A MURDER AT PLOUGHBOROUGH, AN AEROPLANE SMASH AT SLOCOMBE, A GHOST AT GIBBETTS AND A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE AT MEADOWS. WHICH PLACE WOULD YER LIKE TO 'AVE A LOOK AT?"

AUNT ISABEL.

SOMETHING had to be done about Aunt Isabel. I did it.

The Flemish and Belgian pictures have gone now, but the memory of Aunt Isabel stays.

I met her quite suddenly, close to 99; she held the catalogue in her hand.

"How very lucky!" she said. "I've left my *reading*-glasses at home. I want you to tell me exactly what this is about. And please don't drop your voice while you're reading."

It isn't simply that Aunt Isabel knows nothing about Art. I don't really know anything about Art myself. But I do know that we art-lovers aren't really excited about the subject-matter of Old Masters. Either we understand the history and the hagiology so well that we scarcely need refer to them, or else we don't consider them at all. Rhythm, paint, tone, light—yes, but not subject-matter.

In a foreign picture-gallery I don't so much mind. After all, the people standing next to me may be German or Dutch, and even if they are English one despises the other tourists so much that one doesn't really care what they think. But at Burlington House, in loud clear tones——

"Go on," said Aunt Isabel.

Nobody disobeys Aunt Isabel.

"Three scenes," I began as shrilly as possible, "from the life of ST. NICHOLAS. In the first he is standing erect in his bronze bath on the day he was born and giving thanks for being alive."

"On the day he was born?" said Aunt Isabel.

"Yes," I said.

"Poor little mite!" said Aunt Isabel.

I blushed all over.

"In the second," I went on hurriedly, "having inherited the wealth of his parents, he is represented in secular dress at the open window of an impoverished nobleman and about to deposit a bag of gold on the sill."

"Still?"

"Sill. The nobleman with downcast mien is seated in the apartment in which sleep his three now penniless daughters and overcome by the thought that he must sacrifice them to an infamous life as the only means of obtaining food."

"Dear, dear!" said Aunt Isabel, "how terribly sad."

"In the third," I cried aloud, making a rapid abstract, "he is restoring to life some children who had been salted down."

"Been *what?*" said Aunt Isabel.

"Salted down," I repeated. "They were stolen and murdered because of the famine, and packed up in tubs to be eaten. In the picture they are coming out of the tubs quite whole and well."

"How very curious!" said Aunt Isabel.

Everybody was staring at us, of course. I kicked one leg against the other.

"Can't we go on now?" I implored.

Aunt Isabel went on to 100.

"What is happening," she said after peering at it for some time, "to those fish?"

I lifted up my voice again.

"It is ST. ANTHONY of Padua," I began. "Having come to the city of Rimini, where there were many unbelievers, he repaired to the sea-shore. It was a marvellous thing to see how an infinite number of fishes lifted their heads above the water and listened attentively to the sermon of the saint. In the distance those who refuse to listen are seen to doubt, while others are convinced."

"There are only three fishes and all their faces look the same to me," said Aunt Isabel.

"I think it means the people, not the fish," I murmured uncomfortably. "What do you say to going and looking at the Van Dycks?"

I did not want any hostile *émeute* in Burlington House, and I felt we should be safer with the Van Dycks. But I reckoned without my Aunt Isabel.

"Tell me about these three children," she said.

"Oh, but you know them," I protested. "The three children of CHARLES I."

"Read me," said Aunt Isabel sternly, "what the catalogue says."

"VAN DYCK," I babbled, "had already painted the royal children in the entrancing group of 'One Collie Dog and Three Children,' now at Turin. Apparently the QUEEN disapproved of the painter's not having given the children aprons or pinners, so she had them painted again. In this group the PRINCE OF WALES has been promoted from long skirts to a yellow silk doublet and breeches, with a broad lace collar and has left off his child's cap."

"Dear little fellow!" said Aunt Isabel. "Go on."

Scarcely anybody near us, I noticed, was looking at the pictures now.

"Princess MARY," I continued, "here stands in blue silk and a pinner, and is more sedate and self-conscious than in the picture at Turin. Between them now stands the infant Duke of YORK wearing a white pinner."

"Why," said Aunt Isabel, having given due attention to the masterpiece, "does it say 'pinner,' and not 'pinafore'?"

"I don't know," I groaned.

Hastily shuffling through the leaves of the catalogue I had a sudden inspiration.

"Aunt Isabel," I said hoarsely, "there's one picture I particularly want you to come and see. I'm perfectly certain you'd like it." And I led her right through to Gallery VII., and halted her in front of "*Le Bonnet Rouge.*"

"Well," she queried a little tartly, "what is all this about?"

"It's an interior," I said, "the interior of a country inn. On the left three men are playing cards, and two others stand by the fire-place."

"Who are the men?" asked Aunt Isabel.

"Merely men. On the wall above hangs the drawing of 'A Man.'"

"What man?"

"Just 'A Man,'" I answered. "On the right is another man."

"Is *he* anybody?"

"No," I said, "just another man, sitting on a chair, so the catalogue says. Two other men are smoking, and a woman is looking in at an upper window."

"Who is the woman," said Aunt Isabel.

"Nobody knows," I told her. "Isn't it sad?"

"Isn't the picture about anything?"

"Nothing whatever."

"Why is it called '*Le Bonnet Rouge*'?"

"Because the man by the cask has a red cap."

"Hum!" said Aunt Isabel.

But her spirit was broken, and a few minutes later she allowed me to lead her away quietly to tea. EVOE.



Little Boy (pointing to unfortunate skater who has just crashed through ice). "NOW YOU CAN GET A GOOD LOOK AT THEM, MUMMY—THAT 'S THE KIND OF SKATES I WANT."

A Middlemen's Trade Union.

"HANKOW.—Chinese monks, nuns and priests have formed a union and are demanding union rates for offering prayers. They paraded through the streets of the Concessions to-day with banners, incense and music, notifying the public of an increase in prayer rates."—*North China Daily Paper.*

In Argentina—

"The elections . . . are in part responsible for the paralisation of business."

Monthly Paper.

But they have stirred our contemporary to the discovery of a nice new word.

AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

ADVICE TO A BRILLIANT JOURNALIST.

(*See Sir FRANCIS ACLAND'S letter in "The Times" of March 2nd.*)

TAKE a pen, a dozen pens,
Write with colour, write *staccato;*
Peal your Bens, your Biggest Bens,
But, oh, stop short of *Ben Trovato!*

From the report of a Guardians' meeting:—

"Mr. J.—— said he opposed the donkey and cart owing to the cost of upkeep, which would be £20 a pear at least."—*Provincial Paper.*

Carrots would be cheaper.

"It is pleasing to know an old —— School boy is in the Cambridge crew this year——, now at First Trinity College, Cambridge."—*Provincial Paper.*

When did "First" acquire a local habitation as well as a name?

After a description of the forthcoming total eclipse of the sun on June 29th:—

"A party of 600 London schoolboys, accompanied by masters, will visit Aysgarth on June 30th for the purpose of observing the sun's eclipse."—*Provincial Paper.*

Senior Master. "Sorry, boys; the eclipse was yesterday. We must try again in 1999."



Friend. "I AGREE WITH YOU THAT THERE ARE MANY PLACES ONE WOULD NEVER VISIT WITHOUT A CAR. THIS, FOR INSTANCE, IS ONE."

MURDERS AND MOTIVES.

WE were talking about country-house parties when the weather is bad and conversation flags. For if it has been too wet for golf, how can a man relate the misadventures that beset him at the fifth hole or his triumphs at the seventh? Bridge, of course, is useful between meals, but at meals there can be serious silences, particularly among those whose luck is out.

"Let me tell you," said little Mrs. ffolliott, "of a scheme that I invented. You may all have it if you like. It's perfect. Last year we had a party in Scotland and it rained all the time, as one might have expected. Indeed, as I did expect, and that is why I took such pains to make it a success."

She paused to give someone the opportunity of saying earnestly, "Do tell us."

As a matter of fact we all said it.

Little Mrs. ffolliott composed herself happily to hold the floor.

"Just before leaving for Scotland," she said, "I went to the booksellers' and asked what was the very latest detective novel. They showed me several old ones. 'No,' I said, 'I don't mean these; I have read these. I want one that was published yesterday or won't be published till to-morrow—absolutely new;' and at last they found one. It was not to be on sale till two days later, but they let me have a dozen copies. I remember the title and the author perfectly, although it was last year: *The Mystery of Grewsam Grange*, by Avery Cross Traylor."

"I've read that," said half-a-dozen voices at once.

"Of course you have," said Mrs. ffolliott, "but the point is that no one had read it then."

"Isn't that the story," asked the bishop, "in which the murderer turns out to be the maiden aunt?"

"That's the one," we exclaimed.

"It seemed to me," said the bishop, "highly improbable: more than improbable, unfair. There was no motive, and a motive there must be. My theory is that murderers should be murderers, whereas this estimable lady would never have hurt a fly. I doubt if it is playing the game to make the guilty person a fundamentally innocuous one like that, just to put readers off the scent."

"True," said Mrs. ffolliott, who was getting a little restive under this interruption, "but if readers weren't put off the scent there would be very little in my scheme, and that's why *The Mystery of Grewsam Grange* was so useful. You see, this is what I did: I had those twelve copies cut up into chapters, and each chapter separately bound and lettered; and, having discovered that none of my guests had read the book—except one meek little man, and I swore him to secrecy—I distributed Chapter I. on the day of their arrival, with injunctions that it was to be read before dinner. Read; no skipping. What was the result? As they all had the same absorbing topic of conversation, dinner was one long and successful clash or harmony of theories as to the probable course of events."

Mrs. ffolliott paused for praise and got it.

"When they went to bed," she continued, "they found Chapter II. in their rooms. And so on through the week, the sections were carefully distributed. I kept them myself under lock and key, and such was the excitement that I had to hide the key for fear of theft. The man who had read the story in London was so pestered for private information that he arranged for a telegram to be sent to himself and left. Everybody joined in; even Percy, who has never been known to read anything but *The Times*. But," added little Mrs. ffolliott, "it's astonishing how, when you come to detective stories, the dullest men, City men, shooting men, even hunting men, can display literary taste."

A murmur of doubt, led by the bishop, ran round the company.

"Well, at any rate," Mrs. ffolliott amended, "curiosity concerning the printed word."

"Better," said the bishop approvingly.

"You never heard such a rattle as we used to have at lunch and dinner," Mrs. ffolliott resumed: "and I don't know what the servants would have thought if they had not known about it, for there was nothing but murders and motives all the time. But as a matter of fact the butler was playing too, for it

seems that my maid gave him one of the extra copies."

"Did many of your guests guess the guilty party?" the bishop inquired.

"Oh, yes; two or three. But only, I think, out of perversity. They agreed with you," said little Mrs. ffolliott, "that to make it the maiden aunt was not quite the thing."

"Indeed no," said the bishop, "most reprehensible."

"I was sorry for the little man who had to leave," Mrs. ffolliott went on. "The perfect way, of course, would be to get one of the swell authors to write one a special story—CONAN DOYLE or AUSTIN FREEMAN or J. W. CROFTS or Mrs. CHRISTIE—and then there would be no possible chance of anyone knowing the end. But only a millionaire could do that."

"No need to buy the work completely," I suggested. "You could acquire merely the country-house rights."

"I didn't know there were such things," said Mrs. ffolliott.

"Nor I," I replied; "but I don't see why there shouldn't be. It would be an additional source of income for necessitous novelists."

The bishop rose. "I am afraid I must be going," he said. "Of course you all know the earliest form of detective story? No? You will find it in the Apocrypha—the story of SUSANNA and the Elders; its hero, DANIEL, was the first detective." E. V. L.

SHAKESPEARE AT BLACKHEATH.

A WEEK or so ago, during the performance of *Macbeth* at the Princes, our Rugger reporter was observed to be making such copious notes upon his programme that we may expect his next report to read something like the following:—

Where the place? Upon the heath.

At 2.30 prompt *many unrough youths that even now protest their first of manhood . . . steep'd in the colours of their trade . . . began a dismal conflict.* From the first scrum the ball was whipped to one of the home centres, who, cutting through, had a clear field. "Go on," shouted the captain. "*Thou art so far before that swiftest wing . . . is slow to overtake thee.*" First try to Blackheath. Soon the ball was sent towards the full-back, who murmured, "*I'll catch it ere it come to ground;*" but the opposing forwards *do swarm upon him.* "*My man is down,*" the skipper groans. The excitement becomes intense . . . "*There's but one down!*" . . . "*He hath not touched!*" . . . "*Now they rise again!*" . . . *But all's too weak;* the opponents have scored. 'Tis half-time and *both sides are even.*

On the resumption of the game play waxed hot and furious. The Heathens' heftiest forward *like valour's minion carved out a passage* and carried the ball well down the field. "*This push will cheer me ever,*" uttered the captain. Stoppages were now frequent, for many garments were *untimely ripped.* Hereabouts the home team's outside-half side-stepped the opposing "threes" and came to the full-back. "Here is an obstacle," he thought, "*on which I must fall down, or else o'erleap, for in my way it lies.*" Likewise the full-back, full of resolution. . . . "*He that's coming must be provided for.*" "*I charge you,*" bellowed the half-back. "*You stop our way . . . Take thy face hence!*" . . . and with a smart hand-off he left the back dazed and muttering, "*Come, let me clutch thee; I have thee not and yet I see thee still.*" *Arm against arm* the merry game continued, with Blackheath now overwhelmingly superior. Outside-half and centre scored tries in quick succession. "*Thrice to mine and thrice to thine,*" reckoned the centre; "*and thrice again to make up nine.*"

The final whistle blew . . . *the hurly-burly's done and the battle lost and won.* As no tries were converted the score ran: Blackheath, 9 tries; Opponents, 1 try.



Small Girl (with Brother). "GOOD MORNING, AUNTIE. DICK AND I HAVE COME TO WISH YOU HAPPY RETURNS OF YOUR BIRTHDAY. I MADE HIM."



Club Member. "WE HAVE ONE OR TWO RATHER CHARMING PEOPLE COMING HERE TO-MORROW. IF YOU *DO* HAPPEN TO BE DISENGAGED WE SHOULD BE SO DELIGHTED——"

Super-Lizard. "THANKS; WE 'LL SEE. BUT LADY GOLDBERG HAS AN OPTION ON ME FOR THE EVENINGS, WHICH SHE CAN CALL UP TO EIGHT O'CLOCK. SO WE 'LL HAVE TO LEAVE IT AT THAT."

THE CONVENT GARDEN.

(South India.)

THE convent stands on the Indian hills
With a smiling face to a sunlit south,
By a singing river that swirls and spills
Over the ghats to the lowland drouth;
Out on the plains the colours harden
From gold to ochre, from blue to grey;
But it 's green and soft in the convent garden
Any hour of the day.

The convent garden 's a haunt of peace,
For it 's set in a land where peace was born,
Where the clouds sail over like silver fleece—
Rosy at evening, opal at morn;
A land where the great hills, softly-wooded,
Whisper that all good things endure,
Shining at noon, at night cloud-hooded,
Comforting, kind, secure.

Here in the garden the nuns will sit,
Their eyes to the south and their thoughts to home,
And homeward their varying fancies flit
To Brussels or Paris, Florence or Rome,
Till sun and cloud and the shadow-races
Magic the known familiar view
To visions of old remembered places
These wandering fancies knew.

For Mother Cecilia the Apennines
And the little towns of good ST. FRANCIS;
For Sister Marie olives and vines
And the Côte d'Azur where the heat-haze dances;
For Mother Antony, brown as a berry
With long, long years of the suns of Hind,
A moment's glimpse of the crags of Kerry,
A taste of the Galway wind.

Mother Cecilia 's been toiling here
Since her last home-leave in nineteen-five;
Sister Marie 's beginning to fear
She 'll never go back to Provence alive;
And Mother Antony keeps on thinking:
"This year; next——" but there 's work to do,
And Ireland 's sinking, sinking, sinking
Into the westward blue.

But memory 's pleasant and dreaming 's sweet,
And it 's warm and quiet by the convent wall,
And each is glad of the garden-seat
And the comforting view that serves for all,
Where subtle colour and rare engraving,
Slants of sun and shadows astir
Picture for each what her eyes are craving—
The land that was home to her.

H. B.

From a weather-chart:—

"Temperatures and rainfall are the highest and lowest in the periods 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. and 6 P.M. to 9 A.M. respectively. Sunshine is from sunrise to sunset."—*Morning Paper.*

"Another glimpse of the obvious," says the correspondent who sends us the above cutting. But is it?



THE NEW SPIRIT OF INDUSTRY.

BALDWIN (*Mrs. Britannia's Butler*). "WELL, MY MAN, SO YOU WANT MORE WORK, EH? NOW WHAT CAN YOU DO?"

CORONETED APPLICANT. "I'D BE GRATEFUL FOR ANY LITTLE JOBS ABOUT THE UPPER 'OUSE, SIR; BILL-TRIMMIN' OR SUCHLIKE—SO LONG AS I GET IT REGULAR."

[In the House of Lords last week a discussion took place on the faulty arrangement of public business; and many Peers complained that in the early part of the Session the House had nothing to do, and was called upon in its last few days to deal with a mass of Bills, without proper time for their consideration.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, February 28th.—The British reply to President COOLIDGE's proposal for a new disarmament conference was read by the PRIME MINISTER. Acceptance was a foregone conclusion, and all the Dominions had written concurring in the Note except the Irish Free State, whose reply had not yet been received. The Government is however satisfied that the Irish Navy will not prove a stumbling-block in the way of world peace.

Captain HACKING will go down to posterity as the Alsatians' friend. He not only declined to "place severe restrictions on the owners of these animals," as urged by Mr. BECKETT, but assured the House that Alsatians are not the only dogs that bite. To this policy of letting *all* dogs delight to bark and bite Mr. BECKETT opposed the point that the Alsatian is half a wolf. Not so, explained Captain HACKING. The Alsatian was called a wolf-dog because it protected the sheep from the wolves. The notion of Captain HACKING as a sort of super-watch-dog protecting the lamb-like Alsatian from the wolfish Mr. BECKETT seemed rather to intrigue the House.

Colonel WOODCOCK asked the SECRETARY FOR WAR if he had considered the advisability of abolishing the Territorial brigade staffs. Captain KING, who had considered it unfavourably, said that these staffs consisted only of a brigade commander and one clerk. Members looked at each other in blank amaze. They had never heard of such a staff. Sir SAMUEL HOARE shuddered. Other Ministers scarcely concealed their annoyance. Visions of a Minister rising to announce that "the staff of the Circumlocution Office now consists of a departmental chief and one clerk" floated before the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

In Committee Mr. HAYDAY referred to the Washington Hours Convention. Major HILLS and Lord H. CAVENDISH-BENTINCK from the Conservative Benches and Miss BONDFIELD and Mr. T. JOHNSTON from the Labour side besought the MINISTER OF LABOUR to announce that the Government had decided to ratify the Convention. Lady ASTOR then lent her voice to the petition, at the same time announcing herself as one of the "ginger group" of Conservative social reformers.

Sir A. STEEL-MAITLAND gave no sign that the ginger had penetrated his soul. He explained that it had been found necessary to have a Conference to decide on what exactly the wording of the Convention meant. Apparently the Conference decided on what the word "work" meant. "Then why delay?" demanded Lord H. CAVENDISH-BENTINCK. The MINISTER said the noble lord had not been paying attention. The noble lord said he had been paying lots of attention. The MINISTER said then the noble lord's mental operations proceeded slowly. The noble lord said the MINISTER was being grossly offensive. Sir A. STEEL-MAITLAND withdrew the remark absolutely, and then relapsed into a cautious vagueness which caused Captain MACMILLAN to declare that the Minister had "made a speech which was not intended to have any particular meaning."

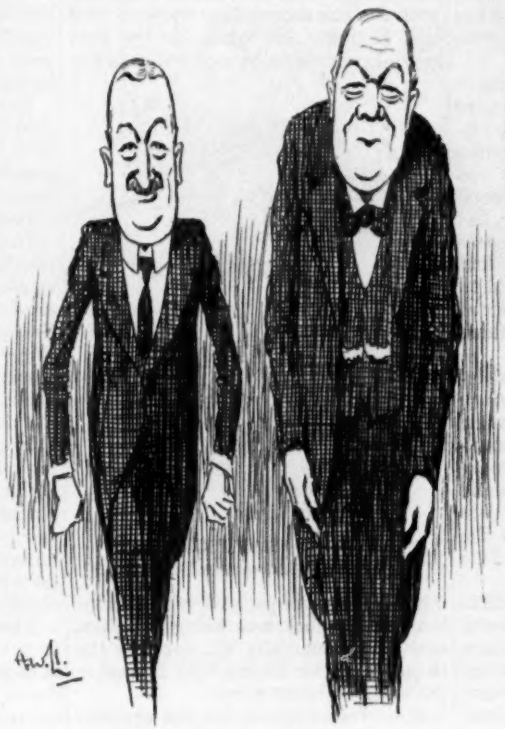
Tuesday, March 1st.—To-day the House of Lords took one long shuddering look at itself in the glass and burst into tears. It was Lord BURNHAM who launched the Chamber on its orgy of melancholy introspection. He asked the Government if it would consider setting up one or more Standing Committees of the House to which all Bills should stand referred on being read a second time unless they were expressly proposed for consideration by Committee of the whole House.

Lord BURNHAM said their proceedings had become a Parliamentary scandal. Measures severely censured by H.M. judges for want of clearness had become law without the House having had a proper opportunity of amending them. It was said that they would never get Peers to attend Grand Committees, but he did not think so meanly of their Lordships' spirit of self-sacrifice.

Lord CARSON thought as meanly of it and said so. There were seven hundred Peers, he said, and only about fifty or

DISTORTING MIRRORS IN THE LORDS.

["The House of Lords took one long shuddering look at it elf in the glass."]



The Long View.
LORD BURNHAM AND LORD HALDANE.



The Broad View.
LORD CARSON.

sixty did anything. When anyone put down a motion there were mutterings of "What a bore! I wish the fellow would stop." Nobody took the business of the House seriously, and it was looked upon as a terrible fatality if anything should go on after seven o'clock.

Lord HALDANE deplored that debates on Bills in their Lordships' House were so often an idle ceremony. Lord SALISBURY, holding his pocket-handkerchief before his streaming eyes, like the *Carpenter*, complained that the Second Chamber was a revising Chamber, but it didn't revise and wasn't allowed to revise. Bills came to them in a foul condition of drafting, and they had to decide either to waste the time spent on them in another place or pass them as they stood.

Other noble Lords joined in the doleful chorus, but with some uncertainty as to what was the cause of the trouble or the precise remedy. Lord LINCOLNSHIRE thought they ought to have more Bills. Lord BANBURY felt they should have fewer Bills.

An unproductive Jeremiad! In the cold language of *The Times'* report "the matter was dropped."

The Commons got an idea of the value of the crossword puzzle as a source of public revenue from the answer to a question by Mr. BETHEL. In two districts of London alone, the POSTMASTER-GENERAL said, something like thirteen million such letters were handled in a month.

The Trade Union Congress, the General Federation of Trade Unions and Mr. HANNON all want the shilling divided into ten pence. At present, as everybody knows, it is divided into twelve pence, but also divides quite easily into four-pennorth of whatever it is you want and three pence change. Mr. CHURCHILL said that the difficulty, as envisaged by the Royal Commission on Decimal Coinage, was to ascertain who was to get the odd two pence.

The House gave further attention to the Poor Law Emergency Provisions (Scotland) Bill and a Second Reading to the Police Appeals Bill. The latter measure won such eulogistic pæans from all sides of the House that Captain HACKING'S ears positively tingled. Police dogs and policemen have an equal share in his affections. Mr. CAMPBELL STEPHEN also congratulated the SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND, a little ironically, perhaps, on being allowed in this Session to put a Bill on the Statute Book.

Wednesday, March 2nd.—Lord GORELL moved the Second Reading of a Law of Libel Amendment Bill identical with the one dropped for want of time last Session. He spoke for the poor scribbler liable to be mulcted in heavy



"WHO SAID 'RATIFICATION'?"
LORD HENRY CAVENDISH-BENTINCK.

damages by some plaintiff who claimed that he (or she) was being identified with the scoundrelly Mr. Jones or the impossible Miss Brown who figured in the author's latest novel.

Lord DARLING said he had opposed the previous Bill, but would support this one, because it threw upon the author the onus of proving that no reference to the plaintiff was intended. Calling attention to the fact that it was libel to publish anything, in writing or pictures, that held anybody up to ridicule or contempt, his Lordship drily observed that they "all knew persons who were greatly esteemed who made drawings once a week which held other people up to some amount of ridicule."

In the Commons Mr. MCNEILL moved the Second Reading of the Forestry Bill. The Bill, he said, gave power to appoint two more Forestry Commissioners and to make by-laws to protect afforested areas.

In opposing the Bill Mr. T. JOHNSTON pointed out that in this country forestry employed between two and three thousand men, and in India six million, in Germany over a million, and in France thirty thousand in one Department alone. Yet this country had a million-and-a-half people unemployed.

It having been urged, *contra*, that the Forestry Commission was now planting more trees than any country in the world, that the public's "right of perambulation among the mountains" was being in no way curtailed and that no agricultural land was being "stolen" for arboriculture, the Bill got its Second Reading by a substantial majority.

Thursday, March 3rd.—Bolshevism is a "rotten thing." Its avowed aim is to make the rest of the world as rotten as itself. Its immediate objective is to breed and disseminate rot in the fabric of the British Empire. The Soviet Government has been pursuing this object relentlessly and in flat violation of its agreement not to do so.



"YES, MADAM, THAT'S MY BABY!"
SIR ROBERT HORNE AND SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN.

All this was made clear in Parliament last night, forthrightly in the House of Commons, somewhat bleatingly in the Lords. It was a matter of agreement on all sides of both Houses. Agreement however, went no further. Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR, who opened the debate, expressed the Liberal view, restated later by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, and elsewhere by Lords GREY and READING, that the Bolshevik will go on Bolshevizing no matter what we say or do, and that the best thing is to go on doing any business with him that can be done in the hope that trade relations would "gradually undermine the foundations of Soviet rule."

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE dilated on the anti-Bolshevik speeches made by certain Cabinet Ministers and declared that the man who invited another man to do business with him and



CHILDHOOD OF GREAT MEN.

Oliver Cromwell refuses a bauble on his fifth birthday.

then ran out in the street and called him a murderer, an assassin and a thief, was a mental case.

Sir Robert Horne put the case for the "Clear out the Reds" faction. He admitted that he had expected much from the trade agreement (of which he was himself the negotiator), but had changed his mind. America, which had consistently treated the Soviet Government as a sort of pariah, was getting more Russian business than we were.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who was more effective than usual, asked the House to remember that Soviet mentality was a "reaction from Siberia and the knout." Having made merry over a circular he had received which began "Dear Madam," and invited him to contribute to the "Clear Out the Reds" campaign, he declared that the Soviet Government could duplicate practically every accusation made against it. The matter, he said, could not be left where it was. They should "put down the points specifically, argue them out, reason them out, and negotiate."

The Foreign Secretary, restated the case against the Soviet Government, largely in the words of Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Snowden, and justified the Note as giving Moscow an opportunity to mend its ways. The Liberal motion was defeated by 271 votes to 146.

SOMEWHERE IN VAR.

II.

When the sun really did come out at the Paradise of Flowers on the Slopes of the Moors it came out very much as it does at home, if at all; it came out in bits. This aroused in Enderby all the sporting island blood.

"We are here," he said, "as I understand, to loaf in the sun, and loaf in the sun we must. Practically speaking, the sun is what we are paying for in our bills."

The result was that whenever, looking out of his window above the Mediterranean he noticed a bit of sunshine gleaming on a mimosa-tree at the end of the drive or shining on a rock down by the seashore, he used to shout, "Come along! Hurry up, all of you! Don't let's miss that little piece of sun-bathing over there!"

And out we would pour, hell for leather like a fox-hunt, to sit down in the spot he had discovered for us, only to find when we reached it that the sun had moved away and got lost in the clouds again, after which we all trooped happily home and waited for the next "view halloo."

The game was complicated by the fact that in the South of France in February one has to deal with weather ranging from the Arctic to the semi-tropical, so that in galloping after the sun we each carried with us two overcoats, a muffler and a woollen pull-over dangling about us or trailing along the ground, besides the parasols and cushions which we intended to use if we came up with the sun in time to sit underneath it. This was particularly awkward if the sun happened to be for the moment at a distant part of the seashore, because there were so many rocks to scramble over. But Enderby was obdurate, indefatigable.

"Just time for a good bask over there," he would say, pointing to a spot about half-a-mile along the coast, and, leaping over the boulders, we would follow him, dragging our spare wardrobe along the yellow sands, and sometimes in the translucent pools. When one thought of all the quiet simple folk in dear foggy old London, basking in their ultra-violet rays—— but there.

On the first completely fine day Enderby got up very early and came and battered at our door.

"We must take advantage of this," he said. "I have found a beautiful little town called Cogolin on the map, and I propose that we all walk over the hills to it, have lunch there and come back by train."

"What is the use," asked Natasha, "of walking over the hills?"

"We get more of the sun that way," he explained.

"Why?" I asked.



Father. "What on earth have you put a red ribbon on the new pony's tail for? He doesn't kick, does he?"
Son (*sotto voce*). "Of course not. But don't give it away, Dad. It does so help to get through the gates."

"Because we get nearer to it."

This seemed unanswerable.

However, as soon as we started it became clear that Enderby had put the sunshine all in the wrong place, for it shone directly behind our backs, so that we saw even less of it than on previous days, and only knew it was there by the melting sensation in the spine.

When I blamed Enderby for this, he said that I could walk backwards if I liked; anything was less trouble than to rearrange the hills. But I had my revenge a little later on.

Enderby lost the way.

It was not very surprising, perhaps. The first portion of any route over the Slopes of the Moors is easy enough to find. It leads by the little houses of the jonquil and violet cultivators, who rush out angrily with two dogs barking at their heels, and shout after one that there is no passage and that it is impossible to go. Always it seems to be one of the principal pleasures of a Frenchman to tell the English that something they have just done is impossible to do. The real trouble when one has passed the jonquil and violet zone is not that there is no path, but a plethora. We began to hunt paths as eagerly as on other days we had hunted the sun. A moist and merry pastime. Sometimes almost at the same moment we would each of us strike into a different path, exclaiming confidently that it must be the way. And Mrs. Enderby was often so earnestly convinced about her paths that she would disappear altogether amongst the broom and rock-roses and *bruyère*, and had to be discovered by a rescue-party and brought back before we could go on. She also had the trying habit of perceiving birds at the most critical moments and insisting on looking at them through field-glasses, or making us all stop to listen to their notes, so that we forgot whether the path we were on was the one we had struck into in the hope we might be right, or the one that we were coming back from because we knew it must be utterly wrong; while Natasha spent most of her time collecting roots and herbs and bits of earth and putting them into a bag, with the idea of planting them in a rock-garden, if she really decided to make one, when she got home. Natural history, as I pointed out to both of them, is a serious work. It is not the pursuit of mere pleasure-loving idlers who intend to dawdle over a mountain in order to trifle with a bit of lunch.

The evening before, for instance, I had been only too willing to discuss with them whether the noise which was filling the air outside the hotel was being made by a tree-cricket or a tree-frog, or the *chef* trying to yodel, as Enderby rather absurdly maintained, or by the chauffage in the water-pipes. But to-day it was our duty to loaf.

Towards noon, when we had nearly given up hope, we found a small hut in a clearing. Enderby volunteered to go and ask the way.

"There is a man there," he said, returning after a few moments, "with a dog and a gun. Unfortunately he happens to be mad."

"What did you ask him?" I said.

"Whether there was a path to Cogolin. He only said, '*Comment*,' and shook his head. I asked him again, and he said it was forbidden to hunt for paths."

"Let me try," said Mrs. Enderby.

In a few moments she beckoned us on through the underwood.

"By the way, what word did you use for a path?" she inquired of her husband.

"The ordinary word."

"What ordinary word?"

"*Sanglier.*"

"'*Sentier*' is the Provençal patois," she said sweetly. '*Sanglier*' means a wild boar."

"All the same," said Natasha consolingly, "it *was* rather nice for him to be mistaken for a hunter of boars."

I looked at the sun.

"We shall be lucky," I said, "if we get as much as a ham-sandwich to-day."

Suddenly, through a gap in the cork forest, Cogolin, lying plainly beneath us, was seen. With glad cries we plunged down towards it. It was not so near as it seemed. It kept getting lost in the forest like a wild boar. Everyone who sighted Cogolin was instructed to shout. When at last we reached the foot of the hill we found a river at our feet.

"There's no bridge," said Enderby.

"Nothing," I murmured, "escapes the eye of these great *chasseurs*."

We took off our socks, our stockings and our shoes. The water round my shins was delightfully cool.

In crossing the river I slipped on a large stone and sat down. The water round my waist was annoyingly cold. There was a sudden burst of laughter in the woods behind my back.

"What on earth was that?" I said crossly, coming to land.

Mrs. Enderby had her field-glasses glued to her eyes.

"A yaffle," she said. "A green woodpecker."

"Not that I blame it for smiling," said Enderby. "It could never have expected you to do it quite so funnily as that."

"If you were to carry my bag now," said Natasha, looking at my dripping clothes, "I think it would prevent my flowers from dying."

"Always the Riviera lounge lizard," I said, accepting it with a graceful bow.

Enderby looked at his watch.

"There's just time," he said, "to catch the train at Cogolin if we run."

We set off at a brisk trot along the flat and dusty road.

"A glorious piece of loafing," I said to Enderby as we panted four abreast into the little station, "for our first full day in the sun." EVOE.

"LOOKING BACKWARD.

EVENTS OF FIFTY YEARS AGO IN LANCASHIRE.

FEBRUARY 22, 1977.—It was stated at a meeting of the Burnley Board of Guardians that there were more cases of desertion in the township of Habergham Eaves than in the whole of Burnley."—*North-Country Paper.*

Let us hope that during the next half-century Habergham Eaves will decide not to earn this dubious reputation.



Young Gallant. "GIVE US YER FOURPENCE NOW, LIZ. I 'ATES TO SEE A GIRL PAY FOR 'ERSELF."

"ANTI-VIVISECTION BILL.

The opposition roused by the decision of the Royal Society for the Protection of Cruelty to Animals to change its policy and become an anti-vivisection society has induced the Society to reverse its decision and to withdraw its support from the Dogs' Protection Bill."
Morning Paper.

What else could be expected from a Society with that name?

"Considerable stir is being caused . . . by a recent appointment . . . and assertions of 'petticoat influence' are being freely made."
Sunday Paper.

In these days such an accusation is surely *vieux jeu*, or rather *vieux jupon*.

"DEPLACEMENTS ET VILLEGIATURES

LORD BEAVER-CROOK

Lord Beavercrook, propriétaire du 'Daily Express' et du 'Sunday Express,' passera avec quelques amis un mois dans la Haute Egypte."—*Egyptian Paper.*

We observe and deplore the "déplacement."

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"The recent flotation of a large company to exploit the euphorbia trees of the eastern districts of the Cape Colony is another example of the old saying 'semper aliquid novi ex Africa' (always a new liquid out of Africa)."
East Africa Paper.

"These words were spoken by an Englishman, and were enough, as I told him, had they been heard by American ears, to provide a casus bellum between the two countries."
Daily Paper.

"The bridgeroom, instead of declaring 'with all my worldly goods, I thee endow,' declares 'all my worldly goods I with thee share.'"
Far Eastern Paper.

Judging by our experience of bridge-rooms the latter version is at least a shade less inaccurate than the former.

A Bridge Courtship.

He. One Heart.
She. Double.
He. Three Diamonds.
She. Content.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE GREATER LOVE" (PRINCES).

IN this dramatically effective piece Mr. J. B. FAGAN has a good, strong, simple story to tell, and tells it well—so well that I hope the unromantic stage superstition, to the effect that any play with the word "love" in its title is foredoomed to failure, will be finally disposed of. The action takes place in a provincial Russian town in 1905. Defeat by Japan, the consequent mutinies and assassinations, with the hopes of the Liberals expressing themselves in renewed and more hopeful agitation—all this has made the Government nervous and the political police active. Mr. FAGAN, by the way, exercising a dramatist's licence, assumes the Duma already in existence. It is certainly a moment in history in which dramatic situations present themselves freely.

The scene opens in the hall of *Count Ivan Sergevitch Pestoff's* commodious but heavily-mortgaged mansion in Vladimir. Mr. FAGAN, not disdaining to take a hint from his TCHEHOV productions, disposes about the stage various detached folk, some burbling and rumbling (OFF or half-OFF) about general strikes, others staring gloomily into the samovar or rating the servants or keening in an impersonal way up and down the parquet. All this for atmosphere's sake, which duly created we leave the Russia of irrelevant speculation and inaction for a breathless and exciting run among the old properties of Muscovite romance, secret police, house-to-house visitations, mysterious official envelopes, debts of honour, wild passions, extorted consents, burnt documents, betrayals, condemnations, and at last the long desolate trail to Siberia.

Count Ivan Pestoff is flirting with Liberalism. The mysterious strike committee meets at his house. The police know of the committee, but not the names of its members or its meeting-place, which surprised me, as the conspirators seemed a guileless lot. *Nadeshda Ivanovna*, the daughter of the house, betrothed to that handsome die-hard, *Captain Kaulbach*, and her brother, *Vassili Ivanovitch*, the poet, whose inspiring numbers are lisped by starving peasants and disgruntled artisans, know of their father's activities but have no share in them. *Vassili* indeed has given up the writing- for the gaming-table, and owes ten thousand good pre-war roubles to that starkly-bearded, ruthlessly efficient and ambitious *Colonel Tzaloff*, who, says rumour, has cast a passionate eye on his lovely sister, *Nadeshda*.

It is *Tzaloff* who, in the course of a house-to-house visitation by the military, brings his search-party to *Pestoff's* house, impounds a few innocent documents—the others have been burned—reprimands *Kaulbach*, who, already under a cloud for certain errors of judgment in the matter of vodka when on active service, has stolen a few moments with his *Nadeshda* from urgent home-duty, indicates to the young woman that he proposes to possess her and always gets what he proposes, delicately hints to the embarrassed *Vassili* that the names of the famous Strike Committee, enclosed in an official envelope, will be worth quite ten thousand roubles (another surprise) from an anxious Government, and stalks out to his waiting sleigh. We are obviously meant to keep our eyes on *Tzaloff*.

It would be unfair to the cook who has prepared this pretty kettle of fish to disclose the later processes of the cooking. The result is a highly-seasoned and, I dare prophesy, popular dish. The instructed will guess that the alternative of her own or her brother's dishonour is offered to the distressed *Nadeshda*, and that *Tzaloff*, because Mr. BASIL GILL plays the part, will rise to unexpected heights of generosity, and that all will end on a note of happiness—if somewhat sombrely, as befits the Russian scene.

The plot is complex but very deftly handled; the course of the action is made clear; the difficulties are resolved without insulting our intelligence. Miss SYBIL THORNDIKE has an admirably theatrical part as *Nadeshda*. Her work is so interesting and so carefully prepared that it invites the compliment of serious criticism. It seems to me that *Nadeshda*, who was a girl of spirit and intelligence, would have been a little less pale and wan, a little less hysterical and more resourceful in her bargaining scene. Of course I quite see that I might change my mind—with my sex—if I had a similar interview with a passionate and unscrupulous Russian Colonel in a locked room in a Kremlin. And certainly she made her effects. At any rate I found Mr. GILL'S more restrained method much more moving, and he had every opportunity of "playing heavy." His *Tzaloff* is a well-written part and as good as anything this skilled actor has given us. One really felt the agony of desire that drove the man to his discreditable wooing and was also prepared for the rallying of his common-sense (or better nature), to the saving of his honour and his happiness. An admirable little study of a professor, beautifully balanced and unobtrusively humorous, was contributed by Mr. LAWRENCE HANRAY. Mr. HENRY HEWITT showed us most skilfully the surface charm and the fundamental unsatisfactoriness of that poor soldier and inadequate lover, *Kaulbach*. Mr. GEORGE BEALBY'S *Count Pestoff*, pompous, bad-tempered, cautiously adventurous, was a good portrait. Quite admirable was Mr. CHARLES LAUGHTON'S hesitating, comfortable, kindly governor, bullied by his ferocious colonel of the political police, competently played by Mr. LEWIS CASSON. Mr. COLIN KEITH-JOHNSTON'S *Vassili*, not a flattering part, was skilfully done; and equally of course Miss ADA KING made a still less flattering and irrelevant part so attractive as to make us wish for more of it. There was no doubt of the effect of all this on the audience, whose



HARD CASE OF HEROINE WHO SEES HERO AND VILLAIN CHANGING PARTS BEFORE HER VERY EYES.

Colonel Tzaloff . . . . . MR. BASIL GILL.
Nadeshda Ivanovna . . . . . MISS SYBIL THORNDIKE.
Captain Pavel Kaulbach . . . MR. HENRY HEWITT.

plaudits made the electric lights tremble in their sockets. T.

"THE BLUE COMET" (COURT).

That no one may justly accuse Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS of too persistently exploiting his successful vein of peasant comedy of *The Farmer's Wife* and *Yellow Sands* type he has taken us to a cultured, indeed an overcultured, home in Hampstead. The *Bedales* are a little too good to be true. Besides their spiritual preoccupation with art and letters they have a fine tradition of independence, family pride and not doing the things that aren't done. So that when their cousin *Christopher* comes over from down under, heir to his father's millions and constantly adding to them, a profound materialist and a most appalling bounder, they let him clearly understand that there are things that money can't buy, that there is at least one family resolute to refuse offers of five hundred thousand pounds from blundering kinsmen, and two girls in it who disdain to accept pearl and diamond necklaces as presents, even in times of acute financial depression. They even make some sort of an attempt to refuse the help of kindly uncle *Lucas Bedale*, the V.C. and cautious investor who happens through a stroke of luck to have the sum necessary to balance their budget lying idle at the bank.

Well, it is exceedingly comforting in this dollar-ridden age to find someone to keep the flag of independence and honest poverty flying. And there was plenty of good stuff for edification and for amusement in the *Bedales*; in that charming unpractical old bibliomaniac *Nicholas*; in fierce *Aunt Jane*, knowledgeable collector of old china and stark reprover of unmannerly youth; in young *Morris*, the painter (yet it is odd how even so observant a writer as Mr. PHILLPOTTS can make a serious painter talk as no serious painter talks); in the two *Bedale* beauties, *Millicent*, who has foolishly quarrelled with her lover and whose pride, the *Bedale* pride, always breaking out in fresh places, prevented her from healing the quarrel, and unselfish *Betty*, with her Wyandottes; in uncle *Lucas*, pattern of loyalty, chivalry and tolerance (Socialism always excepted); in the old servants, *Minnie*, the buxom cook, and *James*, the butler, with his appreciation of "a dignified wine."

But why in Heaven's name drag in the *Blue Comet*? The impending doom of a world, the effect of the grim suspense on the character of individuals or of a nation, the passionate protests against the arbitrary cruelty of a Creator



'COLLISION COSTUMES, MILITARY AND CIVILIAN.

Colonel Lucas Bedale, V.C., C.B. MR. CLARENCE BLAKISTON.
Nicholas Bedale . . . . . MR. GEORGE ELTON.



Christopher. "BUCK UP, BLUE-EYES; YOU 'RE NOT AFRAID TO DIE, SURELY!"
Millicent. "I KNOW IT 'S VERY SILLY OF ME, BUT I DO HATE BEING KILLED BY A BLUE COMET."
Christopher Bedale . MR. PAUL CAVANAGH.
Millicent Bedale . . MISS CECILY BYRNE.

—all this is a theme for tragedy: not by any conceivable skill in presentation to be developed in the small frame of a stage-play to the accompaniment of Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS' excellent jokes. Quite frankly the *Blue Comet* won't do if you are to apply any intelligible standard of criticism. Though I can find no record of it I feel that our author must have once written a long book which would have perhaps given him space to adjust his proportions and mask the crudities too apparent in this compressed form. There was an admirable and quite sufficient comedy *motif* in the mutual reactions of staid Hampstead and resilient Sydney without coloured comets whose paths baffle the mathematicians.

Mr. CLARENCE BLAKISTON'S well-observed study of the old *Colonel* was excellently done. To show how far his author had tried him one may mention that he has to appear, a few minutes before the stroke of the doom which he believes to be impending, in a hussar's pre-war full-dress uniform, and to observe that "all civilians should kneel"—with much more to the same effect. But before the comet began seriously to interfere with him he gave full value to his many excellent lines. Mr. GEORGE ELTON'S *Nicholas* was a delightfully human, gracious old man, with no trace of stage-dodder, but with rather better clothes than the text indicated. Mr. PAUL CAVANAGH did his best, which was good, with the difficult *Christopher*, money-bug and bounder with heart of gold, a promising youthful version of an old stage type. But the comet eclipsed him. Miss DOROTHY HALL as the formidable *Aunt Jane Bedale*, a well-conceived character, and Miss MINNIE RAYNER as the faithful *Mary*, added to the laughter; and Miss CECILY BYRNE, Miss DOROTHY BLACK and Mr. EDWARD CHAPMAN as the young *Bedales* were all quite adequate. Mr. PAUL SHELVING did his best to prevent the comet becoming a bore. A disappointment. And it all promised so well! T.

"COCKS AND HENS" (ROYALTY).

Mr. C. K. MUNRO'S *Cocks and Hens* is the first play to be presented by the Forum Theatre Guild, which, under the skilled direction of Mr. ROBERT ATKINS, late of the Old Vic, proposes to introduce modern plays of merit and back them through their first difficult weeks by the attendance of its subscribing members. It is a sane and promising scheme. Many a play of sound quality is refused by managers who have to

husband their financial resources because they fear that it may not win its audience in time. It is a venture that deserves the support of all lovers of a theatre not primarily designed for mere purposes of pleasant digestion.

Cocks and Hens is a disquisition in the ultra-farcical mode on the importance of the factor of illusion in what we know as love. There are but five characters, a *Scholar* (Shakespearean), *His Wife*, *Another Scholar* (Shakespearean), *A Lady* and *Another Lady*. It would discount the intriguing surprises which the author has up his sleeve to indicate precisely the relations between these folk. The second Scholar, an immense gaunt man, boasting of his loneliness, his savage nature—"a wandering Ishmael," "an oak," "a heart of teak," and so forth—has obvious designs upon the wife of his rival. The wife is a brainless vulgar possessive little woman; her husband, who is much attracted by a beautiful lady staying in the hotel, a plaintive, pernickety little fellow with an infinite capacity for self-deception, professing to base his marriage upon fundamental principles of mutual trust and perfect understanding, about which he discourses at great length. At much too great length, we are in candour bound to say. Mr. Munro has always something interesting to say, but he cannot cure himself of the habit of saying what he has to say so often that it is difficult not to be impatient with him. Perhaps he writes down to our intelligence; but it is a dangerous method. He is generally dexterous enough to give some unexpected twist to his plot or wise and whimsical turn to his argument, or make some thoroughly diverting jest, just when we are faint with boredom. We sit up, are again interested, and the situation is saved. His repetitions are so flagrant that they cannot be the result of carelessness. They must be part of a method, where they are not due to the defective memories of the players, memories which this kind of writing must very gravely tax. Is the method that of a too conscientious realism, a protest against or a deliberate reaction from the epigrammatic school? It is difficult to say, but it would seem that its hazards outweigh its advantages. It is not always the interesting things that Mr. Munro says six times.

He succeeds admirably with his characterisations. The teak-hearted scholar, as interpreted by Mr. Ernest Thesiger in his most bizarre mood, is a delightful creation. The conscientious loquacious logical little Professor, played with intelligence by Mr. Hay Petrie (but why *will* he smother the end of every sentence? A good follow-through is as important on the stage as on the links), is a sound portrait of a kindly bore. The lady who dazzles him with her beauty and traps him in her rather obvious snares develops from a mere minx into a philosopher and parts from him just as he has summoned up the resolution to throw over his too clear-seeing and sexually intolerant wife, with a homily on illusions which is the *clou* of Mr. Munro's scheme—"*jouissantes d'elles-mêmes sous l'apparence de tel objet, elles croient jouir de cet objet*" he quotes upon his programme from Stendhal. Miss Laura Cowie was brilliant in this well-written part, with her siren's eyes, her soft leisurely method, her perfectly-timed pauses, her admirable elocution. Miss Hilda Trevelyan played the part of the wife, amiable and patient in the ordinary traffic of life, but a vulgar fury when jealousy has her in thrall, with great conviction and all her pleasant airs and graces. And Miss Ella Daincourt gave a clever thumb-nail sketch of a lady who had something brief and to the point to say and said it once—a concession on the author's part which must have caused him some searching of the heart. T.



AN UNHAPPY ISHMAEL ASKS FOR LOVE.
Miss Hilda Trevelyan. Mr. Ernest Thesiger.

Copied from a dentist's name-board in Constantinople:—

"Dr. ——, Dentist.
2th Floor."

Obviously the right storey for him.

JAMES AND JOHN.

A Ski-Shanty.

My wife, insisting that it would
Amuse you, dear, and do you good,
  Enticed me overseas;
She chose the clothes I had to wear
And made me buy a pretty pair
  Of black and shiny skis.

I quickly found my dexter ski
Was out to do his best for me,
  And him I christened John;
But James, upon my other limb,
Was surly, and I hated him
  The moment he was on.

How soon had I aspired to "stem"
If both instead of one of them
  Had only shared my aims!
The Telemark and Christie turn
  Were not impossible to learn
  Had it not been for James.

I frequently encountered trees,
Yet might have circumvented these,
  For John would take them wide;
But, though I called him fearful names,
Always the undefeated James
  Went round the other side.

And when, as ski-beginners will,
I hesitated on a hill,
  To save a painful smash
John soared towards the crest or crown,
But James contrariwise shot down
  And thus ensured the crash.

I do not think I'll ever be
A skilled performer on the ski,
  Like other squires and dames;
I only know that every day
"A blessing on you, John!" I say,
  "A Mürren on you, James!"

Our Cynical Medicos.

A Harley Street report:—

"The ordinary family doctor has been exceptionally busy, but those who cater for ailments that do not need immediate treatment have found themselves with time to kill."
Daily Paper.

Offered in exchange:—

"Sweet-tempered Alsatian, five months, for speaker Wireless set, typewriter, or anything useful."—*Provincial Paper.*

It would serve the ungrateful owner right if the Alsatian forgot its sweet temper and gave him a good hard nip.

THE UNICORN BAR.



Of all the good inns in the world that I 've struck,
Whether up in the saddle or down on my luck,
When I finished my journey, in mud or in dust,
To dine on six courses or cheese and a crust,
With *curée reservée* or very small beer,
Under skies of all tempers, both cloudy and clear—
Of all pleasant pitches the finest by far
Was at Ottershaw Brig, in the Unicorn bar.

How good to the feet was the smooth sanded floor,
If you 'd tramped twenty miles over Utterscar Moor,
If you 'd fished all the elbows of Cocklety Beck,
If you 'd galloped from Hardhope with never a check!
Oh, to stretch muddy boots to the glow of the peats,
With a lazy look-back on the day and its feats!
A treasure no tricksiest fortune could mar
When you 'd chalked up its score in the Unicorn bar.

Oh, snug was the settle on wild winter nights
That roared in the chimney and fluttered the lights,
And merry the rouse of our full-throated stave
When the bitter black frost was as still as the grave;
When the mist like a blanket lay over the moors,
But thicker the fog from the baccy indoors,
From the landlord's churchwarden, the bagman's cigar,
That rolled the rich clouds through the Unicorn bar.



But sweeter the noons when the windows were wide
And the glow of the garden flowed in like a tide,
When midsummer drowsily filled the old room
With hum of the bees and the scent of the bloom,
And there in the garden I 'd watch at my ease
Mine host's pretty daughter a-gathering peas;
Midst lilies and roses she shone like a star,
Sweet Milly the maid of the Unicorn bar.



Ay, queen of the clan was the hazel-eyed lass
Who frothed up the pewter and polished the glasses,
Whose glances conveyed irresistible shocks
As she brandered our salmon or mended our socks:
And everyone there would have put down his pile
To know that she meant what she said in her smile;
I put down my heart, and it still bears the scar
It got from her eyes in the Unicorn bar.

And now that I've covered the world on the tramp,
And tried every sample of harbour and camp,
I run through the list, and I always begin
And I always end up at that jolly old inn;
And sometimes I guess what a world it would be
If Milly had settled to walk it with me,
If Venus had lent us her doves and her car
For a honeymoon jaunt from the Unicorn bar.





Plumber (to mate). "BLOWED IF I CAN REMEMBER WHAT I 'VE FORGOTTEN. BETTER 'OP BACK TO THE SHOP, BERT, AND SEE IF IT 'S LYING ABOUT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE breezy forcefulness and debonair outlook upon life revealed in all that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL writes and does make an irresistible appeal alike to the adventurous and to everyone with a spark of romance in his or her soul. Yet beneath this seemingly careless, almost cavalier recklessness lies concealed a capacity for cold appraisal, a swift intuitive appreciation of the essentials in a situation, and a ruthlessness in action that cause me to wonder at times whether the body of WINSTON CHURCHILL is not inhabited by the outwardly dashing, inwardly calculating spirit of his great ancestor, the Duke of MARLBOROUGH. Thus I was not surprised to find in the two final volumes of Mr. CHURCHILL'S narrative of *The World Crisis, 1916-1918* (THORNTON BUTTERWORTH), with their tale of great battles by land and sea, the entry of the United States into the War, the collapse of Roumania and the critical situation thereby created in the Balkans, the strangling of the U-boat menace, the German offensive and break-through on the Western Front in March-April, 1918, and the final victory of the Allies, that his native impetuosity had been held in check, if not wholly subdued, by a fine critical faculty and a unique experience of men and events. His thumb-nail sketches of great soldiers, sailors and politicians are always self-revealing. Field-Marshal Sir WILLIAM ROBERTSON seems somehow to have aroused in him a feeling akin to personal resentment, and he is, I think, unduly critical of Lord JELLICOE'S caution in not exposing the Grand Fleet to the risk of defeat, although he recognises the immensity of the responsibility resting upon "the only man on either side who could lose the War in an afternoon." I fancy, however, that most readers will find with me their greatest pleasure, not in the thorny political and strategical problems so ably discussed by Mr. CHURCHILL, but in his superb descriptions of battles: they are equal to the finest in historical literature. He has dealt with a great subject greatly.

The strength and weakness of Mr. L. W. VEDRENNE'S new novel lie in its "purposes" and in the analytical and critical handling of character needed to make these apparent. Never was a work of fiction in which revealing situations occurred with more expository patness, yet almost all are sufficiently vitalised by their creator's enthusiastic belief in them. To the extent that you can bring yourself to share this belief you will, I think, enjoy the story, whether you see eye to eye with its purposes or not. I may add for the consolation of those whom the drift of the first chapters strikes as unpromisingly Red that this (like everything else in the world except organised Labour) suffers dilution, and that only the vaguest hint of rosiness pervades the last chapters. The ruddier implications of the first are provided by *Gilbert Armature*, who follows up an exceptionally pugnacious war-record by preaching TROTSKY to a Capitalist suburb. In the first round of *Armature* v. Feyhurst the agitator scores. Feyhurst, a snobbish place with a highly-developed inferiority complex, feels that it is being laughed at; and Feyhurst's most representative young man, *John Manifold*, goes over to the enemy. *Armature* and *Manifold*, the man who was in the War and the man who was just out of it, are described as typical of *This Generation* (ALLEN AND UNWIN). The first half of the book sees them making painful headway against the elderly and conventional; the second sees them triumph. Their public activities are for the most part rather generous than novel; and you see their temper at its best in their personal relationships. Its effect on *John's* sister, a decadent actress, and on her

demoralised suitor (owner of an unforgettable dachshund) struck me as particularly apt and well-proportioned.

That healthy sporting tastes, combined
With British brands of education,
Have formed the kind of sturdy mind
That typifies the British nation—
This is the theme Sir THEODORE COOK
Develops in his latest book.

His *Character and Sportsmanship*
(WILLIAMS AND NORGATE) states precisely
That, for the grip that makes things rip,
The British method answers nicely,
And that successful foreign lines
Are really based on our designs.

This may be strictly true or not,
A vital fact or an illusion,
But I 'm too hot a patriot
To question such a glad conclusion;
And, were I otherwise, the route
That gets us there would keep me mute.

For, questing after what reveals
The sporting touch, or its omission,
Sir THEODORE deals with ballads, meals,
Strikes, War-debts, MARX or Prohibition;
And, following happily his moves,
I don't care twopence what he proves.

The marriage of *May* and *December*, when *December* is actuated by sensuality and *May* by avarice, never seemed to me a hopeful topic for comedy. Handled over and over again by really able ribalds of the middle ages, it did not repay the trouble and expense; and to-day only a Gallic wit could support the sordid and pathetic implications of so unnatural a union. Miss ELLEN GLASGOW'S share of this two-edged quality is negligible, and what has induced her to desert her own admirably ploughed furrow for a sophisticated and unfamiliar path it passes my wit to fathom. I cannot deny an element of humour to *The Romantic Comedians* (MURRAY), but it is chiefly confined to the development of a subsidiary character. For the rest, *Judge Honeywell*, an urbane Southerner of sixty-five, discovers himself on the first anniversary of his wife's death no longer inconsolable. This justly worries him, for the late *Cordelia* had kept him lapped in solicitude and preserved his digestion and dignity by not only ordering the dishes that agreed with him, but herself renouncing the *plats* that didn't. His native town expects him to marry again, and an ancient flame is designated as *Cordelia's* successor. The *Judge* however prefers a flapper, sole offspring of a careworn and ingenuously diplomatic widow. *Annabel* has just lost (through inconstancy) an apparently undeserving young man. She is also quite passionately and openly mercenary. The *Judge*, disapproving of her character, finds her physically irresistible; her mother, after a few half-hearted cautions to the girl, is glad to get her settled; and *Annabel*, like *Maud Muller*, becomes the *Judge's* bride. I wish I could credit the results of this step, which occupy the rest of the book, with anything like the vitality of *Maud's* classic misalliance.



"WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH A NEW FROCK?"
"HOW THOUGHTFUL OF YOU, DARLING! OF COURSE I 'D LOVE A NEW HAT TO GO WITH IT."

To the series of little books on great subjects issued under the general heading "To-day and To-morrow" Mr. BASIL DE SÉLINCOURT has contributed one of the briefest, under the title of *Pomona: or, the Future of English* (KEGAN PAUL). Why *Pomona*? you may naturally ask. She was not one of the Muses, and I find, on consulting my old friend *Lempriére*, that she "particularly delighted in the cultivation of the earth," though she "disdained the toils of the fields and the fatigues of hunting." But the title is justified or vindicated in the last sentence of the book: "Ripeness is all." The preceding words in *Shakespeare* run, "Men must endure their going hence, even as their coming hither." But Mr. DE SÉLINCOURT has a reasoned optimism about the continuance and growth of the English tongue, so long as we use it loyally and maintain truly the virtue of its great tradition. Ripeness, in his view, need not make us think

of rottenness; indeed he goes so far as to say that the less we think about our language the likelier we are to retain the qualities which have made it what it is. He is dead against a revised spelling or standardized pronunciation. "Usage is our best law," and here we find him substantially in accord with Mr. H. W. FOWLER, the author of that admirable and most entertaining work, *The English Usage*. Yet, with an amiable inconsistency, Mr. DE SÉLINCOURT, while he deals faithfully with the excesses of Americanism, affirms that it is certain to produce, as it already has produced, "a flow of novel words and devices, some of which will remain to enrich and renovate our speech." His discourse in fine resolves itself into a reasoned plea for the exercise of "the old and noble faculty of compromise, combined with an adherence to the best and most English instinct of resistance to change, and above all to any plan or method of change, any committee or academy or association to school and enlighten us."

The Multitude (HUTCHINSON), by WILLIAM GARRETT, is rather a naïve affair. Young *Alan Fairley* sees a Brownie in a wood in Galloway; pursues it to find a young lady of noble birth, who makes a pleasant prophecy, which is fulfilled, after many vicissitudes, in the last chapter. *Alan's* own birth is a mystery. He believes his father to be a wealthy aristocrat and is a little dashed later to find that he is a thief, forger, drunkard—and painter. Our young hero is very industrious and serious. He studies Latin, and in a year is translating "the more suitable odes of Horace." Scots wha hae their HORACE read will appreciate this creditable feat of their young countryman. He will be a writer and go to Fleet Street. "Fleet Street's the Mecca of literary aspirants, you know," says he, and other queer things like that. He writes a first novel, which those discerning fellows, the critics, recognise as masterly, but the public doesn't. I saw no signs in *Alan* of his ever doing anything in a masterly manner. The idea of *The Multitude*, his great work, in praise of the common people and the common life, as against the important and ambitious exploiters, was given him by his father before he had revealed himself. But the ingenuous youth sells it to *Sir Philip Cardew*, the business magnate, who has it published as his own. The world rings with *Cardew's* name, of course, as an author of genius. It was this *Philip* who had married the noble Brownie; but, his syndicate failing, himself under suspicion of crookedness, he takes "an overdose of some narcotic drug" and leaves the Brownie and *The Multitude* to *Alan*. The theme of the young novelist who conquers the world of letters in a sennight is perhaps old enough to need more original treatment than it receives here—though this is a pleasant and wholesome story enough to commend to the unexacting.



IN THE REPTILE HOUSE.

Visitor (to Keeper). "WHERE ARE THE LOUNGE LIZARDS?"

To the formula of Mr. WARWICK DEEPING'S *Doomsday* (CASSELL), I pay the respect due to anything hallowed by time. A, the strenuous farmer, falls in love with B, the attractive drudge of her pathetic parents. But B's love for A is not potent enough to make her exchange one drudgery for another, and so she flies helter-skelter and presently marries C, a flaccid rich man; and A weds D, a buxom village maiden. But the end, as you may guess, is not yet. C, bereft of his riches, commits suicide, and D is killed by a "half-intoxicated road-hog." Thus C and D, having played their parts, cancel out, and the stage is free for scenes of reconciliation. And it is in such scenes that Mr. DEEPING really comes into his own: as far as fiction is concerned, I deem him one of the world's most skilled peace-makers. Soft and sentimental music should, I feel, accompany these lovers as they move to a perfect understanding; but without this assistance Mr. DEEPING'S admirers can be trusted to follow them with glad emotion.

It is refreshing to find that, generally speaking, the novelists of Australia and New Zealand contrive to steer clear of that sickly-sentimental convention which is the bane of Western outdoors fiction. Miss KATHARINE SUSANNAH PRICHARD'S *Working Bullocks* (JONATHAN CAPE) is a case in point. Her story is of the teamsters, swampers, axemen and sawmill workers of the Western Australian karri forests, and she tells it with a blunt—at times even a brutal—sincerity which accords well with the laborious and often dangerous lives, the sparse pleasures and the elemental passions of the people she writes about. "*Red*" *Burke*, the "bullocky"; *Deb*, honest and unspoiled as her native and beloved Bush; *Tessa*, the primitive coquette; *Mary Ann Colburn*, whose tragic grief for her son is one of Miss PRICHARD'S finest episodes—all ring true to life, as do the numerous minor characters who form their background.

Reggie Vicars, with his "dead-gold hair" and "dancing elfin eyes," ought to have been christened Reuben, for he was unstable as water and most emphatically did not excel. It was *Mr. Wilmot's* task, in *Good—Better—Best* (HOLDEN), to save this amorous and feckless youth from himself, but his efforts ended in complete failure. Women were as hopelessly attracted by *Reggie* as he was by them. At one and the same time he was engaged to *Irvine Stopford* (simple and confiding), intrigued with *Olive Meldon* (dark and determined), and conducted an affair with his employer's wife (canny and deceitful). In the end his attraction for women proved literally fatal, for his employer, who began as a criminologist and finished as a criminal, slew him. Mr. J. A. T. LLOYD'S story contains a definite idea, but if he is to give fair play to his undoubted abilities he must reduce both the volume and the volubility of his puppets.

CHARIVARIA.

"MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL is holding his own," says a contemporary, discussing the forthcoming Budget. What worries most men is the fear that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER will soon be holding theirs as well.

* * *

The abnormal consumption of ice-cream in this country during the past winter, to which attention is drawn, is attributed to the influence of Fascist propaganda.

* * *

The great trouble with the limitation of armaments is that so soon as a conference is suggested somebody invents a far more efficient method of reducing the surplus population.

* * *

A customer of a Strand tobacconist is said to own thirty-seven pipes. It is thought that he is saving up to be a Prime Minister.

* * *

Perhaps the real reason some people want to keep the cavalry is because there's no excuse for wearing spurs with a tank.

* * *

Doctors in this country are said to have increased by more than ten thousand since 1914. We haven't been eating enough apples.

* * *

Two French architects have designed a revolving villa which, it is claimed, can be operated by the owner in his bath. As there is nothing to prevent him from singing at the same time we fail to see the benefit of this.

* * *

A proposed Rotten Row for Manchester, similar to the one in Hyde Park, has been rejected by the Corporation on the ground of expense. London equestrians will still be able to boast that there is nothing like this in Manchester.

* * *

Although the Grand National is to be broadcast we understand that a running comment on the betting-tax by a fully qualified bookmaker will be relayed only to those listeners who have asbestos earphones.

* * *

More than a hundred professors are making the pilgrimage to Sir ISAAC NEWTON'S birth-place in connection with the celebrations of his bi-centenary, and it is understood that they will each be provided with an apple to drop at an appointed moment.

* * *

With reference to the question of tipping the police, Sir LEONARD DUNNING points out that the owner of a wandering dog wouldn't give half-a-crown to a curate or a bank-cashier for bringing it home. That may be why wandering dogs are so seldom brought home by curates or bank-cashiers.

* * *

At a recent dog-show there was a special class for dogs belonging to members of the theatrical profession. The public thus had an opportunity of seeing the sort of dogs that plays are tried on.

* * *

Seven policemen were killed in the Solomon Islands recently while trying to arrest a criminal. There is talk of making the place an honorary Chicago.

* * *

A plébiscite among girl students of Kentucky University reveals the fact that their ideal husband should be two years older than his bride, but this is only to begin with, of course.

* * *

During floods at Chertsey swans were swimming over a football ground. Superstitious sportsmen in the neighbourhood are said to be kept busy shooing ducks off the local cricket-pitches.

* * *

Weighing twenty-nine pounds a pike three feet nine inches long, with a girth of twenty-one inches, was caught at Rothesay. We understand that the angler was so unhinged by his success as to admit that a fish which just got away was probably much smaller.

* * *

GEARY, the M.C.C. bowler, has shot a panther. The creature was completely deceived by the flight of the bullet.

* * *

Dr. FRANK FURCH, President of the Illinois Association of Chiropodists, declares that women are developing feet like horses' hoofs. This will be readily believed by those who have experienced the "kick" Charleston.

* * *

The heat of the sun is blamed for the temper of spectators of an Argentine cup-tie, whose riotous conduct is described as having put British cup-tie scenes in the shade. The obvious remedy is to put Argentine cup-tie spectators in the shade.

* * *

In a daily paper doubt is thrown upon the common supposition that in order to become a pianist it is necessary to begin playing when young. We are bringing this to the notice of the parents of the little girl next door.

* * *

The latest beauty hint is said to be the placing of two dark rings under the eyes. TUNNEY may some day make even more money as a beauty specialist.

* * *

We gather from the illustrations of feminine fashions that clothes may be worn this year.



THE MARCH OF SCIENCE.

"ULTRA VOILETS, ULTRA VOILETS, LIDY!"

MUSICOPHOBIA.

(*Lines picked up in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's.*)

HAPPY were HANNIBAL and HANNO
For they never heard a grand piano.

Bad were HENRY and DANIEL MORGAN,
But at least they did not play the organ.

The criminal who invented the piccolo
Was clearly related to *vecchio* NICOLO!

The wretch who invented the ukelele
Deserved a "lifer" at the old Bailey.

But the man who invented the saxophone
From the mouth of a gun deserved to be blown.

THE BOAT RACE.

The Crews in Training.

(By our Special Rowing Correspondent.)

With the Boat Race less than a month ahead and a temporary lull on the Chinese front, a comparison of the two crews in their work up to date will be of interest to our readers.

While the Oxford crew have changed out of all recognition in the last few weeks, the Cambridge crew can still be recognised as the one that recently quitted the waters of the Ouse. This point is to the disadvantage of the latter.

The paddling of the Dark Blues is as nearly perfect as paddling can be, but not a man in the boat can row. This is an exceptionally good sign and augurs well for their chances at Putney, nothing being more fatal than a premature sign of ability in the latter direction. In their trial on the Henley course on Saturday they beat the record by some three minutes, but there is no doubt that the fast conditions (owing, I believe, to the recent rains) were responsible for this, as I have it on the best authority that, as I say above, Oxford cannot row.

The paddling of the Light Blues, on the other hand, is deplorable, but as far as rowing goes they promise to be the best crew turned out by either university since the War (the Great War). The fact that their lock-to-lock trial at Richmond on Saturday is the slowest on record by three minutes twenty-nine seconds (the next slowest, forty seconds faster than this, being recorded by the Oxford crew in 1869, the year of the presidency of P. C. Rowlock, afterwards Attorney-General, who failed so signally at bow, having showed such promise in the stroke thwart while at school)—this fact, I say, proves nothing owing to the exceptionally slow conditions under which the trial was rowed. Cambridge in fact have every reason to be proud of their feat, and were it not for their paddling could look forward with confidence to the great event. Readers may argue that the race is to be rowed, not paddled. They are right; but in mentioning the fact they display their ignorance. I can say no more.

The Dark Blue stroke has length, kick, rhythm, dash, drive, swing and jump, but no finish. The ill-effects this would undoubtedly have on the crew is counteracted by the finish of No. 7, which, when he is paddling, must be one of the most beautiful finishes ever seen on the Upper Thames. Unfortunately it becomes exceedingly dirty when he tries to row. But this again is in some way balanced by the improvement, when rowing as opposed to paddling, of the length, dash, swing and rhythm of No. 6, but not of his drive. His finish too is filthy. In fact, with three dirty finishes in the stern of the boat, the cleanliness of the rest of the crew will avail them little, especially if the weather is also dirty.

No. 5 takes a magnificent grip on the water, but he is late with his beginning and early with his finish, both of which are, however, scrupulously clean. No. 4 takes a poor grip of the water, but gets his hands away like a flash. Unhappily he gives the impression of never before having been on a slide. No. 3 takes the water with his arms bent and his legs straight. This is a bad fault and he should immediately set about correcting it. No. 2 I did not notice.

Bow is really the making of the crew. He gives the impression throughout that he is really stroking the boat. If Oxford wins it will be in no small part due to his steadying influence on the vessel. Cox is admirable when paddling, but at present is apt to lose his head when the stroke is quickened into a row. But he must not let this criticism depress him. It is a common fault with coxes at this period of training, and he will find that the greater width of the river on the tidal waters at Putney will give him more scope.

On the probable result of the race it is as yet early to make a statement. A lot will depend on the progress the crews make from now to the day of the race and the respective fitness of each upon that day.

Next week our Special Rowing Correspondent will discuss the faults and merits of the individual members of the Cambridge crew.

[Not in this journal.—Ed.]

More Bolshevik Activity.

"According to reports from Moscow, the volcanoes Avatinsky, Mutnovsky, and Koriakovsky, which recently became active again, are still in eruption and vomiting forth flames, ashes, and sulphur."—*Daily Paper.*

Won't Trotsky be jealous?

More Daring Fashions.

"Petti-Bocker Lingerie has come to stay—the smart girl will wear nothing else this summer."—*Woman's Paper.*

From an article on "What do the Players Read?":—

"A little pamphlet that is not long enough to be dignified by the title of 'book' is a great inspiration to me. It is called 'Courage' and is a printing of an address given by a little-known English Episcopalian rector at St. Andrew's University."

American "Movie" Magazine.

The author of this pamphlet has, we understand, published some valuable speculations regarding the life of "Peter," and is known as "The Little Minister."

A SONG OF BUS-TOPS.

The constables of London Town,
Impervious to nod or frown,
Hold up their hands—they do not know
we're fretting to be gone;
To them it's just "a bloomin' bus,"
This magic ship that carries us
To Richmond or to Primrose Hill, the
Heath or Edmonton.
They do not hear the traffic hum
A song that says, *Now spring has come*
A bus-top in the mad March wind's the
proper place to be,
Where heaven's not too far above
To cheer you with a little love,
Nor earth too near to chill you with that
love's mortality,
And where, just level with your eyes,
Unfolds the delicate surprise
Of larch-bud and of hawthorn bough, in
every Square you pass,
While crocuses, far down below,
Have caught and slain some strayed
rainbow
And written out its epitaph in glory on
the grass.

You seldom see a gateman grin
Or catch a roguish twinkle in
His sleepy eye, down in the Tube, where
there's no sun to shine;
You'd hardly call it music when
The unromantic platform-men
Shout "Passing Covent Garden" on
the Piccadilly line.
But busmen are a friendly race—
Out in the open all their days,
To Epping, Watford, Wimbledon, enchanted roads they range;
Their "Fares, please!" echoes
cheerily,
A sort of "Open, Sesame!"
Two tickets, please, to Wonderland, and
you can keep the change;
For we are keen to pass East Sheen,
We shall not stop at Turnham Green
For smug suburban garden-plots—the
open road's the thing!
And since we love to harvest smiles
Along the verdant country miles,
We never travel Underground to Wonder-
land in spring.

Example and Precept.

"4, Royal Automobile Club Dance Band. 4.15, Movements of Living Creatures, by Prof. G. Elliot Smith. 4.30, Dance Band continued."—*Wireless Programme.*

From an article on "fancy dress":—

"A 'stick of rhubarb' makes an effective dress made of dark red muslin. . . There are no end of the possibilities for fancy dress. But one must always remember that the part must be acted as well as dressed."—*Women's Paper.*

How exactly does one act like a stick of rhubarb? By disagreeing with one's neighbours?



THE CALCULATING BOY.

DAME BRITANNIA. "THIS WEEK'S PRIZE FOR HISTORY GOES TO MASTER WINSTON CHURCHILL. HE CAN NOW DEVOTE HIMSELF AGAIN TO HIS MATHEMATICS, AND IN A MONTH'S TIME WE SHALL KNOW THE WORST."



THE ABSOLUTE LIMIT; OR, CHARLESTON ON THE GREEN.

LIVES OF THE OBSCURE.

(*We have noticed with pain the snobbish practice of other journals, by which obituary notices are confined to the wealthy and distinguished. In future we shall devote what space we can to the life-stories of citizens who were not less worthy because they were unknown.*)

WITH the death of Ebenezer Higgs, announced last Monday, there passes from our midst one who was known to many yet to few by name. Higgs was the *doyen* of the Hyde Park orators, that shifting, strange and yet heroic company which every Sunday reforms the universe in the neighbourhood of Marble Arch. Born it is not known where, of parents whose names have never been discovered, Ebenezer Higgs was found upon a doorstep at Brighton in the year 1876. The day was Sunday, the time about 3.0 P.M. and the infant was vocal; thus are the shadows of men's lives cast before them. He was educated at a charitable institution under the name of Thompson, but, once launched on the great world, with a sure instinct he chose the name Higgs; and Higgs was printed large above the little shop in the Finchley Road, where for twenty years the implacable orator sold gold-fish, newts, tortoises, minnows, sticklebacks and all the stock and apparatus of the private aquarium. In 1899 he married Liz, fourth daughter of Charles Roberts, who kept "The Red Cow" hostelry at Islington. Liz Higgs was a good wife and devoted mother, a help in the shop, and divided her time in nice proportions between the family and the fish. She had a profound influence on Ebenezer's life and habits, and it is a curious fact that after her death, about twelve months ago, Mr. Higgs for the first time became irregular in his Sunday speeches and seemed to lose interest in the work. This leads us to a question which, delicate though it is, cannot be avoided in any estimate of the life and work of Mr. Higgs. What was the circumstance which led him to the practice of Sabbath oratory? And was that circumstance his wife?

Liz Higgs was a great talker on all occasions. Ebenezer, on the other hand, though voluble in the Park, was silent in the home. Liz was a woman of powerful physique; Ebenezer was short and skinny, though, as he was proud of saying, wiry. He was probably the most violent speaker that ever scarified the *bourgeois*, and yet, as many people have testified, in the gold-fish shop or in the little parlour behind it you couldn't wish for a more gentle-mannered man. What is the explanation of these contradictions? We cannot say. But the enemies of Liz have not hesitated to suggest that Ebenezer took to public speaking because he had no chance of speaking in private; because he was able in Hyde Park, and nowhere else, to pronounce whole sentences without fear of interruption from his wife; and because he was thus able on Sundays to let loose upon the casual Londoner the imprisoned, insurgent, explosive emanations which all the week had been suppressed at home. Hyde Park, in short, according to this theory, was Ebenezer's safety-valve.

This is an hypothesis which, if it be true, sheds a melancholy light upon his oratory. All his public life he was regarded by the authorities as a dangerous man; always there were one or two plain-clothes officers among his audience, who would carefully record in shorthand the more inflammatory passages in his address; and often he was in danger of arrest, particularly, it may be noted, for his series of "Hands off Bessarabia" speeches. And it is path-

etic to reflect that all the time the little man was in the bitterest terms denouncing His Majesty's Government he may in fact have been working off a private resentment against his wife.

The theory is, perhaps, supported by the extraordinary variety of his indignations. Unlike one or two of his more constant colleagues, who for fifteen years have devoted Sunday after Sunday to the single proposition that the earth is flat or that no true Christian will eat cooked vegetables, Mr. Higgs was ready to discuss anything, provided only that the subject lent itself to the language of menace and accusation. He was probably the pioneer of the "Hands off" movements, of which "Hands off Bessarabia" was the most conspicuous success. "Hands off Lithuania," "Hands off Brazil," "Hands off ASQUITH," "Hands off the Croats," "Hands off the Tortured Poles," "Hands off the Letts," "Hands off the Dogs' Home"—all these heart-cries of the people owed their origin to Higgs. When the "Hands off Bessarabia" banner (lovingly worked by Liz Higgs) was first raised in the Park it is certain that His Majesty's Government, so far from entertaining any cruel designs upon Bessarabia, were totally ignorant of the whereabouts of Bessarabia. Indeed very few Britons did know where Bessarabia was, and it is to be suspected that even Mr. Higgs could not with credit have faced a protracted cross-examination on the subject. Bessarabia was then at peace, prosperous, somnolent, the enemy of none. No man had any intention of laying hands on Bessarabia. But no sooner did Ebenezer Higgs raise the provocative slogan of "Hands off Bessarabia" than by a natural reaction the more bellicose newspapers, certain high financial interests and the Society for the Annihilation of Natives began to inquire not only into the geographical position but into the general circumstances of Bessarabia. It was then found that Bessarabia had for several centuries been guilty of acts of aggression and brutality and piracy, and was besides a country of great natural resources; and there was gradually worked up, at first among the middle-classes and later in the rank and file of Britain, a feeling of bitterness against Bessarabia which became national and uncontrollable. It culminated, as our readers know, in the punitive expedition against Bessarabia of 1908, the long-drawn horror of the three Bessarabian campaigns and the unfortunate massacre at Mog. And all this we owe to Ebenezer Higgs—or possibly to Liz.

Not all his speeches, however, were so fruitful in results. For the most part he would mercilessly expose such miscellaneous evils as the Stage, the House of Lords, the Monroe Doctrine, the Bishops, the Judges, the Magistrates, the Derby, the Metric System, the Theory of the Tides, Broadcasting, Flying, Daylight-Saving, and the Rich. All these institutions, however, survived his assaults till the day of his death. And after his wife's death, as has been said, he did not seem to mind. He became less and less indignant, and more and more entertained himself with the companionship of his fish, which never spoke. Only three times during the last six months of his life did he speak in the Park, when, angered by the rumour of an invention which was to make communication with the dead a matter of daily occurrence, he delivered a series of addresses called curiously, "Hands off the Spirits."

That is all there is to tell; but perhaps this history will make us all a little more charitably inclined towards those other violent gentlemen who still denounce the universe on Sunday afternoons. For perhaps they all have talkative wives.

A. P. H.



"OH, MOTHER, FANCY PAYING TO HAVE TAPIOCA PUDDING!"

Our Helpful Press.

"INCOME TAX NOT TO BE REDUCED.

The political correspondent of *The Westminster Gazette* states: 'Mr. Churchill, I have good grounds for saying, will not propose any increase of the income tax in the Budget.'"
Birmingham Paper.

"FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

BIRMINGHAM, Saturday.

Birmingham girls are suffering from over-developed legs, caused by excessive dancing, and too prominent noses."—*Sunday Paper.*

Mr. Punch hesitates to believe this. In his opinion no one can have too prominent a nose.

MORE JACKDAW IN GEORGIA.

THE WALLET OF WO-FANG.
(CHINESE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY.)
(After the translations of Mr. ARTHUR WALEY.)

I.

I was a fool.
I thought I should be content
If she smiled once.
Is a hunter satisfied with a scent,
Or a fisherman with a nibble?

II.

The sun is a white disc
Above the steaming water.
A sea-dragon
Thrusts up a dripping head, snaps emptily
And sinks again.
They call me "Heart of the Sun":
I shall bathe my limbs at home.

III.

Where the shadows end
The lake is a silver shield.
If I were not Wo-Fang,
The celestial and fortunate ruler of this province,
I might fish here till the moon rises
And perhaps meditate even until midnight.
But I have many executions to order.
As I enter my crimson palanquin
I congratulate the honourable fish.

IV.

If there is satisfaction in dreams
I should be satisfied.
I smoke my spirit deeply into dreams,
But I am not satisfied.
HO-PEI said that satisfaction is forgetfulness;
But forgetfulness, alas!
Is only what we sadly remember.

V.

If I called her "Almond-blossom"
It was because I was hungry.
For the same reason I likened her nail parings
To young moons,
And her fingers to petals of pink lotuses.
A wise man sweetens his rice.

VI.

My name is Wo-Fang,
I am captain of ten thousand men
Who call me "Heart of the Sun."
But, alas! I have indigestion
And suffer inexplicably from chilblains.

VII.

The crab says to the small fish:
"It was your fault,
You swam into my claws."
The dying fish gasps:
"Don't try to justify yourself;
I said nothing to the worm
I have just swallowed."

VIII.

Why does my lotus look
So longingly at another?
I have beheaded her father and her uncle,
Yet she remains obdurate
And will not smile.
I have filled her house with flowers,
Yet she will not sing,
But gazes disconsolate from her lattice
Over the blue rice-fields.
If I behead that other,
Will she at last smile?

IX.

Riding their horses like kings
My six sons go behind me when I go into the city.
They are uniformly stupid
And exceptionally impecunious.
I, their father,
Though accounted insignificant in stature,
Have by discriminating guile
Acquired many possessions.
They are obedient and devoted sons.

X.

I am grown old in greatness,
My bright days
Are numerous as bamboos in the grove.
Very soon
They will be all cut down
And most of them burned.
Doubtless a few notable poles will be chosen
To carry the banners of my stupid sons.

XI.

Were I a poor man
I should hate the tax-collector
But smile timidly when he approaches.
Being absolute lord of this province
I neither hate nor love him:
The bright smile of my executioner's sword
Is sufficient.
He is an intelligent fellow.

XII.

If you have seen a river overflow its banks
You have seen my desolating public grief
For my deceased mother-in-law.
If you have seen a cat washing his face
In a sunlit garden
You have witnessed my private content.

W. K. S.

Our Clever Heroes.

"'This is too preposterous!' I said through my clenched teeth."—*Story in Weekly Paper.*

OUR BAZAAR-STOOL.

WE have made a stool. I hasten to add that Audrey and I are not members of the Amalgamated Society of Stool-makers and Upholsterers. We have constructed this particular stool for charity.

Miss Baskerville in her masterful way declared we must "do something" for her bazaar. I offered to help with the refreshments, but Miss Baskerville thought not, as the free list would be entirely suspended and I should be much more useful as a customer.

It was Miss Baskerville's suggestion that we should make a stool, I being responsible for the joinery and Audrey for the decoration. I suppose somewhere in her subconscious mind was hidden the conviction that all men were handy with tools and were craftsmen by instinct.

We began, of course, with a "period" stool. HEPPLEWHITE was for a time our source of inspiration, but after one or two mishaps we decided on Baroque: accidents and minor excrescences do not matter so much in that style. The structure was originally early perpendicular, but it was not nearly so perpendicular after George had tested it. Like all our friends, he had called to give advice, which is the real reason why the stool looks rather like a mediæval ruin restored by a parish council.

Miss Baskerville was responsible for the suggestion that we should put a price on it. She wanted to know exactly what it was worth, I suppose, for fear she might overcharge the public. We said that, as far as we were concerned, it was a work of art, and a price had never entered our heads.

"You know what the material cost," she declared, "and then you must add on a trifle for the labour. It's quite simple."

After the hours we had worked the word "trifle" annoyed us, and we decided to calculate the full cost of our stool.

We did not know the trade-union rate for artistic work of this kind, but we had sufficient data to work out our costings. Audrey once received fifteen shillings from *Home Echoes* for an article on "How to bath the Baby," which she wrote in half-an-hour. On this basis, she estimated her earning power at thirty shillings an hour.

And on one occasion I gave an hour's lecture for a fee of two guineas. I did not actually receive it, because it was understood that the lecturer should return his fee to the charitable organisation responsible for the arrangements, but it established my earning capacity at two guineas an hour.



Conjurer at village concert (to native who has volunteered to assist him). "And now I think I shall surprise you, for I am going to produce a live rabbit from your right-hand coat pocket."

Native. "Oi certainly 'ull be surprised if yew do. Oi 've had my ferret in un all evening."

Audrey, revealing jealousy unbecoming in a fellow-craftsman and stool-maker, objected that my best periods took hours to prepare, and that the two guineas represented half-a-day's work. In the end we accepted the principle of equal pay for equal work, and compromised on a minimum rate of thirty shillings per hour (inclusive of all percentages and bonuses) for both men and women operatives in the Stool-making (Bazaar) Industry.

It then occurred to us that we did most of our labour after 8 P.M., and that brought it within the definition of night-work, which in the best trade union circles is reckoned at time-and-a-half. Audrey, whose business instincts tempted her to forget we were doing this for charity, suggested charging for our friends' advice. I pointed out that the price of advice was well known and I had already put it down at *nil*. George's claim to be considered in the costings as a consulting engineer was therefore not entertained.

So we cut all these out and charged the appropriate overtime rate for our industry, forty-five shillings an hour.

We might, however, allow a small reduction for a quick sale, for our stool will drop if it is kept standing too long. Perhaps we had better make sure by selling it in advance. This, I may add, is often done; but the public need not fear that it will be deprived of a sight of our masterpiece. It will stand on the principal stall, out of reach of utilitarian persons like George, who regard a stool merely as a seat, and it will wear a label "Sold."

So if any lady or gentleman would care to buy a good stool at ninety-four pounds ten——

LITTLE BRAMBLEBY.

THE Royal Society of Arts is appealing for funds in order to preserve old country cottages. There was never a worthier appeal.

But I doubt whether it ought to be necessary. It seems to me that the preservation of old country cottages ought to be a tax upon motorists. Although I am a motorist myself, I would willingly submit to a small extra tax in order to keep Little Brambleby just as it is, especially the shop at the corner where they keep liquorice and buttons and silk-stockings and soap and caps and balls of string.

A polite place, Little Brambleby.

"PLEASE SLOW DOWN," it says, "WHILE PASSING THROUGH LITTLE BRAMBLEBY." And then when you've got through, "THANK YOU." I have known conscience-stricken motorists to be so much affected by this sign that, having passed through Little Brambleby at thirty miles an hour, they have turned back and done it all over again at fifteen.

In an ideal world, I suppose, the new cottages which are being built at Little Brambleby, whether by the County Council or through private enterprise, would be just as beautiful as the old; but in fact they are not. Indeed, that understates it. They seem to be the products of a man with a nasty mind. Inside they may have a living-room apart from the kitchen, hot and cold water, a bath even, effective drainage and a cupboard for the pram—one never knows. But they do not express the soul of Little Brambleby. Or, at any rate, I hope not; and the desire which is probably expressed by the residents of Little Brambleby to live in them ought certainly to be repressed by preventing the old cottages from tumbling into decay; otherwise I foresee an England which will not be fit for motorists to motor in. The only old and charming cottages that remain will be those rendered habitable by motorists for their own use at week-ends, usually by knocking two or more into one, adding a covered passage into a barn and converting the pigsty into a garage. Little Brambleby will be spoilt by the number of new cottages built either under the influence of delirium tremens or by a man in a hurry to get rich.

It is true that the building of new speedways which avoid Little Brambleby may do something to relieve the motorist from the depression caused by this spectacle. But we have to remember that a motorist is almost obliged to motor somewhere, and sooner or later he is certain to arrive at some other rebuilt Little Brambleby or a worse. The habit of shutting ourselves up into mechanical boxes and chugging rapidly about the countryside in a manner reminiscent of a Bank Holiday on wheels cannot be regarded as an end in itself, and this is slowly but surely being realised. Even the habit of mass community singing by motorists on the roads will in course of time grow monotonous, and fancy dress, ingenious mascots or coloured gas-balloons attached to the car will only prove a transient joy. Sooner or later we have to turn round, and this is as likely to happen at Little Brambleby as elsewhere.

I suggest that the pause for contemplation of old country cottages, whether built of stone or mud or of timber and brick, whether thatched or tiled, represents the one moment of peace and quietude in the life of the modern motorist and that he ought to be compelled to pay for it. The destruction of these cottages would spoil many of the best view-points which are now visited by motorists. Their supersession by the brick pestilences created by modern builders would be more irritating still.

Especially do I hold that there should be an additional entertainment tax on motor charabancs, to be devoted entirely to the upkeep of old country cottages. Indeed, I do not see why the residents in old country cottages, always supposing that they are villagers native to the soil, should not be actually subsidised to live in them, and smoke outside in the evenings, whilst their wives sit at the open doors and spin, showing an interior view of the grandfather clock, the warming-pan, and the old china dogs (or cows, if any remain) on the mantelpiece.

America wants these things as well as we do, and America also should pay. There should be a sojourners' tax on American tourists for the benefit of old country cottages. There would be in France.

I know a thatcher. I should like to know more. It is a beautiful trade and full of surprises. The fauna collected in decaying thatch surpasses belief. I am told that the snoring of young owls in thatch which has not been properly repaired often keeps the cottagers at Little Brambleby awake at night. Quite evidently the preservation of thatch, one of the most charming architectural features of old cottages, should form a first charge on the motoring community.

I would give encouragement also to hollyhocks, pinks, lavender, marigolds, and Sweet William. The best displays of these in cottage gardens are now made almost entirely for the benefit of people who pay nothing for them, and merely make a cry like an animal in pain or a loud noise like a pistol-shot in passing by.

The more, in fact, that I write about this wonderful project the more it appeals to me. I doubt whether the whole proceeds of this new taxation would have to be devoted to the preservation of cottages. I think that some might be left over for the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, and, being distinct from the Road Fund, would be more readily paid. Old-fashioned country inns no longer need any protection from the tooth of time. The charge for examining their quaint architectural features and Jacobean furniture is included in the price of lunch. But the rest of Little Brambleby is free.

Let the generous contribute by all means to the fund which the Royal Society of Arts has inaugurated. But if the fund is not sufficient let the State step in. Every motorist has admired Little Brambleby, and every motorist has done his best to spoil it for the cottagers by hooting at it in different keys. Why shouldn't he help it to keep the owls out of its thatch?

EVOE.



Potential Picture-buyer. "WELL, IT'S A GOOD DEAL OF MONEY. BUT I SUPPOSE THAT INCLUDES THE JIG-SAW RIGHTS?"



Son. "DAD, WHAT IS A POLYGLOT?"
Dad. "MY BOY, YOUR FATHER HAD TO LEAVE SCHOOL AND GO TO WORK LONG BEFORE HE GOT AS FAR AS GEOMETRY."

A WORD TO MANAGERS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—That you are interested in the theatre is a conclusion that one may safely draw from the generous amount of space which you allot to new plays, but your interest is confined to the playwright and the performers. May I suggest that it might be all to the good if the alert and ingenious "T." were also to say a word now and then about the theatrical managers?

For these gentlemen want watching. I have myself several bones to pick with them, and it would not surprise me if "T." has more—so many seats he must have found cramped and hard; so many draughts must have played round his head; the retarded rising of so many curtains he must have awaited in dreary impatience, while the most trivial jig music of the day assailed his ears.

For the delay in lifting the curtain the managers assert they are not to blame. If a play advertised to begin at 8.15 begins at 8.15 the stalls, they say, are only half-filled and the first ten minutes are ruined by newcomers. But why then advertise 8.15? Why not advertise the exact time, keep to it and, for the sake of the faithful and long-enduring true patrons of the theatre—those who are there in time and probably have stood in a queue for an hour or so—shut (as they do at really good concerts) the late ones out? That should learn them.

It would need courage; otherwise I see no difficulty.

As to the inferiority of delay music and entr'acte music, that is less important. One can talk through it or, if one is sufficiently insensitive to the feelings of one's neighbours, keep going out. What is more on my mind is the growing tendency to disregard the honourable tradition of closing performances with "God Save the King." This used to be a rule of courtesy, but there are now theatres where it is broken; and I do not want them to increase in number. At the Globe the other evening I noticed the lapse; although at the Adelphi, where a purely American drama by an all-American cast is being performed, the custom was respected. It gave me a double sense of relief to hear it there, since in this play—*Broadway*—every actor has a revolver and human lives are three-a-dime.

I pass over the old complaints as to stalls too near together and boxes from which parts of the stage are not visible, and come to a question which will have soon to be taken very seriously—smoking. Here again I may cite the Globe and the Adelphi. At the Globe (although cigars were rarely out of the mouths of the performers) you must throw away your own at the doors; at the Adelphi smoking is invited. Personally I should not mind if smoking were confined to the Halls of Variety; but no play is the worse for the solace of tobacco and some might by it be made more tolerable. What, however, we want is a ruling: it is absurd that there should be the present anomalous state. All or none.

Although, Mr. Punch, the tale of the delinquencies of managers cannot be said to be exhausted, you will be glad to hear that I have finished.

I am, Yours faithfully, E. V. L.

Another Impending Apology.

At a trade dinner:—

"The Lord Mayor said he understood, when invited, that speeches were taboo, and hoped that for once the Lord Mayor might go home speechless."—*North-Country Paper.*

"PLAGUE OF MICE.
Moving Carpet Across America.
Presidents in the track of the mice find their clothes devoured."—*Chinese Paper.*

A cat may look at a king, but mice prefer presidents.

"'The Comedy of Errors,' Sheridan's best-known play, was given by Ben Greet and a strong company to Rugby School."
Local Paper.

Hitherto we had associated SHERIDAN with quite another comedy and indeed another school.



Wife (to husband, just getting over the worst of it). "WHAT SHALL I READ YOU NOW, DEAR? OH, THIS LOOKS RATHER INTERESTING—'WHAT TO WEAR—BY IRENE.'"

INTRODUCING ISABEL.

My daughter's name is Isabel;
I'm glad to say she's very well.
She weighs ten pounds and half-an-ounce;
She's very full of beans and bounce.
Her teeth are still inside her gums,
But she's complete with toes and thumbs.
Her eyes are blue, I'm sure of it;
But yet indeed I must admit,
Although it makes her mother frown,
It's possible they're turning brown.
Her chin, poor child, is much like mine,
But then her nose is rather fine,
Her ears too, such a perfect shape
That all her aunties stand and gape.
Her voice at times is low and pretty
And her conversation witty;
So at least it seems to me,
Judging by her mother's glee.
Her eyes have lashes long and dark;
Her brows, perhaps too faint a mark.
Her hair is rather short as yet;
Her age precisely I forget.
And, now I've told you all I can,
I know you'll say, "How like a man!"

In the Cape Parliament:—

"IMMORTALITY BILL AMENDED.
WHY DOCTORS' FEES CANNOT BE FIXED."
South African Paper.

Presumably because, if the Bill passes, doctors' fees will be abolished altogether.

THERE'S A LOT OF IT ABOUT.

I SNEEZED suddenly, taking by complete surprise first Frances, secondly the kitten, and lastly myself.

I reappeared from my handkerchief and caught Frances' eye upon me. It had a "I think I'll put him to bed" look in it. I at once dissimulated.

"Just clearing my throat," I murmured. "Crumb went the wrong way."

"That was a sneeze," said Frances accusingly. "Wasn't it, Kittums?" she added to the kitten, which was slowly emerging from under the armchair like a soldier coming out of a dug-out when the barrage has passed.

"Nonsense," I said briskly, and prepared to fall on my breakfast once again.

"Your toast is on the floor," observed Frances coldly. "You put it there when you—cleared your throat."

I picked it up.

"I think you've caught 'flu," continued Frances; "there's a lot of it about. You'd better take a day in bed."

"Nonsense," I said again. "I'm as fit as a——" I think I was going to say "fiddle" (though why fiddles are supposed to keep in such good health I don't know, nor does my *Brewer's Dictionary* tell me) when there was a loud explosion and it seemed that someone had hit me on the back of the neck.

When I came to I realised I had sneezed again. Frances was picking up a flower-vase. The kitten was on the piano.

"That settles it," said Frances. "Bed for you."

I protested, but another sneeze occurred in the middle and rather spoilt the effect of the protest.

"He's got 'flu, Kittums," announced Frances to the now thoroughly cowed kitten. "He'll be two days in bed."

The kitten went "Meh!" "There—Kittums agrees with me," pronounced Frances.

I dislike intensely this new habit of Frances of dragging the kitten into the conversation. I'm sure it doesn't understand my symptoms; apart from the fact that never once has it taken *my* side in any argument.

"I fail to see how the agreement of the lesser fauna of the household——" I was beginning with some dignity when I lost myself in a series of crashing reverberations. I sent up seven, one after the other, something like those strings of lights that we used to send up in France when hostile aeroplanes crossed the front lines. After seven I lost count. Frances opened a window to save the glass, and the kitten strained a tendon, jumping to the top of the bureau, a goal it has never before reached.

"Can't you stifle them a little?"

asked Frances when I had come to the surface once more.

"I could, perhaps, but I won't," I replied with dignity. I object strongly to people who stifle sneezes. It's indecent and bad form. It's like easing the cork soundlessly out of a champagne-bottle. In fact it's a most annoying habit, and I have a friend who always does it, because he thinks it's bad manners to make a noise. His procedure is as follows:—

He suddenly ejaculates "By Jove!" drops what he is doing and grabs his handkerchief. He spreads it out on two hands, half shuts his eyes, wrinkles up his nose and waits. He looks at bright lights and waits. He breathes rapidly in and out and waits. He mutters, "I *will* sneeze! I *will* sneeze! I *will* sneeze!" rapidly to himself and waits. At last one hears alarums and excursions; one feels that a sneeze, like driftwood from a sunken liner, is coming to the surface. He prays, says "At last!" takes a deep and mighty breath and produces a tiny little fizzing noise at the back of his nose like a schoolboy's snigger—a "*ridiculus mus*" if ever there was one.

But I am, as I said, of the other school. None of your stifled sneezes for me. I hope to attain to great heights; I hope indeed to make myself worthy of the Olympians of my club who can break locks on doors ten feet away with a sneeze like a charge of blasting-powder, and who pat themselves on the chest and say "Capital! Capital!" I hope to have other old gentlemen stop what they are doing and say, "God bless you!" In short, when I do have a sneeze I like to let her rip.

Which is probably why Frances insisted on my going to bed.

She was, I think, quite right. I *did* feel rotten. In fact I think I died in the night. I was certainly wearing the wrong skin, a size too small for me, and it was abominably bruised at the edges; and they had erected my tombstone carelessly, so that it weighed on my chest; and altogether I was a poor thing.

This "peccant humour" of mine endured three days. On the fourth day Frances said I was better, because I was well enough to be cantankerous. This was largely due to an argument we started at 1 A.M., which is still proceeding. I will tell you about it and you will see it was *not* my fault.

I was woken from a peaceful slumber by a loud sneezing noise from Frances. I woke her up and asked her what was the matter. She said "Nothing," and added that she had been asleep. I said had she been dreaming? After thought she admitted quite seriously that she had, and said she had just dreamt I had been sneezing. This is all perfectly true and I stoutly maintain that I am in no way to blame.

On the fifth day my Aunt Jessica called. I sat about the sitting-room and looked pale and interesting. Aunt Jessica said she wasn't surprised I had had it, as there was a lot of it about. I said I was sorry to hear it.

The postman also said he was glad I was up again, and there was a lot of it about. Our caretaker emerged blinking from her lair to tell me what a lot there was of it about and popped back before I could answer.

Then I went round to my wine-merchant at the corner, from whom I buy beer, though he really sells groceries more than anything. He said he knew I must have been ill as I hadn't been in for five days, which I thought rather pointed; and then he asked what had been the matter. I said 'flu, and added hurriedly that there was a lot of it about. He looked rather offended and said "Good morning" quite curtly. I felt I knew now how to deal with people.

Outside the Vicar came up silently behind me and said there was a lot of it about. I was annoyed. I turned round and said deliberately, "There is much less of it now than there was five days ago. A good bit's been used by me since then."

That held him. I at last felt quite well.

A. A.



Artist. "A MODEL, EH? WHAT COULD YOU SIT FOR?"
Applicant. "VERY FINE HEAD, SIR—OR THE FIGURE, SIR——"
Artist. "WELL, I'M AFRAID——"
Applicant. "OR LANDSCAPE OR SEASCAPE, SIR."

"ANOTHER AMERICAN CRUISER FOR SHANGHAI.

Hong Kong, 29th.—The British cruiser 'Hawkins' left this port to-day bound for Shanghai."—*Costa Rica Paper* (*translated*).

If this is the result of our accepting President COOLIDGE's invitation to another disarmament conference we shall soon hear the American Jingo singing, "We've got their ships, we've got their men, and we've got their money too."

A SONG OF GOOD COUNSEL.

(As sung by the Office-Boy and reported by one who had decided to work during the lunch interval.)

OH, I meet on my travels a good many folk
Who rebuke me and take me to task;
Per-raps they are only attempting a joke,
But sooner or later they ask,
"Are you saving your money and putting it by?
Are you hoarding some pence from your pay
In order to shelter and keep yourself dry
On some possible ray-eeny day?"

Then I say, "I 'm as free from such worry and fear
As a sheep or a blithering cow,
For the place to be yappy is here-ere-ere
And the time to be yappy is now."

Chorus of workmen alleged to be cementing the basement:—

"Oo, the plice ter be yappy is 'ere-ere-ere
An' the time to be yappy is nah."

When I went to the pictures along with my girl
The janitor whispered to me,
"Is it right for a youngster to live in a whirl
Of pleasure and riot and glee?
I wonder, my brother, to what an extent
You consider the life you have led.
Go home, I advise you, at once and repent,
For to-morrow per-raps you 'll be dead."

But I answered, "Old pal, I know perfectly how
Soon we come to the coffin and bier,
So the time to be yappy is now-wow-wow
And the place to be yappy is here."

When I purchased some fags the terbacconist said,
"Young feller, you want to take care;
If you smoke such a lot you 'll get daft in the head
And straws will get mixed in your hair;
To your parents and elders a pipe or cigar
Isn't harmful, but *you* it will stunt;
If you stop in your growth at the point where you are
You *will* look a regular runt."

Then I answered, "No shame, mate, will redden my ear,
Nor anxiety furrow my brow,
For the place to be yappy is here-ere-ere
And the time to be yappy is now."

When I went for a spree to a Highbury hop
I met with a girl and we danced;
I stood her an ice and a bottle of pop;
I was fairly, I tell you, entranced;
But she doubled me up in the height of my bliss
By inquiring in accents of scorn,
"If you razzle and jazz in the evening like this,
Are you fit for your work in the morn?"

I replied, "There are rustics who, starting to plough,
Will not swallow a tankard of beer;
But the time to be yappy is now-wow-wow
And the place to be yappy is here."

Applause from below, followed by encore verse.

When the manager came, in a bit of a huff
He called for yours truly and blew,
"I can tell you I 've had pretty nearly enough
Of your lateness and idleness too;
So you jolly well take a week's notice, my lad,
And shift your thin carcase outside;
You 're the worst and most impudent boy that we 've had;"
But I calmly and gently replied—

"O Boss, I am slow at beginning a row,
And to me it is perfectly clear
That the time to be yappy is now-wow-wow
And the place to be yappy is here." E. P. W.

IDEAL HOMES.

THE idea of transferring the Zoo from Regent's Park to a new home in the Chilterns is likely to have many imitators.

A movement is already on foot for the removal of the Stock Exchange to the top of the Devil's Dyke at Brighton, where the sharp rises and falls in the landscape will provide a natural home for the bulls, bears, stags and other creatures for which the present buildings are inadequate. Many thousands will now be able to see a contango for the first time in suitable surroundings.

The rebuilding of the Bank of England on its present site has been much criticised, and it has been pointed out that if the gold and silver at present contained in its congested vaults were to be spread out on tables in Hyde Park it would be an immense boon to countless people who have often heard of money but have rarely had an opportunity of studying it at close quarters.

A plan has been devised for transferring the House of Commons to a more salubrious site on Parliament Hill. Members of different species will be accommodated in separate enclosures divided by deep ditches to prevent quarrelling, but reasonable facilities will be permitted to the nomadic occupants of the Liberal enclosure to wander into either of the others at will. Details have not yet been fully worked out, but it is contended that the fresh breezes of Hampstead will do much to dispel the hot air which is such a marked feature of Westminster. Members feel, too, that in such healthy surroundings it will not be necessary to go to the country so often as hitherto.

Our Intelligent Pets.

"Gentlewoman with well-trained Scottish Terrier, willing to Help with any Household Duties."—*Advt. in Provincial Paper.*

"General, neat and strong; wash, iron, cook, not afraid of work; 0/- weekly; 4½ years' references: also neat Orphan, 8/-, seen.—— Servants' Registry."—*Advt. in Liverpool Paper.*

"Service is going to the dogs," said the general on observing the discrepancy in the rates of pay.

"There will be six L.M.S. specials from London for the Grand National, and special fares have been arranged to include breakfast and luncheon on the outward journey and tea and winner on the return."—*Evening Paper.*

But by that time we shall all know it.

"The finger of suspicion, however, points to a group of Russian engineers who, employed as technical experts by the Soviet government, came to Manila early in December, ostensibly to purchase dredges for golf mines operated by the Soviet government."—*Hong Kong Paper.*

The reference to "golf mines" confirms our suspicion that Bolshevik golfers never replace the divot.

"Wanted, a respectable Woman aged 45 to 500, or any trustworthy person, permanent; a good home; two in family, and maid kept; heavy washing out. One to interest themselves and help me as I am lame. A decent wage for a suitable person."—*Local Paper.*

Within the limits of age mentioned someone should surely be forthcoming.

WELCOME BY TELEPHONE.



"Hullo . . . Yes, Zoë speaking . . .



"Oh, it 's you, Daphne darling, is it? . . .



"*So* sorry you couldn't come last night, dearest.



"No, really? But how interesting! . . .



"You 're coming over to see me? That 's topping . . .



"Be a nuisance? Not a bit of it . . .



"What! You 're coming right now, darling? . . .



"Splendid!!"



"SPRIG-TIME."

HUGGINS;

OR, THE PENALTY OF FAME.

FAME has it penalties (allow
Me please to point a moral),
And often troubled is the brow
That wears the victor's laurel.
With this perhaps you disagree
And say that I 'm a juggins,
But wait until you hear from me
The tale of Alfred Huggins.
A footballer professional was he by occupation;
His name was quite a byword with all sportsmen of the nation.

At centre-half he had no peer,
Of that there 's no gainsaying,
The frenzied crowds would shout and cheer
Whenever he was playing.
To represent his country he
Invariably was chosen,
For rival teams were all at sea,
With fear his foes were frozen;
As cunning as a fox was he, as lithe as a gorilla,
He was the pride and joy of all who followed Chelsea Villa.

Now managers from near and far
Upon him cast corrupt eyes,
And one club in particular
Desired him for the cup-ties;
Ten thousand pounds was on his head
(That sum may well dismay you),
"Another extra thousand," said
The other club, "we 'll pay you;
We mean to get him somehow, we shall not even *bar* guile"—
So thus was Huggins purchased by the doughty Aston Argyle.

It made Argyle supporters gloat
When Huggins cut his capers,
Whilst he took up his pen and wrote
For all the daily papers;
The clubs still followed in his train
Who wanted more than cheap aid,
And Huggins got transferred again—
Twelve thousand was the fee paid.
Argyle directors purred at this, as cats around milk-pots purr,
And Huggins got pushed off at once to join Newcastle Hotspur.

So Huggins in a new domain
Was then required to settle,
And soon delighted crowds again,
He was in finest fettle;
His famed increased by leaps and bounds,
The sporting Press extolled him
Until, for fifteen thousand pounds,
Newcastle Hotspur sold him.
Then once again this slave of fame was hustled off to strangers,
And he became a member of the famous Fulham Rangers.

But Huggins kicked against the pricks,
He said it was a frame up
For clubs to get the spondulicks,
And he would give the game up.
The "fans" all said it was a sin
But they could not dissuade him,
He took a little village inn
Where peace could not evade him;
And now contentment he has found amongst the country yokels,
Upon the village green each week he turns out for the "locals."

"IDEAL OME EXHIBITION."
Evening Paper.

But surely in an ideal home they don't drop their aitches.

"Wholesale princes in Canada were characterized by a distinct downward tendency in 1906."—*Far Eastern Paper.*

In Europe, however, the slump did not set in till eight years afterwards.

"SALFORD CHAMBER OF TRADE.

It was decided to inquire if a Civic Week is to be held this year. The meeting further agreed that if one is not being organised not to hold a Sopping Week."—*Manchester Paper.*

But that is a matter on which the Clerk of the Weather will have the last word.



FOR THE HONOUR OF LONDON.

Shade of Beethoven (*Father of Modern Symphonic Music*) *to Sir Henry Wood.* "THIS IS INDEED TRAGIC, BUT I CANNOT BELIEVE THAT THIS RICH CITY, ONCE SO GENEROUS TO ME, WILL FAIL TO FIND US A PERMANENT HOME."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 7th.—The closing ceremonies of the United States House of Representatives are thus described in a recent issue of *The Daily Telegraph*:—

"The programme opened with the singing of 'The Star Spangled Banner,' and concluded with 'God be with you till we meet again.' All present, including legislators, officials and the visitors who crowded the galleries, heartily participated in the singing. Mr. Woodrum sang 'The End of a Perfect Day,' Madame Luella Melius, the opera 'star,' gave 'The Last Rose of Summer,' and the band's rendering of a French marching song was encored."

Here is material for those engaged on collecting data for an Ideal Parliament Exhibition. Why should not something less extensive perhaps, but equally heartening, be incorporated into our daily Parliamentary routine?

Visions arise of Sir KINGSLEY WOODRUM closuring the debate on the Chester-le-Street Guardians with a rendering of "The End of a Perfect Day." In the present state of the Exchequer it would be too much to expect an operatic star to be present, but a band, concealed behind the arras, might discourse the Frothblowers' Anthem on the rare occasions when a motion is carried unanimously.

Brightening the Lords would be a more difficult matter, but a little community singing, with that fine old English marching song, "We've got no Work to do," well in the foreground, would probably help.

Sir HARRY BRITTAIN bobbed up again to-day in the House of Commons in his traditional rôle of Hon. Member for Flora and Fauna. His allegiance to Flora is betokened by the size and more than Oriental splendour of his button-holes.

To-day he elicited from Captain HACKING that, thanks to the generosity (or acumen) of the Dutch Bulb Growers' Association, London's parks would this year carry a special display of tulips.

The Minister knew of no additional fauna that were to be added to our amenities for the current year. Another champion of our disappearing fauna had already functioned in the shape of Mr. MORRISON, who extracted from Mr. GUINNESS the admission that sixteen hundred horses had in the past year been exported to Holland for immediate slaughter. These were, so to speak, table horses (their flesh being deemed a delicacy in the Low Countries) and there was no question of cruelty in connection with their slaughter. "But can the hon. gentleman persuade all the old ladies in London to believe that?" asked a Member. The Minister



HEALTH AND SONG.
SIR KINGSLEY WOOD.

indicated, by an eloquent silence, that he did not mean to try.

Questions about Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S War-book, the bulk of which, Mr. BALDWIN said, had been written and the materials collated when the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was out of office and seemed very unlikely ever to attain office again, gave the PRIME MINISTER the opportunity of delivering a little address on historical method. It is a matter of common knowledge, he told the House, that if there be a certain amount of bias in history it is far better reading, and the bias can always be corrected by allowing for the personal equation.

Army Estimates still call for a speech of great length and technical complexity from the Minister, but the great days of old, when honourable and expert Members would wrangle for hours over the bore of a rifle or the value of a buckle, are gone for ever. Sir LAMING WORTHINGTON EVANS stated that a saving of just under a million on the year's estimates would be more than swallowed up by Shanghai. For the rest he explained how the army is being mechanicalised, at no little expense, and how under the new arrangements the army offers a splendid start in life for young medical men.

Mr. STEPHEN WALSH, as a former War Minister, congratulated his successor on having presented a decreased estimate and also on his vivid description of the new mechanical warfare. He added that the proper place for a horse was a zoological museum, completely forgetting the claims, already advanced, of the Dutch dinner-table. Lieut.-Colonel BROWN, however, said that as an old cavalryman he viewed with suspicion the Minister's new-fangled machines. Members gathered that in his opinion the cavalry had won the War and always would. Many other Members spoke—for the most part to deplore the abolition of the Territorial Army bounty. The House agreed to various votes.



"C'EST MAGNIFIQUE"; OR, MECHANIZED CAVALRY.
THE WAR SECRETARY IS BACKED BY MR. STEPHEN WALSH.

Tuesday, March 8th.—The Lords may have no work to do but still have a fine nose for the Government's sins of commission. Thus Lord STRACHIE wanted to know why the MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE had made an order providing that "offals sold to animals" are to be boiled on the farm instead of being sterilized at the source. All this sounded rather mysterious, but Lord BLEDISLOE made things clearer when he explained that if the Savoy Hotel were required to embark on the noisome business of boiling its offals at the source it would undoubtedly estrange its patrons, infuriate the neighbourhood and violate the restrictive covenants of its lease.

In the Commons the reappearance of Viscount CURZON after his motor accident was the occasion of a graceful ovation.

Mr. THURTLE seemed surprised when no opposition was offered to his Bill to prohibit the sale of honours, despite the fact that it was sponsored only by Labour colleagues. As his remarks were directed exclusively against the "unclean gold of the LLOYD GEORGE Fund," and his closing observation was that "an honour bought for hard cash was as contemptible as a party bought for hard cash," the only person whose silence was "eloquent and impressive," as Mr. THURTLE put it, was the absent leader of the Liberal Party.

Civil war in China, Sir GEOFFREY BUTLER explained a little later on, was not like a dog-fight, where there was a scuffle, the best dog won and that was the end of it. It was more like a cat-fight, the usual outcome of which was more cats. Sir GEOFFREY represents Cambridge University, where biology is taken very seriously, so he should know.

On this occasion Army Estimates furnished the occasion for the debate, which was not the less valuable for being carried on with great spirit by the back benchers of all parties. After a more or less apologetic opening by Mr. CLYNES, Commander KENWORTHY tuned the proceedings to proper debating pitch by urging the House to look at the matter "calmly and dispassionately," and then declaring, in accents that rapidly swelled into a frenetic bellow, that the Cantonese were anti-British because for years it had been the British policy to back up the war lords against the Chinese constitutionalists.

Mr. IAN MACPHERSON, supporting the Government, declared that whenever the Empire was in trouble it did not get from the Labour Party the chance of a criminal in the dock. This remark seemed to sting Mr. MAXTON, who was languishing in gloomy abstraction on a neighbouring bench. Soft words from Mr. MACPHERSON failed to soothe him, and the CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES took a hand.

The honours of the evening went to Commander FANSHAWE, who first wiped the floor with Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY, pinning him down to the admission that *his* complaint was that we had not negotiated with the Cantonese about Shanghai. Why on earth should we, he asked, as the Cantonese were not in possession of Shanghai? Then he pointed out that the six thousand British in other parts of China, who, according to the Opposition, were endangered through our sending troops to protect the nine thousand in Shanghai, were nearly all either in Treaty Ports or in territory controlled by the Northern armies.

Colonel WEDGWOOD, deploring "excessive deference to the man on the spot," pessimistically prophesied that it would take years to get the Shanghai Defence Force home again.



The Downing Street Kitchenmaid. "I DON'T GRUDGE COOK AUSTEN HER LITTLE JAUNT TO GENEVA, BUT I DO WISH THERE WASN'T SO MUCH CHINA TO BE WASHED UP."
MR. GODFREY LOCKER-LAMPSON.

The Vote having been carried, the House listened to Mr. GREENALL and others on a motion to set up a Select Committee on Unemployment. Mr. CADOGAN, opposing, declared that, "even when enjoying the irresponsibilities of



[The Navy Estimates for 1927-8 are £58,000,000—a reduction of £100,000 on those of last year.]
THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.

Opposition, Labour could offer no solution to the unemployment problem." Mr. G. PETO thought all the Governments to blame. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE thought they had all done their best. Mr. ROSE thought the remedy was less economics and more humanity, and Mr. BETTERTON made the profound discovery that peace in industry would be worth all the suggested remedies.

At 11 P.M. the House, on the motion to adjourn, learned why Messrs. CHEN KUEN and LIAN HANSIN were not allowed to come before the swallow dares and take the winds of March with beauty. They were bent on subversive propaganda, said Captain HACKING, and the Home Office proposed to let them be caught bending elsewhere.

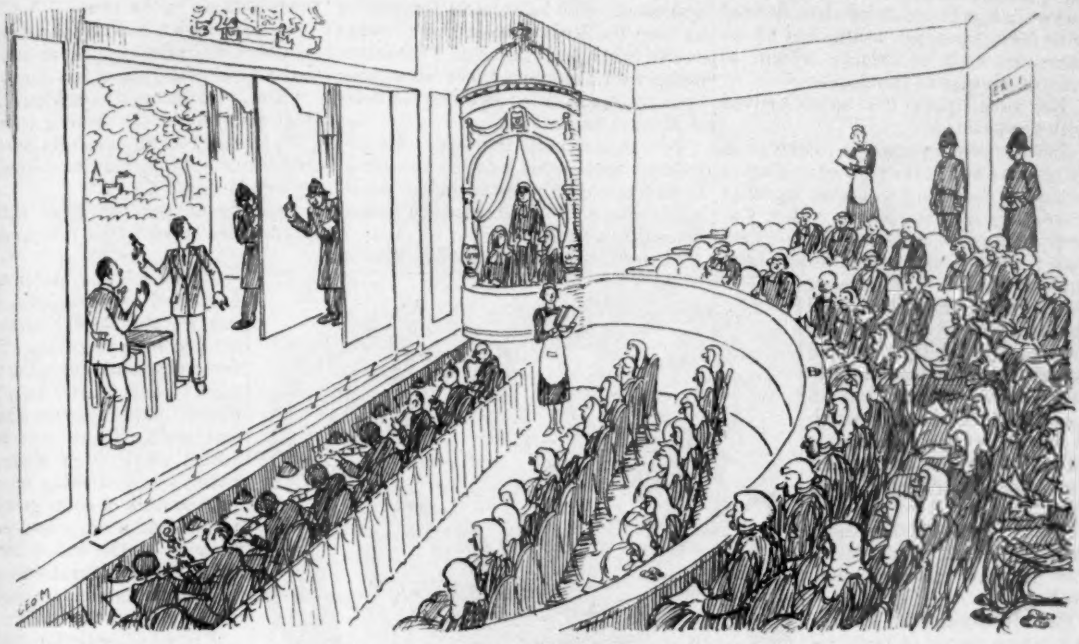
Wednesday, March 9th.—Lord ROBERT CECIL'S views on what to do with our children are no more acceptable to Lord GORELL than Lord HUGH CECIL'S views on what to do with our women are to Miss WILKINSON. At any rate Lord GORELL is profoundly disappointed with the Government's decision to place the destinies of the fourteen-to-sixteen-year-old human being—he (or she) is apparently neither a child within the meaning of the Board of Education nor a young person within the purview of the Ministry of Labour—under the last-named Ministry's sole care.

The now widely-advertised report on the Chester-le-Street Guardians, or at any rate the gist of it, reached the public ear before the document reached the House of Commons' eye. Mr. LAWSON asked what the MINISTER proposed to do about it. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN said it was none of his Department's doing and seemed inclined to let it go at that. This brought Mr. SPEAKER into action, he being the watch-dog of the House's privileges, one of which is not to be "scooped," as they say in Fleet Street, by the Press. Mr. MACDONALD asked the MINISTER if he did not think it his business to find out how the leakage occurred. The MINISTER said he could only do it by asking the editors of the enterprising journals concerned. He did not think he could do that.

This answer—a magnificent tribute to the traditional frightfulness of editors—seemed to satisfy everybody.

The Royal and Parliamentary Titles Bill got a Second Reading, but not until Sir J. MARRIOTT had wrung from the HOME SECRETARY the information that the Great Seal of the United Kingdom is hereafter to be the "Great Seal of the Realm," and there is to be a new "physical Great Seal."

The Seals having been fed with eloquence, the Indian Navy Bill followed. The right (and chances) of Mahmoud and Singh and Dass to become the rulers of the KING-EMPEROR'S Indian Navee were canvassed. Earl WINTERTON explained that Indian subjects desiring a life on the ocean wave would be given every opportunity of realising their ambitions.



LESS-KNOWN SIGHTS OF LONDON.

PRIVATE THEATRE IN LAW COURTS FOR RECONSTRUCTION OF CRIMES.

Thursday, March 10th.—The House was "up in the air" all day and only came down, so to speak, when it rose. Possibly the most telling part of Sir SAMUEL HOARE'S long speech was where he described meeting Messrs. STACK and LEETE with their tiny Moth aeroplanes at Bushire. He asked them how they managed about luggage, and they told him they carried an attaché-case each and a ukelele between them.

DISRAELI was "on the side of the angels." His admiring successor, the present PRIME MINISTER, is a champion of the airmen, and he gave the House a reassuring account of his personal investigation of the question of flying accidents. A nebulously pacificatory Socialist amendment was defeated and several votes were passed.

"THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK.

'Anyone can plant radishes; it takes courage to plant acorns and wait for the oats.'—*Jordan.*"

Boy Scouts Association Weekly Bulletin.

This seems to be trying the patience even of a boy scout rather high.

From an account of the Association Cup-ties:—

"READING'S TACTICAL TRIUMPH.
SWANSEA LOST IN THEIR OWN MUD.
MESSER DOMINATES THE GAME."

Headlines in Daily Paper.

There's many a slip 'twixt the Cup and the Principality.

SOMEWHERE IN VAR.

III.

"WHAT a beautiful dog!" cried Natasha.

It seemed to be something between a pointer and a setter, gaunt and large.

Mrs. Enderby asked the waiter its name.

"Marçou Isabel," he said.

Perhaps he did not really say that. He had a bill in his mouth at the time and was running along under the shelter of a large fish, as though it had been an umbrella. But Marçou Isabel was good enough for us.

"He looks awfully hungry, poor chap," remarked Enderby.

Marçou Isabel lay down near the wall, and regarded us with a gleaming eye.

Let it be frankly admitted that your tourist is a glutton. Dinner and lunch mean a great deal more to him than they do at home. We had travelled to the Hotel of the Lighthouse simply and solely to eat a *bourride*. The kind French gentleman at the Paradise of Flowers had said that unless we had eaten a *bourride* at the Hotel of the Lighthouse we had not lived. We all of us felt at once that this would be a historical calamity.

In speaking of the *bourride*, the kind French gentleman had raised his eyes to heaven, or where heaven would have been if it had not been intercepted by the foliage of a magnificent pepper-tree. We should be filled, he said, with a satisfaction incredible.

We took a motor-car to the Hotel of the Lighthouse the very next day.

Greedy. But Enderby, when I said so, defended our position with a good deal of plausibility.

"The recollections of art and archæology," he pointed out, "or indeed of natural scenery, wherever one travels, are the same for all. They establish no intimate bond with one's fellow-travellers that is not common to the world. You can even get them from the guide-books without travelling at all. But in a meal there is certain to be some slight difference, even if it is only in the choice of the *hors d'œuvre*. Thus a man will say to his wife, 'You remember the exquisite flavour of that omelette we had at Chartres?' when as likely as not the spire and the rose-windows arouse no finer tribute from them than is found in the encyclopædia."

"I think he is right," I said. "I remember at Fiesole——"

"Don't let him, *please*," implored Natasha.

"I remember at Fiesole," I repeated firmly, "that far stronger than the impression made by the Roman amphitheatre and the view over Florence, or even by the fact that I lost my tobacco

pipe, is the recollection of how we sat and waited for lunch under a tree covered with *fiori di maggio*, confronted by an enormous flask of chianti, which, so hot and dusty was the day——"

But at this point the waiter arrived with the *bourride*.

It was no trivial pomp. Severed in three parts and resting on an enormous mound of potatoes and herbs, lay what looked like a young shark. Mrs. Enderby said it was a *loup-de-mer*. Perhaps it was. But it had suffered a land change. Beside it the waiter placed an immense tureen filled apparently with milk, on the surface of which the *chef* had caused to navigate a flotilla of oblong pieces of bread. There appeared to be about enough sustenance to feed a foundling school. We were each given two plates, one of them a soup-plate, to help us in coping with all this treasure of the earth and salvage of the sea. Somehow it was extraordinarily good.

Nobody having the courage to use two plates at once, we kept mixing the ingredients in the soup-plate, now a piece of shark, now a pound or so of potatoes, and now a ladleful of milk and bread. There seemed to be fennel in the milk, and perhaps other things.

No one spoke much during the voyage.

All was over, and we were struggling, as it were, to harbour again when a terrible thing occurred, the thing which we had forgotten or perhaps never foreseen. The sea wrack had hardly been removed when the waiter arrived bringing in copious quantities *entrecôte* of veal.

We looked at each other with glassy eyes.

It was at this moment that Marçou Isabel stole silently from his corner and sat down near the table, his muzzle exactly on a level with the cloth, and, raising his huge right paw, laid it sympathetically on Enderby's arm. He might have been a dog from the machine.

"We must be very careful and do it when the waiter's back is turned," said Natasha, while Mrs. Enderby selected the largest available spoon. There were several looking-glasses in the room and the waiter was a soft-footed man. Time after time we were almost caught in the guilty act, but Marçou Isabel was never at fault. One swift silent motion of the jaw, not the vestige of a bite, and portion by portion the veal disappeared. The late shark, dragged for us from the Mediterranean, might have envied him his *vitesse*. And if the server faltered for a moment there fell at once upon his shoulder the dignified reminder of Marçou Isabel's paw.

It was not only the veal. He did yeoman service for us with the bread and the cream-cheese, to refuse which would also, so it appeared, have broken the waiter's heart.

"I wonder," said Enderby, sipping meditatively, "whether we oughtn't to offer him a glass of wine."

During the coffee Marçou Isabel slipped quietly away. He left us still bemused by a sense of rosy well-being that but for him might have been the coma of incapacity and despair.

"Reverting to what you said about Chartres," I said to Enderby, "I am inclined to think that we shall take away a purer and nobler reminiscence from this morning's sight-seeing than we could have got by visiting any monuments of antiquity and art. Not only shall we have the haunting memory of the *bourride* ever with us to recall the sight of this little maritime town basking in the sun——"

"And gently fanned by the mistral," said Mrs. Enderby, gazing at the dust that was blowing along the quay.

"But," I continued rhetorically, "we shall also be able to remind ourselves that, like boy scouts, we did here one noble deed. We gave nourishment to a starving dog."

Enderby rapped the table with an appreciative spoon. We rose to go.

As we left the Hotel of the Lighthouse we noticed another party of the English, sitting at a table near the door. There were three women and three men. Their faces were a little flushed, but they seemed happy and well. There was being borne away from them, its naked spars sticking into the air, the hulk of some great sea animal and a huge half-empty tureen. As the waiter left the table, Marçou Isabel, emerging from some unseen lair, strolled casually down the room.

"What a splendid-looking dog!" said one of the English ladies.

"Looks hungry, poor beggar," said one of the Englishmen.

We loitered a little. In a moment the waiter appeared again, bearing on high some sort of steaming *ragoût*. As he set it down on the table one of the ladies gave a slight start. The rest of the party gazed at each other with sad bewildered eyes.

"Great heavens!" muttered one of them, emitting something between a groan and a sigh.

Marçou Isabel, who had just sat down, placed upon the visitor's arm a quiet encouraging paw. EVOE.



AT THE TENANTS' BALL.

Lady of House (to partner in modern dance). "ER—DO YOU KNOW THIS DANCE FAIRLY WELL?"

He. "ONLY WHAT OI 'VE READ ABOUT IT IN THE PARISH MAGAZINE."

"In one respect the Conservative Party is entitled to our respect. They have not given the impression of washing their dirty linen in public and of widening breeches."—*Suburban Paper.*

Always excepting, of course, the young Tory "bloods" at Oxford.

From an "Answers to Correspondents":—

"'A MOTHER.'—Could any of your readers advise me of a career for a youth aged 18 who has an excellent memory. He is able to recall happenings which have occurred years ago, and to describe them with perfect accuracy, even to the most insignificant detail."

Provincial Paper.

He should write Memoirs, of course.



Owner of new house (to departing guest—a bore). "I'M AFRAID OUR PLACE IS VERY BARE AT PRESENT, BUT I HOPE THE NEXT TIME YOU COME IT WILL BE NICELY COVERED WITH IVY."

LE PIC-ASSIETTE.

"*Me voici, Madame, un pic-assiette—depuis un mois un pic-assiette!*" A little commissionaire of Paris with whom I had dealings in the past visited me in my hotel. He stood before me now, hat in hand, wearing his familiar overcoat with its moth-eaten fur collar, his fierce red moustache waxed into terrifying points, his shrewd little eyes twinkling under shaggy brows.

In England the work of a commissionaire is to open doors of buildings; in France he opens doors of commerce.

"*Un pic-assiette, Monsieur?*" I repeated blankly.

"Yes, Ma'am," he drawled; "guess for a month I've been one of those guys who go around eating at the expense of other guys." Suddenly his accent became pure Chicago. He had been a buyer of furs for a great American firm for ten years before he returned to his native Paris, and knew his United States from end to end. When excited or interested his jargon became curiously mixed.

"Business is quiet in Paris now," he continued in perfect English, "this *franc* of ours! And prices are too high for the foreign buyers. *Il faut que les prix baissent!*" he shouted, with a vehement gesture which was all French, "or there'll be hell's delight to pay and we shan't collar a red cent," he concluded in American.

I questioned him closely as to the condition of trade in Paris and gathered that it was very bad—American import-duties so enormous that buyers find it impossible to bring back many French model dresses, while the silk-tax deters the English.

"And so I rush around all the time, visiting their hotels to *faire mon possible*, to ginger 'em up. *Mais c'est fatiguant comme tout*, and dam', dam' difficult—pardon, Madame, *je vous prie.*"

I pardoned him and he went on:—

"But living 's cheap for me, *quand même*, in these hard times. To-day I had *déjeuner* with a Jew travelling in furs—bully food we had. This afternoon *sans doute* I shall have tea with a charming English *Madame*"—he bowed gallantly to me, and, knowing his habits, I summoned a waiter and ordered a Scotch whisky and a Perrier—"and to-night I dine at the Ambassadeurs with a Yank. And so it has been for a month. *Mais oui, Madame, aujourd-d'hui je suis un pic-assiette.*"

"But how are things with you personally?" I inquired sympathetically, for despite his gaiety of manner the little man looked very weary, and I remembered that shabby overcoat for many years.

"Not too bad," he assured me. "I have taken a new office in a more central

part. It was a stable and cost forty-five thousand francs to buy and fit up. Not room to swing a cat. *Mais enfin! je suis à mon aise*, and the buyers find it *plus convenable*."

"But if they won't buy what do you do?" I pressed him. He sipped his whisky and Perrier. "My mother was Scotch," he said simply, caressing his lips with a swift pointed tongue.

"And you find the Scotch ingredient in your composition useful?" I asked.

"Why, sure!" he assented emphatically. "In my business I've had dealings with guys from all over the world, and my experience is that you can make money out of all—except the Scotch. I've bested a Jew often, but a Scotchman—never! *Chère petite maman!*" he mused sentimentally, "my father put through a good deal when he got her. She could make soup out of a leather boot, and when she left a shop she was always smiling and the salesman sobbing."

He fumbled in his pocket for a cigarette and, finding his case empty, looked pensive and sad. I proffered mine, recently replenished with a choice Egyptian brand. With the lightning glance of one who continually appraises goods he approved my taste and deliberately extracted three with the air of one who confers a compliment. Then a sly smile spread over his face and he murmured, "*Pic-assiette!*"

"But do tell me what branch of trade you find pays best nowadays?" I persisted.

"Teaching Jews to eat," he responded promptly.

"Teaching Jews to eat?" I echoed.

"Just that," he answered with a nod. "It's this way, you see," he explained. "Jews always succeed in life. They work—*Mon Dieu!* how they work!—they are patient, they listen and they learn. There's a Jew from Poland. He walked to Paris barefoot, yet now he makes sixty thousand francs a week—fur trade. He has married a Jewess, and now they want to rise, to take a social place—*enfin!* to become *chic*. But they know nothing of how the world behaves, so they come to me and they offer me big money to teach them.

"Well, I start them at a little eating-place in Montmartre. I tell them it is not *convenable* to put the knife in the mouth, for it may cut the lips. I tell them that the *bourgeoisie* pick up the bones of the chicken in the fingers, that in *cafés* this may be done, but not in the restaurants and hotels. *Madame est intelligente, très intelligente*, she now teaches her man what I taught her. *Ciel!* how they have progressed in seven days! Next week I promise to take them to Ciro's. Ah! but they are proud. Pleased as a dog with two tails! And I like it. Sure I do. The *cuisine* at Ciro's——!" He blew a kiss to the *chef* like a benediction as he remembered those dainty dishes, and again his pointed tongue flickered over his lips. Then, lighting his third cigarette, he closed one sandy-lashed eye at me through the blue smoke.

"*Pic-assiette!*" he whispered with a knowing little grin. "*Chère petite maman!*"



Candid Guard (apologetically). "You ought not to put your boots up on our carriage seats, Sir; you'll make them dirty."

History Repeats Itself.

From a shipping report:—

"The following vessel not having been heard of since the date specified is considered very much overdue, viz:—The Odysseus, of Ithaca (Greece)."—*Daily Paper.*

From the description of a newly-opened theatre in New York:—

"Mr. —— designed the house, and in so doing kept in mind the nature of the entertainment to be offered therein. The orditorium is in the form of an eclipse."

Theatrical Paper.

Partial or total? The later, we trust, if what we read about some recent American productions is correct.

"Ex-Caddie Beats Hagen.

William Burke, formerly a caddie to Walter Hagen, won the Central Florida Championship at Sanford (Florida) with a score of 290 for 22 holes."—*Evening Paper.*

This high scoring is probably due to all the players having adopted the "overlapping" grip at the 19th.

RAISING THE WIND.

To approach Aunt Flo financially three times in one term required not only nerve but business acumen. Fortunately the high-class firm of Jones and Welby, Limited (sole members Jones II. and Welby III. of the Second Form), possessed great reserves of both; and the following letter, composed one wet Wednesday afternoon, appeared to meet the urgent needs of the situation:—

The Old School House, Beecham.
9–3–27.

Dear Aunt Flo,—You know that topping blazer you gave me; well, I'm afraid the moths are getting into it. I'm not sure, but I'm afraid so. Welby III. says the only thing to do is to take it to a shop and have it treated with some sort of dissinfectant. That will stop their ravviges. I could get this done for ten shillings, if I had it, but I haven't. It ought reely to be done at once. I am getting on orfully well at Divinity this term, and hope your cold is better.

Your loving Nephew,
Frank.

Alas for human aspirations! the only satisfaction which the firm got from this effort was the satisfaction of the great artist who has duly exercised his gifts. Here is Aunt Flo's reply:—

The Ingles, Patchet.
10–3–27.

My dear Frank,—It is not worth while taking your blazer to a shop. Place the moth-balls enclosed in the pockets and let them remain there, and you will have no further trouble.

Am so pleased you are making progress in Divinity. I am sending you a little book relating to the wanderings of the Children of Israel in the Wilderness, which I hope you will read in your spare time.

My cold is better, thank you. Dearest love from Your affectionate
Aunt Flo.

"This," said Jones II., shying an odoriferous ball at Thornton IV., "is depressing."

"Utterly thick," corrected Welby III., shying another at Biggs.

The scrimmage which resulted acted temporarily as an emollient to their wounded feelings; and later, during



First Actress (*highbrow*). "SO GLAD TO HEAR OF YOUR SUCCESS, DARLING. YOUR WORK APPEALS TO THE MANY, AND MINE APPEALS TO THE FEW. BUT *WHAT* A FEW!"
Second ditto (*revue*). "I KNOW, SWEETIE. *SUCH* A SHAME!"

the short hour with CORNELIUS NEPOS, they successfully produced a further masterpiece.

DEAR AUNT FLO (it ran),—Thanks for the moth-balls. You ought to have warned me, though, not to put them in my pocket with carramels, because they taint carramels fritefully. We've had an orful day—Welby and me, I mean. Welby thinks that, as well as the tainted carramels, he may have actually eaten one of the balls, because he is practically *hoar de combat* this evening. And I am as white as anything too. We don't blame you, of course, and you mustn't worry, because you meant to be kind. I pity any moth who dies from moth-balls, though. Welby is going to the chemist's to-morrow, he thinks he can buy a mixture which will put him right for ten shillings. He will have to owe for it.

Your loving Nephew, FRANK.

"This," said Jones II., "is a Yorker."

"A sitting goal," said Welby III.

The reply to this second effusion was more startling in its unexpectedness even than the first. It took the form of a six-cylinder car which stopped suddenly in the High Street just as they were scurrying back to their House for dinner.

"Hullo!" cried the pleasant voice of Aunt Flo.

"Hullo!" cried the more powerful one of Uncle James.

The firm pulled up, and for a brief second had the appearance of staggering. There could be no doubt its great presence of mind was momentarily shaken.

"Hullo!" it said weakly.

"Had to come this way on business," explained Uncle James in matter-of-fact tones, "so thought we'd run through Beecham and see how you were."

"My poor boys," said Aunt Flo; "I shall never forgive myself! How are you feeling now?"

The firm pulled itself together; it was a frightful emergency, but it had to be met.

"A bit s-shaky, thank you, Aunt," said Jones II., imparting a slight tremolo to his words.

"More inside than out, really," supported Welby tactfully.

"Of course you've reported to the matron?" said Uncle James.

"Er—not—not actually," said his nephew.

"We didn't want to go in the sanatorium, you see," explained Welby.

"Then I think you're both very plucky," put in Aunt Flo; "it's a great weight off my mind to find you no worse, I can tell you."

The firm shook itself still more; this was really surprisingly satisfactory. Perhaps they looked paler than they imagined.

"We thought we ought to tell you about it," said Jones II.

"Otherwise," added Welby with the air of one clearing up an obscure situation, "you wouldn't have known."

"Of course," said Aunt Flo sympathetically; "I'm very glad you did."

"What sort of pains do moth-balls produce?" asked Uncle James.

"Er—zig-zag pains," ventured Welby.

"Which go right through you," volunteered his partner.

"Down as far as the calves," said Welby.

"Although you never know where they actually are," explained Jones. (This to salve his conscience.)

"Dashed uncomfortable I should think," murmured Uncle James.

"You poor boys!" Aunt Flo was very sympathetic, but there was a sort

of joyousness about her which was a little puzzling.

"Now this chemist fellow," put in Uncle James briskly. (Uncle James seemed even brisker than usual.) "We don't like your owing him money, you know."

"It must be paid at once," said Aunt Flo decisively.

The firm bowed its head in meek acquiescence and surreptitiously kicked itself.

"Never owe money if you can help it," continued Uncle James, pulling out his note-case and handing over a note; "it 's bad. Now we must be off."

The firm fairly soared as Uncle James pressed the self-starter; they had handled a dangerous situation in a perfectly masterly way.

"Thanks awfully," said Jones II.

"Thanks very much," said Welby III.

But, on the point of letting in the clutch, Uncle James paused.

"By the way," he said, "when you received the moth-balls——"

"Yes?" beamed the firm.

"*Whom did you actually shy them at?*"

He didn't wait for a reply; and the firm, as it resumed its way to School House, found itself unexpectedly thoughtful. There was something dashed uncanny about Uncle James.

HAIR-CUT, SIR?

"You 've had your hair cut."

"I thought you would notice it. Yes, I went over the top in that dead hour of the afternoon when life is at its lowest ebb. I knew I was for it sooner or later, and when I said, 'I shall be back in a quarter-of-an-hour,' and shut the door quietly behind me, nobody in the office could have guessed by my demeanour what I was going to."

"Perhaps they thought you were going to have a drink."

"They may well have thought so. There was no tremor in my voice; I left them there, busy over their simple duties, supported by the warmth of human companionship, and went out to meet what was coming to me—alone."

"Why didn't you take the office-boy with you?"

"There are times when the soul must face its own fate. I walked among a crowd of my fellow-men, talking, laughing, thinking of their pleasures, some perhaps of their duties—though I am inclined to doubt that—and I might have been walking in a desert for all the help I could get from them."

"You went straight to the nearest shop?"

"I had moments of shrinking. I passed one shop and walked by it, turning my head away. There was a man selling toy monkeys on the kerb, and I pretended to myself that I was so amused by them that I had passed the shop inadvertently. But I knew well enough that the shop was there."

"You went into the next one?"

"No; I was ashamed of myself, and did a supremely courageous thing to wipe out the disgrace. Before I came to the next shop I crossed the road. I wanted to test myself. With my black fate hanging over me had I enough reserve of force to adventure myself among the traffic and come safe to the other side?"

"And you had?"

"And I had. I did it twice. But the second time I waited until a policeman had stopped the traffic. I was trying myself too far. My spirit was failing."

"In fact, whenever you saw a shop on one side of the street you crossed to the other?"

"You may put it in that way if you like. You remarked yourself that I had had my hair cut, which is proof that in spite of hesitations that may well be forgiven me I passed the ultimate test."

"Hero!"

"No, not a hero. Just a plain stockjobber, but one of British breed, who in the past had faced the guns of Flanders and the Wedding March of MENDELSSOHN. Just so did I face this great ordeal, and come through it."

"How did you string yourself up at last?"

"It was just where East Central passing through West Central becomes West. I was footsore and weary, suffering from thirst and a little from hunger. My spirits were at their lowest, and my purpose was weak within me. To add to my misery, one of my socks was slipping down, and I knew that the suspender had broken. At that moment, by a sort of miracle, my eye caught in a shop window a pair of sock-suspenders approximating to my regimental colours. On the spur of the moment I went in to buy them."

"You wanted to shirk it just a little longer?"

"My spirit wanted support, as well as my right sock. Do you gibe at me for that? You little know what thoughts had been passing through my mind during that bleak hour in which I had been trudging the heartless stones of London. It was not until I entered the shop that I realised the dreadful traffic that was carried on there, of which the sock-suspenders displayed in the window were only a side-line, or perhaps a decoy. If I had looked more closely I should have seen 'Gents' Hair-Cutting,' and perhaps—who knows?—have feigned to myself that I needed no renewal of sock-suspenders just then. As it was, when the dreadful truth broke upon me in a blast of bay-rum and other unguents, I continued to hold myself erect, passed through a door which led straight into the torture-chamber, handed my hat and stick to a boy who was being brought up to the horrid trade, and seated myself in the operating chair, with no more outward shrinking than if I had brought my anæsthetist with me."

"And then you found that there was nothing to make such a fuss about after all?"

"I did. 'Hair-cut, Sir?' 'Not too short.' That was all. By an inscrutable decree of providence I had been led to the one shop in London where you can have your hair cut in silence."

A SONG OF WAGES.

THE paper? No! Its pages,
Peruse them as I may,
Prove that one thought engages
The minds of men to-day:
'Tis wages, wages, wages,
Wages and rates of pay.

How gladly in past ages,
'Neath QUEEN VICTORIA'S sway,
I studied what her sages
And statesmen had to say!
They seldom dwelt on wages
And dreary things like pay.

Then by degrees and stages
That good world fell away,
As Communistic cages
Let out their beasts of prey;
And now 'tis wages, wages,
And nothing else all day.

So loud the slogan rages,
Forgive if I inveigh!
Small recompense assuages
The head that 's old and grey,
When wages, wages, wages
Is all the young folk say.

"Gentleman, middle-aged, having many fair-weather friends, seeks broadminded sympathetic all-weather pal."—*Local Paper.*

We would suggest an "*en-tout-cas.*"

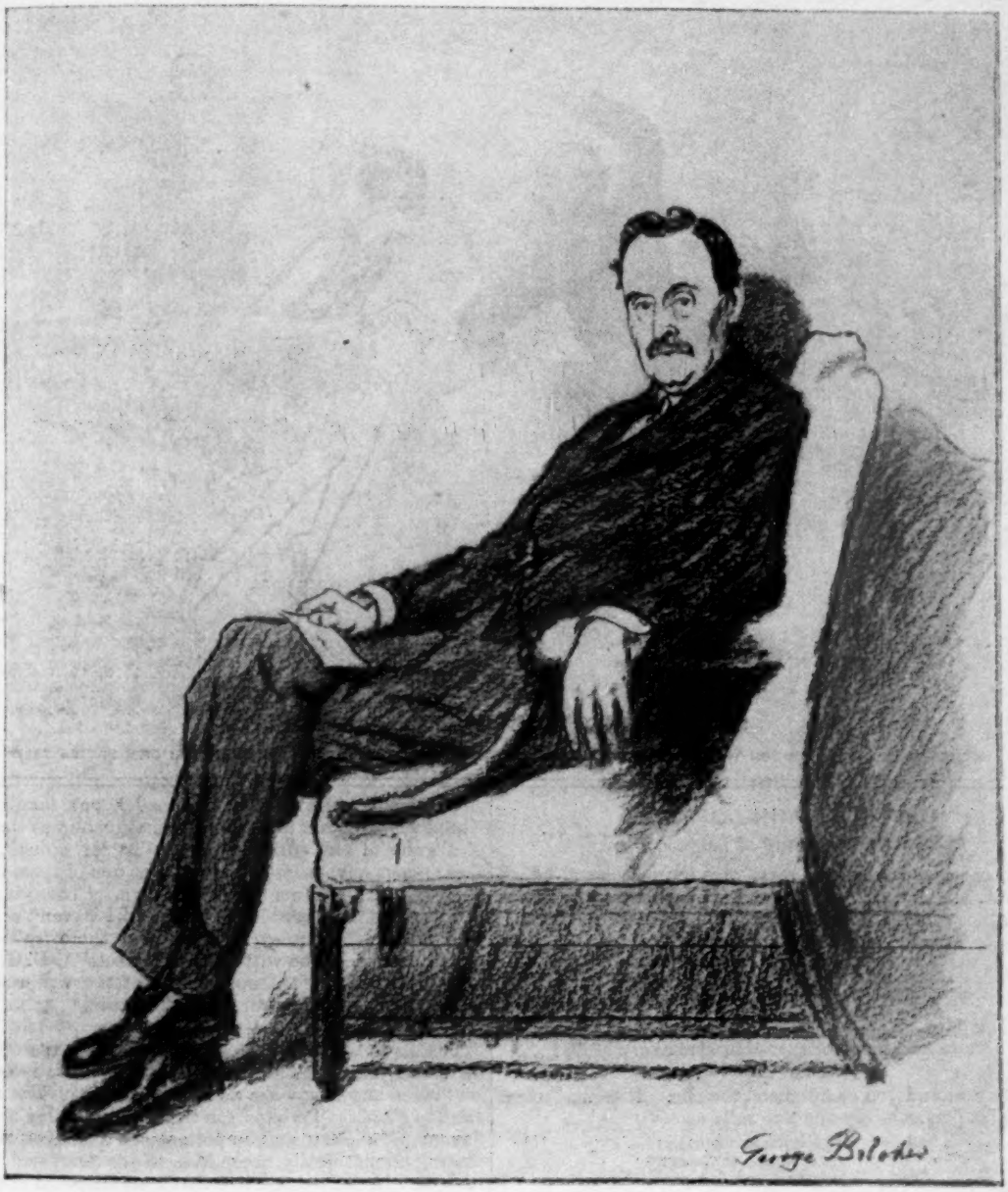
From a theatre notice:—

"'She Stoops to Conquer' was made famous a couple of decades or more ago by the sponsoring of the great Dr. Samuel Johnson."
Channel Islands Paper.

Much virtue in that "or more."

"TO THOSE ABOUT TO MARRY.—I have Furnished a House completely during the past four years, and must now Sell Everything. This is a Genuinely Golden Opportunity for Real Bargains. Buy what you want; take it when you want."—*Advt. in Evening Paper.*

In spite of these allurements, we still think Mr. Punch's famous advice, "DON'T," is the best.



Lord Dawson of Penn.

Have you sampled his record, this Baron (of Bucks)?
The world of clinique is the oyster he sucks;
Consult him on any conceivable thing,
He can handle all subjects—and even the KING.

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—XXXVIII.



DANCE IMPERIALLY—THE KAFFIR CRAWL.

IN THE SEARCH FOR A DANCE TO REPLACE THE CHARLESTON, CANNOT WE FIND INSPIRATION IN OUR OWN NATIVE TALENT?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

No one ever wrote light verse with more ease and polish than A. D. GODLEY. He was as happy in ambitious metres as in those simple ones which he usually chose to adorn.

"Hail, Morning blest!
(Always supposing that the punctual Sun
Shall in these altered circumstances rise
To glad our chastened eyes
As he till now hath done),
When Learning, freed from base comitial cares,
Turns from such horrid scenes to mind its own affairs;
Hail, Day of Rest!"

Study that and you comprehend the ode. It seems to flow from his pen as easily and naturally as

"Oh, why did I learn mathematics
Or give my attention to Greek?
That 's the reason I 'm lodging in attics
And living on nothing a week."

And if the form was perfect the matter was always full of good humour, good temper and commonsense. A reactionary Muse; but the Muse of light verse is seldom happy when shouting with the mob. A. D. G. resisted every innovation, at Oxford and elsewhere, but there was no bitterness in his neat and trenchant satire. There must be very many who will desire to possess the *Reliquiae* (OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS), which have been beautifully edited by C. R. L. FLETCHER. The first volume contains not a few passages of verse which only because of their local and restricted interest are in any way inferior to *Lyra Frivola* or *Second Strings*. It is full too of felicitous classical conceits. In the second there are collected essays, lectures and contributions to *The Classical Review*, enough to show the reader not familiar with GODLEY that, apart from his scholarship, he was the master of a graceful and effective prose. To Mr. Punch, finally, these books have a lasting appeal, for one of them contains a rhyming tribute to a bard of his own. "There is nothing at all but it prompts him to sing, and I haven't a shadow of doubt on the surface of earth that there isn't a thing which he couldn't be witty about," wrote A. D. G. Even now it seems hard to believe that of the writer of those words only "the pleasant voices" remain.

Thanks to a youth austerely but happily reared on the historical tales of Miss MARTINEAU, I naturally cock my ears when any new voice awakens an echo of *The Peasant and the Prince*. Perhaps too there is something about the flavour of a clean and unpretentious piece of romantic writing allopathically acceptable to the furry palate of a reviewer. At any rate I feel that I am disposed to eye *The Clue* (ARNOLD) rather more tenderly than its intrinsic virtues warrant; and I shall content myself by recommending Mrs. J. O. ARNOLD's slender well-bred story of the aftermath of the French Revolution to Victorians and neo-Victorians of goodwill. It opens with the honourable re-burial of the bodies and heads of LOUIS and MARIE ANTOINETTE, and the comments thereon of a prosperous bourgeois and an impoverished aristocrat. *Jean Enault* and *André de Vigne* jolt out of Paris in the same coach towards the château where the ancestors of the latter barbarously ill-used the parents of the former. Unconscious of this grim tie, the two men part, *André* to take over what is left of the château, *Jean* to propose marriage to a pretty tenant. *Elise Picard's* mother disappeared during the Terror, and she refuses to

marry *Jean* until he has traced the circumstances of the death. The story of his quest, which involves researches into the fate of MARIE ANTOINETTE and the little DAUPHIN, is the matter of the plot. This gains pathetic substance from its connection with the Widow CAPET and her son, but rather at the expense of the status of the fictitious cast. Mrs. ARNOLD'S summary handling of honest *Enault*, for the sole apparent crime of standing in the way of a good "curtain," struck me as a particularly high-handed piece of creative tyranny.

The cloak of HUDSON falls (you 'd say)
On her who is most fit
To wear it in a seemly way,
And that 's Miss FRANCES PITT,
Whose heart is stirred by beast and bird—
The smallest mouse enthralls it;
Her latest book is out, just look,
Animal Mind she calls it.

With episode and happening
I 've found myself beguiled,
By beast a-field, by bird a-wing,
Domestic ones or wild;
Miss PITT displays how Nature's ways
Are never without reasons;
Her anecdotes (from personal notes)
Go up and down the seasons.

She tells us of intelligence,
Of instinct, rage and fun,
Migration and the homing sense
In birds and beasts that run;
The horse, Miss PITT says, lacks in wit;
His lovers may look sniffy,
But the appeals of baby seals
Should soothe them in a jiffy.

This book I 've found, all jests apart,
A charming one, but then
'Tis written from the kindliest heart
And with the kindliest pen;
ALLEN AND UNWIN, these have done
The issuing and, one fancies,
That they might "sweet ASSISI" meet
With this their own ST. FRANCES.



"I EXPECT SHE WILL HAVE SOME UNPLEASANT THINGS TO SAY ABOUT ME IN HER MEMOIRS. I KNOW SHE DISLIKES ME."

"I SHOULDN'T WORRY. SHE HATES YOU SO MUCH THAT SHE 'LL LEAVE YOU OUT ALTOGETHER."

Mr. D. L. MURRAY'S *Disraeli* (BENN) sets out to convey the impression of a "picturesque visitant from a psychological climate alien to British airs"; a cuckoo to be regarded rather as a blithe newcomer than as an intruder, but a cuckoo with something of cloud-cuckoo-town about him all the same. As far as the book is a record it is the record of our old friend the "superlative Hebrew conjurer"; but (and here I note the inflection of the age) the rabbits taken out of the hat are not always those the conjurer would himself have put into it, the watches produced from the pockets of the audience keep a time often as embarrassing to him as to them. In this suggestion of limited legerdemain Mr. MURRAY'S study differs from FROUDE'S, which, in conclusions though not in temper, it often resembles. DISRAELI is here depicted as more necessarily, and therefore more pardonably, the opportunist. How this character was developed, how it came into contact with the world it sought to dominate, and how it surmounted the odds against it, is told with the sympathy the tale deserves and the humour it cannot help arousing. The novels are fitted deftly into their subordinate but eloquent places; and a lifetime of association with "an ancient monarchy, a proud aristocracy and a reformed House of Commons" is passed in lucid review. My one quarrel with an otherwise most enjoyable book is the ultimate submergence of its hero in the issues of his Eastern policy. The Russo-Turkish War, like any

other war, may have assumed a vast disproportion to the stature of the statesmen concerned in it, but this unlucky accident should not have been allowed to deflect the interest of a work of art.

The unnamed hero of *Neighbours* (HOLDEN) lived for six years in an attic whose walls were so thin that he could hear every word spoken in the next room. In this way he was able to listen to and to record the intimate conversation of a young man named *Victor* with his chorus-girl friend, *Pamela*, and two or three male companions. Why these neighbours never met on the staircase was a difficulty which grew upon me with every page, until I came to the "dramatic climax," in which Mr. CLAUDE HOUGHTON explained it perfectly, only to create a dozen more difficulties, of which the least was whether or not it was all a dream; and, if so, whose. If it was a dream it was of the kind that makes wakefulness a blessing. *Victor's* talk, which is the substance of the book, is often brilliant, but it is the brilliance of fever, at times almost of delirium. "Like listening-in to a lunatic-asylum," said *Pamela*, who had no morals but much common-sense. Mr. HOUGHTON attaches too much importance to the feverish questings of an ill-balanced and sex-ridden youth. This is not life; it is just the "bad time" through which many a young man passes before he learns to accept the conventions which make life tolerable. Nevertheless the future is not without hope. In the end "a great peace" falls upon *Victor*. Let us hope it has also fallen upon Mr. CLAUDE HOUGHTON. He will then be free to give to his wit and to his exceptional talent for dialogue a more wholesome scope than he has afforded them in this unpleasant book.



SOLVING THE SERVANT PROBLEM.

WE FIND THAT A WIRELESS INSTALLATION IN THE KITCHEN KEEPS OUR DOMESTIC IN A FRAME OF MIND CONDUCIVE TO BETTER SERVICE.

The late Miss CLEMENTINA BLACK, in her charming group of portraits of *The Linleys of Bath* (SECKER), rightly posed the ladies of that wonderful family in the foreground of the picture. Professor SAINTSBURY, in his preface to the book, commends Miss BLACK for her discretion in narrating no more of RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN than suffices to make clear the relation of that celebrated Irishman to the LINLEYS; but in truth it is the discretion of an artist who understands the value of selection and elimination. SHERIDAN married "that most exquisite of creatures, Elizabeth Linley." Her younger sisters, MARY, MARIA and JANE, and her brothers SAMUEL, WILLIAM and OZIAS, were, like ELIZABETH, endowed with a singular beauty and a notable gift of music. Their father, THOMAS LINLEY, was an accomplished musician, stern, kindly and handsome; their mother, it appears, was something of a shrew. Whence were derived the charm, the talent, the nobility, the wit of that particular generation? The family of LINLEY was of some antiquity and of an impeccable respectability; but neither before nor since has it flowered so superbly. With admirable art Miss BLACK has presented these lively and gracious spirits, whose outward loveliness was immortally delineated by REYNOLDS, GAINSBOROUGH and LAWRENCE. Alas, the LINLEY ladies died in the plenitude of their lives' summer. They were survived by their mother and their brothers WILLIAM and OZIAS. That quaint creature, the Rev. OZIAS THURSTON LINLEY, scholar and mathematician, quick-tempered, outspoken and affectionate, inherited the family wit and talent for music, invented a theology of his own, became Organist Fellow of Dulwich College in 1816, and remained the terror and delight of his colleagues till his death in 1831.

Secret Harbour (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), by STEWART EDWARD WHITE, begins as a tale of adventure, and provides all the ingredients—a yacht, a remote island, a mysterious gold-mine worked by secretive and sinister persons, an inscrutable Chinaman and what not—needed for the making of a thrilling yarn. The plot, however, turns to mere knockabout comedy, with the secretive and sinister persons as the unwilling clowns and everybody else as the delighted audience. STEWART EDWARD WHITE has written some admirable stories in his time. Perhaps his experiment in shooting lions with bows and arrows has so wedded him to an austere regard for rigid exactitude that the weaving of fiction and the manufacture of "local colour" no longer come easily to him. However it may be, *Secret Harbour*, though pleasantly readable, is far inferior to *The Riverman* or *Arizona Nights*.

I applaud Mr. FLOYD DELL'S courage and admire his skill in making a dreamer the dominating figure of *An Old Man's Folly* (CASSELL). Although in actual years *Nathaniel Windle*, born in America during the early fifties of last century, did not exceed man's allotted span, he gave me the impression of living for æons. And the reason, I think, was that from a practical point of view he never began to be important, he just saw visions, dreamed dreams, and by his innate kindliness brought sparks of happiness to those who understood him. Then, after America joined in the European war, he became friends with the peace-party and saw one of his dreams come true. The forcible picture of America's methods of dealing with pacifists that Mr. DELL has drawn will remain niched in my memory. So also will his portrait of the queer lovable *Nathaniel*, who is as unlike the orthodox hero of modern fiction as it is possible to imagine.

There was a slip in our notice last week of *The Romantic Comedians* (MURRAY) which Mr. Punch greatly regrets, more particularly because it has caused a correspondent to break out into the following effusion:—

> "What your critic this week says is surely mere fudge,
> For he states that *Maud Muller did* marry the judge.
> Now of all the sad things which so often we see
> Are the errors of this kind which ought not to be."

CHARIVARIA.

THE coal strike is stated to have had the effect of reducing the number of pictures sent to the Academy this year. Even this, in our opinion, fails to vindicate Mr. A. J. COOK.

* * *

There seems to be no truth in the rumour that the weather forecast has refused to broadcast in future owing to a previous contract with Mr. CHARLES GULLIVER.

* * *

Mr. C. B. COCHRAN has been described in the House of Lords as a British BARNUM; but it is only fair to point out that the famous showman has never offered to exhibit any of their lordships.

* * *

A Chicago man in London has been robbed of eighty pounds. That ought to make him feel quite at home.

* * *

It is proposed to form a football team composed of M.P.'s. A disgusted supporter of an unsuccessful London club says there might be something in the idea, but what is really wanted is a football team composed of footballers.

* * *

The sentence of imprisonment on a German Press photographer in Genoa for belittling Italy ought to be a warning to foreigners to be most careful to avoid anything that might be interpreted as belitaly.

* * *

The author of a book on dogs maintains that the dachshund is really of French origin. Fortunately in case of an international dispute the animal's conformation allows of an amicable partition.

* * *

An evening paper thinks that men like Sir JOHN SIMON see no roseate promise in a programme of alternately putting the Socialists in and throwing them out again. It strikes us, however, as pinkish.

* * *

Mr. HENRY FORD is buying up all the old violins he can find. If he would like to make himself popular he might come to England and do the same with saxophones.

* * *

A Canadian is walking from Dublin to Belfast on his hands. It is remarkable what some men will do to avoid wearing out their boots.

* * *

The reduction of twopence a gallon in the price of petrol means that motorists will soon be able to do more pedestrians to the pound.

* * *

In connection with the new wayside motorists' signs one enterprising local council has decided to add a line to their new sign bearing the words, "Drive too fast and see our police-court."

* * *

The London telegraph messenger who was last week mistaken for a burglar has only himself to blame. He shouldn't have broken into a run.

* * *

So many reports have been received recently of birds having been killed by golf-balls that the lark isn't likely to leave his watery nest in future without a shrapnel helmet.

* * *

A Burnley bootmaker has made a set of boots for an Alsatian with chilblains. It seems as if Alsatians were beginning to suffer from cold feet.

* * *

A picture painted in a quarter of an hour by a charwoman under psychic influence has been exhibited. In Chelsea it is regarded as hopeless to compete with this sort of thing.

* * *

An evening paper that published a photograph of an Eton boy playing the bagpipes was evidently desirous of paying out the piper.

* * *

The backs of ladies' hats are in future to be more decorative than the fronts. Modern woman seems to know pretty well man's position in the human race.

* * *

There are reported to be two thousand giant lizards living on Komodo which are able to move at the rate of thirty miles an hour and pull down and devour a mountain pony. This decides us not to go to Komodo.

* * *

Laundry-workers, we read, need different temperaments according to the departments in which they are employed. An expert collar-crinkler, for instance, might lack the dash necessary in the shirt-ripping room.

* * *

Experiments in Sheffield are expected to result in the production of sheet-glass that will withstand the blows of a hammer. People living in houses made of it will be able to throw stones with impunity.

* * *

A robins' nest built in a letter-box near Hitchin two weeks ago has not yet been removed. No doubt the wise birds labelled it "Urgent."

* * *

Chimpanzee fur can be made up like sealskin. If this is possible it can't be so hard to make monk mink.

* * *

An evening paper, referring to the REGISTRAR-GENERAL'S report on vital statistics, draws attention to the rarity of 1926 babies. Those who possess specimens, however, should not be too sanguine of obtaining fancy prices from collectors.

* * *

A gossip writer mentions a circus sword-swallower who has been ill owing to overwork. It is said that the doctors have put him on a light diet of used safety-razor blades.

* * *

Now that violets are being made into salads the time will come when a simple primrose by the river's brim will look like a good square meal.

* * *

What industry suffers from nowadays is that there are too many people pushing shares and not enough pushing ploughshares.

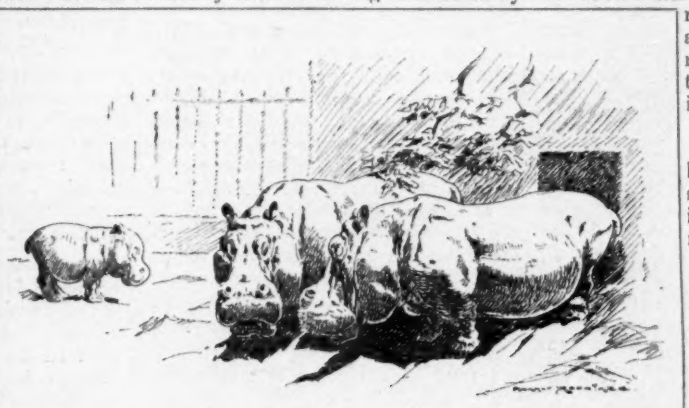
* * *

If dancing is the poetry of motion, the Charleston is the *vers libre*.

From a Parliamentry Report:—

"AMENDMENT OF CHILDREN ACT."
Daily Paper.

This, in the opinion of many parents, is a piece of legislation much overdue.



THE NEW COUNTRY ZOO.

"IT'S ALL VERY WELL FOR YOU AND ME TO BURY OURSELVES IN THE COUNTRY, BUT WHAT ABOUT ETHEL? IT WILL UTTERLY RUIN HER PROSPECTS."

THE HOME BEAUTEOUS.

No one can accuse me of being a reactionary; I march with the times. My stiff white collars, those dear discomforts, now adorn the hairy neck of Mary Ann's friend in the milk trade; I raise no word of protest at the shingling of a wife; I pad a heavyish Charleston; but the Twentieth-Century House gets my goat. There is far too much of this brighter home business.

On the threshold of marital bliss I graduated from an environment of horsehair and mahogany to one of pink cushions and fumed oak. So far so good. This was our own choice. I had even been permitted to go with Agatha on home-building expeditions, being cast for the small but important *rôle* of "Raymond, her wealthy suitor." It is what is called a walking-on part. I was not expected to say anything; but there was some very tricky and effective business with fount-pen and cheque-book.

Pleasant visions I had in those days—visions of a home that should mellow with us. I pictured the pristine varnish bearing the treasured marks of childish hooves. The handsome marble timepiece, presented by the Society of Allotmenteers (as a token of their esteem), should continue, treasured though unticking, on our mantel down the years.

Change without decay would appear to be our motto. The order of the changes I never attempt to recall. We have suffered an epidemic of pastel shades; we have been self-coloured; we have been Arty. We have aped the furnishings of the Cavaliers, without, fortunately perhaps, adopting their ringlets and feathers. We have eaten the flesh of beasts from a refectory table on Fridays in Lent.

There has been a yearly readjustment in homage to Ideal Homes Exhibitions. Wembley for two successive seasons spelled red revolution. To me personally a furniture shop (emporium perhaps meets the case better) always spells that, whether it adorn the Tottenham Court Road or is hot-housed under Olympian glass. A place, that is, where betrothed couples go smirking, and saner folk renew their kitchen linoleum.

A propos of kitchens. Ours is of the labour-saving variety—now. When Elizabeth, our first maid, was installed therein, it was a plain square sort of place—a place, in fact, where one's meals were prepared; a place twinkling with copper and iron; smelling pleasantly of yellow soap and gravy. We have worked wonders since. Tiled like a bathroom, our kitchen has become the home of all the gadgets. Elizabeth has been gone ages now. She was never really the same after her conflict with the electric potato-scraper.

We have a garden. I like a garden. I love to plant a radish or two or train an errant pea in the way it should grow. My wife studies "To-day's Hint for the Garden" and "Saturday in the Back-Yard." They always stick them on the Women's Page of our paper. Now I don't care what you say or who says it, one can't have a rockery, a sundial, goldfish and an Elizabethan garden all in a space measuring fifteen by seven yards. At least, not if one is to do justice to the garage and tennis-court.

I own that I am an untidy fellow. I've been told so for so long that I've almost got to believe it myself. You should see my room at home, though. It is of its kind perfection. There is my typewriter, cosily draped in its baize. I have my filing cabinet, wherein (if you understand the darn things, which I don't) one can lay instant hand on my rejection slips from *The Aberdeen Free Press* for March, '24, or the diploma I gained for Blue Beveren Hens at Woolwich last year. The electric-heater is flanked, on the right, by the shield of arms of a college I never attended; to the left, by a design which my old regiment would scorn to have described as theirs. My pens, my blotting-paper, my *et-ceteras*, are ranged in military lines and squares on the fair field of a c'ean desk. I do most of my work in the train; the office typist does the rest.

I am on my guard. My stout British back is planted firmly against the wall of my Ideal Home. A revolving house has been invented, and erected at Nice of all places. The whole Press is full of its wonders. In every room, they say, is a switch, by the manipulation of which one can capture what little sun there is likely to be this summer—or spin madly on one's own axis.

I'll have none of it. My house remains, in so far as its positions are concerned, where it stands this day. My bathroom, for instance, faces due north. I prefer it so. Bathing is a sober operation, not to be whistled over. I will not have the air of chastened gloom with which I enter my tub dissipated by rays of promiscuous sunshine because Mary Ann wishes to shake the mats out of the drawing-room window. Neither will I be suddenly revolved in the midst of my fret-working merely because Agatha wishes to show a friend "how it works." On occasion, the night of our School dinner, perhaps, I have known the house to shimmer slightly, even to wobble a trifle. But a revolving residence! No, no, it is too much.

DEPARTMENTAL RHYMES.

The Treasury.

The Treasury of course contains
The Chancellor's ill-gotten gains,
A golden harvest, I opine,
Of which a grain or two were mine—
Mere specks in that rapacious coffer,
Though more than I would freely offer.

The strong-room door is stoutly barred
And stern officials stand on guard,
Grim sentries, vigilant and keen,
And natives all of Aberdeen,
Defending with their well-known axes
The garnered spoils of many taxes.
The Admiralty's foremost Lord
Is often not a little bored
To note that, should he chance to stray
Quite absentmindedly that way,
They grasp their weapons as he comes,
Testing the edges with their thumbs,
And fix him with a hostile eye—
He simply can't imagine why.

These wardens of the revenue
Have one impressive deed to do,
A stately rite which they enhance
With music, pomp and circumstance.
While drums and brazen trumpets blend,
Officials in procession wend
Gravely towards the sacred vaults,
And there the whole caboodle halts.

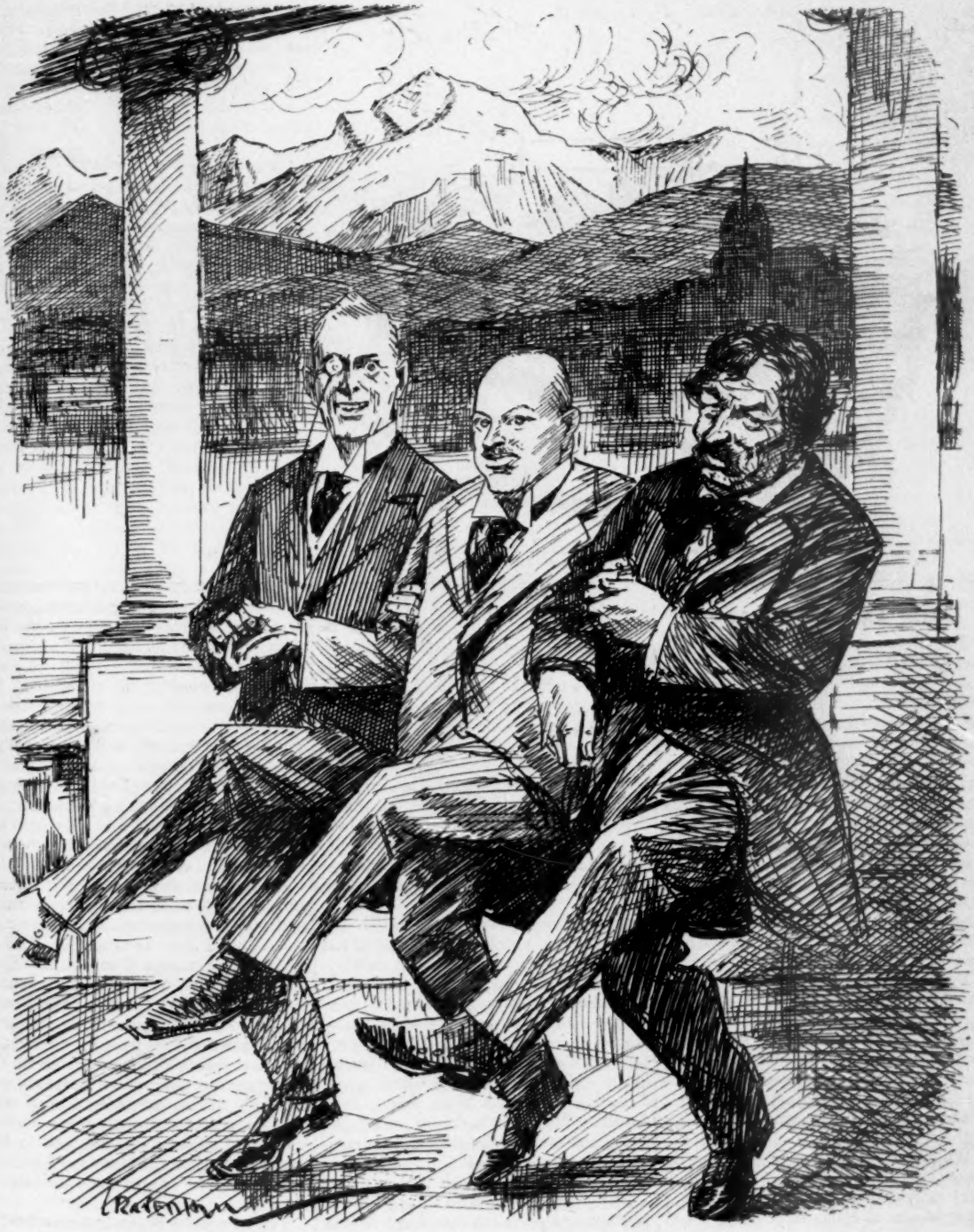
Attendants open wide the door
And, headed by the Chancellor,
They pass within, whence soon, I'm told,
One hears the clink of solid gold.
Then forth they come with bulging sacks
Of bullion balanced on their backs,
All sealed and labelled, "Urgent freights,
Prepaid to the United States."
Each man his burden bravely bears
As slowly they remount the stairs,
Then, as a solemn silence falls,
The "Last Post" echoes through the halls.

It is the like of you and me
That yearly fills the Treasury,
And part of everything we pay
Is sent to help the U.S.A.,
For, though we may be far from rich,
In Penn. and Pa. and Mass. and Mich.,
The busy teeming thoroughfares
Are thronged with hungry millionaires
Who cry aloud to us for bread,
And must in charity be fed.
I'm proud to think my mite is sent
To temper their impoverishment.

C. L. M.

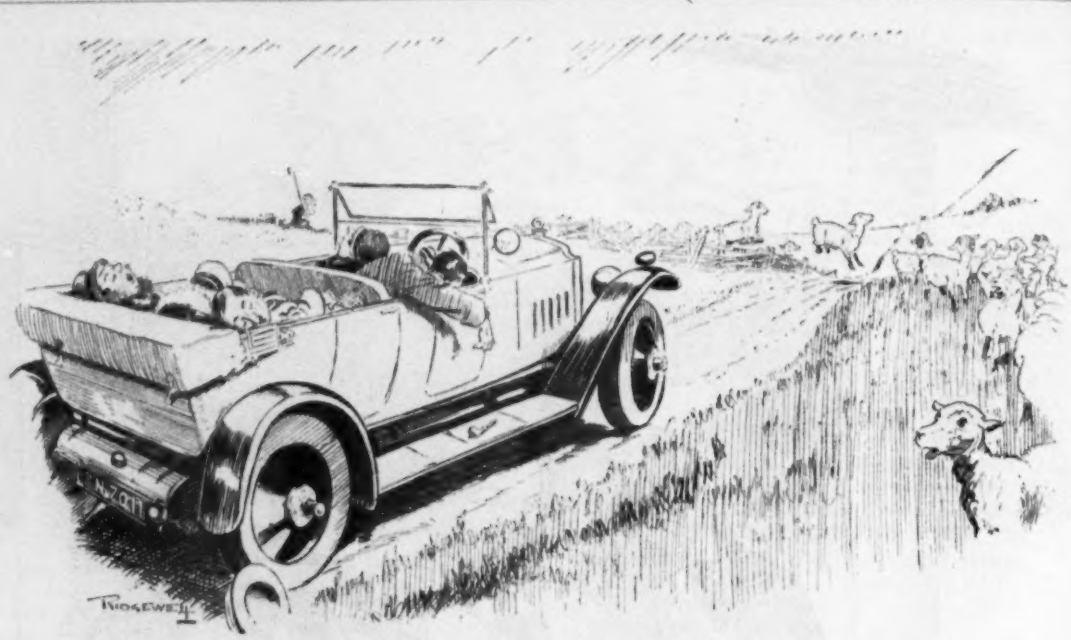
"Nothing in the twenty-six counties of Ireland is safe from the meddling of Mr. Cosgrave and his Cabinet. They remind one frequently of 'Bottles' babies,' who were discovered with a watch sadly damaged because they wanted to find out 'what made the wheels go round.'"—*Irish Paper.*

Yet, strange to say, the Irish Ministry does not seem to be much more popular with the publicans than with the rest of the population.



GENEVA IS SO EMBRACING.

[Referring to the recent successful session of the Council of the League of Nations, *The Times* remarks: "A sense of humour has made a welcome appearance at the meetings, and the witty repartees of M. Briand and Dr. Stresemann during Saturday's discussion on the Saar created a general good temper."]



THE DISASTROUS EFFECT OF COUNTING SHEEP.

MARS AND ÆSCULAPIUS.

LAST week our barracks was the subject of a lightning inspection by Somebody Very Senior. Usually there is a definite routine in all inspections, and we know what the result will be beforehand. If it is the Inspecting General's first year, the battalion is too filthy and awful for words; if it is his second year, it is admitted that we are only just ordinarily dirty; if it is his third year we show distinct signs of improvement; and if it is his fourth year we are all quite too lovely, and the General gets a K.C.B. and promotion elsewhere for his efficiency, leaving us to become filthy and awful once more for the new General's first inspection.

But this particular inspection, we learnt, only just the day before, was no ordinary one; it was, in fact, a *medical* inspection. In other words the Somebody Very Senior was also Somebody Very Medical, who would want to see our food, water, sanitary and hospital arrangements, rather than rows of troops at the "present."

We had a busy day of preparation on these new lines. Fatigue men were frantically cleaning out choked gullies; short-tempered cooks were being urged by orderly sergeants to wash their hands; fly-papers were hung up in every mess-room, and men with whitewash were everywhere, for whitewash on any inspection is like charity.

At the last moment it was discovered that, owing to our unit's being particularly healthy, there happened to be no sick men at all in our small barrack hospital. At a conference held in the Colonel's office it was decided that we should get a very black mark indeed if we didn't have a nice showing of men in little white cots. So the Colonel said, "Let there be sick men," and everybody gave orders to everyone else, with the result that four files of surprised privates were suddenly told on parade by a stolid orderly-sergeant: "From 'ere to the left, four paces left close—march! Go up to 'orapital and report sick."

There was a general impression left in the troops' minds that the end of the world must be at hand if an orderly-sergeant could say things like that. For an orderly-sergeant's usual conversation about sickness is confined to—"Now look here, me lad, don't you try to work that one off on me! *I* knows quite well how you come over queer d'reckly you heard there was a rowt march. Well, *I* 'm a doctor, too, I am, and *I* ses a nice walk in the country will do you a —— lot of good." And so on till the invalid feels better.

The only person who appeared unaffected by the general bustle in barracks was the one person who ought to have been bouncing about like a parched pea on a drum, and that was the medical officer attached to us, one Captain Malinger, not a pleasant man. He had been talking largely for some weeks previously about resigning his commission because the army wasn't what he had been given to understand. He now said this inspection was a great nuisance and, if he found it interfered with his leisure, he would resign his commission the next day, and anyway he didn't care a hang for Generals, not even medical ones. We thought privately that if that was the line Captain Malinger proposed to take during the inspection he would probably find that he had resigned his commission before it was even over.

On the great day General Stethoscope arrived in force. He was very small and very pompous, and we stood round and saluted him because he liked it. All, that is, except Captain Malinger, who sent down word from the hospital by an orderly that he had a difficult case on. The difficult case, we heard later, was Private Sling, who, in view of the fact that he wanted to cycle ten miles that evening to see his best girl, was refusing to be considered sick and wanted to go out on parade, which last statement seemed to indicate to the doctor's orderlies (who knew Private Sling) that he might be genuinely ill after all.

The inspection began to pass off satisfactorily. Thanks to the presence in the cookhouse of three cooks simultaneously washing their hands, and a large bottle of disinfectant with a perforated top (which we discovered later was taken by one of the cooks to be a

new kind of condiment), General Stethoscope approved of our cooking arrangements. Luckily he did not look in the angle behind the door—a favourite repository. As a matter of fact he would not have been able to, because the cookhouse orderly, who 'd been had before, this time had fastened the door back with a wedge.

He then visited the men's mess-rooms. Here again he was pleased to see six fly-swatters and ten fly-papers. There really were twelve fly-papers, but we feel positive he didn't see the other two, even though he took them away with him.

After a prolonged and invigorating inspection of drains we arrived eventually at the hospital. Our part of the show had gone off well and we were now all wondering exactly what would happen to Captain Malinger.

In the hospital there were eight patients. The methodical orderly-sergeant, when detailing them that morning, had allotted to each a definite complaint and made them learn up the symptoms. In this he had exceeded his orders, because we felt sure that Private Rifle's "Yes, Sir; bad attack of leprosy, Sir," was hardly a likely case and took some explaining; while Private Barrel, with nineteen years' service, could hardly have been suffering from infantile paralysis. Private Sling was roped down to his bed and was called a mental patient. In support of madness it was pointed out that he was still babbling about wanting to go out and drill.

General Stethoscope, however, seemed a little annoyed, and his annoyance was increased when Captain Malinger was not on view when he arrived. We could see that the General was out to find something wrong with the hospital; but for once the place was fairly clean, the hospital sergeant, an opportunist, having made his eight patients clean most of it up before going to bed sick.

At last the General perceived a piece of fluff under a remote cot. The great moment had come.

"Is that a piece of fluff?" he began in an important voice. An obsequious orderly instantly dived under the bed, looked closely at it, came out again and reported with a salute that it was.

This rather shook the General, who had not expected that kind of answer.

"Shall I sweep it up, Sir?" continued the orderly efficiently.

"No," boomed the General, and added: "Give *me* a broom!"

Everybody fell over everyone else to produce a broom for him. It was rather like handing a performer something on the stage.

The General took the broom and, somewhat hampered by the hospital kitten, who thought it was a game, chivied the bit of fluff out into the centre of the room. Then he turned to the orderly:—

"Go on and tell Captain Malinger that General Stethoscope is sweeping out his hospital for him," he said cuttingly.

The scared orderly shot off and returned later even more scared and still without Malinger. The General, who had by then got the fluff and the kitten somewhere near the door, was overcome with astonishment.

"Did you give him my message?" he asked.

"Yes, Sir," stammered the orderly, trembling visibly.

"What did he say, man?"

The orderly merely trembled a bit more and made no reply.

"What did Captain Malinger say when you told him General Stethoscope was sweeping out his hospital?" wrathfully thundered the Great Man.

"Please, Sir," faltered the orderly, "he said, 'Let him carry on. I expect it needed it.'"

We were quite right. Captain Malinger did resign his commission that night. But at least he made a good exit.

A. A.



"I SAY, WHAT ON EARTH IS THAT INSTRUMENT YOU 'RE PLAYING?"
"WELL, IT *WON* A MARF-ORGAN, BUT A LORRY 'S BIN OVER IT."

I'LL TELL THE WORLD.

VIII.—ENGLAND: THE END.

FAIN would we pass on from our brief sketch of England's history and archæology, her place among the peoples, her cities, industries and manufactures, to discuss in detail those aspects of her complicated existence which have hitherto eluded our pen, as for instance her art, manners, customs, literature, politics, religion, cookery, morals, agriculture, housing, haberdashery and hygiene. Time presses, however, and these alluring subjects must, alas! be set aside. Nor is it possible to deal as we should like to deal with the music of England, her manufacturing combines, her ancient societies, her gold standard and her sinking fund.

Let it be remembered that these are all of them topics which in conversation foreigners will do well to avoid. To put to acquaintances at the club, or to a hostess at luncheon, such queries as—

> "What do you consider to be the cultural reactions of contemporary art upon the national life of England to-day?" or, "In what relation do the societies or institutes governing the various professions in England stand towards persons practising those professions?"

is but to invite a well-merited rebuke. The sad case of the foreigner who in an after-dinner speech assumed that the Ancient Order of Buffaloes was affiliated to the Frozen Meat Federation will not readily be forgotten.

Nor is English etiquette easy. Few but natives know that the younger sons of knights should precede at the dinner-table, and even on lesser ceremonial occasions, doctors in medicine, doctors in divinity and doctors in law.

Conversation flows most easily in England on the flight of birds, the form of horses and the time-tables of trains, all of which should be learnt carefully by the visitor if he wishes to charm and please.

Let us turn then to consider finally what advantages England, being such as she is and has been, offers as a place of temporary sojourn to the foreign tourist, be he who he be.

THE CLIMATE OF ENGLAND.

Her climate has been called cold, and it is true that she abounds in place-names such as Cold Higham, Chillingly and Frostwick, whereas no villages appear to bear contradictory names like Hot Aston, Warm Barnet and Boiling Sudbury. But if England is cold she has fires on her hearths, which are unknown in other lands; and fires can be regulated by any man of strong purpose and unflagging energy by means of a poker and bellows, whereas central-heating is in most cases inexorable and the sufferer must faint or freeze.



AMERICAN VISITOR REBUKED BY ENGLISH HOSTESS FOR IMPERTINENT INQUIRY ABOUT CONTEMPORARY ENGLISH ART.

It is said that in England there is rain. But the advantages of rain are far more conspicuous than its defects. To begin with, it renders the landscapes of England green, whereas the landscapes of other countries are grey, purple, white, yellow, pink or brown, colours fatiguing to the optic nerve, and producing in the inhabitants hysteria, political revolution, and sometimes penury and despair. How many a traveller, wearied by hundreds of miles of waving corn, of burning desert or unpitying snow, tired of rose-coloured rocks and parched vegetation, has not rejoiced as his train puffed through England to behold so many acres under grass, turnips, potatoes, and golf. This green is alluded to by SHAKESPEARE'S *John of Gaunt*, is caused by England's rain, and endures throughout her spring and summer, until the rise of her autumnal mists, to emerge again as gloriously as ever in April at the end of her winter fog.



TRYING TO ALTER THE ENGLISH WEATHER.
BAROMETER-PUNCHING AT BREAKFAST-TIME.

It has been pointed out that if there were higher mountains and more snow in England it would be easier to ski there, but it is equally true to say that if there were more grass and mangel-wurzels in Switzerland it would be a better place for feeding sheep. It is to the rainfall of England, moreover, that she owes perhaps the two most famous institutions of her country-life—the barometer and the rain-gauge.

THE ENGLISH HOME.

It is the ambition of every Englishman toiling in the smoke of her manufacturing cities to retire at last to the country and have a barometer and rain-gauge of his own. They are the household gods, to which an elaborate ritual is due. Each member of the family, on coming down to breakfast, taps the barometer long and hard in the hope of altering the English weather and making it a little more dry; and each, on passing to the sideboard,

where the porridge, buttered eggs, kidneys, bacon, etc., repose, looks out of the window, comments on the wind and the condition of the sky, and announces the result of his or her tappings for the benefit of the rest. And this although considerable State organisation exists for the purpose of tapping barometers and communicating the results to the daily Press.

The present writer well remembers paying a visit to a country house during a period when the barometer happened to be passing from CHANGE to FAIR. Host, hostess, sons, daughters, guests, all tapped the instrument one after another in turn before entering the breakfast-room, and announced joyfully, "The barometer's going up!" until at last the youngest son came down and struck it more violently than ever. The fastening by this time had grown somewhat loose, and there was a loud crash in the hall. Alas! the barometer had gone down.

The worship of the rain-gauge follows a different procedure. In dealing with the rain-gauge it is the tradition in England not to desire less rain, but more, in the hope of establishing a local or even a personal record; and keen indeed is the competition amongst neighbours as to who shall have the largest decimal to report, after the morning visit has been paid to the lawn. The rock garden, the herbaceous border, the bird bath and bird table all claim their share of attention, but the undercurrent of excitement noticeable in every member of the party is due to the possibility of defeating the rain-gauge next-door. Sometimes a field-mouse will have crept into the rain-gauge and committed suicide there, causing the utmost anxiety and alarm.

THE SCENERY OF ENGLAND.

Next to the greenness of the English landscape must be mentioned its attractive shape. Villages and small towns in England nestle in the hollows of hills, or lie concealed at the bottom of wooded vales. Elsewhere the scenery is for the most part either absolutely horizontal or absolutely perpendicular, the towns being either so high up that they can only be reached with the aid of mules, or in the middle of such interminable plains that the traveller has got tired of looking at them before he arrives. England, thanks to hedges, mists, hillsides and curling roads, is full of unexpectedness, so that the motorist never knows whether round the next corner he will come upon a cathedral city or a flock of sheep, or both.

For the visitor who has but little time to spend on his sight-seeing England again is the ideal resort, the minimum times for visiting her chief towns comparing very favourably with France, Italy, Belgium and Spain, as the following brief table will show:—

	Minimum Time.
Venice	1 day.
Bath	2 hours.
Bruges	5 hours.
Halifax	15 minutes.
Granada	3 hours.
York	lunch.

Nor is there need for any of that rapid trotting motion usually employed in the picture-galleries of famous Continental towns.

But lastly and most conclusively the foreigner who comes to England and makes a short stay in London need travel nowhere else, not even in England itself. The arts, industries, merchandise and meals of the whole world are there made ready for him to enjoy, and, in cases where they are manufactured in Birmingham, can be obtained at a cheaper price than abroad. The wealth of the East, the fruits of Empire are poured at his feet. For a reasonable sum he can bask in artificial sunlight under far more comfortable conditions than Egypt supplies. Elsewhere he can tumble on artificial ice. He can walk through Soho, Whitechapel and Limehouse, thus surveying mankind from China to Peru, and before leaving he can buy from a shop in the Strand specially prepared and printed labels decorated with the names and pictures of the principal European hotels. EVOE.



LABELLING LUGGAGE IN THE VESTIBULE OF A LONDON HOTEL.

KORE JACKDAW IN GEORGIA.

MAN'S SONG: *THE DANSANT.*
(After Mr. EDWARD SHANKS.)

No more upon my chest recline thee,
The fates to other arms assign thee,
My steps thou knowst too well, too well;
Brush with thy hair no more my chin,
Bedewing scent upon my skin—
I do not like the smell.

In what strange dance, in what strange play
Moved we to such an end so grey
On gusts of negroid song?
I do not know; I thought I knew
That partners could be fair and true;
I fancy I was wrong.

Where has the charm departed? Where
In all thy vain coquettish air
Is that which made me mad?
Was it my fancy? Did I see
That "lizard" leer above his tea
While you admired the cad?

No more with treacherous arms entwine thee,
Seek no more that my heart repine thee,
Forget the steps thou hast known so well;
Too soon thou'lt find him hard to please,
Too soon thou'lt wince with Charleston knees
While outraged ankles ache and swell. W. K. S.

Good Fishing.

"One day during the practice they [the Oxford crew] caught three crabs in five seconds!"
Sunday Paper.

"As he was a close student of forestry, it is probable he would also have an inclination to take up astronomy as a hobby."
North-Country Paper.

Just the reverse of *lucus a non lucendo.*

"The old ranch house was burned down fifteen years ago, and she built a new residence at a cost of £70,000,000. It is described as the finest farmhouse in America."
Evening Paper.

And that's why they all ran after the farmer's wife.

"HADDON HALL READY
DUKE OF RUTLAND TO ENTER NEXT MONTH.
The Duke of Portland will next month take up residence at Haddon Hall, the famous home of Dorothy Vernon."—*Daily Paper.*

We trust their Graces will hit it off together.

BOGUS.

I sit upon a bogus Empire chair;
My Tudor table is a modern fake;
And from a dish of bogus Dresden ware
I help myself to bogus British steak;
The portraits on my walls (from Wardour Street)
Are someone else's ancestors, not mine,
And even the very teeth with which I eat
Can hardly be described as gen-u-*ine*.
My precious Persian rugs are bogus,
My ancient Toby jugs are bogus,
And my quaint Apostle spoons, and my ebony spittoons
(From the distant Cameroons) are bogus.

My Cheddar came from Texas or Montana;
No Bolshevik prepared my caviare;
No picturesque mulatto in Havana
Rolled the tobacco-leaf for my cigar;
I wonder where my ham originated!
I've doubts about my coffee and my cream;
As for my claret, it must be located
Among the things "that are not what they seem."
My wife's Venetian lace is bogus,
And the colour on her face is bogus,
And my mediæval scrolls, and my priceless China bowls,
And my yet more priceless coals, are bogus.

The massive chain that spans the undulation
Around the region where my bosom widens,
Likewise my watch, aren't gold, but imitation—
What slangy people would describe as "snide 'uns."
How ramified the art of counterfeit is!
The town is full of bogus auctioneers;
We've bogus statesmen signing bogus treaties,
And bogus brewers brewing bogus beers.
Yes, the liquor in the pubs is bogus,
And quite a lot of clubs are bogus,
And thousands of trustees, poets, pearls and pedigrees,
Baronets and sausa*gees* are bogus.

The confidence of company-promoters,
And pills to mitigate our human lot,
And politicians' promises to voters,
Which *may* be kept, and then again may *not*;
And talk about "class-conscious proletarians,"
And circulars imploring us to pay
For adding to the comfort of barbarians
In places twenty thousand miles away—
Most of these, it 's evident, are bogus,
Some fifty-five per cent. are bogus.

* * * * *

But, alas! the things one hates and abhors and execrates,
Such as taxes, bills and rates, *aren't* bogus!

PACKING.

"Have you done your packing?"

"Well, I can't say I 've exactly done it. No, I can't say that; but I 've been thinking it over."

"Have you asked them to get out your bags?"

"No; I prefer to do that myself. They wouldn't know which pairs I wanted to take."

"I mean your kit-bag and suit-cases."

"Oh! *those* bags. I have been thinking over that question. Has it ever struck you that the day of the gladstone-bag is entirely over? Yet we used to think they were very neat things. As for the old-fashioned carpet-bag, I don't suppose you could buy one now if you tried; but there is a great deal to be said for them."

"You don't want to say it all now, do you? It is time for action, not talk."

"I am not one of those who would rush blindly at such an action as packing. Without a careful scheme well laid down beforehand one might get into all sorts of trouble. Did I ever tell you how I once found myself at North Berwick with four stockings, none of which paired with another?"

"I have always liked that story, but do keep it for a winter evening when you will have more time for it. You will never get finished if you don't go up and begin."

"Of course you can't finish anything unless you begin it. A platitude of that sort doesn't put much heart into me for what I have to go through. I suppose you are still set upon that early start?"

"Oh, yes. The taxi 's ordered, and I've finished my own packing long ago. Do go and get yours done."

"I will. Your example inspires me. But of course it is different for a woman. She likes packing."

"She does not like packing; but if she is worth anything she does what she has to do and gets it over."

"And it does her infinite credit. I have always said that in her own sphere a woman has more courage than a man. And even sometimes in *his* sphere. Look at Joan of Arc."

"I am looking at the clock. Do you want to stay up half the night?"

"No, I can't say I want that. The night is not the time to tackle the question of packing. One ought to come fresh to it, with brain alert and bodily powers tuned to the proper pitch. And at night how can one be sure of not packing something that one will want in the morning? In those old days, before I said 'I will' at the altar—and *meant* it, mind you—when I lived free from care in my father's house and had a servant to do my packing for me, he once packed my bedroom slippers the night before I was going to make one of those early starts to which you still unaccountably cling. To make a long story short——"

"Yes, please do."

"I had to go to the bathroom with bare feet. I trod upon a tack."

"I thought it was only a collar-stud."

"*Only* a collar-stud! Have you ever trod on a collar-stud with a bare foot? I was softening down the story for you. But whatever it was I have always insisted upon doing my own packing since."

"You haven't insisted very hard. I suppose it all means that you want me to come up and do it for you."

"You entirely misunderstand me. But I confess that I should like support. Failing a later start to-morrow, which I should much prefer, I shall get through the work better if you will come and sit on a chair while I do it."

"Wouldn't you rather sit on the chair yourself while I do it?"

"That is not a bad suggestion, but it comes new to me, and wants thinking over. How could I be sure that you wouldn't pack something I shall want for to-morrow morning?"

"Why, by seeing what I do pack."

"That would certainly be a safeguard. I have always said that a woman's brain moves more quickly than a man's."

"So do her hands."

"I am inclined to agree with you, on the general principle. But I should not wish to give you all the work, of brains and hands too. Let us make a compromise. I will sit on the chair and decide what things are to go in and what are to be left out, and you will act upon my decision."

"I thought it would come to that, so I saved time by doing your packing for you this afternoon, when I had finished my own. You can go on talking now if you like." A. M.



Aunt. "BUT, BOBBY, WHY DID YOU DO IT, WHEN NANNIE AND MUMMY AND DADDY ALL TOLD YOU YOU MUSTN'T?"
Bobby. "BECAUSE WHEN I MUSTN'T I JUST *MUST*."

THE TREMENDOUS TRIPLETS.

[*Inspired by the familiar triple Parliamentary alliance of Mr. GEORGE LANSBURY, Mr. ERNEST THURTLE (Mr. LANSBURY'S son-in-law) and Mr. JOHN SCURR.*]

O FAIR is the Kremlin at Moscow,
With domes and with golden-toned bells;
But fairer I ween is Poplosco
Where Gospodin LANSBURY dwells.

O sweet is the voice of the turtle,
But sweeter by far to Shoreditch
Is the voice of the valorous THURTLE,
A voice of mellifluous pitch.

As the steed of the chaser of steeples
Responds to the touch of the spur,
So the heart of the thoroughbred people 's
Inspired by the slogan of SCURR.

As a herd of gorillas by hooting
Enraptures the coasts of Lake Chad,
So LANSBURY'S nightingale fluting
Exhilarates Poplarigrad.

O worthy of garlands of myrtle,
O worthy of honour and awe,
Is the grand and implacable THURTLE,
The pride of his father-in-law.

O great and supremely tremendous
Is the chariot race in *Ben Hur*,
But even more starkly stupendous
I reckon the onslaught of SCURR.

CHORUS.

For you the fountains spittle
With nectar and with myrrh;
For you the rockets hurtle,
For you the lions purr;
Good LANSBURY, strong THURTLE
And adamantine SCURR.

Another Impending Apology.

A Church Service announcement:—
"Subject—Sunday next at 6 P.M.—
'PEARLS BEFORE SWINE.'
We should like to see *you* there."
Local Paper.

LIVES OF THE OBSCURE.

(We have noticed with pain the snobbish practice of other journals, which confine their obituary notices to the wealthy and distinguished. In future we shall devote what space we can to the life-stories of citizens who were not less worthy because they were unknown.)

WE regret to announce the death of Mr. Josias Puddle, of 3, The Elms, Sydenham, who on the fourteenth of this month forgot that the Haymarket was a one-way-street. Born of humble parents at Liverpool in the year 1882, Josias Puddle was educated at Bootle Grammar School for two years, after which he was expelled. In 1897 he came to London with half-a-crown in his pocket, which was more than he had in it when he died. His estate is valued at 1*s.* 8*d.* net personalty, with liabilities of £356 10*s.* 7*d.* He leaves a widow and nine children; indeed he left them three years ago.

In some sense it may be said that the late Mr. Puddle was a man of thwarted ambitions. From his earliest youth he had literary leanings, but, as he used to say in jocular moments, these leanings were only the prelude to collapse. During his first years in the Metropolis he wrote thirty-seven plays, twenty-four of which were in blank verse, but it is not on record that any one of these was even read by a London manager; and in later years he used to complain that throughout his life the London stage had been morbidly obsessed with the work of aliens. Meanwhile, through family influence, he obtained a minor position on *The Glass Bottle Gazette*, a trade journal, which is printed monthly on both sides of the page. The work was not exacting, and in his spare moments, which were numerous, he gradually developed the curious talent which was to provide his principal occupation and livelihood for the future.

For us at the present moment that occupation has a melancholy and peculiar interest, for Mr. Puddle was a professional writer of obituary notices. By what accident or design this aptitude was discovered is not known, but it is certain that to Josias Puddle the four or five principal dailies have for many years been indebted for their last encomiums of the great. The terms on which he sold his work, though strange, were specially adapted to the circumstances of the trade. It was necessarily a part of his contracts that the "notices" should be kept always up to date, since great men expect that their records shall be promptly and completely published on the morning after their demise. But in the case of a personage who wins fame in his youth or in the prime of life, the labour of keeping pace with his achievements is obviously prolonged and arduous, while those who by some accident become distinguished in their later years and perish soon afterwards present an easy problem to the obituary writer. Thus Mr. Puddle was known to regard with something like aversion such men as Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL or Sir ALAN COBHAM, who combine with an apparently inexhaustible vitality a habit of perpetual achievement; while he had an undying affection for certain public figures who became public during the later stages of the Great War, retired immediately, and were never heard of again. To meet this difficulty he was paid for his notices on a sliding-scale, based upon the expectation of life of each individual, so that for an elder statesman he would receive the figure x, but for a young novelist x plus 40. The chances of life being incalculable, however, he was constantly defrauded by elder statesmen and venerable men of letters who thoughtlessly continued not only to exist but to engage in noteworthy activities for a period much longer than the estimate upon which his remuneration had been based; and he would quaintly complain that for the past twenty years he had been writing up Mr. So-and-So for nothing. For this reason he fought a bitter fight with his employers for a remuneration which should consist of a lump sum, plus an annual payment or royalty for every year of actual life. But this was against the custom of the trade and he never had his way. Moreover he was seldom paid till the date of publication, so that, in a sense, every live celebrity was in his debt.

Apart from the money, however, there is no doubt that the continual labour of adding to his biographies the last play or novel, speech, child or Act of Parliament for which his subjects had been responsible became tedious in the end. We may imagine him wearily pulling from their pigeon-holes the well-thumbed history of Mr. —— or Mrs. —— and almost savagely adding a peerage, a volume of poems or the unexpected birth of twins. All things considered, it is not surprising that, far from loving his subject, like the majority of writers, he had a positive dislike for distinguished men, particularly those of advanced years, and when the nation was in mourning for some antique pillar of the state untimely shaken from his place, Mr. Puddle alone was cheerful. Indeed his satisfaction on these occasions was almost indecent, and on the death of the late Lord ——, who had irritated him beyond endurance by clinging to life till the age of ninety-one, he scandalised his friends by giving a little dinner-party, at which he ate and drank to excess and constantly exclaimed, "Thank Heaven, I've done with old Boggo!" or, "Boggo's paid up at last!" Yet these occasions proved stimulating, and he would turn with a new zest to the chronicling of some younger celebrity.

He was a great worker, and every day would kill his man before lunch. The mornings he devoted to what he called "virgin deaths," and the afternoons to the hateful business of "bringing up to date," calling in succession at the various newspaper offices where his work was pigeon-holed. Not surprisingly, perhaps, he acquired an uncanny capacity for picking out from the obscure of to-day the famous of to-morrow, and many a young man of his acquaintance was encouraged to greater efforts in his profession by the knowledge that Mr. Puddle was already



A WASTED AFTERNOON.

Wife. "WELL, DID YOU ENJOY THE FOOTBALL-MATCH?"

Community Songster. "NOT MUCH—COULDN'T SEE THE BLINKIN' CONDUCTOR."



Daughter. "I DON'T SEE WHY YOU OBJECT TO OUR ENGAGEMENT, FATHER. IT'S ALL SO SIMPLE. HE'S GOT TWO MORE YEARS AT SCHOOL BEFORE HE GOES TO OXFORD, WHERE HE WILL TAKE HIS DEGREE. HE'LL THEN SET UP IN PRACTICE AND MAKE A DECENT LITTLE FORTUNE; THEN WE 'LL BE MARRIED."

engaged upon his obituary notice. He seldom wasted shot upon a person whose death was not in the end deemed worthy of protracted mention in the leading dailies, and when he did pick a loser his indignation knew no bounds. He brooded for months over the case of poor ——, whose end was so shameful that no paper would print the brilliant record of his beginning, though Mr. Puddle had lavished upon it his most generous prose.

The indignation had the strange result that at his club (The Dionysians) he was something of a moral influence; for if any young man of promise who had been chosen as the subject of a notice showed signs of belying that promise through idleness or excess, Mr. Puddle would take him aside and, explaining the circumstances, earnestly request him to do better, since it was unfair to expect him to expend good prose upon a wastrel; though, if the young man's conduct was of a merely foolhardy or adventurous character, such as might lead to a sudden but not disgraceful end, Mr. Puddle would raise no opposition. He did not mind what his friends did, he would say, as long as it was "news."

Yet, though he had a wide acquaintance and was a good club-man, he was never very popular, at the club or elsewhere. Those who knew that he was not writing about them were offended, and those who knew that he was were disturbed by his presence. He was a continual reminder of mortality at the table, and men of note were seldom comfortable at a meal with him, for they felt, and rightly, that he was estimating, and not with too good will, their chances of life; and this impression was not diminished by his tiresome habit of talking "shop." He would relate at luncheon, for example, that So-and-so had yesterday released him from considerable labour by standing in front of an omnibus, or with the careless enthusiasm of an artist would recite the post-mortem panegyric which he had that morning composed on a mutual friend who was at that moment eating oysters in the same room. These utterances added little to the general happiness. Meeting his childlike gaze his companions felt that he was secretly computing their bodily weaknesses as an undertaker or a doctor might. A well-known wit who found himself by accident at his table said that it gave him the sensation of lunching in the next world.

And now the last "notice" is penned, and he who for so long was the loyal historian of others is named in public for the first time. It is curious that a man of his regular professional habits and somewhat morbid inclinations should never have written, or at least completed, his own obituary notice. There was found among his papers a sheet of foolscap which, scribbled with pencil-notes, may well have been intended as the foundation of this melancholy monument. "An artist to his finger-tips . . . genius unrecognised . . . master of prose . . . dramatic power . . ." Such are a few of the notes, and perhaps he was here constructing in his own behalf one of those enthusiastic tributes which he bestowed so generously on others. One thing is certain that, to whatever bourne that gentle spirit has flown, if flattery there has half the force that it exercises in this world, he has been well received. A. P. H.

Strange Missionary Enterprise.

"He and his wife undertook a new service by opening a Fiends' centre in a thickly-populated part of the city."—*Provincial Paper.*

From a *feuilleton*:—

"Madame —— swept the room with her velvet-black eyes."—*Evening Paper.*

A useful accomplishment for the spring-cleaning season.

"—— won the weather-weight championship of Wales on Monday last."—*Daily Paper.*

The holder of this title would, we suppose, be quite prepared to box the compass.

"It grieves us to see Indian youths wasting themselves away in effeminate foppery and almost bacchanalian lotos-eating."

East African Paper.

Ordinary lotos-eating is demoralising enough.



O'd Lady (whose dog has bitten passer-by). "I CAN ASSURE YOU THAT HE WILL BE *MOST SEVERELY* PUNISHED. NO BUTTERED TOAST FOR HIS TEA FOR A WHOLE WEEK."

A CHEWING-GUM STORY.

THOUGH every thoughtful man agrees
That one good way to clean with ease
Your teeth and their interstices
  Is by consistent chewing,
'Twill harm you not to muse upon
This history of Little John,
And mark how chewing led him on
  And on to his undoing.

When first he joined the chewing corps
The years of John were only four,
Or possibly a trifle more,
  To be precisely truthful,
And there can be but slight excuse
For parents who would introduce
The chewing-gum-tree's tempting juice
  To one so very youthful.

For lo! without an interlude
Through all the years that next ensued
Young Johnny chewed and chewed and chewed
  With sedulous devotion;
And up and down would go his jaws,
And round and round without a pause,
In flat defiance of the laws
  Against perpetual motion.

When one recalls what people say
Of stones that dripping wears away,
Or thinks of how each washing-day
  Reduces mangle-rollers,
'Tis hardly to be wondered at,
As Johnny went on chewing, that
He gradually bevelled flat
  His whole supply of molars.

No sooner had they sunk from sight
Than his bicuspids, left and right,
Were called upon to do their bite,
  And did it for a little;
But as bicuspids are not meant
To grind away to that extent
They very naturally went
  And crumbled, being brittle.

In vain his mother shrieked, "My son.
What *have* you been and gone and done?"
He wore the rest out one by one,
  Till at the age of twenty,
Whene'er his mouth was opened wide,
As when he yawned at eventide,
You saw no teeth at all inside,
  Instead of seeing plenty.

An Injustice to Irishwomen.

"It is announced in the 'Dublin Gazette' that the Civil Service Commissioners confine to male candidates an open competition examination for appointments as boy messengers in the Department of Posts and Telegraphs to be held in June, 1927."—*Irish Paper.*

Chorus of female aspirants: "If we had known they were going to be so mean we wouldn't have bobbed our hair."

THE THERMOMETER.

Babette came into the room where I sat—er—working by the fire, carrying a small parcel which I thought, hopefully, looked as if it might be a new fountain-pen for me.

"With all this influenza about," she said, "no household should be without one."

"Who says so?" I asked.

"Woots the chemist," she replied, "so I've bought one;" and she unwrapped a clinical thermometer.

I said nothing about my disappointment, but went quietly on with my book.

"Don't you feel just a tiny bit ill?" Babette asked wistfully, fingering her new purchase. "Wouldn't you like me to take your temperature? You look a wee bit red. And it's only a thirty-second one—such a very little one."

"Oh, all right," I said, wishing to humour her.

She put the thing carefully between my tongue and front teeth, and I went on with my book. I scarcely noticed when she took it away, having got to where the heroine—I mean being so engrossed in my work, until she uttered a shrill cry of horror mingled with satisfaction.

"I thought so," she said. "You see I was right. You're 103·6 degrees."

"Impossible," I said, feeling myself grow pale. "Let me look." It was but too true. I must have the prevalent disease.

"Is it dangerous?" I asked.

"Not very," she replied. "I don't think we need call the doctor in yet. I have a very good book on Home Nursing and a perfectly lovely V.A.D. apron."

Although it was only 4 P.M. she made me go to bed, and only allowed me to drink one cup of weak tea. I had to dine off a bowl of beastly bread-and-milk, and I should have been awake half the night with hunger had I not fortunately remembered that hot whisky and water with a little lemon and sugar added, taken the last thing at night, is the best of all cures for a cold.

The next morning I felt decidedly better, but I was not allowed to get up until my temperature had been taken. It was considerably below normal—about 95 degrees.

"You had better have breakfast in bed," said my wife, "and then you can get up and sit quietly by the fire."

While I was finishing my breakfast Babette came and sat by my bedside with the morning paper, which she never fails to read.

"Hadn't you better take *your* temperature?" I said spitefully, thinking of that bread-and-milk. "You're looking rather queer."

"That's probably due to my anxiety about you, darling," she replied meekly. "But I will do just what you wish." So she put the thermometer in her mouth and went on with the paper while the mechanism did its deadly work.

She was 102 degrees.

We exchanged *rôles*, and I donned, metaphorically, the V.A.D. apron.

By lunch-time Babette was below normal, so she got up again and insisted on eating a good meal, though I was sure it was dangerous.

At 6.30 P.M. we were both well over 103 degrees. Mary Ann brought us our bread-and-milk in bed, and later on my whisky.

The next morning I insisted on getting up before taking my temperature, which I did while going through my letters. Babette took hers while she was still in bed. She was 94 degrees and I was 103·5 degrees.

It was frankly bewildering. Babette thought of taking our pulses but couldn't remember whether you said ninety-nine or counted it. We got out the book on Home Nursing and looked it through from cover to cover, but we couldn't find any disease which had quite such fluctuating temperatures as ours and no other symptoms.

We had almost decided to send for the doctor—only it seemed such a waste of money when we both felt so well—when suddenly a thought struck me. I remembered that it was always the recumbent patient who was below normal, and the one who was poring over a book who ran a temperature.

"Is it possible," I said, "that the mercury in our thermometer is old-fashioned enough to act merely in accordance with NEWTON'S laws of gravitation, and to ignore all that science has discovered since?"

"Is it possible," said Babette thoughtfully, "that when my bicycle fell off the kerb . . . ?"

"Look here," I said—"let's throw the silly thing away and go for a good tramp over the common."

We are now both quite well, thank you.



Lady Visitor (*in modern artist's studio*). "AND IS THIS ONE MEANT TO BE ANYTHING PARTICULAR, OR IS IT JUST OPTIONAL?"

"There was a crowded attendance and nearly £3 was taken. Miss —— £and Mrs. —— provided the sup£per."—*Local Paper.*

And bang went £2 at once.

"Under the heading of 'War Debts' this country is at last able to write down receipts as well as disbursements.

Everything comes to him who knows how to wait, and now, contention over inter-Allied obligations having been happily stilled, the money is flowing in regularly from our creditors."—*Scots Paper.*

It is very nice of our creditors to adopt this altruistic *rôle*, and Mr. CHURCHILL is doubtless hoping for a good thumping cheque from the United States before Budget-day.



First Matron. "AND IS THIS ALL YOUR FAMILY, MRS. BROWN?"
Second Matron. "ALL AT PRESENT, MRS. JONES; FOUR GIRLS AND A BOY—AT LEAST THE BABY OF HIM."

CONTRASTS.

(An Indian Spring.)

I.

THE gorse is golden with blossom
In a Somerset coombe I know,
The dog-rose blooms in the hedges
And the Mendip breezes blow;

The flowers scent the gardens
Where laughing children play,
The blackbirds and the thrushes
Just trill their time away.

But this is a dream of Heaven,
For I lie 'neath the punka's swing,
The mosquitoes hum above me
And a grey bat flaps his wing:

A pi dog howls in the moonlight,
The bull-frogs croak in the gheel,*
A ghari† drawn by bullocks
Drags by with creaking wheel.

There is no dew on the maidan,‡
There are no clouds in the sky;
To-morrow the sun will be blazing
O'er a land that is dusty and dry.

Men rave of the beauty of India
And stop from December to March,
Then leave for a cooler climate;
We stay in the Plains and parch.

The mosques gleam white in a sunlight
That dazzles our eyes with its glare;
I long for a Mendip twilight
With a scent of gorse in the air.

II.

November comes in with a hoar-frost
And the streets are yellow with fog,
The only hope of a warm up
Is a pretty stiff glass of grog.

The song-birds have ceased their singing,
The swallows have flown to the South,
The little red robins and starlings
Look decidedly down in the mouth.

The clubs are so cold and draughty,
There 's hardly a man one knows,
The curry is tepid and tasteless,
And so are the cabaret shows.

Eight thousand miles to the eastward
There 's a sun that shines all day,
A dawn that is cool and bracing
And a night with a milky way.

The geese come over the mountains
To rest in the Gunga Plains,
They build their nests in the Northlands,
Far off from the monsoon rains.

The duck and the coot are flying
O'er many an Indian gheel;
The jack-snipe hide in the rushes
And feed with the whistling teal.

The blue-bull graze in the high grass,
The buck lie down in the shade,
For the noontide sun is blazing
Through many a forest glade.

Oh, give me a solar topee
In change for my opera hat
And a big white tent in the jungle,
Instead of my London flat!

* Gheel = pond, lake or tank. † Ghari = cart.
‡ Maidan = open space corresponding to English meadow, but not resembling it.

"THE LIGHT BLUES.

The river overflowed the bank on either side of Richmond reach when the Cambridge crew got afloat this afternoon."—*Tape Message.*

How fortunate that it was not the heavy blues who got afloat!

From a football column:—

"C—— takes the place of 'A. N. Other,' whose services have not been retained, at wing three-quarter."—*Provincial Paper.*

Can it be that this famous veteran is approaching the superannuation stage?



"HOLD THAT, JOHN!"

UNCLE SAM. "HELLO, BRITISHER, GOING IN FOR FILM-MAKING? DON'T FORGET OUR OLD SONG, '*WE*'VE GOT THE SUN, WE'VE GOT THE STARS, AN' WE'VE GOT THE MONEY TOO.'"

JOHN BULL (*registering dogged determination*). "NO MATTER; I'M GOING TO HAVE A TRY."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 14th.—It is not only the lass that loves a sailor. The Press Gallery loves him too. His breeziness is catching. The breeziest among those present to-night were the FIRST LORD, who might be described as a back-to-the-landlubber, and Mr. REGINALD HOHLER, the Member for Chatham, who is by way of being a sea-lawyer.

There is admittedly nothing of the astute politician about the FIRST LORD. He is a plain blunt man who knows what he wants and, according to his political adversaries, gets it out of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER at the point of the marlinspike.

The House had already learned from the White Paper that Mr. BRIDGEMAN was getting as much out of Mr. CHURCHILL this year as last. He had no other surprise for them, he said, unless they were prepared to be surprised at the modesty of his demands. By way, however, of showing the House that the Admiralty was throwing itself into the task of cheese-paring with characteristic zest he added that they had forgone the construction of five motor-launches because they wanted the money to spend on mine-sweepers.

The FIRST LORD passed easily from the *rôle* of cheeseparer to that of genial mendicant. Referring to the conclusions of the Imperial Conference he expressed the hope that those who had not already contributed to the upkeep of the Imperial sea power would assist with a trifle. In referring to the Singapore Base, he dilated on the handsome donations already made by Hong Kong and the Straits Settlements, and added that any further contributions would be thankfully received.

The House, taking up the debate, centred its attention upon the new Disarmament Conference, public discussion of the Jutland battle, the chances of Naval economy and kindred matters. On the first point Mr. RUNCIMAN declared that "he was always apprehensive of any reduction of British naval strength that was not accompanied by a corresponding reduction in the navies of other powers." Mr. AMMON who, after his experience at the Admiralty, is in naval affairs not a "Red" but only a pale sea-pink, thought the cruiser programme was needlessly large. Lieut.-Commander HILTON YOUNG was likewise for going slow with construction, because all modern naval weapons were "in the melting-pot," and we should for the next few years be constructing for the scrap-heap. As we couldn't any longer "have the ships and have the money too" he was for having the money. The battleship quotas could well be reduced to 0.0.0, and the big armoured cruisers now building—the first words in a new armaments race—should go also. Admiral HALL reinforced this last point



BRIDGEMANNIA RULES THE WAVES.
THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.

with figures showing that in the Napoleonic War and the Great War the heavy cruiser was ignored while the small light cruiser multiplied exceedingly. Rear-



THE PINK ADMIRAL.
MR. C. G. AMMON.

Admiral BEAMISH said a kind word for the battleship.

On the question of Naval economy Lieut.-Commander HILTON YOUNG was anxious to know why, with a smaller navy to look after, the Admiralty Whitehall staff should have thirty-two more charwomen on the strength. Messrs. TASKER and WILLIAMS came at the FIRST LORD from behind with an Amendment to the effect that "pure and applied science," not charwomen, was what the Admiralty should be spending its money on.

The House negatived this and other Amendments and passed the votes so quickly that it even had time to whisk through the Report stage of the Food and Drugs Bill.

Tuesday, March 15th.—There is something in common between the House of Lords and the Albert Hall. The glory of both has largely departed. The former has, however, what is technically known as a museum interest. The Albert Hall, like Tuesday's child, must work for its living or incontinently close down. The Royal Albert Hall Bill, Lord ABERCONWAY explained, would enable it to do so by allowing theatrical and operatic performances to be given. Lord NEWTON explained this as meaning that Mr. COCHRAN, who "was ready to organise anything from a Pan-Anglican synod to a nigger-minstrel show," had offered to come to the rescue.

The Bill was strenuously opposed by the Duke of ATHOLL on behalf of the Royal Choral Society, and more mildly by Lord BALFOUR, who described it as a "step down in the civilization of London." Other members pooh-poohed the "storm in a tea-cup" between the Albert Hall and the Royal Choral Society, and intimated that the Bill could easily be amended so as to provide equality of opportunity as between the nigger minstrels and the Royal choristers. It was accordingly read a second time.

The House of Commons concerned itself at Question-time with Russian trade, the Soviet army and Soviet poison-gas factories, the proportions of the two last-named being, according to the Ministerial replies, in inverse ratio to those of the first.

The Committee stage of the Royal and Parliamentary Titles Bill discovered one staunch and true blue Member whose faith in the omnipotence of Parliament remains, like HORACE'S gentleman who was hit by the ruins of the shattered universe, unshaken. The HOME SECRETARY had explained that the phrase, "The United Kingdom of Great Britain and the Dominions thereunto belonging" was now meaningless because there were no Dominions thereunto belonging.

"That is a very dangerous doctrine," declared Sir J. MARRIOTT. Not at all, replied the HOME SECRETARY. Had the hon. gentleman read the resolutions

of the Imperial Conference carefully? The hon. gentleman said he had read them carefully. "I am afraid he read them sadly," rejoined Sir WILLIAM. For himself he liked the word "realm." It was a fine old word, a spacious and dignified word, and it embraced all the Dominions over which the KING, but not Parliament, held sway. The "Great Seal of the Realm," the House agreed it should be, subject to the approval of the Law Officers of the Crown.

At 8.15 Mr. KELLY, the Labour Member for Rochdale, called attention to the discrepancy between wages in sheltered and unsheltered trades, but neither he nor his seconder, Mr. YOUNG, had any remedies to propose, and the motion was rejected.

Wednesday, March 16th.—The House of Lords discussed National Economy more, one imagines, for the sake of discussing something than because they expect the Government to economise. Lord MIDLETON made the only telling speech. He produced a formidable array of figures, figures that would bring the blush of shame to any cheek but that of a civil servant. The Clearing Office for Enemy Debts, for example, still employs 901 individuals and will cost this year £245,000.

This is what Lord PEEL, replying, amiably describes as "still labouring in many ways under the weight of the results of the war."

Dutch bulbs in Hyde Park again concerned the House; but Captain HACKING adroitly silenced Major OWEN, who asked if it would not have been possible to give British growers an opportunity of making a like display, by suggesting that there is still room in the parks for further gifts.

Sir PHILIP CUNLIFFE-LISTER'S support of the Second Reading of the Films Bill was essentially American in its psychology. It envisaged profits and uplift going hand-in-hand. He deplored the blow aimed at our fine old English ethical and æsthetic ideals by what is politely known as the international complex.

Members on the whole welcomed the Bill as a means of countering the international complex, but were not so unanimous about the profits. At the same time Mr. RUNCIMAN'S argument, that American films monopolised the screens simply because they were the best, sounded feeble in the face of the evidence produced by the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE that the live-wire American who not long ago secured a guard of honour of Southampton Territorials for a parcel of imported films by means of a trick had invited large numbers of exhibitors to tell their Members that they opposed the Bill on telegraph-forms thoughtfully prepaid by his firm.

Mr. MACDONALD, opposing the quota, made play with the Minister's declara-



"NOT A SECOND CHAMBERLAIN."
MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

tion that, as the result of seeing only American films, people in the Dominions and South America were only wearing American clothes and buying American goods.



THE DOVE THAT FOUND NO FOOTING.
MR. ARTHUR PONSONBY.

Mr. DAY said we could not make the films here because we had not enough sunshine; but to this Sir C. OMAN replied guardedly that "at any rate our climate could not be much worse than that of Germany."

The House shuddered when Sir PHILIP said that there would be an advisory committee, and was not wholly comforted when he cautiously added that he hoped it would be unpaid.

The debate was adjourned and the House carried a motion approving the sending of the Defence Force to Shanghai, in spite of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S assertion that the motion was inopportune and might make things more difficult in China. It would be all right, he added, when the whole thing was over and somebody was to get a peerage for it.

"How much would he pay for it?" queried an irreverent Conservative, an interruption which made Mr. LLOYD GEORGE so angry that he shortly afterwards sat down. Possibly this is what he meant when he told an interviewer this afternoon that he was not cut out to be a second CHAMBERLAIN. For "JOE" revelled in interruptions and was never so happy as when he was pulverizing some interjector with an improvised retort.

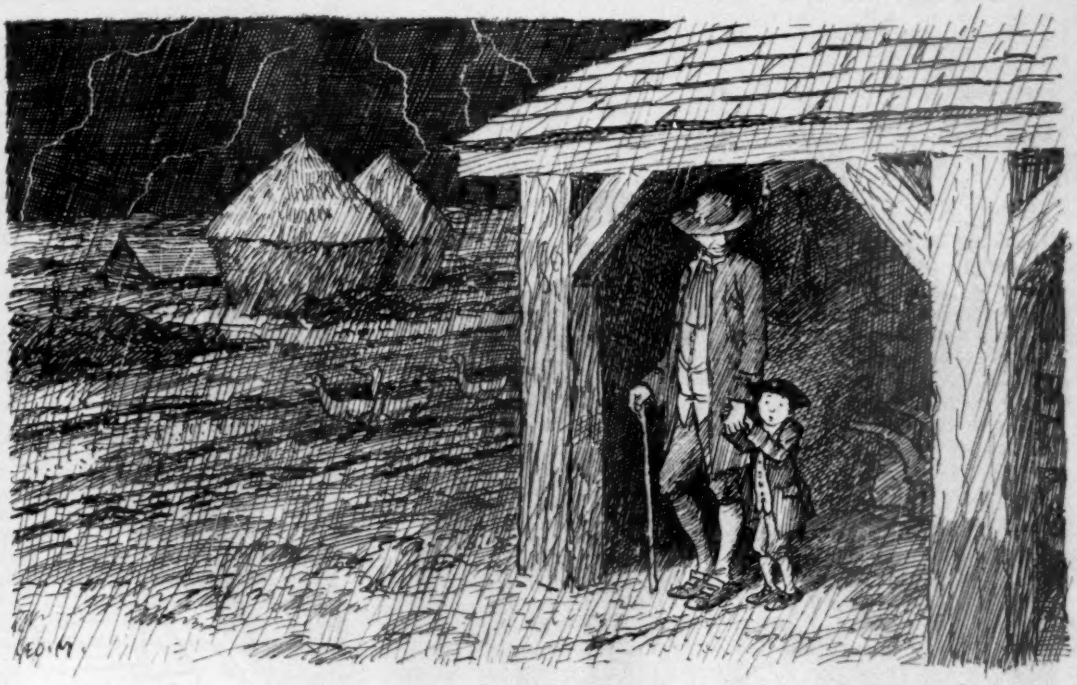
Thursday, March 17th.—A little British army is said to go a d——d long way. A little Territorial Army was found during the War to go nearly as far. According to Lord HALDANE, however, it never "got inside the War Office to the extent it should." The War Office, he told their Lordships, had never been permeated with the spirit of the gospel of Territorialism. Other noble Lords agreed that the War Office had been cutting the Territorial Associations' niggardly revenues when it should have been lopping off superfluous Whitehall Generals, and were only prevented from saying so by the adjournment of the debate.

While Viscount HALDANE was pleading for more and better Territorials his fellow Fabian, Mr. PONSONBY, was pleading for no Air Force at all. Scrap the lot, he urged, make this tremendous gesture of pacificism and see what happens. Mr. SEXTON said he hated war as much as anybody but he knew what would happen if they took Comrade PONSONBY'S advice, and was all against waiting to see it.

Sir S. HOARE said "moral disarmament" must precede military disarmament. Exactly what moral disarmament is he did not explain, but it apparently means that you must not merely hate fighting but go on hating it after it has started. It recalls the old Harvard song about drink:—

"It makes me mad; it makes me mean;
It takes the hair right off my bean:
It 's the worst darned stuff I 've ever seen:
I like it."

Only twenty-four staunch scrappers—of armaments—followed Mr. PONSONBY into the Lobby.



THE CHILDHOOD OF GREAT MEN.

Benjamin Franklin, at the age of five, has an idea that lightning might be better conducted.

SOMEWHERE IN VAR.

IV.

The balconies outside the bedrooms of the hotel at the Paradise of Flowers were as big as the bedrooms themselves. On fine days (and there were some fine days) those who enjoyed the aspect the most favourable had the privilege of seeing the sun arise out of the Mediterranean suddenly like a mandarin orange, but without the stalk and two leaves usually supplied by the thoughtful *hôtelier* at dessert.

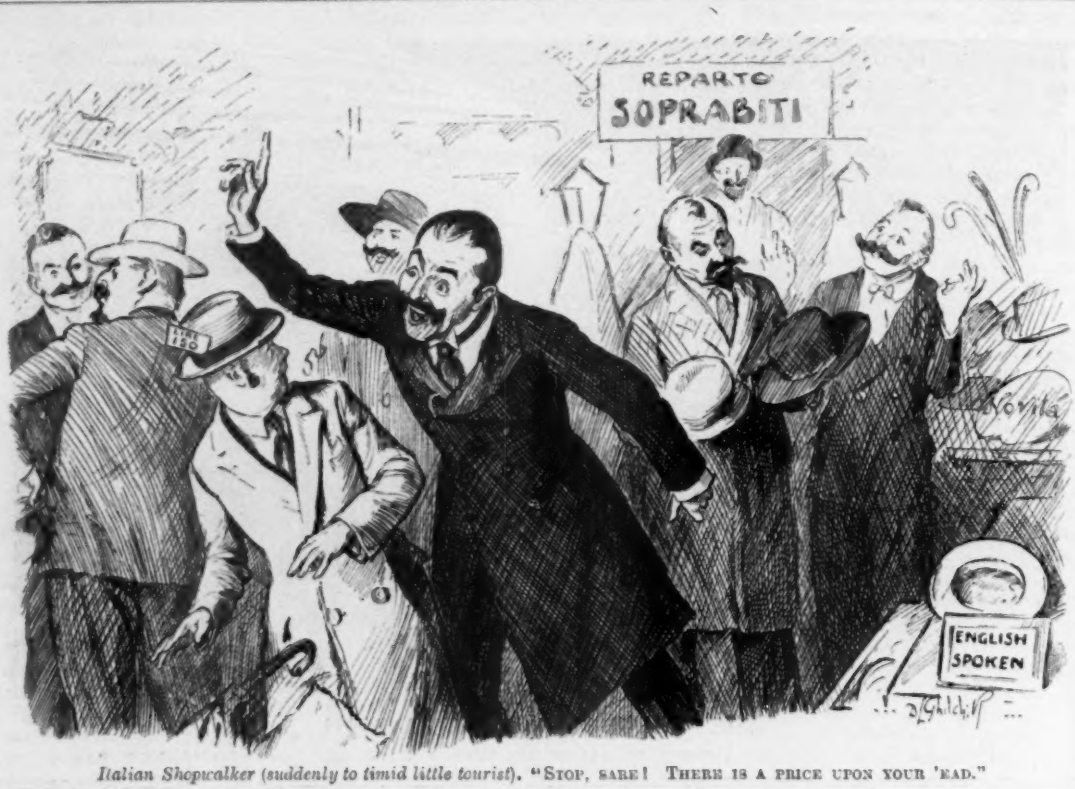
Balcony sun-basking began about half-past seven, and, since the hotel erected itself almost on the edge of the sea, only the crews of the French warships and the early fishermen laying in stock for *bourrides* and *bouillabaisse* had their modesty offended by the astonishing *négligés* of the dawn; though I must say I was always a little alarmed lest some grave Gallic commander should one day wipe us off the face of the earth, especially the Enderbys, whose slumberwear (though of a *chic*) must have been a target for miles.

We had spun a franc with them when we came for choice of rooms, and theirs was round the corner, facing to the north-east; but there was no partition between our balconies, and it sometimes happened that the Enderbys had used up quite a lot of our sun share and our view over the Mediterranean before we ever got out of bed, thus depriving us of some of the rightful advantages of our good luck. It was not, however, a point to be too severely insisted on, for many of the other amenities of the hotel were regulated less by justice than by chance. During the first week, for instance, all the baths for the whole party were put down on our bill, and all the wine that had been drunk on theirs, the idea being thus conveyed that we had drunk nothing but water, and that the Enderbys had bathed in wine. To the end of our stay we never satisfactorily wrangled out which had been the dirtier and which the more drunken pair.

It was the fact that he could only indulge in stolen sunshine, I felt, which made Enderby so desirous of visiting Cannes. Cannes was sixty miles away, and to reach it by the use of the little train as far as St. Raphael meant rising at seven o'clock in the morning. When the hoot and whistle of the little train aroused me from my well-earned repose, I used to hear a solemn voice outside the open window saying, "There goes Cannes."

"Let it," I would answer drowsily, and, opening one eye, observe Enderby in the middle of my mandarin. Looking out, I would see him, a kind of mauve-clad remembrance of the missed opportunities of the day. Here, he said, were hundreds of the English losing money hand over fist at Cannes, and here were we spending day after day in idleness and hazarding no money whatsoever except in our brokerage on baths and wine. It was true that we now and then had a mild flutter in the evening on billiards or backgammon, or, if we could rope anybody else in, on a game called "rummy," for which Enderby, Mrs. Enderby and I had each evolved a different code of rules, thus making a grand confusion for the others. Not many hard-faced gamblers fluttered round this fateful board. There were three Irish ladies who were ready to play any game, but were always slightly uncertain about the French currency, and there was the kind French gentleman who talked English a great deal but understood it very little when we talked it to him. Regarded as a casino, the Paradise of Flowers on the whole was a failure.

It was one of the Irish ladies, I think, who suggested first that we should bet on the morning sun. Any stake up to ten francs was allowed. The hour of half-past seven was chosen, the wager to be on whether that moment was cloudy or fine. Natasha was chosen as



Italian Shopwalker (suddenly to timid little tourist). "STOP, SARE! THERE IS A PRICE UPON YOUR 'EAD."

referee, and Enderby, because of his unsatisfied craving for Cannes, was allowed to take the bank. On accurate weather intelligence, of course, he stood to lose every day. But the hotel had no barometer. The forecast of the *hôtelier* was always optimistic, no doubt from professional pride, but the plungers, as a sop to Fate, almost invariably took the gloomier view.

After one day of "noir," followed by two perfect days of "rouge," as guaranteed from our balcony by Natasha at half-past seven A.M., Enderby was sixty-five francs up and inclined to be proud. On the next day there was, from my own point of view, a slight contretemps.

Having staked the maximum on the mandarin orange, I arose with joy to find my prediction correct, and, obtaining the verdict of the referee, strolled out to enjoy the freshness of the morning and the scent of the mimosa, to watch the gardener bedding-out baby cactuses, and to gather my ten-franc note. It surprised me a little that Enderby's delicate sleep-apparel had not yet appeared on our balcony.

"Skulker," I thought.

Walking to the corner, however, I perceived Mrs. Enderby, wrapped in an elegant blue bath-robe, leaning on her own balcony and looking out over the hills, and went to greet her. My own toilet of repose was an unobtrusive two-piece pink, falling away at the neck and a little short above the ankles, the *tout ensemble* being completed by a pair of sheepskin shoes. I walked up to her and plucked her by the sleeve.

"*Rouge gagne!*" I cried to her in a cheery voice. "Fetch forth the croupier at once."

Mrs. Enderby turned towards me with a tiny squeak.

Immediately I became sharply aware that she was not Mrs. Enderby. She was not even one of the English or of the Irish. She was French. Charming—but unknown.

Scarcely had this impression struck home when there emerged from the window, in light green, a young, dark, sallow-faced man with flashing eyes and small but perceptible side-whiskers. I realised then that the Enderbys must have succeeded in coaxing a better bedroom out of the *hôtelier* and forgotten to tell us—a characteristically self-centred ruse.

There may be those who can explain an airy trifle of this sort easily and gracefully in the French tongue at half-past seven A.M. before the *café complet* arrives, but I am not of their number. Bowing incoherent apologies, I shuffled back towards the corner of the building; my retreat the less graceful because on my way I stepped out of one of my sheepskin shoes and had to pause to put it on again. A good deal of idiomatic and forcible French accompanied me as I went.

I decided from mere *hauteur* that I would say nothing to the Enderbys about this affair.

On the terrace after lunch, under the principal pepper-tree, a young and beautiful lady sat for a moment alone, toying with a Cointreau and a cigarette.

"I haven't seen her before," said Mrs. Enderby as we took seats shaded by green-striped umbrellas a little distance away.

"She only came ye-terday," said Enderby. "In a motor-car, I fancy. Probably on her way to Cannes."

"Whom does she belong to?" said Natasha.

"A fair-haired man, I fancy," hazarded Enderby—"rather of the Flemish type. I saw him in the vestibule just now."

"More likely a Visigoth," said Mrs. Enderby. "The Visigoths penetrated right into Provence, you know."

"I am willing to bet," I said slowly, "that her husband——"

"Husband?" said Mrs. Enderby.

"—husband," I said, "is a very dark man with a sallow complexion and more like a Spaniard than a Visigoth."

"Odds?" inquired Enderby.

"Twenty to one," I replied, "in francs."

At this moment a young man came out of the hotel, went up to the pepper-tree and sat down by the beautiful young lady's side. Observing me he scowled—a dark Iberian scowl.

"Black wins!" I cried to Enderby. "Counting this morning, that will be thirty francs."

Somehow or other we never got to Cannes. But I don't know that it mattered very greatly. It was the same sun. EVOE.

A LEADING QUESTION.

IF I were the editor of the English Men of Letters series I should devote an early volume to the merits of one whom I will call Ebenezer Trudge; not because he makes any great fist as a writer but because he is our postman and because he has a heart of gold. Nothing does he ever permit to cast him down. If it pours he smiles and remarks either that it is good for the crops or good for the ducks; if it is freezing in winter he smiles and remarks that it is seasonable, as he likes it to be; if it is freezing in spring he smiles and says it is a pity, but not the first time that May has got mixed up with December; if it is broiling he smiles and remarks that it is a pleasure at last to be able to keep warm. So you see that Ebenezer is a philosopher. But it is as a sympathiser that, in a world notable for self-concentration, he is most to be commended, for the misfortunes of others never find him unresponsive. The squire's loss of his wife, Widow Burleigh's loss of her donkey or Mary Jane's disappointment at not hearing from her young man equally causes his eye to moisten. That is not because he puts the same value on each calamity, but because the moistening of the eye is his regular signal of distress. Such is he whom I call Ebenezer Trudge, a postman of many years' unimpeachable service.

The other day I found him at the garden gate with a curiously perplexed expression on his weather-beaten features.

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind giving me a piece of advice," he said. "I've got a new kind of letter here and I don't quite know how to deal with it."

He showed it to me.

"It's funny," he said, "but I've never had a letter like that before, not in all my twenty-three years in this place."



Mistress (to departing Maid who has asked for a reference). "OF COURSE, MARY, I SHALL HAVE TO TELL MRS. BROWN OF YOUR UNCONTROLLABLE TEMPER."

Mary. "THANK YOU VERY MUCH, MUM. IT'LL P'RAPS MAKE 'ER MIND 'ER P'S AND Q'S."

I examined it with the care that the problem demanded. The address ran: 'To the Leading House Agent,' and then came the name of our town.

"Well," I said, handing it back, "you'll take it to Promuss and Lye, I assume?"

"Do you think so?" he asked rather dubiously.

"If not to them, then to Blather and Skite," I suggested. "Between them those two firms do all the work around here."

"Yes," he said, "I suppose they do. Which firm would you say was the leading one?"

"It's left entirely to your discretion," I replied.

"I know," he said. "But which would you say?"

"From what I know of all the four partners," I said, "I should say that Mr. Skite was most likely to be generous; that's if, as I guess, this letter means new business."

Ebenezer looked at me reproachfully.

"I wasn't thinking of that," he said. "It's not a case for money."

"You don't mind taking Christmas-boxes," I said. "Why not let March be mixed up with December as well as May?"

"No," he said; "that's not my trouble. Anyway I could settle that for myself." He paused. "My bother over this matter is rather different. Now you're a clever gentleman and you could help me. Would it be possible to call a young man new to house-agency 'leading'?—that's what I want to know. What does 'leading' exactly mean?"

"'Leading,' I suppose, means ahead of the others," I replied. "In short, one who leads." (I did not, I may say, as I said this feel so remarkably clever.)

"Yes," he replied thoughtfully, "yes. But in a manner of speaking couldn't a newcomer be said to lead? Aren't the very young ahead of the very old?"

"They can be so described," I replied. "Heirs of the ages, and so on." I remembered the hero of *The Farmer's Wife* and his boast about his tractability, "a child can lead me." "Yes, of course," I said. "But it might be," I added, "a little casuistical."

Very properly he ignored this foolish long word. "Because," he went on, "my wife's nephew has just set up a house-agency business in Tile Street and I was thinking this might be a real windfall to him, just as he's beginning too." He looked at me anxiously.

"Ebenezer," I replied firmly, "I shall leave this problem to you."

* * * * *

I more than fancy that the nephew got it. E. V. L.

FASHION REFLECTIONS.

["Her Face on her Finger. The latest dress-ring, set with a diminutive mirror instead of a precious stone, combines ornament with utility."—*Daily Paper.*]

In looking-glasses now the latest thing
Is one, set like a brilliant, in a ring;
So, though the modern woman, we believe,
Will never wear her heart upon her sleeve,
Upon reflection it may now be said
She wears her face upon her hand instead.

AT THE PLAY.

"The Fanatics" (Ambassadors).

Our dramatists are apt to find themselves in a cleft stick. If they have ideas we accuse them of pamphleteering. If they haven't we offer them blame for that. Mr. Miles Malleson has indeed a thesis which he argues with immense conviction. All I think we need ask is, Does he bore us with the long debate? Does he dehumanise his characters into mere thesis-mongers? To the first question we can answer definitely "No." You could have heard a chocolate drop at almost any moment, and the coughers ceased from troubling. To the second, though with perhaps less perfect assurance, one can also answer "No." His people are alive. He also shows himself a master of stage contrivance, allows humour to creep in more than most fanatics permit, and achieves a quite brilliant curtain to his second Act.

The Fanatics is some five years old, written at white-heat while the bitterness of the relatively few, the surprisingly few, young men who passed through or avoided the ordeal by battle was at its height. Some of these few raised their voices in the midst of the joyous clamour at the departure of the captains and kings. Since then we have forgotten all about it—I wonder if altogether wisely.

The old world was rotten, the thesis runs, the new is being built by the same hands that ruined the old. It was a world made by the old for the old. The young who survive must rebuild it with sanity and imagination. Take marriage, for instance—we must allow the author this abrupt leap into his subject however much we may feel that there were other more obvious matters to trouble about—but, anyway, take marriage: a rigidly monogamous system, an unattainable ideal of fidelity imposed by a Church in which people have lost faith. The burden is left; the faith which helped to bear it is dead. Now the system is an open failure, a failure glossed over with smooth impotent words. We need, not to get rid of all burdens, for that is licence and also carries the seed of death, but a burden that can be borne with the help of a new and real faith. The new faith is faith in the sanctity of love, tested by the trial marriage, safeguarded from abuse by enlightened consciences, courage, candour and, if necessary—or whether necessary or not—very free, plain, rude words addressed by the young to the old. Pausing merely to reflect that this assumes, as do most Utopias, qualities which, if they existed, would render the new Utopias unnecessary, we pay tribute to the sincerity of the author's conviction which enables a difficult subject to be handled without real offence. As it happens I overheard two really young things in colloquy behind me. "I'm afraid I ought not to have brought you, Cynthia." "You don't suppose, my dear, that we don't think and talk about this sort of thing, do you?"—which, it seems to me, ought to be some, if cold, comfort to the more timid old.

Mr. Freeman—a jibe, I take it—has a son, *John*. *John* has a private sacred room at the top of the house. *Mr. Freeman* doesn't claim control over the boy's private life, but does insist that he shouldn't leave the office to do the work for which he, *John*, supposes himself best fitted, which is writing and playing the piano. Outraged *Mr. Freeman* "asks you" if that isn't the limit. *John* has been engaged to *Frankie* since before the War. *John* is ardent, *Frankie* cold. The two are not on kissing terms.



THE UNDIE WORLD OF LANCASTER GATE.
John. "This is my Father."

Toby . . . . . Miss Ursula Jeans.
Mr. Freeman . . . . . Mr. Paul Gill.
John . . . . . Mr. Nicholas Hannen.

John would fain be; *Frankie* wouldn't. But little *Toby*, out of a shop, gave *John* experience and consolation during the short leaves of that hell of a time the War. And it so happens that our *Mr. Freeman* breaks in upon *John* when he is receiving further consolation from *Toby*; *Frankie* likewise. The train is laid. We listen to the protracted explosions of debate—*John* glad yet unhappy to explain; *Frankie* angry rather than deeply hurt; *John's* sister, *Gwen*, ignorant but curious and immensely understanding; *John's* friend *Colin*, the successful old man of forty, a little too cynically content with things as they are and definitely resolute to prevent the experiment of the trial marriage being tried on himself and *Gwen*, who has a stubborn conscience and is an ardent disciple of *John*; *Margaret*, who "drops in" and adds more explosives from her past history candidly told. The author gives both sides a hearing. All does not go too smoothly. Little *Rosie*, the maid, also a convert to the new faith, is about to become a mother. Things like that have to be faced. *John* has an answer sufficient for himself and *Gwen*, insufficient for *Colin*—and me. But then these debates, if fairly conducted, must necessarily be inconclusive. And nobody, I am sure, was bored.

Mr. HANNEN, who always shapes a part with immense pains, concealing the elaborate art in the inevitability and apparent simplicity of the effect, was an admirably persuasive *John*. The one devastating passage, in which he positively overwhelms his bewildered and outraged father, was disturbingly convincing in its impression of pent-up bitterness and anger and intense sincerity. Miss ALISON LEGGATT as the innocent-candid *Gwen* gave us a really beautiful piece of work, most delicately finished and moving. Mr. PAUL GILL'S admirably contrived *Mr. Freeman*, a genuine, honest, not too intolerant, puzzled, commonplace little man, was a really clever performance. His moment of collapse under his son's attacks was superbly done. I liked immensely Miss LOUISE HAMPTON'S handling of the theatrically attractive part, *Margaret*. It might have been so crudely done; it was in fact most tactful and subtle. Miss URSULA JEANS gave us a brilliant little study of the shop-girl, *Toby*, with all her sincerities, generosities and commonnesses and lack of fundamental understanding. Miss MARIE AULT did charmingly the little required of her as the ignored mother. Miss GRIZELDA HERVEY handled skilfully the difficult part of the reluctant *Frankie*; and Miss ELIZABETH ARKELL was effective as the little maid in trouble, but I could wish she would take more pains to be audible.

Because there are many Cynthias and because Mr. MALLESON'S work is



THE ANTI-FANATIC.
Frances Sewell . . MISS GRIZELDA HERVEY.

sincere and intelligent I can take the responsibility of commending this interesting play as a tonic. I am, alas, too old to believe in it all. T.



Gwen. "OH, DON'T YOU SEE, I WANT YOUR INTENTIONS TO BE STRICTLY DISHONOURABLE."
Colin Mackenzie . . MR. ION SWINLEY
Gwen . . . . . MISS ALISON LEGGATT.

COMMUNITY SINGING.

"I AM so glad to see you," she cried, and as I began already to look uplifted she added: "We want your advice."

"There is nothing," I told her warmly, "I am more ready to give any one at any time on any subject. Ask me for a fiver and I may disappoint, since they and I meet so rarely and part so soon. Ask me to tip the winner of the next big race and my tip may disappoint, since another horse will assuredly get in first instead. But to requests for the right time and for advice I never fail to respond. Why, I could advise a mother how to look after triplets, Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD how to lead his party both to the right and to the left at the same time, and *The Daily Mail* how to draw attention to its own merits."

"Tom said almost the same thing when he suggested asking you," she remarked. "He's really worried; and he said at once if anyone could hit on a good plausible lie that would save us, you could."

"I do not care," I said coldly, "for Tom's way of putting things. It is often crude. But my advice to him is not to trust to an alibi. Alibis are out of date. The best plan is to stick to it that it was all the other fellow's own fault. Most likely several of the jury will have motors themselves and they will know what pedestrians are. Argue that pedestrians ought to show common caution and only cross a street by aeroplane."

"It has nothing to do with cars or pedestrians either," she explained. "Besides, Tom hasn't run anyone down for over so long, and then it really was the man's own fault."

"Of course," I agreed. "But if it's not that, then all I can advise is that he should pay. There is a certain brutality about the income-tax authorities that makes them hesitate at practically nothing."

"And it's not income-tax either," she declared hotly. "We paid ours ever so long ago, just before Mr. CHURCHILL went for his holiday to Italy, though Tom says that was most likely only a coincidence."

"Well," I said with a certain natural impatience, "if he's paid his income-tax and hasn't smashed up anyone with his car, what on earth is he worried about?"

"About," she explained, "an invitation we've had to spend a week-end with his rich uncle and aunt in the country."

"If," I said, "he hadn't had that invitation I could understand his worry better."

"Ah," she sighed, "but I have not told you all. It's for community singing. They are most awfully keen on it. All their other nephews and nieces, all their neighbours, all the village, everyone, all go there for all of every week-end and community sing—without stopping."

"Dear me," I said. "Dear me."

"Tom could have said that himself," she snapped. "Only he didn't," she added reminiscently. "How can we get out of it without offending uncle? Only please do not suggest influenza because we thought of that ourselves almost at once."

"Well, small-pox," I said.

She shook her head.

"Uncle would never forgive us," she explained. "He belongs to the Anti-Vaccination League, and so we've never been vaccinated, and if we got smallpox now he would think we had done it on purpose and be ever so annoyed."

"I know," I cried. "Wire and ask if you may bring your pet Alsatian because you daren't leave it behind. Don't tell me," I added, "that you haven't got an Alsatian, because I can find you a splendid one at once for practically nothing. It belongs to Major Wilkins, and all he wants is to find it a good home where he can be sure it will be treated kindly. It's a pedigree dog, cost him a lot, and all you need do is to pay the compensation Wilkins has promised the postman and the butcher's boy and settle their doctors' bills. Oh, and there's the curate, but he says he'll be content with a new pair of trousers and a small subscription to the mothers'-meeting fund."

"As a matter of fact," she remarked, "we thought of that too, and Uncle wired back to bring the dog by all means as he has three already."

"Unfortunate," I confessed. "How about going by car and having a breakdown on the way—rather near a good hotel and a golf-course if possible?"

She looked at me a little sadly.

"Tom's break-downs," she said, "aren't like that—they're always in the middle of nowhere, a hundred miles from anywhere. Then he lies on his back for hours and hours, and it's so dull when nothing's left in all the world but the soles of your husband's boots. On the whole I should prefer community singing, and I don't think you've been a bit helpful."

"How about . . .?" I said thoughtfully. "How about . . .?" I said, musing. "How about . . .?"

"Tom had an idea," she observed with a certain carelessness. "He thought you might come too."

"What good would that do?" I demanded, astonished. "Besides, I have never met Tom's uncle."

"Oh, that wouldn't matter a scrap. He told us we could bring anyone we liked—anyone at all, he didn't care who it was. He never was a bit particular, so it will be quite all right if you come."

"Very hospitable of him," I agreed, perhaps once more a little coldly, "but I don't quite see how my going with you will help you not to go at all."

"Well, perhaps not the first time," she confessed. "But what Tom says is that he heard you sing once—during the War, it was, and the Germans started a bombardment at once that lasted three days and a-half."

"A mere coincidence," I said haughtily, "nothing more."

"And Tom says he thought that perhaps, if you would go with us just this once . . . and sang . . . your hardest, you know, and your loudest . . . then Tom says perhaps Uncle wouldn't ever ask us again, not for community singing, anyhow."

"As it happens," I said still haughtily, "I am engaged. And I hope," I went on slowly and deliberately, "that it will all be a tremendous success, so that you have to go the next week-end, and all the week-ends after that for evermore, community singing for always."

"You needn't," she protested, "lose your temper simply because Tom——"

"I have not lost my temper," I said with dignity, "there is nothing to lose my temper about. The proof is that I am now going to ring Tom up and ask him to bring you to lunch with me as soon as you get back, so that you can tell me all about it."

"And that," she said, "is just simply being vindictive and rather horrid."

E. R. P.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"Shakespeare . . . made Othello remark, 'Who steals my purse steals trash.'"
Daily Paper.

But he made *Iago* say it first.

From a speech by Sir J. Simon:—

"If all politicians would play cricket how much more comfortable public life would be."
Sunday Paper.

We agree. But there would still remain the problem of what to do with them in the winter.

In Dail Eireann:—

"Sir —— congratulated the Senate on the lurid exposition of the bill they had heard from Senator ——, and said that it would be a great advantage if all bills could be explained to them in that way on second reading."
Dublin Paper.

And we had been told that politics in the Irish Free State were no longer inflamed.

CALLING CUBA:

On reading that direct communication by wireless telephony has been established between Great Britain and Cuba.

Speech with Cuba 's very well—
What we need is wireless *smell*;
Then into the telephone
My cigar smoke, gently blown,
Pungent, blue and very thick,
From my "choice Havana" (*sic*)
I could send to Cuba's nose,
Asking: "As tobacco goes,
Would you say this here cigar
Which I waft you from afar
Is of Cuban origin?
Is the label genuine
When it says 'Havana, choice'?
Don't refuse my anxious voice;
Let your nostrils sniff their fill
(Hoping same won't make them ill),
And enlighten, if you can,
This perplexéd Englishman."

Cuba sniffs and sniffs again,
Makes a noise which sounds like pain;
Then it answers: "You 've been done;
That cigar is not a one
Of a brand we 'd care to claim,
Notwithstanding of the name
On the label which you cite.
From its scent we judge it might
Be of vegetable growth;
For the rest we 're more than loth
To define its parent plant,
For the reason that we can't."

CHOICE.

We live in the heart of the country.
Opposite to us there is a Camp, it is true, but it is possible to ignore it.
Everywhere else is green and beautiful,
Rolling downs and bluebell copses,
Early primroses and streams where troutling play,
Hedgerows with violets to be found by little eager fingers.
"Well, darling, enjoyed your walk?" I asked my baby daughter, rosy and fresh from her morning outing.
"Yes, thank you," she replied politely. "Nurse took me along to have a talk with my friend the incinerator man."
We live in the heart of the country.
Opposite to us there is a Camp, it is true.

"POLICE v. TRAMS.

Charity Cup Match at St. Andrew's.
Result (after 90 minuets): Police 4, Trams 4. Extram time being played."
Birmingham Paper.

Community dancing was bound to come, but we don't see why "extram time" should have been played. It seems hardly fair on the police, who probably found ninety minuets quite enough for them to trip "on the light fantastic toe."



VILLAGE GUIDES.

[There is a movement on foot to place notices at the entrance of our villages directing tourists to spots of interest. Why not do it lyrically?]

This is the village of Worton Wick;
Turn to the right at the "Crooked Stick,"
Take the lane at the blacksmith's shop,
Run it a hundred yards and stop,
And there where the broken lime-tree leans
If you look over the hedge you 'll see
Farmer Biddlecomb's beans.

This is the hamlet of Ashby Beading;
Turn to the left where the geese are feeding,
Follow the road as far as you can,
Then follow it back to where you began,
And if you are lucky you 've seen the place
Where the oldest inhabitant lives, ninety-four in this year of grace.

This is the entrance to Marlinberry,
The right-hand road runs down to the ferry,
The left-hand lane to the "Travellers' Rest,"
And most of us like the left-hand best;
You 'll find mine host sitting out on his bench;
He draws passable beer, and there 's a comely enough serving-wench.

You are now on the verge of Simpletown;
When you get as far as the pump, slow down,
And, skirting the common, go into the square,
And under the arch with the outside stair
You will find a fellow with loose long feet;
He is our village idiot, and we should very much like you to meet.

W. H. O.















Celebrated Film Star. "SO YOU SAW ME IN *TEARING HEART-STRINGS*?"
Adorer. "INDEED, INDEED—YOU WERE DEVASTATING. I WAS SO *TERRRIBLY* ILL AFTERWARDS!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT is pleasant to find a first novel—I think *The Passionate Tree* (HEINEMANN) is a first novel—reviving the kindly *Jane Eyre* tradition of the triumph of the unobtrusive woman. *Mary Dale*, the heroine to whom Miss BEATRICE SHEEPSHANKS stands so benevolent a sponsor, is very unobtrusive indeed. From the age of nine, when her lovely mother leaves her unprepossessing father, she is reared on *Gradgrind* principles by an archaic governess and consistently snubbed by an injured and resentful parent. A brief visit to Cumberland, however, suffices to nourish an interior life of fantasy in her starved little soul. Her lodgings themselves are beautiful, cousins whose acquaintance *Mary* is not allowed to make can be excitedly discerned in church, and a young artist, *Brian Law*, encourages her to see in the enchanting mutations of a copper-beech tree a symbol of her imaginative life. The symbol recurs when *Mary* is twenty-three, an heiress, her own mistress and paying-guest to the impoverished cousins of her Sunday glimpses. The *Maines* are not congenial hosts, but the elder son appreciates *Mary* and her fortune and lays siege to both. Unluckily *Brian* reappears, *Mary's* childish passion reawakens, and, though the artist is now married, she proposes to take advantage of his wife's willingness to divorce him. This, she learns, will entail his complete severance from his two little girls. Is she capable of dooming the children to a repetition of her own mishandled youth? Her creator's treatment of this *impasse* is fresh and characteristic even where it is a little unpoised—a criticism I should be inclined to pass on the book as a whole. It is in all respects a youthful book, equally unhampered and unbraced by mature experience of life and professional concessions to the reader.

Surely there has seldom been a more modest record of heroic accomplishment than the *Revolt in the Desert* (CAPE) in the abridged edition of LAWRENCE OF ARABIA'S longer work, about which the collectors are now so fantastically busy. The story covers the period from October 1916, when the odd untidy subaltern, hastily promoted Colonel (in the issue, General) and Plenipotentiary for the whole of Arabia, went on his lonely mission to FEISAL, down to the triumphant entry into Damascus shortly before the Armistice, after the annihilation of two Turkish armies and the complete demoralisation of the enemy on the Arabian front. Here was no accident of lucky circumstance. It was prepared by an almost incredible discipline of self-imposed hardships and renunciations, by great personal courage, unfaltering steadfastness of purpose, exceptional intelligence and knowledge. The events are narrated as if seen by a spectator rather than a chief actor and inspirer, seen through the actions of the friends with whom he lived on terms of intimacy, sharing every discomfort of food, lodging, travel, sickness and parasites, with daily danger thrown in. Occasionally, and as it were unavoidably and without that affectation of modesty which is the subtlest form of vanity, the author himself appears, as in one or two of those exciting feats of bridge-and-train destruction, accomplished with a detonator exploded at the chosen, not the guessed,

moment, within two hundred yards (the distance of the connecting wires) of the enemy. There were, to the confusion and heavy loss of the enemy, seventy-nine such explosions, and many close calls on the charmed life of "EL-URENS." The keenly observed portraits of his Arab friends and the description of the Arabian scene are the work of a master of words. An occasional note of despondency and disappointment only enhances the heroic achievement described in this noble book.

The trouble with detective fiction,
Or so it always seems to me,
Is that you're tied by the restriction
Of what the author lets you see;
Someone particularly able
Is needed at the start of play
To put the trumps upon the table
And yet not give the game away.

Well, Father RONALD KNOX has done it
In *The Three Taps* (from METHUEN).
There,
Almost before he 's well begun it,
He 's laid the vital secret bare;
Not that he strains himself to stress it,
But anyhow it 's there to spot,
And you, if you are shrewd, may guess it;
I, let me frankly own, did not.

Faced, therefore, with the exhibition
Of person after person haled
Into the limelight of suspicion
Which, though I shared it, always failed,
My baffled brain seemed embryonic,
And well might these successive shocks
Have dashed my zeal but for the tonic
Humour of Father RONALD KNOX.

It was the duty of pious Latin hands, you remember, to gather up as quickly as possible the inscribed leaves placed by the Sibyl at the mouth of her cave, otherwise the leaves blew away and the message became indecipherable. This office, assiduously performed for the author of *Adam Bede* in her own day, and subsequently neglected, is now to a certain extent revived. Mons. DE VOGÜÉ has proclaimed his conviction that GEORGE ELIOT's spiritual content will set her in the end above TOURGENIEFF and TOLSTOY; and, though Miss ELIZABETH HALDANE does not go so far, she has been as fair to the emotional morality of *George Eliot and Her Times* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) as is compatible with a lively conviction that our own age has something better. Personally I cannot regard emotional morality as a specifically mid-Victorian product—GEORGE ELIOT's own brand undoubtedly derived from ROUSSEAU. Nor can I be as sure as Miss HALDANE that we have benefited by shifting the onus of perfection on to the race instead of the individual. But her tendency to over-emphasize the cleavage between us and the mid-Victorians—with a perceptible bias for this side of the gulf—makes very little difference to the biographical portion of her study; and GEORGE ELIOT lives again in her rustic childhood, her notable housewifery, her lonely studies, her first heterodoxies, her last conventionalities. "Rebel and devotee" throughout all these phases, she seems to her biographer essentially the child of her time, but to me no more inseparable from her period than ANTIGONE or Nurse CAVELL. Whichever way you look at it you can scarcely fail to enjoy Miss HALDANE's spirited, sincere and, on the whole, sympathetic portrait, and appreciate her light and effective handling of sources old and new.



Daughter (trying on her party frock). "MOTHER, DO YOU THINK I'M OLD ENOUGH TO HAVE IT AS SHORT AS THIS?"

Miss MURIEL HINE has cut a thick slice out of the life of a country house as material for her latest novel. *The Hurcotts* (LANE), who live at Seagrave Manor, are county plus trade on one side and merely professional on the other, and, though we come to know them all well, the father of the family and his youngest daughter are our chief concern. It was wise of Miss HINE to interest us in both of them, for

Giles Hurcott, falling, after the death of his capable wife, into the clutches of his secretary, *Barbara Sheriff*, and sinking down into a drunkard's death, is a harrowing spectacle, while *Abbie's* love-story, though it provides a happy ending, would scarcely by itself have been enough material for a full-length novel. Miss HINE, as always, introduces us to numbers of characters, and the least important—as in this case *Grandmother Hurcott* and her son the Naval captain—are by no means the least interesting or the worst displayed. *Barbara*, bad as she is—and out-and-out badness always seems to me one of the hardest things to "put over"—is perfectly credible. Miss HINE has been very successful too in making and keeping her characters distinct, with no running of their colours one into another, and with all the friction-making excrescences of real life which generally get left out in books. *The Hurcotts* is certainly one of the best of its author's many novels.

In his *Ludwig van Beethoven* (KEGAN PAUL AND J. CURWEN AND SONS) Dr. HARVEY GRACE has given us a well-timed and concise study of the personality and works of that very great and strangely isolated genius. Dr. GRACE began his task three years ago, under the temporary influence of "the prevalent anti-Beethoven chill"; he has ended it by recapturing his earlier enthusiasm. But the process has not been unattended by disillusion, largely due to ALEXANDER THAYER'S monumental biography, on which this volume is in great part based. THAYER, with ruthless honesty and indefatigable research, shattered all that part of the BEETHOVEN legend which inspired sentimental stories and plays, or which represented him as unrecognised and neglected. Instead of a romantic figure we are given the unvarnished portrait of a man who was the victim of heredity, more squalid in his habits than Dr. JOHNSON, suspicious and avaricious. Idolatry is impossible in the face of this reasoned and well-documented record. Yet THAYER—and Dr. GRACE—render full justice to the essential nobility of BEETHOVEN'S character, and to that dæmonic force which, while it did not inspire the personal affection roused by BACH and HAYDN, compelled the admiration and devotion of high-born nobles and their womenkind. He immortalized these princes and counts in his dedications; but they richly deserved it. They justified the system of patronage which BEETHOVEN, though he profited by it, did more than any one else to break down. The estimate of BEETHOVEN'S services to the evolution of his art in its various branches is judicious and judicial, and forms a good commentary on Dr. GEORGE DYSON'S description of him as a "creative iconoclast."



The Spider. "THERE YOU ARE. JUST SIGN YOUR NAME ON THE DOTTED LINE."
The Fly. "NO, I WON'T. I MAY BE SIMPLE, BUT I'M NOT DOTTY."

Anyone who desires to participate in as breathless a man-hunt as I have ever followed should read *Jimmie Rezaire* (STANLEY PAUL). *James Robinson, alias Carlyle, alias Rezaire* was in every respect a deplorable man; he supplied cocaine to various agents in London, intending, directly there was a suspicion of trouble, to bolt to a boat in the Beaulieu river and do what is called "a get-away." The trouble soon came, but, to the destruction of *Rezaire's* plans, three of his agents followed hard upon its heels, and among these three was a most terrible fellow called *Sam*, who would kill a human being with as little compunction as you or I would kill a hornet. *Sam* had not the smallest intention of being left in the lurch, and so *Rezaire's* flight from justice was not the solitary affair which he had planned. I am not attempting to follow these fugitives as they clambered over roofs and dodged here, there and everywhere, but I can vouch that Mr. ANTHONY ARMSTRONG keeps up the chase with amazing *verve*, and brings it to a satisfactory issue.

What Sir ROBERT BADEN-POWELL pleads for in *Life's Snags* (PEARSON) is a kinder, healthier, merrier world, and the young men, to whom these "talks" are mainly addressed, will undoubtedly get it if they will follow his advice and directions. Away, he says, with cynicism and destructiveness; let us, whether young or not so young, face the difficulties of our modern world with courage and a desire to help and not to hinder. Not that Sir ROBERT is an uncompromising opponent of destruction; he would uproot such people as moneylenders with an absolutely Christian determination. The aim of this little half-crown book is so right that I have no hesitation in drawing the attention of sound sane people to it. More than ever is Sir ROBERT established as Adviser-in-Chief to British youth.

The heroine of Miss RUTHERFORD CROCKETT'S novel, *Safety Last* (COLLINS), gallantly maintains the tradition of bygone CROCKETT heroes in her defiance of constituted authority and her debonair disregard of consequences. True, she is somewhat limited by the fettering circumstances of modern civilisation; hence she seeks an outlet for her adventurous spirit by throwing her bonnet over the steeple with a wholeheartedness worthy of a swordsman of the Covenant. Unfortunately for the success of the experiment, her partner in revolt is what the older tradition would undoubtedly have dubbed a "craven," one of those poor spineless creatures who for some reason so often represent literature in the pages of fiction, so that the end is a rather tame "as you were." Miss CROCKETT handles her characters well, and the book would be worth reading if only for the wholly delightful portrait it contains of a thoroughly human child, whose lack of affectation is the more refreshing by contrast with the rather "literary" talk of her elders.

The writer of the review of *The Romantic Comedians* (MURRAY), in our issue of March 9th, writes to say that the allusion to *Maud Muller's* marriage referred to BRET HARTE'S version of the story. On the same point "S. V. FG." writes (from Oxford):—

> "*Your* critic is right and *his* critic is wrong;
> *Maud Muller did* marry the Judge in the song,
> Not as WHITTIER wrote it, but wittier yet
> As re-writ by that prince among parodists, BRET."

CHARIVARIA.

IT is rumoured that, as Labour will not officially support the Communists, the latter are taking their revenge by giving their whole-hearted assistance to the former.

* * *

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL is said to prefer exhibiting his paintings in Paris, using a French pseudonym. Yet he doesn't seem to mind bringing out his Budget in his own name in this country.

* * *

It is estimated that the cost to the Treasury of tax-collecting in 1927–1928 will be over twelve million pounds. Personally we think it too expensive a luxury.

* * *

President COOLIDGE has put on nine pounds in weight since he took office. It has been noticed, however, that the shoulders of the average British tax-payer are more bowed than ever.

* * *

By putting a recruiting sergeant in Whitehall just at the commencement of the spring-cleaning season the War Office have at last displayed a little imagination. A rush of young husbands to the colours is anticipated.

* * *

Paris taxis, it is pointed out, charge only fourpence a mile, but it must be remembered that, as the Paris taxi-driver usually drives straight through everything, it 's really only half the distance it is over here.

* * *

If the fifty-six thousand Dutch bulbs which have been presented to Hyde Park grow up anything like the pictures on the packets, there is one consolation. There won't be any room for all those open-air speakers.

* * *

Complaint is again made of the dirtiness of motorists in Surrey. The way they litter the countryside with pedestrians is very unsightly.

* * *

It seems that in Moscow, in 1925, Señor CAPABLANCA advocated a revolution in chess. Few masters have ever attached more importance to the pawns.

* * *

A literary paragraphist remarks that nearly everybody who writes dreams of an island of his own where he can work undisturbed. We could mention more than one writer who would like England all to himself.

* * *

During the hearing of a recent lawsuit it was stated by his counsel that Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW was prepared to go into the witness-box. The fact that the famous playwright did not offer to take the judge's seat as well is attributed to his modesty.

* * *

This year is the one-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the sandwich, and in a year or two we shall be celebrating the centenary of the railway-buffet joke.

* * *

A footballer who had been deaf and dumb recovered the power of speech when kicked in a recent match. In the circumstances he was not reprimanded for his language.

* * *

A nine-year-old girl who recently wrote a novel has been telling a newspaper interviewer how she did it. We should be happy if some adult novelists would tell us *why* they do it.

* * *

A correspondent in a contemporary mentions a horse which is fond of walking backwards. We know the animal; it is the one we put our money on in the Lincoln.

* * *

"There are strange instances of companionships in animal life," says a writer. But we rather discredit the story of a correspondent who states that he has seen a therm, an artificial silkworm and a flu germ jazzing together on a wireless aerial.

"Great Sunspot Peril," says a heading. Many girls, we understand, are laying in stocks of face-cream to fight the fatal freckle this summer.

* * *

Hundreds of women are said to be learning ju-jitsu. Proficiency will enable even the smallest and weakest to hold her own at the sales.

* * *

A correspondent of a daily paper points out that Nature provided man with a bearded face and woman with long hair. And some artists with both.

* * *

As microphones are to be installed between Putney and Mortlake, on Saturday, it is to be hoped that Thames bargees will be careful not to argue with each other on the Daventry wave-length.

* * *

The dachshund is said to be losing its popularity in this country. This is not surprising when it is remembered that one half the dachshund never knows where the other half lives.

* * *

It is said that the art of saxophone-playing is a secret. The great difficulty is to keep it a secret from the neighbours.

* * *

An old lady writes to us with reference to the Rotary International Convention at Ostend in June, expressing a hope that it will settle the traffic problem once and for all.



Farmer. "SO YOU 'VE GONE AND LET 'IM OUT, HAVE YOU? WELL, IT 'S NO USE LOCKING THE STABLE DOOR AFTER THE HORSE HAS GONE."
Scared Stable Lad. "AIN'T THERE, GUV'NOR? 'E MIGHT COME BACK."

AN OLD SONG RESUNG.

IF all the "nice" people were knowing,
And all that are knowing were "nice,"
The world would be rapidly growing
Up into a new Paradise.
But, alas! both are bent on forgoing
The aid of each other's advice,
For the "nice" look askance at the knowing,
The knowing look down on the "n'ce."

The innumerable backers of the Grand National winner who have written to thank Mr. Punch for the straight tip which he gave them in his picture "Sprig-time" on March 16th, are hereby assured that he will do everything in his power to ensure further favourable results. He is now getting ready something really hot for the Derby—or it may be the Oaks.

'CROSS-COUNTRY.

We do not venture on to the high-road on Sunday afternoons. No, we go across-country. You see, we wish to avoid meeting the villagers, and villagers do not go across-country on Sunday afternoons because they have on their best clothes. We, on the other hand, have no best clothes, so we go across-country.

But let there be no misunderstanding. We do not dislike the villagers, far from it; nor are we ashamed of having no best clothes, certainly not. Our reason for going 'cross-country is a nice *thoughtful* reason.

We think that the villagers ought to have Sunday afternoons to themselves. We say, "It's *their* afternoon," and Grandmother says that it's like listening at the kitchen key-hole, like showing our visitors, it might be, Sarah's bedroom—like these and other things of the kind to walk along the high-road on Sunday afternoons. So we go across-country.

We start very soon after lunch, sooner than some people think wise, because, if we allow ourselves to go to sleep on Sunday afternoons, we sleep until tea-time.

Grandmother says, "Shall we go for a walk?" and we all say, "Yes; where shall we go?" Then Grandmother says, "We'll go 'cross-country, so as not to intrude on the villagers." So we go across-country.

We take Moses with us, because the farmer who leases the ground is asleep on his bed and cannot accuse the poor dog of chasing sheep, and the keeper is walking on the high-road with Sarah and cannot accuse him of chasing rabbits. We ourselves do not accuse Moses of anything; we think he is a Very Good Dog.

Now when we go across-country on Sunday afternoons we avoid the high-road *entirely*. We walk over the lawn, through the coppice and climb the fence. We none of us mind climbing the fence, and Grandmother loves it. We hold on to each of her four sides, then all together we shout our slogan, "It's perfectly simple, my dear Watson!" and over she goes.

On the other side of the fence there are sheep, which run away. Moses does not chase them, but when they run he runs too, which is only natural. We often explain this to the farmer. We say, "The sheep run before Moses runs;" and Grandmother says, "It's got nothing to do with Moses. Why, when I go into the field alone the sheep run; and surely to goodness you don't accuse *me* of chasing them?"

So then we come among the rabbit-warrens, and the rabbits chase Moses. They do indeed. We are sure of it. They pop up on all sides of him, and dart around, and Moses runs this way and that, not knowing which way to turn, poor dog. Time after time we explain this to the keeper. We say, "But the rabbits chase Moses;" and Grandmother says, "Listen to me. Next time you see Moses at the rabbit-warrens, don't jump to conclusions. Just watch a moment, and then try if you can tell for certain whether it's Moses that chases the rabbits or the rabbits that chase Moses."

However, the keeper is walking on the high-road with Sarah on Sunday afternoon.

Then we get on to the moss, and we say to each other, "It's very boggy. Look where you're going;" and Grandmother says, "Just follow me," which we do as quickly as possible. When she gets stuck, we pull hard. We shout, "It's perfectly simple, my dear Watson!" and out she comes.

After that we usually go home, so that we may have time to change before tea. Bryant, who meets us in the hall, asks when we shall be ready, and looks as though he would like to say, "Well, you *are* dirty!" and Grandmother says, "Yes, we are, aren't we?" which we think rather puzzles Bryant.

Then at tea Grandmother says, "It's nice to think of the dear villagers walking along the high-road in their smart clothes. It's best for *us* to go across-country."

So we go across-country.

Kipling Revised.

Headline to an article on football among the aristocracy:—

"Titled, but Muddled Oats."
West Indian Paper.

From a cinema advertisement:—

"THE ROAD TO HAPPINESS.
WHETHER YOU 'BE A HOARY-HANDED SON OF TOIL."
Liverpool Paper.

Or a horny-headed sinner?

From a house-agent's advertisement:—

"Entrance hall, ground floor lavatory and cloak-room; complete domestic offices; Sentry boiled in tiled recess."—*Sunday Paper.*

It sounds like a preliminary to the skeleton in the cupboard.

"We are glad to hear that Mrs. H. L. —— and her son, John, are very well. Young Mr. ——, who weighed nine stones two at birth, a record for the Samaritano Hospital, is well maintaining his reputation."
Brazilian Paper.

We too are very glad to hear that this fine infant is progressing favourably.

THE MAGNIFICENT KING.

Nobody asked if Pei or Chen
Or what-is-the-name of the man
Could speak for the whole of China when
It was ruled by Kubla Khan,
When about the board of the Mongol lord
The company asked to dine
In glittering silk had camels' milk
And milk of the mares and wine.

All of them bowed as the band struck up
On an evening long ago
When Kubla lifted his jewelled cup
And the pages louted low;
And wherever he went his painted tent,
In travel alike and war,
Was carried about (for he had the gout)
On the backs of his elephants four.

The Khan peeped out of his curtain flap
On a golden morn of spring
And a couple of hundred cranes, mayhap,
Went down as he pulled the string;
For miles and miles you could see the files
Of his hunters red and blue—
It was out of bounds on the hunting-grounds
When the great gerfalcons flew.

Such and such was the royal sport,
And the cheetahs followed the deer,
And the etiquette of the Emperor's Court
Was good if a trifle queer;
For none might tread in the hall of dread
Till he changed his dusty shoon
For a buckskin pair, and each man there
Must carry his own spittoon.

Pale astronomers, cold and wise,
Sought of the Khan their fee;
He paid for his costly merchandise
With the bark of the mulberry-tree;
By course and course, from horse to horse,
His frequent couriers ran,
And the world could boast of a punctual post
In the days of Kubla Khan.

Such and such was the royal life,
As the ancient story runs;
Four were the ladies he had to wife,
Apart from the extra ones.
From West and East to his birthday-feast
His governors came in white;
They got no bribes from their subject tribes,
For the hand of the Khan was tight.

Nobody asked if Pei or Chen
Or Chu Tsing what's-his-name
Could speak for the whole of China when
Young Marco Polo came;
And, whatever they say of old Cathay
Six hundred years ago,
There wasn't a doubt when the Khan rode out
That he was the boss of the show.

Evoe.



THE OLYMPIAN ORACLE.

[Paraphrase of Lord Oxford's speech in the House of Lords, March 22nd.]

"OUR NATIONAL EXPENDITURE IS PROFLIGATE; OUR ARMAMENTS ARE BLOATED; THE BULK OF OUR WAR-TIME MINISTRIES OUGHT TO BE WOUND UP; OUR CIVIL SERVICE IS REDUNDANT AND OUR CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER IS UNABLE TO TRANSLATE HIS DECLAMATORY ASSURANCES INTO FACT." [*Disappears into the Olympian void.*



Modern Damsel (*introducing her very shy fiancé to her brothers and sisters*). "THIS IS MY NEW YOUNG MAN, PEOPLE. IF YOU HATE HIM, JUST SAY SO."

MISLEADING CASES.

Pritt v. *Pritt.*

MUCH comment was caused in legal circles to-day by an unconventional speech by Sir Oliver Slick, K.C., in opening a case in the Probate and Divorce Division. Sir Oliver is retiring from practice in a few days' time, and it is thought that he may be suffering from overstrain.

SIR OLIVER said: May it please your Lordship, Members of the Jury, in this case I appear for the petitioner, Mrs. Gladys Eleanor Pritt, who is praying for a divorce from her husband on account of—well, I mean, she wants to get rid of the man, and that 's all about it, milord. Milord, this is probably the last case in which I shall ever appear, so, to tell you the truth, I take a pretty detached view of the whole proceedings. Well, I mean, look at old Twopenny here—(*Mr. Albert Twopenny, of the firm of Twopenny and Truelove, solicitors for the petitioner*)—he 'll never give me a brief again after this, *but I don't care!* And that 's what makes the whole thing so terribly *funny*!

Sir Oliver here laughed heartily.

THE JUDGE: Sir Oliver, if this is your swan-song, I am sure that you would wish it to be in tune with the traditions of the Bar and with your own fine record.

SIR OLIVER: Certainly, milord; you 're a good sort, milord, and I don't want to offend you, though you 've given me a packet of trouble from time to time. Well, milord, the facts are these. The parties were married only a year ago, at Westminster, and lived happily together for about three weeks, milord. Temperamentally, perhaps, they were unsuited; the husband was fond of golf and the woman of lawn-tennis. However, the wife remained and is to this day devoted to her husband; but last year, milord, on July 20th—no, 21st—Mrs. Pritt noticed that Mr. Pritt's affections were cooling, and on the 24th, milord, she found him telephoning to a strange woman, a Miss Elizabeth Mugg, milord, who has been cited in this case as a co-thingummy——

THE JUDGE: Sir Oliver, I 'm not sure that I follow you.

SIR OLIVER: Milord, you 're simply marvellous. (Sir Oliver then lowered his voice and continued in tones suggestive of profound moral indignation.) Milord, there seems to be no doubt that this woman, by a protracted course of duplicity and cunning, has deliberately stolen away this husband from his wife. It is difficult, milord, to frame language strong enough to describe a woman who, without any provocation, it appears, from her unfortunate partner in guilt, has wormed her way into the affections of an English husband, and invaded, corrupted and finally broken up an English home. Picture, milord, the state of mind of my unfortunate client as, day by day and bit by bit, she sees that devotion which is her right transferred to the supplanter. On the 26th, milord, this poor woman had a nervous breakdown, on the 29th she had fits. Milord, do you think I 've done enough of this?

THE JUDGE: I beg your pardon, Sir Oliver?

SIR OLIVER: I mean, need I give the jury any more of this gup? Because of course, you know, the whole case is a put-up job——

THE JUDGE: Sir Oliver, I think you are not very well. Perhaps it would be fairer to your client to adjourn.

SIR OLIVER: Never was better, old boy. Fit as yourself, and fitter. Well, *I* wasn't playing bridge half the night,

milord, as I happen to know you were!

(Sir Oliver here laughed again in a genial manner.)

The Judge: If you are in good health, Sir Oliver, we will continue the hearing, but you will please confine yourself to the facts of the case.

Sir Oliver: Well, milord, the facts are very simple. This is just one of the ordinary trumped-up upper-class divorce cases, you know. The lady 's just bored with him, that 's all. Well, I mean, in these days, living with the same husband week after week for a whole year—Society girls can't *stand* it. There 's nothing unpleasant in the case, nobody 's done anything wrong, but my client wants to marry a chap in the Guards—Jack Filter, *you* know, milord, fellow with the eye-glass you met at the club the other day, so we 've pitched this yarn about Pritt and Elizabeth Mugg—— Don't interrupt, Twopenny!

(Mr. Twopenny spoke earnestly to Sir Oliver at this point, and subsequently on several occasions, but Sir Oliver did not appear to hear what he said).

Sir Oliver, continuing, said: "I 'm sorry for Pritt in a way—that 's the respondent, milord—he 's a very good fellow and adores Mrs. Pritt. But it 's his own fault, really. The trouble was, you see, milord, that he married the girl for her money and then fell in love with her. I can tell you, between ourselves, Gentlemen of the Jury, we had a job to get him to agree to this divorce at all. Didn't like it, not a bit. But in the end we got him over the money. You see, he 's terribly in debt, milord, and she 's going to pay him a very decent alimony. Of course, technically, I know, milord, I shall ask you to make him pay Mrs. Pritt alimony, and a fat alimony, too; but that 's all eye-wash. Besides, we made things easy for him over Elizabeth Mugg, and that helped to turn the scale, because he thought he had to go to Brighton with her, and he hates Brighton. But when he found he needn't even see Elizabeth Mugg he didn't mind being divorced because of her so much. In point of fact he never has seen Elizabeth Mugg. I mention that because I don't want anyone here to take too seriously what I said about Elizabeth Mugg just now, because Elizabeth Mugg is really a very nice woman and knows her job thoroughly. Elizabeth has been in eighty-nine divorce cases, she tells me, under various names, and has never met one of the parties yet. In this case, of course, she went down to Brighton and stayed a night at the Cosmopole. Pritt's valet stayed there the same night and put a pair of Pritt's boots outside Elizabeth's room, and the next day he met one of the chambermaids and identified the boots, and there you are. You 'll have all the evidence, of course, Pritt's bill and the cloakroom ticket and the menu and everything, but that 's all there is to the case——



THE BOAT-RACE.

Husband. "Oh, dear, I shan't be able to shout for Oxford on Saturday now."
Wife. "Never mind, dear. Perhaps they 'll win without it."

The Judge: Sir Oliver, I never like to interrupt Counsel when opening a case, but are you materially assisting your client?

Sir Oliver: I should be sorry if you thought I wasn't, milord, because Mrs. Pritt is really quite a decent little woman. In fact, everybody in the case is thoroughly decent, including your Lordship, if I may say so, and it seems to me a great pity that all these decent people should be put to all this trouble and expense and publicity when the whole thing might easily be done in two minutes at a registry-office or through one of the Stores. On the other hand, of course, I have to live, and you have to live, milord, and Elizabeth Mugg has to live, so we mustn't complain. Speaking for myself, I 'm doing very well out of this case, because my client is not only decent but rich, and old Twopenny here knows how to make 'em cough up—well, I mean I 've got one thousand pounds on the brief and a pretty good refresher for a potty little divorce. I mention these points, milord, because it is so nice to

get a touch of reality in a case like this. How you can sit up there, milord, day after day, swallowing all the bogus stuff served up to you by members of the Bar like me, who ought to know better——

THE JUDGE: Sir Oliver, this is an occasion without precedent in all my long experience, and I find a difficulty in dealing with it. But, if you are unable to conduct yourself in accordance with the traditions of your profession and the interests of your client, I shall be compelled to ask you to withdraw from this court.

SIR OLIVER (*bowing*): Milord, I bow to your ruling. Milord, I have little to add at this stage of the case. My client will now go into that box and tell the tragic story of her married life. She will tell you of affection blighted, of a home made desolate and a heart destroyed. She will tell you that even at this late hour she is ready to hold out the hand of forgiveness and clasp to her bosom the rightful partner of her life, if he will but tear himself from the embraces of the supplanter, Mugg, a woman, milord, who, as you will shortly hear, has from first to last, from first to last, milord, played a part in the lives of these two people which is without precedent, milord, in my experience for treachery, deceit, ingratitude and cunning. Call Gladys Pritt.

THE JUDGE: The Court will now adjourn.

The Court adjourned. A. P. H.

SENDING-IN DAY.

I AM inclined to agree with those who urge the unsuitability of the artist for married life. That is to say, the feminine artist. The male, for all that has been said against him by the ignorant and prejudiced, is commonly a decent fellow enough and absurdly easy to manage. With a little flattery any competent woman can lead him wheresoever she chooses. It is different when we come to try managing a woman who dabbles in the arts.

Mind you, I am not saying that flattery has no value with the other sex. I am only saying that they demand more of it than we do and are not content when they get it. They demand a more solid fare in addition. Were they not always the practical sex? When I first became engaged to Phyllis (which is more years ago now than I care to remember) it was not long before I discovered that a few words of praise for the sketch in water-colours were not sufficient. I must give my reasons: it would be as well if I took a real interest in the game. How pleasant if I would sometimes come out with her, complete, so to speak, with block, paints and brushes, not forgetting a tin of water! And I confess at first it appealed to me. Can you imagine a pastime more idyllic for a young couple?

The umbrella perhaps was a nuisance. Phyllis had at that time an umbrella that was supposed to attach itself to her sketching-chair, but it was a fraud. Something always went wrong with the socket, and the consequence was that I often had to hold it up for the greater part of the afternoon. I am not complaining of this, but it very soon occurred to me that painting in water-colours could not well be more tiresome than holding up an umbrella for two or three hours on end. I decided that day to take up painting seriously.

There is something about painting. It grows upon you. In the first days of our married life we used to do a good many of these sketching expeditions together. Now and again I come across one of my old pictures in some derelict sketch-book, and for a few moments the bygone enthusiasm is revived. I think it might be rather fun to dig out the paint-box of japanned tin and the water-bottle that used to clip on to the side, and to suggest another expedition to Kew or Richmond. They were not such bad days, those.

I remember too the first time I ever bore a picture, framed, glazed and neatly done up in brown paper, to Burlington House.

That also was when we were engaged. Otherwise I doubt whether I should have consented to undertake the task. I do not know that I am more self-conscious than my fellows, but it is a fact that for some years I used to feel rather ill at ease when engaged in any pursuit that attracted attention from the crowd. I did not like walking along Piccadilly with that oblong parcel under my arm. It was too obviously a picture—too clearly on its way to the Academy. I felt like a masquerader caught in his fancy-costume after sunrise. And then, again, there were so many preliminaries. The affair took time. I must have wasted many hours getting labels and reading directions and pasting them on to the wrong pictures and getting them off again with some difficulty and a good deal of hot water. (Phyllis finds it extraordinarily difficult to make up her mind which three to select for submission at the last moment.) Some of our older efforts still bear signs of having been so treated.

I may say that Sending-in Day has few terrors for me now. I am hardened to the task. For the last two or three weeks the critic has abounded in our drawing-room, pointing out why he would select the landscape in Northern France rather than the gorse-bushes on a Suffolk heath, or *vice-versa*. We know all the reasons now; we can explain readily enough why we remained unhung last year, and the year before, though it is true that one of our pieces was provisionally accepted. In the first place it is essential that the Hanging Committee should be made to sit up and take notice when our own little water-colour is borne past them hastily in the arms of a stalwart and careless attendant. The picture must, in effect, have a carrying quality.

And in the second place of course it is necessary to have influence. Without some friend on that important council one may be accepted and then crowded out—an appalling fate which happened also to be our own two years ago. Phyllis and I, alas! have no friends in those exalted artistic circles. Even if we had, would there not perhaps be something undignified in entering those portals, so to speak, through a back-door? (Still, I think the names of the Hanging Committee should be published every year in good time, say, three weeks before the day. It would give a man a chance.)

They are getting the place ready now, I suppose. In a few days we shall be thronging down there, carrying our parcels with a furtive air, avoiding observation as far as possible. I find now that the Tube to Dover Street is the most popular way of reaching the place; and most of us make a practice of choosing the hour when the world of Mayfair is safely at home discussing its modest luncheon. Commonly there is quite a happy band of us (artists or husbands) making, shortly after one o'clock, towards the back entrance of that dingy lane that runs parallel with the famed Arcade. We are beginning to know each other tolerably well by now; with some few I even exchange nods when we meet in the disrobing-room.

You know the place I mean, of course. About half-way down, on the left-hand side, just where you see that van blocking up the whole roadway. That is some framer bringing the works of his plutocratic employers. (I have often thought it would save a lot of trouble if Phyllis would get her framer to send her pictures in along with the rest.) But husbands are cheap. And framers are distinctly careless in the way they handle these products. They see them too often, I suppose. They cannot be expected to take a real personal interest in each one of them. They lump them all together into a van, often without any individual covering at all.

Ours are wrapped up, you may be



Little Girl (who has just arrived in Paris). "MUMMY, MUST I SAY MY PRAYERS HERE?"
Mother. "WHY, OF COURSE, DARLING."
Little Girl. "WELL, I SHALL HAVE TO SAY THEM IN ENGLISH, THEN."

sure. Even now I am a little shy of exhibiting our wares too openly in the street or even in the Tube. When I first began I could hardly bear to see them exposed. They had an anæmic air divested of their wrappings and held up to the light by some attendant in the disrobing-room, as I call it. I recollect on my first visit how I slunk out of the place hastily, forgetting to collect the paper and string, though I had been strictly enjoined to bring them back.

I never forget these indispensable adjuncts now. They come in very useful always a week or two later. But the gentleman who assists in the unpacking has rather a way of throwing them carelessly on the floor under the table unless I rescue them very swiftly. Perhaps in private life he keeps a bookshop.

Two years ago—I forget if I have mentioned it before—we had a picture accepted. Our first. We have lived on that, so to speak, ever since. When we feel downhearted (and the artist is proverbially a creature of moods) we have only to remind each other of 1925 and once more we are as lambs frisking in the sunshine. It is true that the thing was not hung, but that does not alter the fact that it was among the elect. It meant also that I had to make a third journey to Rejection Lane (as I sometimes term it) to recover the successful picture when it had been crowded out. These are the penalties of success. In a few days I shall be getting ready for my opening visit once again.

"——, Ltd., Estate Dept., have an applicant seeking to purchase a 'Periodic' House."
Sunday Paper.

For occasional occupation, we gather, not as a permanent abode.



"I say, Mister, will you be wantin' this mascot again?"

SAMUEL THE STRAY.

Samuel possessed a powerful strain of lurcher, a little bit of bull-pup, a smack of terrier and spaniel to taste. There were other suggestions scattered up and down him, for he was yet young, and age had not withered his infinite variety. Altogether there seemed to be about fifty-seven different varieties in his make-up, and we nearly called him "Heinz." Taking it by, with and from, Samuel's breed was just dog; though I doubt whether a purist would have allowed even that, because at one point we are fairly certain we heard him mew.

I first met Samuel emerging from a strange garden. Samuel's nose was full of mould, and the garden was looking very strange indeed. Being young, he showed a disposition to play, but laboured under a misapprehension that my trousers had "*Salve*" written on them (which, as everyone knows, is French for "Please wipe"). He accompanied me to the house where I was staying, but I shut him carefully out of my hostess's garden.

Half-way through lunch we looked out of the window, and there was Samuel in the garden having a game of "Tig" with a hyacinth. Samuel was winning on points. We rushed out, just as he scored a knock-out, picked him up by a voluminous scruff and shot him into the road on his ear—the spaniel one. Mary, my hostess, then left Lick, her terrier, on guard at the gate, while I wondered out loud where the animal had come from.

Ten minutes later Samuel was inside once more. He had put his collie-cum-greyhound charm of manner across Lick, and Lick was playing with him. Lick, in play, was slightly handicapped by the fact that he has been brought up not to run over flower-beds.

We put Samuel out again and told him to go away. He wagged a cosmopolitan tail and trotted off out of sight. We were still at the gate, watching, when he reappeared in the garden behind us and leant unexpectedly up against Mary's stockings. He had apparently swum a river during his absence.

This time I was despatched with Samuel into the village to find his owner. I took him to the cottage garden whence he had originally appeared, but they saw us coming and wouldn't open the door. A voice told me it wasn't theirs and that it had followed the children home from Maybury yesterday. Samuel and I retreated sorrowfully.

On our return Samuel was tied up, while Mary rang up the village policeman to say she had a stray dog and would he fetch it, please. P.C. Dawkins, having cautiously asked whether it was a sort of black sort of lurcher, said "No." Mary said it was a beastly dog and she hated it. P.C. Dawkins advised her to kill it. Mary said it was a darling puppy and she could never, never hurt such a lamb. P.C. Dawkins laughed sarcastically, apologised for clearing his throat and rang off.

We then held a council of war, at the end of which Mary rang up several friends and asked them if they would like a charming puppy. Without exception they first said "No," and then asked where the catch came in. Next we rang up the local vet. He began by inquiring what breed it was, so that conversation never got any further. Then we rang up the Vicar and said we had a sweet stray puppy (Church of England) in our garden, and would

he like it? The Vicar, after thought, replied that he didn't want it himself, but that the best thing to do was to put it out in the road and let it find its own way home. Luckily I managed to cut the 'phone off before Mary could answer that one. Finally we rang up P.C. Dawkins again and begged him to advise us.

P.C. Dawkins became suddenly Machiavellian. He said that, if we ourselves brought a stray dog into a police-station, the police could not refuse to take it. Mary at once said she would be over in ten minutes. P.C. Dawkins, speaking with emotion, pointed out that he had been thinking of the police-station at Maybury, three miles off. Then we understood. P.C. Dawkins belongs to the Mudshire Constabulary, while Maybury is in Loamshire. We thanked him, and he added helpfully that we were to be sure and ask for Sergeant Smith. Mary said it was sweet of him; but I had an idea we were touching on some hidden vendetta of the constabulary world.

I was of course detailed to escort the infant Samuel, who had meantime got loose in the garden. I caught him and took him with me to my car. Samuel, for his part, took with him a large portion of garden. My car is supposed to hold three, but it wasn't big enough for Samuel. When he wasn't licking my face comprehensively at tricky corners he was on the floor chewing the accelerator. Our progress was therefore erratic.

There was a constable outside the Maybury police-station. When he saw Samuel he began to laugh. I asked him where Sergeant Smith was, and he stopped laughing. A solicitous look came over his face, such as a backer of DAVID might have worn on learning of the coming contest with GOLIATH. He saluted reverently and stood aside.

I found Sergeant Smith and we talked for a bit. Then I wished I hadn't found him after all. It appeared that Samuel had been his until a week ago, but had been sold because he was always losing himself. Since then he had been back in the station five times, three times as an arrested vagrant and twice apparently out of sheer love.

The sergeant's nerves were obviously a little frayed; but there was no need for him to have used the language he did. I hurriedly left the station. Unfortunately in my haste I omitted to leave Samuel.

Half-way back, however, I had a Napoleonic idea. I dumped Samuel in the road and made off at high speed. The greyhound part of Samuel kept up for some distance, but ultimately he developed engine trouble and became once more a stray.

But this time he wore a label, on which I had written:—

Sergeant Smith,
Maybury Police Station.
Finder will be well rewarded.

A. A.



Customer. "CAN YOU GIVE ME SOMETHING TO ARREST THE DEVELOPMENT OF A COLD?"

Chemist. "CERTAIDLY; I CAD RECOBBEND THIS AS AD UDFAILIG REBEDY."

Another Impending Apology.

"At the Conference of Princes held recently at Delhi was to be seen the remarkable sight of thirty cads parked together and every one of them a Rolls-Royce."—*West Indian Paper.*

From a book-review:—

"The argument is debated with considerable force and lucidity, [illegible] in one passage of rhetorical eloquence. I fancy, however, that the book will merely confirm the faithful, and re-establish the unconverted in opposition."—*University Magazine.*

It might be advisable first to re-establish the inverted in composition.

Stands Scotland Where It Did?

From a speech in praise of Sussex:—

"There were many places in England—Glorious Devon, the Lake District, Kent, Bonnie Scotland, and the Norfolk Broads—which were famous for their beauty spots."
Local Paper.

There will be a fine blaze of the heather if the above statement reaches the burning eye of Mr. KIRKWOOD.

From a theatrical criticism:—

"We had a wild and woolly waste of words, illuminated here and there by brillian lines and almos, bu not quite, compensated us for the arid tracts that surrounded them."
Morning Paper.

The result would doubtless have been better if the printer had not missed so many of his "t" shots.

THE WEDDING-PRESENT.

"WELL," I said, as the two small boys approached my study table.

"Please, Sir," said Thompson, "we're a deputation from the Lower Shell. You see, Mr. Hardy's going to be married on the last day of term in the school chapel, and that 's on Thursday, so we feel it 's up to us to do something."

"It 's rather late to forbid the banns, isn't it?"

"Oh, no, Sir, we weren't thinking of that. But as he 's our form-master and the—er—the other person——"

"The bride," put in Fletcher.

"Well, the bride, then. Of course she 's Gloria, Sir—I mean, she 's the Head's daughter. So I and Fletcher and Robinson mi. made ourselves into a committee and stung the form two bob all round—I mean——"

"We collected two shillings from each member of the form for a wedding-present, Sir," explained Fletcher.

"Splendid," I said. "I 'm sure they will both be awfully pleased. What are you getting?"

"Well, Sir, the form left it to the committee, and I and Fletcher thought we 'd like to give Mr. Hardy something for himself, a sort—of—er——"

"A personal memento."

"Yes, Sir, a personal momentum. So we 'd practically decided on a revolver."

"Isn't that taking rather a gloomy view of matrimony?" I ventured to ask the committee.

"Oh, no, Sir, not that. But it 's always a handy thing to have. And now that fathead Robinson mi. has mucked everything up by going and buying a perfectly rotten present on his own. You see, he was treasurer, so he had the money, and he was in the village yesterday by himself and we couldn't stop him."

"He knows what we think about it, though," said Fletcher darkly.

"And the man he got it from has gone, so we couldn't make him take it back. He had a lot of them in a caravan."

"What is it?"

"We 've got it outside, Sir, if you 'd like to see it." Thompson went out of the room and returned with a large wicker bird-cage covered by a cloth.

"It 's a parrot, Sir. If you take the cloth off it will begin."

I removed the cover. Thompson was quite right. The parrot, a small grey bird with a roguish eye, spoke at once in a clear falsetto voice. Then it relapsed into silence.

"Is that all it says?" I asked, after waiting for a few moments.

"Yes, Sir," replied Fletcher, "that 's all; but it keeps on saying it about once a minute as long as the cloth is off. It was labelled 'HIGHLY DOMESTICATED,' and the man told Robinson it was an asset to any home; but the rest of us don't think it 's quite suitable somehow."

"No, not quite, perhaps," I agreed; "but what are you going to do about it?"



Host. "WHY DID YOU LEAVE YOUR COAT OUT HERE INSTEAD OF BRINGING IT INSIDE?"

Owner of small Car. "WHAT! AND LET MY RADIATOR FREEZE?"

"That 's what the form thought we 'd better ask you, Sir."

The parrot repeated its remark.

"How much did Robinson give for it?"

"One pound ten, Sir, with the cage. We 've got sixteen shillings over."

"All right," I said at length, "I 'll take it off your hands."

"Oh, thank you, Sir!"

"But I don't think," I added as I handed Thompson the money, "that I would go in for fire-arms if I were you. Perhaps a cigarette-box——?"

"Yes, Sir," answered Thompson; "a jolly good idea, Sir."

Polly, as we call her, now occupies a site in the corridor leading to my son's nursery. At intervals of about a minute she utters, for the guidance of all whom it may concern, her clearly-articulated admonition, "Don't wake baby!" A useful and conscientious bird.

TRAVELLERS' BANE.

I WONDER if it is generally known that if a traveller, after providing himself at his tobacconist's for three months' needs, with, say, ten pounds of his favourite blend, comes back at the end of two months with three or four pounds still unused, he has either to produce the receipted bill for them, for his word is not taken, to pay duty on them, or to leave them with the Customs people until they can be officially released, a matter probably of a month?

It is so: the punishment of a free-born Briton for daring to bring duty-paid tobacco into his own country again is either to pay a second duty or have it confiscated for an indefinite period. This seems to me a very odd way for a great nation to add to its revenue; but there it is, I know, because I am one of the victims. Had the tobacco been bought in bond the situation would be understandable, but, alas! it was bought in Bond Street.

Two things are puzzling. First, the regulations; secondly, the delay in reclaiming one's own property. The confiscation is made at a seaport, but reclamation can be effected only by applying to the Customs Head Office, London, E.C.3.

Very well; you make the application, say, on March 1st, and you make it with grovelling humility. "Please, dear Mr. C. H. Officer-in-chief, I know I have been very wicked in your eyes, first in not smoking all the tobacco I took away, or in not (as I wish I had done) giving it to friends abroad; secondly, in not having tobacconists' receipted bills always on my person; thirdly, in not paying duty all over again without a word (as I did on some cigars I couldn't bear to part with); and, lastly, in wanting my three pounds of mixture back. I know I am in your eyes a very wicked unpatriotic fellow, but all the same may I now have it and let bygones be bygones?"

In some such terms you make the application on, say, March 1st. A post-card comes in reply to say that the matter is being dealt with; and then utter silence. You buy more tobacco in Bond Street (on which full duty has, as before, been paid), and, lulled by its soothing charms, possess your soul in

patience. A week passes. Two weeks pass. Then you collect all your courage and to the Big Noise, or the Cat's Whiskers, or whatever title he enjoys at E.C.3, send a further reminder: "Please, dear Mr. C. H. Officer-in-chief, will you be so very kind as to make another effort to persuade your men to relinquish my poor little three pounds of tobacco? I know that it is asking a great deal of a Government Department that it should be prompt, but, after all, Government Departments, although they sound so grand, are nothing but aggregations of individuals who as individuals sometimes do things quickly, and what is done by the unit might, if anyone really cared, equally well be done by the mass. So please may I either have my tobacco back or some assurance that you have not totally forgotten me?"

Please observe that there is, as yet, no acerbity in the case; the letter is gentle and persuasive; no threats of writing to *The Times* or carrying the matter to the poor old House of Lords. We are all the best of friends.

To this entreaty comes, after a suitable interval, a reply in a long privileged envelope—On His Majesty's Service, without a stamp and of the same horrid hue as Income Tax communications. You tear it open, hoping that all your nice pleading has not been in vain, and you read this: "I am directed by the Commissioners of Customs and Excise to state that they are not yet in a position to reply, but that the matter will be expedited and a reply sent as soon as possible"—the reply, you hope, coming in the form of three pounds of tobacco. In other words you trust that they are going to "say it with weeds." But when?

Meanwhile let me advise all travellers abroad who have taken with them cigars or tobacco or cigarettes, bought out of bond, not to bring them back to a country where one's word (unbacked by receipted bills) is not taken, and where a second duty is expected or severance from one's honestly acquired property is for long weeks exacted, but instead to present the stuff to anyone *en route*, or, having landed (to save time and trouble), even to the Customs-House officers, who will appreciate it. E. V. L.



MANNEQUINS AND MODES.

GETTING THE SPRING ATMOSPHERE.

SUPERSTITION.

THE morning was Friday, thirteenth was the date;
The evening before we had looked at the moon
Through glass—a proceeding, 'tis needless to state,
Which is bound to bring misery later or soon.

A looking-glass fell from its place and was cleft;
The salt was upset and we failed to make good
By throwing a pinch of it "over the left,"
As all who spill salt on the table-cloth should.

As we swung into "top," withered, witchlike and bent,
A cross-eyed old woman surveyed us with gloom;
In the roadway before us a long ladder leant;
We dived and went under it—plenty of room!

The magpies in singles flew past for a peep;
We omitted to cross ourselves seeing a hare;
And, far from removing our hats to a sweep,
We regarded that sweep with a nonchalant stare.

It was Friday, remember, and yet I recall
That we travelled in safety, achieved our desire
Of lunching with friends (who believed in it all!)
And returned, having not even punctured a tyre. W. H. O.

BON VOYAGE!

Peggy's greatest friend has just sailed for Canada. She will return, I gather, in time for the summer sales.

I persuaded Peggy not to go to Liverpool on the boat-train, but to say good-bye at Euston. I know those boat-trains—travellers with strained faces trying to remember where they put their keys and their friends with equally strained faces trying to say something worthy of a boat-train.

We saw the train steam out and then I piloted Peggy to a taxi.

"Tell him to stop at the top of Regent Street," she said sadly. "I want to buy some saucepans."

"Wouldn't Oxford Street have been better for the saucepans?" I asked doubtfully.

"I 'm too miserable to talk," said Peggy reproachfully. "What does it matter *where* we buy the saucepans? Where will Mary be *now*?"

"About Willesden," I said.

"And then that *dreadful* journey to Canada!" moaned Peggy. "I can't *bear* to think of Mary in the ice-fields."

"But all the liners go by the southern route in the winter," I reminded her; "round by the Gulf Stream, you know."

"However much they dip on the way," said Peggy firmly, "they have to come up among the ice and snow when they *get* to Canada."

I couldn't think of anything to say to this, and there was silence for a minute. Then the taxi stopped and we got out.

"Python shoes," said Peggy with mournful interest, looking into a shop-window. "I have read about them in the paper. Perhaps we ought to *look* at them, though I can't *enjoy* them."

We looked at the python shoes displayed on Peggy's feet. "They 're very economical really," she said; "they go with everything. I wish I had brought Mary here yesterday."

"Buy two pairs," I said hastily. "And what about these alligator brogues? Wouldn't *they* go with anything?"

Peggy gave a sad little smile and the saleswoman whipped off the python shoes and had the alligator brogues on in no time.

We bought a pair.

"I can't take any *real* interest in them," said Peggy as we left the shop, "but when I *do* feel better it will be interesting to see if they *do* go with everything. But of course to-day all my thoughts are with Mary. Perhaps she will be very very ill."

"Perhaps she won't," I said practically. "Anyway, you may be quite sure she will have a good stewardess to look after her—a splendid Scotswoman, called Janet McDougall, I expect—who will just wait on her hand and foot, and hardly let her out of her sight."

Peggy brightened up.

"If you really think so," she said, almost happily, "we might just look at those metal brocades."

We looked at the metal brocades, and Peggy bought heaps of them. I suppose they too went with everything, at least I can't imagine anything daring to say they didn't, so they were, of course, absurdly cheap. Then we bought a purse-bag, and a few things that we *knew* went with it, just to start it, as it were.

I was looking round for a taxi when Peggy touched my arm.

"There 's a demonstration of artificial sunlight lamps in here," she said, "and it would be nice just to see them. I think it would cheer me up."

We joined half-a-dozen people who were listening to a fluent young man explaining the virtues of artificial sunlight.

"I think it would fade that hat I bought in the sales to just the right shade," whispered Peggy; "besides, of course, being so good for us."

"Real sunlight is better still," I said firmly. "Come along, Peggy."

Peggy turned to me with a radiant smile.

"You mean Cannes?" she said breathlessly. "Oh, you *dear*!"

The fluent young man was standing by my side now.

"How much is the thing?" I asked hastily.

"Only nineteen guineas," he said. Then confidentially, "You 'd be surprised how many I sell in that way, Sir. So many ladies look at it like that," he added cryptically.

I wrote the cheque and gave the address.

"If Mary weren't getting farther and farther away every minute I should be quite excited about the lamp," said Peggy pathetically.

As I followed her out of the shop I heard a woman's voice saying "*Egypt*. Oh, Fred, it has been my *dream*!"

I glanced back and saw Fred taking a fountain-pen out of his pocket . . .

As the taxi neared the top of Bond Street Peggy clutched me.

"The saucepans," she said dramatically.

"We 'll wait for the new Spring shapes to come out," I said decidedly. Shopping with Peggy has taught me quite a lot.

* * * *

The next day brought Peggy a letter from Mary, posted by the pilot. She handed it to me with a startled look.

"Read that," she said.

"You ought to be able to get the collar out of three-quarters of a yard," I read. "I have the very *dearest* stewardess. Her name is Miss McDougall, and she fusses over me like anything."

I handed the letter back to Peggy, who was reviving a pink hyacinth with the artificial sunlight lamp, while an Eastern rug and a hat, both sale bargains, waited their turn.

"All the same," I said, "I wish we 'd gone with her to Liverpool. It would have saved us so much."

"Anxiety about her," said Peggy softly. "You 're *such* a dear! I 'll tell Mary when I write."



Son of the Champion Borrower. "FATHER SAYS HE 'S SORRY TO HEAR THAT YOU 'VE SOLD YOUR ROLLER; BUT WOULD YOU KINDLY GIVE HIM THE ADDRESS OF THE GENTLEMAN WHO BOUGHT IT?"

An Erudite Contemporary.

"'It was a Gallant Victory' as Tennyson, I think, has said in his famous Waterloo poem."—*East African Paper.*

AT THE BOAT-RACE.



THERE IS THE MAN WHO GOES BECAUSE HE USUALLY GOES.



THE MAN WHO GOES BECAUSE HE ALWAYS HAS GONE, AND—



THE MAN WHO GOES BECAUSE HE HASN'T BEEN BEFORE.



THE MAN WHO GOES BECAUSE HE HAS A NEPHEW AT "KING'S"—



AND THE MAN WHO HASN'T, BUT DOESN'T LET A LITTLE THING LIKE THAT STOP HIM.



THE MAN WHO GOES BECAUSE HE HAS A MORNING OFF.



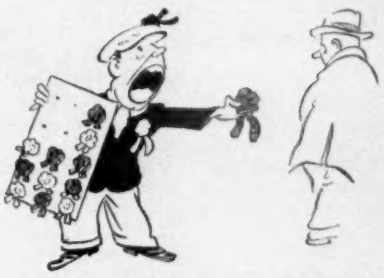
ALSO THE MAN WHO HAS A MORNING OUT.



THEN THERE ARE THE EXPERTS WHO GO BECAUSE THEY LIKE TO TALK ABOUT IT.



AND THE NON-EXPERT WHO LIKES TO HEAR ABOUT IT.



OF COURSE THERE'S THE MAN WHO'S THERE TO MAKE A BIT OUT OF IT.



BUT THE MAN I LIKE IS THE MAN WHO GOES SIMPLY BECAUSE HE LOVES TO SEE A JOLLY GOOD RACE!



Buccaneer. "DON'T YOU KNOW *ANY* WORDS? HERE I'M CALLING YOU A BANDY-LEGGED, BLEAR-EYED, MONKEY-FACED SON OF A LOP-EARED RABBIT, AND ALL YOU SAY BACK IS 'SAUSAGE'!"

In a Good Cause.

Punch has received and wishes to give all the support at his command to the appeal of Lord BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH, the Treasurer of the Princess Louise Kensington Hospital for Children. One thinks of Kensington as a prosperous district, but in North Kensington there is a population of about seventy thousand of the poorest people in London, living in what were once large private houses, each house containing from three to seven families. In the whole of this area there is no hospital to which children can be sent. The old Hospital for Children in Church Street, the only institution within reasonable distance, has now been closed, and in 1924 a scheme was initiated for re-establishing it in an enlarged form in North Kensington. As a result of an appeal then made, and generously responded to, an ideal site has been secured and paid for in Wallingford Avenue, North Kensington, where an Out-Patient Department and One-Ward Block are now in process of erection. A sum of ten thousand pounds is urgently needed to enable the building to be continued without interruption; thirty-five thousand pounds will complete the Hospital and provide some endowment. The Princess LOUISE, Duchess of ARGYLL, whose name the Hospital bears, has worked indefatigably for the cause and set a splendid example by the munificence of her donations; and QUEEN MARY has generously assisted the movement, in which she takes a deep interest. Lord BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH has composed a moving and unanswerable appeal, in which he reminds his readers that this large area, so sorely in need of a Children's Hospital, is not a mile from *Peter Pan* in Kensington Gardens. So he asks the thousands of children who love *Peter Pan* and *Wendy* to do something to help their brothers and sisters less fortunately placed. "If every lover of *Peter Pan* would send me something the hospital would soon be built."

Subscriptions should be sent to Lord BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH, the Town Hall, Kensington, W. 8.

Parturiunt Montes . . .

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE to Mr. BROWN, M.P.:

"The splendid fight put up by Leith Liberals under your leadership will give new impulse to Liberalism throughout the land. The party in the Mouse will welcome the notable accession to its strength."—*Provincial Paper.*

SHE.

SHE was fifteen, she was sweet.
And I loved her. How I loved her!
Oh! so graceful and so neat
As she danced with twinkling feet;
She was good enough to eat.
She was fifteen, she was sweet;
I was seventeen—well, nearly—
But I loved her—yes, I loved her
Very dearly.

In one merry month of May
She was wedded, she was wedded.
Many years have passed away,
Now she 's middle-aged and grey;
Forty-seven, if a day.
Strange perhaps that I should say,
Though I 'm fifty now—well, nearly—
That I love her, still I love her
Very dearly.

Most unusual it may be,
But fond mem'ries ever linger.
I am married, so is she.
What a useless ecstasy!
Useless? No, for she, you see,
When she married, married me.
And she 's perfect—well, or nearly—
And I love her, always loved her
Very dearly.



SOLDIER AND P'LICEMAN TOO.

BRITISH SENTRY. "NOW THEN, MOVE ON, MR. CHU CHIN CHOW. I DON'T CARE WHICH SIDE YOU 'RE ON, BUT IF YOU 'RE GOING TO KICK UP A ROW YOU MUST KEEP OUTSIDE. INSIDE 'ERE 'S PRIVATE PROPERTY."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 21st.—£1,308 3*s.* 9*d.* is the cost of producing the Empire Marketing Board's handsome Empire map poster, Mr. AMERY informed Mr. HARRIS. "Allow me to sell the House a couple," he added thoughtfully; "only seven-and-six apiece and dirt cheap at the price." For those whose interest in the Empire did not run to that figure a smaller edition would soon be available at eighteenpence.

Mr. HARRIS said the purpose of the posters was purely educational. Should not the cost then be borne by the Ministry of Education? Mr. AMERY said the whole purpose of the Empire Marketing Board was to educate people to take a greater interest in Empire development. Would not these posters, asked Sir H. CROFT, help to teach the Liberal Party that there were other countries besides their own? It was clear that in the view of the Member for Bournemouth the seven-and-sixpenny size is none too large for Bethnal Green.

Pressed by Sir F. NELSON and others Sir W. JOYNSON-HICKS unbosomed himself on the subject of "jixis," and at the same time gave the House a new scale of time-values. If the two-seater taxi-cabs were not coming in the *near future*, which meant the *very near future*, in fact *very soon*, he would assume they are not coming at all, and consider the question of revising the fares.

Report stage of the Naval Estimates. Amendment moved by Mr. LEES SMITH and seconded by Mr. R. SMITH. Unlike their namesake, possibly ancestor, *Weyland Smith*, they were all for scrapping weapons instead of forging them. Why not go on and abolish all battleships and all cruisers over five thousand tons? Mr. MACPHERSON said that disarmament must be "simultaneous and comparative." In any case "moral disarmament" must come first.

But what is moral disarmament and how shall we know when it has come? An Irish bar-tender was bewailing the good old days when for fourpence you could get "a fine pint of porter and a divvle of a great sandwich on the head of it." "Begob," he added reflectively, "that was the Millennium, only we didn't know it."

The Second Reading of the London Midland and Scottish Railway Bill gave Members an opportunity of saying what they thought of the traffic-troubles in East London. *Primus inter pares* in a chorus of pessimism, Mr. BROMLEY



Josh, the Film-Fan. "ALL-BRITISH BE BLOWED! GIVE ME SOMETHING FROM HOLLYWOOD!"
COLONEL WEDGWOOD.

said the only remedy was for London offices to open and close at different times of the day. Other Members took



PLANTATION BILL.
(*After* SEPTIMUS SCOTT'S *well-known poster.*)
MR. W. MACKINDER.

the line of the doctors in attendance on the boy who ate string in the *Cautionary Tales*, and

"Murmured, as they took their fees,
There is no cure for this disease."

Tuesday, March 22nd.—Some centuries ago the House of Commons assumed exclusive charge of the public purse-strings. At least it thought it did. Actually it reserved the privilege for the Government of the day, which is not the same thing. Anyway, in the ensuing scuffle the Lords lost not only their right to spend public money, but also their right to prevent others spending it.

But if their Lordships cannot ACT they can at least VIEW WITH ALARM. This afternoon they took up the viewing where it left off on Wednesday last.

Lord OXFORD led the attack. He was no scientist, he said, and he reviewed with "vague but largely uncomprehending admiration" the inroads made by science on what used to be regarded as fundamental conceptions of the universe and of life. He was apprehensive, however, lest arithmetic should be the next victim on the altar of scientific progress.

Meanwhile the only way to economise, he thought, was to abolish the war-time departments and to ration the rest.

Lord SALISBURY tried to shift the blame to the House of Commons, but did not explain how the House of Commons was to refuse the Government the money it asked for without voting it out of office.

In the Commons Mr. BALDWIN made a statement about Shanghai. The gist of it was that the situation was well in hand, although General PI-SHU-CHEN had gone over to the Cantonese, and had been made General of the Forty-first Army. (Laughter in which the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, who has a great deal of sympathy with unsuccessful Generals, joined.)

The House then debated the Films Bill. Mr. SNOWDEN led the attack, but the Bill got its severest mauling from Sir FRANK MEYER, who declared that if they wanted better British films they must have better film finance. The Bill would not produce them. Colonel WEDGWOOD introduced what one may call the human element. He declared himself an ardent film fan. He didn't want highbrow stuff. Those second-rate American films were good enough for him. He didn't want British films. He wanted to see giant American loco-

motives crashing through the Rockies, not something that would "improve morals and at the same time sell British hats."

Sir T. INSKIP defended the Bill on the filmsy—sorry, flimsy ground that nothing better had been proposed.

Wednesday, March 23rd.—Discussion in the Lords on the subject of air accidents elicited two facts—(*a*) that in no case has an accident been in any way due to what the Irish policeman calls "drink taken," and (*b*) that the Press is to be invited to curb the zeal of its reporters in order that the news of an air accident may be broken gently to the relatives of the victims.

Empire migration is one of the few subjects that the House of Commons can discuss in a spirit of high-minded and fraternal agreement. Unhappily the arrival of this happy state of affairs coincides with the discovery that the problem is insoluble. Agricultural workers, it appears, are no use because they flock into the towns. Industrial workers emigrate readily, but are no use because they do not understand agriculture. They can be trained, but an intensive course of agriculture usually makes them decide to go on being industrialists.

The only hope, as Mr. MACKINDER, in a speech full of commonsense, told the House, is to catch the odd townsman who really has land-hunger, the enthusiast whose idea of rest after a hard day's work is to go and give the allotment the once-over with the spade.

Mr. AMERY was delighted to find the House in agreement on the necessity of getting more Empire migrants from somewhere, and found the debate full of encouragement. Great improvements, he said, were being made in the organisation of the Overseas Settlement Office, the Empire Marketing Board, the Committee of Civil Research, the committees and sub-committees of the Committee of Civil Research.

The House adjourned, feeling that with these Offices and Boards and Committees, as well as a few others whose names may have escaped the Minister at the moment, all in full swing there would soon be no need for anybody to emigrate.

Thursday, March 24th.—The House of Lords had a little joke to-day at the expense of Lord DENBIGH, the *rôle* of Lord High Leg-puller being undertaken by Lord DONOUGHMORE. Lord DENBIGH had come to the chamber to plead for an extension of the cash-on-delivery system and in his eagerness began to deliver his message from the benches dedicated by custom to the use of the Lords Spiritual. Up rose Lord DONOUGHMORE and sternly protested against this flagrant violation of the ancient usages of the House. The noble Lord had aggravated his offence by electing to unbosom himself from the seat usually occupied by the Archbishop of CANTERBURY. Nobody, said Lord DONOUGHMORE kindly, was more worthy to succeed that prelate than Lord DENBIGH, but until the consecration took place. . . .

Murmuring "*Nolo episcopari*" Lord DENBIGH proceeded to take another seat.

When a Chinese General deserts to the other side he remains a General, but the allegiance of his new army is always a matter of some doubt. It is the same with political armies. To-day's proceedings in the Commons were enlivened by a slight tiff between the new General of the Forty-first Labour Corps and the Commander of the Red Executioners. Mr. KIRKWOOD asked the MINISTER OF PENSIONS why he deliberately turned down every case which the Labour Party brought before him. Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY assured the Minister that they on that side of the House had no special grievance against him.

"Don't mind him!" shouted Mr. KIRKWOOD, pointing a contemptuous finger at the new comrade. "He's only been in the party five minutes. He's too new to speak for us. I repudiate him."

The SPEAKER thought these questions of Who's Who in the Labour Party should be settled outside.

Discussing education, Mr. TREVELYAN charged Lord EUSTACE PERCY with a "passion for economy" which had so set the educational world against him that he had resorted to a "cunning and detailed niggardliness." Miss SUSAN LAWRENCE declared that, as the L.C.C.'s *per capita* expenditure on education was eighty shillings per child, instead of the forty-five shillings fixed by the Ministry, they would have to curtail "school visits to such institutions as the Houses of Parliament, which left a useful impression on the minds of the children."

Mr. BATEY, evidently determined to leave a useful impression on the minds of any schoolchildren that might happen to be about, declared that under the present Minister no teacher could be sure that he would be in his school next week unless he was a Conservative.

The Minister defended himself with his usual dry efficiency.

Friday, March 25th.—In moving the Second Reading of the Wild Birds Protection Bill, Sir CLIVE MORRISON-BELL hardly had an audience worthy of the occasion, and must have felt inclined to imitate ST. FRANCIS' expedient, when no other congregation presented itself, and go out and talk to the pigeons in Palace Yard. He had wisely, however, taken the precaution of getting Lord GREY OF FALLODON to address a preliminary meeting at the House and probably felt no doubt as to the result.

Mr. MAXTON opposed the Bill on the ground that it did not really protect wild birds. It was, he said, devised in the best Tory spirit—complete protection for thirty birds, partial protection for a few hundred and no protection at all for the remaining ten thousand. Mr. BATEY, seconding the Amendment, explained that a colleague of his had returned from a trip to Australia with a cockatoo which he was disappointed with and wished to be rid of. The Bill would prevent him turning it loose. That, he said, would be a real hardship.



ST. FRANCIS OF FALLODON BLESSING THE BIRDS.
(*After the Painting by Giotto.*)
SIR CLIVE MORRISON-BELL AND LORD GREY OF FALLODON.



THE CHILDHOOD OF GREAT MEN.

LITTLE GEORGIE BRUMMELL (AFTERWARDS BEAU BRUMMELL) OFFERS HIS FATHER A FEW SARTORIAL SUGGESTIONS.

SOMEWHERE IN VAR.

V.

"SHEER Anglophobia!" said Enderby.

He was sitting on the terrace, gazing sleepily at the sea. There were only two days before our departure now, and we had debated from time to time at the Paradise of Flowers whether Anglo-French relations were everything they ought to be, in spite of the comparative quietude of the franc and the spirit of friendliness at Geneva.

"What is it?" I asked anxiously.

"I threw a cigarette-end at a cactus and it bounced back on to the gravel," he said. "The gardener came along in his lavender-coloured overalls and stared at it for a few minutes. Then he went and fetched a large tin spoon, scooped up the cigarette, put it on a wheel-barrow and wheeled it off to the hotel ash-dump. But you should have seen the look of anger in his eyes."

"On the other hand," said Mrs. Enderby, "the daughter of the station-master has just given me a spray of mimosa and two marguerites."

"And yesterday," I said, "I called the hotel cat 'a good cat' in its own language and it arched up its back and seemed pleased."

"Besides," added Mrs. Enderby, "the hotel gardener is a man of many cares. Only this morning he made a new little flower-bed with stones round it in the drive at the corner of the hotel. A mule-cart came up, full of wine for us to drink. The driver said 'Hiu,' and one wheel went over the flower-bed, destroying it utterly. The gardener cried aloud, tore his hair and remade the little bed. An hour passed. The mule-cart returned. The driver said 'Hiu!' and utterly destroyed the little bed again. Life is like that, I think."

Nevertheless on the very evening before we left there was nearly an international affair. I don't go so far as to say that the PRESIDENT of the French Republic would have found himself unable to visit England this year if the incident had actually occurred, but I do say that it would have left an unfortunate impression in the Department of Var.

It happened thus:—

Natasha had with her two toys, bought hastily before leaving London, to be given to the two children of the *hôtelier*. It would have appeared invidious to present them when we arrived, as it might have given us preferential treatment over the Enderbys, whom we had already beaten in the toss for rooms. Looking back, I am rather sorry. It seems to me that, if we had presented those two toys on the day of our arrival, the Enderbys might have had to pay for all the baths and all the wine, and perhaps for the "Highlife" cigarettes as well.

André and Colette would be about five and four. One met them usually on the stairs, and they showed already every indication of acquiring the vast conversational range which is so much of an asset to the French. Where the Englishman is content to say, "Good morning. It is a fine day," and then relapses into his traditional gloom, the Frenchman goes on. He points out that the air is embalmed with scent, that the ground is sprinkled with flowers, that the sky is blue above and the sea blue beneath, that the rocks on either side are pink, yellow or grey. No aspect of the crisis escapes him. He exhausts in dialogue those phases of the situation which the more mercenary Englishman reserves for his book on *My Travels in the Sunny South*.

So it was with André and Colette when, charmingly dressed, round-faced, with black twinkling eyes, they en-



Conscientious Point-to-point Starter. "I WISH YOU COULD CONTROL THAT HORSE AND LET ME GET YOU STARTED."
Rider. "I 'VE GOT CONTROL OF ONE END OF HIM ALL RIGHT. IF YOU 'D LET US AWAY I EXPECT THE OTHER END WOULD FOLLOW."

countered a chance hotel visitor on the landing.

"Monsieur mounts," said André.

"Monsieur mounts quickly," said Colette.

"Monsieur goes to his room," said André.

"Monsieur passes close by me," said Colette.

"The staircase is great," said André.

"The staircase is high," said Colette.

And then, as we returned—

"Monsieur descends."

"Monsieur descends quickly."

"Monsieur passes by me again."

Sometimes, when one had only gone up to fetch a cap or an overcoat, one felt that the dramatic qualities of the episode were being overdone.

When the two toys were taken out of their paper wrapping, Natasha gave the doll to a Colette for once too shy to express her emotions with fluency, and I was about to bestow the small motor-car on André when a sudden horror clutched my heart and without any apology I turned and fled.

In the garden I found the Enderbys.

"Here," I said—"for Heaven's sake look at this!"

It was a German motor-car. There was nothing of course alarming in that. The Fatherland is no doubt responsible for a great number of the nursery touring-models now running even in France, and, in view of the present amicable *entente* between the two countries, I don't suppose André would have made a fuss. But on both sides of the neat green bonnet there was printed in large clear letters the ominous word

SEDAN.

"There is only one thing to be done," said Enderby, who had turned as pale as I.

He took a knife out of his pocket and scraped the miserable insult off the tin.

"I know what," said Mrs. Enderby.

She left us and returned with some stamp-paper. Sitting under the mimosas we prepared with infinite pains two tiny and neatly-printed labels and pasted them on to the car. It was now entitled

VERDUN.

André, by this time inclined to be anxious, received his present with dignity and grace. I wound it up for him.

"*Voilà!*" he said. "*Le petit auto!*"

I let it go.

"It marches!" he said.

"It marches quick," said Colette.

The motor-car ran into the wall.

"It stops itself," said André.

"It marches no more," said Colette.

Everyone, including André and Colette, waved farewell to us when we left the Paradise of Flowers. The gardener, in lavender as usual, wheeled our luggage down the drive on the hotel wheel-barrow.

The little train puffed in. The frenzied riot incidental to travelling with luggage on the Sud broke out. We tumbled on board in the greatest confusion. The little train puffed out. A spray of mimosa, tossed through the open window, fell on Enderby's lap.

"The gardener has forgiven you," said Mrs. Enderby.

"Perhaps it was the station-master's daughter," he replied. EVOE.

Europe's Changing Map.

"'As to France,' she went on, with great affection in her tone, 'if we go it won't be an hotel, but to a villa between Nice and Venice.'"
Daily Paper Feuilleton.

"The honeymoon is being spent at the Italian lakes on the Riviera."
Provincial Paper.

"To-day's Nap.
SOUND ASLEEP
In the 3.30 race."
Evening Paper Poster.

It seemed a good tip, but unfortunately the nap came to an abrupt end, for the animal woke up and also ran.

KOTAGIRI.

(Nilgiri Hills, South India.)

Sad folk there are who ne'er discover
Their heart's appointed place,
And their darkened spirits quest and hover,
Scurry and search and race;
Lucky am I, for my hunt 's over,
Ended for me the chase.
There 's a little hill-town called Kotagiri,
And to me it 's the haven of heart's desire—
The swift water and singing breeze of it,
The emperor sun and the royal trees of it,
And when labour 's done I shall take the keys of it
And thereto shall retire.

Years must burn and their ashes blacken
Ere it please the unhurrying Fates
The bonds of duty at last to slacken,
To open at last the gates;
Ah, then for the hills of blossom and bracken
Where Kotagiri waits;
For the heart goes back where the heart was happy
And feet must follow where fond hearts lead;
Home I 'll go to joy and peace in it,
All good fortune shall increase in it;
Till the song is sung and I shall cease in it,
Days will be days indeed. H. B.

A LEG PULL.

Old Giles, in arranging the weather for our parish, was in the habit of consulting firstly an ancient weather-cock which less careful observers declared had never been known to move, secondly a tree with mystical properties, and thirdly a leg, which gave signals of approaching climatic changes intelligible only to its owner. The leg and the weather-cock provided means for daily prophecies, while the tree furnished data for monthly or quarterly forecasts.

Towards the end of last year, during a furious gale which Giles had not anticipated, his tree was uprooted and his weather-cock disappeared, together with the barn on which it was perched, and shortly afterwards, through some electrical treatment, he lost the prophetic pain in his leg.

The old fellow, however, was naturally unwilling to retire from his only occupation, and so, despite the loss of aids to prediction, he attempted one of his longer forecasts by predicting a dry January and February. At the end of the first month climatic conditions were such as to render it necessary for him to be rescued by boat through a bedroom window, and on two occasions during February, since the vessel was undergoing repairs at the moment, he saved his life from a similar danger by staying with a sister who lives at the top of the pitch.

These untoward events brought home to Giles the serious effects of his losses, and he began to look sadly worried and old, although barely eighty-two, which in this neighbourhood is considered almost youthful. Consequently we in the village have been very much perturbed about him.

Various propositions have been made to meet the emergency, one of them being the provision of a wireless set to afford him interest in other directions, but on consideration the proposal was rightly dropped, for listening to an outsider dealing with our weather would certainly have finished the old man off in a fortnight. The suggested gift of a barometer was also turned down, as Giles has always expressed nothing but contempt for such instruments.

Happily, however, the problem of Giles is likely to be solved for us, although his range of prophetic activity may be somewhat restricted. Yesterday, when I met him outside the village post-office, in answer to an inquiry in the matter of his health, he remarked with a smile of supreme satisfaction, "I du believe as 'ow that there pain in me leg du be a-coming back again."



"Would you like a bloke to copy from, Mister?"

Mythology Up-to-date.

From a schoolgirl's exercise:—

"Eurydice was the wife of Orpheus and was taken by Pluto into the Underground."

AT THE PLAY.

"PROFESSOR TIM" (VAUDEVILLE).

MR. GEORGE SHIELS (should one write EOCHAN SEOLA or something of the kind?) is new to London audiences. He builds on the Abbey Theatre plan—in the light-hearted Lennox-Robinsonian rather than the wilder Syngian mode. There is, of course, a certain sameness about the Irish peasants of this school. Love of money is the dominant passion, with snobbishness a good second. Scheming for position, with all the arts of blarney and grotesque misstatement of facts, is part of the ordinary technique. Hearts are mere pawns in the game, to be sundered or joined as suits the family scheme of social ambition. An unsentimental unromantic race these Irish, apparently.

Pretty *Peggy Scally* would gladly wed the local squireen, the dare-devil, hard-riding, card-playing, irresponsible *Hugh O'Cahan*, whose house and stables and land are up for auction, and he, the last of his race, bound for exile to Australia. *Mrs. Scally*, tyrant, termagant, snob, will have none of him, but destines her pretty colleen for the lanky half-witted poltroon, *Joseph*, son of old *James Kilroy*, prominent local councillor and hard-bargainer. *Mrs. Scally's* brother, *Professor Tim*—not really a professor, but a water-diviner, it seems, but "Professor" sounds better and will impress the *Kilroys*—is expected on a visit. There enters in due course a battered drunken sailor-man. The infuriated woman, disregarding her decent hen-pecked husband's protests, is for driving her vagabond brother from the door without bite or sup, with vehement reproaches and vicious blows of a cow-stick. It adds to the iniquity that brother *Tim* had formerly set up *Mrs. Scally* and her husband in business with a gift of money.

Golden-hearted *Peggy* gives the old man her savings—three whole pounds; even bankrupt *Hugh* slips one of his last notes into his hand, and *Hugh's* groom, *Paddy*, tips him a florin out of the little left of his savings when he has purchased supplies for the folk at the auction, so that the old place shall not forfeit its tradition of hospitality at the last sad moment.

The experienced play-goer will quickly recognise in the *Professor* the wealthy relative testing his kin and friends by the old trick of assumed poverty. *Peggy* has for interest on her three pounds the title-deeds of *Hugh's* estate; *Paddy* two hundred pounds on the easy condition of marrying *Hugh's* other faithful retainer, the comfortable voluble *Moll Flannagan*; the *Kilroys* are routed, and *Mrs. Scally* has to transfer the breeches to her kindly spouse. Though little deserving forgiveness, she is however forgiven. Irish mothers are like that, says *Professor Tim*. (God save Ireland!—as a patriot from the gallery sang out, among the plaudits at the play's end—and no wonder.) *Mrs. Scally* is merely the mother tigress fighting for her young. You can't blame her. You can't really blame anybody for anything. I hope I state the moral correctly.

Though MR. GEORGE SHIELS has something to learn—his action drags somewhat and MR. ARTHUR SINCLAIR (*Tim*) was even more leisurely than usual, which didn't help—he has a sense of fun and perhaps of character. The "perhaps" means that one can't be sure that the people are real inhabitants of Ireland or only of the Abbey Theatre stage, while the Irish players are so clever at their business that they can easily cover up an author's minor deficiencies.



EASIER SAID THAN DONE.

Mrs. Scally (to her husband). "TURN OUT THAT BLACKGUARD!"

Professor Tim . . . . . MR. ARTHUR SINCLAIR.
John Scally . . . . . MR. J. A. O'ROURKE.
Mrs. Scally . . . . . MISS SARA ALLGOOD.

MR. ARTHUR SINCLAIR is too skilful an actor to be tedious and he thoroughly enjoyed himself—an enjoyment that is infectious. But he wasn't always very audible, and that seems a strange lapse in so admirable a practitioner. Miss KATHLEEN O'REGAN has a charming prettiness (that dangerous snare of our English stage), but she has much more—a lovely caressing voice which it is a delight to hear and an intelligence which discounts her handicap. Mr. FRED O'DONOVAN didn't give me any impression of the dare-devilry of *Hugh*, who seemed rather a colourless fellow not unrelated to a certain "white-headed boy." Mr. J. A. O'ROURKE, having skilfully made himself up to resemble a very benevolent Barbary ape, gave a delightful portrait of the slow-witted kindly *John Scally*. MR. SHIELS also deserves full credit for this amusing part. Miss CATHLEEN DRAGO'S *Moll Flannagan* and Mr. HARRY HUTCHINSON'S groom, *Paddy*, played into each other's hands with admirable skill, and their duologue was perhaps the most entertaining part of the piece. Of Miss SARA ALLGOOD (*Mrs. Scally*), Miss MAIRE O'NEILL (*Mrs. Kilroy*, the pretentious) and Mr. SYDNEY MORGAN one can only say that one is tired of praising them for their uniformly competent work. Perhaps I might dare to suggest that *Mrs. Kilroy* was rather too like a lady in *The White-Headed Boy*. Mr. TONY QUINN as the imbecile *Joseph*, and Mr. FELIX IRWIN as the auctioneer, completed the team and took their opportunities in the clever game. But the pace should certainly be faster. The reception was deservedly enthusiastic.

T.

"A HEN UPON A STEEPLE" (GLOBE).

Miss JOAN TEMPLE has a sense of humorous situation, and quite often delivers herself of a witty line, but has been a little over-conscientious in the matter of trying to give her dialogue sparkle. The effort shows, and nothing takes out the sparkle so effectively as that showing. I could wish, too, that she had remembered that it is extremely easy to make jokes out of things still held in reverence by many, and that

there is a tacit understanding that the Bible is not a book to be made into a sort of Joe Miller. Serious people can easily face an impassioned attack on their most cherished beliefs if the attack is inspired by sincerity and seriousness of purpose. So also in the realm of morals it should be easier for the convinced monogamist to put up with Mr. MALLESON's violence in *The Fanatics* than with the flippant suggestiveness of the opening bedroom-doors, the georgette nighties and the general apparatus of amorality on the yacht *Pixie*. Our author is in fact flippant without quite succeeding in being light. And lightness of touch and a something vague which we call taste is essential for an artistic success in this field.

Lord Robert Chiselhurst is a frankly unfaithful person; *Lady Robert*, a modern young woman who accepts that fact with philosophic calm till the alluring and quite unscrupulous and (we may add) rather crude *Mrs. Dufrayne* appears with manifest intention of carrying off the amiable sensualist into the loose bondage of a new marriage *viâ* the divorce-court. So *Lady Robert* drugs the pair of them, heaves them aboard her aunt's yacht, *The Pixie*, endeavours to be "the hen upon the steeple" by compelling her husband, with the help of the dour Scripture-quoting captain (a well-conceived character) and crew, and by withholding his food, to do for the first time in his life a job of work—deck-swabbing and the like. In this business, as many stage aristocrats have done before, he finds himself. In a few hours his muscles harden, his irresolution is sloughed off, he gives one of the sneering crew, prone, as all the lower orders are nowadays, to Bolshevism, an upper-cut, establishes himself as the hero of the rest, tips *Lady Robert* off her steeple, and all is in train for the happy ending. A choice of cabins being left to him, he chooses the deck, and a serious colloquy with the zealous *Captain*, who effectually persuades him out of the arms of the scarlet woman, *Dufrayne*. A highly moral ending, in fact.

Mr. GEORGE TULLY got a great deal of fun out of his part of *Lord Robert*, without selfishly descending to mere buffoonery—a discretion which is rare enough to deserve great praise. Miss IRENE BROWNE tempered the crudity of the *Dufrayne* woman, who could scarcely have deceived even so guileless a person as *Lord Robert*, with that cleverness which we now always expect of her. Miss MARGARET BANNERMAN gave a hard brightness and beauty to *Lady Robert*, which was no doubt part of that lady's make-up, but neither she nor the author suggested any reason for her erring spouse's conversion. However, we could all assure ourselves that the new state of grace wouldn't last. Mr. E. VIVIAN REYNOLDS was entertaining as the jerky little steward.



THE DEPUTY SOUL-SAVER AND THE SCARLET WOMAN.

Captain McWhirter . MR. NORMAN MCKINNEL.
Mrs. Dufrayne . . . MISS IRENE BROWNE.



STARVING THE BRUTE.

Lady Robert Chiselhurst . . . . . MISS MARGARET BANNERMAN.
Lord Robert Chiselhurst . . . . . MR. GEORGE TULLY.

But Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL had the finest opportunity and put the best of his great skill into *Captain McWhirter*, with his puritan dourness diluted with true Scots humour. An admirable make-up and an adaptation of his whole carriage to the old sailor's subtly masterful swagger completed an entirely diverting picture. Miss JOAN TEMPLE will write a much better play than this if she will learn to blot out her less effective lines and be a little less consciously or, if that would rob us of entertainment, a little more tactfully naughty.

T.

AT THE OPERA.

"COSI FAN TUTTE" (KINGSWAY).

AFTER the enthusiastic reception of his presentation of the Bristol Opera Season production of *Cosi Fan Tutte* Mr. W. JOHNSTONE-DOUGLAS suggested some of the reasons which might induce people, and especially those people who speak only English, to refrain from attending an opera. In his opinion the root of all such evil abstinence is fear. Now to accuse British citizens of cowardice is a serious charge, but it is one which, upon reflection, I feel to be a reasonable one. Distrustful of the word opera, shaken by the dread name, MOZART (a classic and therefore dull and prosy to a degree) and shocked by the doubtful significance of an Italian title, there seems to be ample excuse for a careful law-abiding citizen to spend his evening at his own fireside. It is better to allay these fears than to laugh at them or to pretend that they do not exist. *Cosi Fan Tutte* is an example of real comic opera. Our MOZART-fearer has been to dozens of comic operas, but I am prepared to wager that many of them were far less witty and far less tuneful than this. He has grown to expect a small army of authors and composers to put their heads, their words and their notes together for his enjoyment. Let me assure him then that the dread MOZART, with the assistance of the good DA PONTE and of a capable translator, can supply all his needs. In short, let me recommend him to go to *this* opera.

The libretto has been the subject of much criticism. It has been styled absurd, impossible. Is it impossible

(or even absurd), then, to suggest that women may change their minds? *Così fan tutte*—they *all* do. There is the whole plot. It is dealt with by DA PONTE as in burlesque, and the excellence of the present production is largely due to the air of light irresponsible burlesque being caught so happily. Some discreet and judicious cuts have been made which do not in any way interfere with the continuity of the tale or of the music. The recitatives are well managed, for they always seem to be helping the action and not delaying it.

The singing in the *ensemble* numbers was admirable, the *terzettino*, "O wind gently blowing," being quite beautifully sung by Miss LOUISE TRENTON, Miss DOROTHY D'ORSAY and Mr. ARTHUR CRANMER as *Fiordiligi*, *Dorabella* and *Don Alfonso* respectively. Miss VIVIENNE CHATTERTON is responsible for a great deal of the comedy, and her first *aria*, "Rout them with coquetry, whim and caprice" (*In uomini, in soldati*), showed that the part of *Despina* was in good hands. Messrs. STEUART WILSON and W. JOHNSTONE-DOUGLAS gave quite the right touch of burlesque to *Ferrando* and *Guglielmo*, and it must suffice to mention their capital drollery in the "poison" scene. Mr. ADRIAN BOULT helped us to realise how very near to perfection an orchestral accompaniment can be, if written by MOZART.

The "season" is to last for three weeks. I left the Kingsway Theatre regretting that this altogether delightful production had only three more weeks to run. I. P.

THE HABITS OF THE ARMADILLO.

MR. PUNCH,—Sir, I recently read a newspaper paragraph which stated that Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING, whilst staying in South America, had been presented by an admirer with an armadillo. Not, let me say, that there is anything remarkable in the fact that the distinguished author of the Jungle Books should have had such a tribute laid at his feet; far from it. The paragraph, however, went on to add that Mr. KIPLING had been reluctantly obliged to return the gift after a few days, with the explanation that "hotel life does not seem to agree with armadillos."

Now, Sir, my own experience has led me to an exactly opposite conclusion, since an armadillo of mine not only survived several months of hotel life, but, I may say, throve exceedingly during the period, adapting itself easily and readily to its unaccustomed surroundings.

Readers of my modest volume of reminiscences, *With Rod, Rifle and Corkscrew* (Messrs. TOSHER AND TRYPE, 25/-), may recollect that, when exploring the hinterland beyond the Amazon basin, my intrepid colleague, Swaffledyke, and I came suddenly upon a bull armadillo engaged (as is sometimes their wont) in the pursuit of butterflies. It at once attacked, but I dropped it dead in its tracks with a right and left from my elephant-gun. Almost immediately the creature's mate emerged from a neighbouring thicket and bore down upon me with a ferocious squeal. There was no time to reload, and, as Swaffledyke had in the meantime climbed a tree (in order to observe more closely a giant sloth which he declared he had perceived suspended from an upper bough), I was obliged to despatch the infuriated animal with my automatic pistol. A few moments later a little calf armadillo came trotting towards us and stood whimpering over the corpse of its dam. Swaffledyke (who had now descended) helped me to capture the small fellow, and we succeeded in bringing it safely back with us to the coast.

It was then that the animal proved its adaptability to hotel life. We stayed for a considerable time at the Hotel Placido, in Santa Mañana, and here the armadillo quickly became popular not only with the other residents but also with the hotel staff. It would frolic for hours with the hall-porter, though its favourite recreation was to ride up and down in the lift, a pastime of which it never seemed to grow tired. As travellers well know, hotels on the Pacific coast are frequently infested with thieves and robbers (*ladrones*), and I trained my armadillo to sleep every night upon my cash-box at the foot of my bed. On several occasions it sprang fearlessly upon intruders and drove them from the apartment.

Readers of my reminiscences will not need to be reminded that my colleague, Swaffledyke, possesses considerable talent as a poet, and he composed a set of verses on my pet, from which the following is an excerpt:—

> The brave and faithful armadillo
> Sleeps with a cash-box as its pillow;
> It loves to ring electric-bells
> In South American hotels.

The allusion in the latter couplet is to the habit the armadillo formed of climbing upon a bedroom chair every morning and pressing the electric-bell with its snout as a signal to the "boots" to bring up its breakfast of mashed *eschoocha* (a South American variety of the European turnip), a delicacy for which it displayed an extreme partiality.

On my subsequent return to England the armadillo shared my cabin throughout the voyage and showed itself a splendid sailor. It is, I am happy to state, still alive, and indeed is seated upon the hearthrug in my study as I write these lines, gazing up intelligently into my face. It is devoted to the children and is invaluable in the garden, where it destroys greenfly and wireworm with great dexterity and despatch.

This, Sir, is surely in striking contrast to what would appear to have been the experience of Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING; and I cannot help feeling that, if he had shown a little more patience, his armadillo would soon have settled down to the rigours of hotel life and proved itself an exemplary guest.

I have the honour to remain, Sir,
Yours, etc.,
HORATIO BIFFLE, F.R.G.S.

APRIL.

APRIL, honoured long ago
By BELLEAU
In a metre something like
This I now attempt to scan,
When I can
Make the *ictus* duly strike,

Now 's the time to sing thy fruits
And thy roots
With the sweet simplicity
Which the orthodox of old
Called, I 'm told,
Curious felicity.

Gladly would I chant of flowers,
Verdant bowers,
Flora's grace and budding trees,
Gladly tell how zephyrs fanned
Fountains, and
Other things that rhyme with ease.

I would tell how nightingales,
Haunting dales,
Sang a modest rondelet.
(Should it be a roundelay?
Anyway,
That 's a rhyme not hard to get.)

But my muse is rather slow,
For her too
Often has been known to stumble
In the giddy maze of rhyme,
So this time,
Like a scholar duly humble,

I would imitate the French
And entrench
On the privilege of adding
Suffixes diminutive
Such as give
Awkward lines a little padding.

This device, fair Aprilet,
Shall beget
Rhymes in plenty for thy greeting,
And my pretty stanzalet
Go on yet
Easily till our next meeting.

Re "The State of the Roads":—

"Bushey to Tring, good; care retired at Watford."—*Morning Paper.*

It looks as if care had had a puncture.



MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.

XXXIX.—SIR JOHN LAVERY, R.A.

A VETERAN master of palette and knife,
On his back lies the burden of Time light;
He is famed for his whiskers, his art and his wife,
And the horror he has of the limelight.



Employee. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, WILL YOU LET ME OFF THIS AFTERNOON? MY WIFE WANTS ME TO BEAT SOME CARPETS."
Manager (snappishly). "CERTAINLY NOT."
Employee (with genuine relief). "THANK YOU, SIR. I KNEW I COULD RELY ON YOU."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

COMING to any historical study by Mr. JOHN DRINKWATER one can count with certainty on finding at least such positive values as originality of outlook and charm of diction, but for the making of a genuine DRINKWATER triumph even more is needed, and just the extra touch of finer sensitiveness seems to be missing in his *Mr. Charles, King of England* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). One gets an uneasy feeling here and there that generosity has gone too far, not so much because the author accepts with surprisingly slight protest the position that CHARLES II. was frankly polygamous, and goes on to argue that such an unholy state, whatever the moralists say, may be consistent with all manner of virtues, but rather because in maintaining this attitude he seems content to slur over a long series of sordid essays in despotism and treachery. It is quite easy to grant the King a liberal interest in science and a rather remarkable freedom from the kind of revengefulness that would have seemed natural enough in the circumstances, but the new material made available to the author certainly seems insufficient to compel anyone to the discomfort of altering opinions that with most of us are probably pretty definite. In telling with human sympathy the fantastic and often fascinating story of a man who has generally been struck off as sheer bad debt, the author stops short of defending the whole clan of the Stuarts; the first CHARLES to him is still all tyrant and nothing "martyr"; but the surprise of the book is that the writer has found it consistent to adopt points of view in regard to the two monarchs that are generally held to be opposed. This no doubt stands for impartiality, but it is impartiality at a price.

MRS. GRACE RICHMOND has already six novels to her name, but, if any of these have crossed the Atlantic, they have hitherto refrained from presenting their credentials to me. The seventh, *Cherry Square* (METHUEN), is a good-tempered domesticated best-seller, endeavouring, after the genial manner of its kind, to make up in humanity of detail what it lacks in credibility of design. In entertaining doubts as to the likelihood of the latter, however, I may be underestimating the adventurous possibilities open to the American school-ma'am, new style. For all I know it may be customary for such a one to spend her vacation disguised as a housemaid in a famous minister's household, with the laudable intention of turning an honest dollar and moving, however subterraneously, in cultured and distinguished circles. This, at any rate, is the *rôle* coveted by *Josephine Jenney*, notable pupil of a notable college and popular teacher in a suburban "public school." Thanks to the connivance of an Irish charwoman with a heart of gold, the scheme is put through. *Mrs. Schuyler Chase*, her invalided husband and their charming children, find themselves in possession of an undeniably "superior" maid; *Mrs. Chase's* male cousin loses his lounge-lizard's heart; her female cousin, his feminine equivalent, is roused from languor to animosity. Given these ingredients and a young Scots preacher (also in love with *Josephine*), whose genius threatens to supersede the eloquence of the *Reverend Chase* in his city pulpit, and you have sufficient material for two pretty tangles, complicated at a later point by a third. Personally I prefer the home-grown product in this kind, as perhaps less case-hardened if less competent than the imported variant. But for those who can assimilate sentiment in the American idiom, this is the book.

Miss NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH'S novel, *Skin-Deep* (CONSTABLE), might fitly be described as a modern sermon on the dictum of the wise and weary king, that "favour is deceitful and beauty is vain." Favour is indeed exceedingly deceitful in the case of *Lucinda, Duchess of Merioneth*, for she is as

selfish, shallow and unscrupulous (to use no stronger term) as she is outwardly lovely; and the vanity of her charms is also effectively demonstrated by an appalling glimpse at the close of the book of the *Duchess* at about sixty (so far as one can tell from Miss ROYDE-SMITH's rather involved chronology), declining to grow old gracefully, or indeed to grow old at all, and immolating herself upon the mysterious altars of a Bond Street "beauty-parlour" in order to live up to her SARGENT portrait of the 'nineties. The ROYDE-SMITH—not the SARGENT—"portrait of *Lucinda*" is undoubtedly a brilliant piece of work, and merciless as only a portrait of one woman by another can be; but I found it rather difficult to be convinced by the injured *Duke's* melodramatic method of ensuring that a son of his own should succeed to his title.

Oh, Mr. CHERRY KEARTON he
The happiest of men must be
To know a little chimpanzee—
  A chimpanzee like *Mary*,
Who 's real, and not a monkey myth
Or fairy-tale of *Tarzan* kith;
This *Mary* tale (from ARROWSMITH)
  To truth is not "contrary."

And I 'm in Mr. KEARTON's debt
For these pen-pictures of his pet
And likewise of her social set—
  The terrier *Tom*, together
With *Robin* (who 's a small mongoose)
And Master PETER TURNER (who 's
A boy): you 'll find all four let loose
  In Kent's own August weather.

And how the photographs engage!
From almost every other page
Peeps *Mary's* charming personage
  So perfectly, so lambily;
You 'll like this book, to put it pat,
Or if you don't I 'll eat my hat;
It 's called?—I 'm glad you asked me
    that—
  It 's called *My Happy Family*.



Well-meaning Caddie. "I CAN PUT YOU RIGHT, MISS; BUT, UNDERSTAND, YOU 'LL 'AVE TO SIRRENDER YERSELF TO ME ABSLOOTLY."

The diary letters of a young lady of the 'fifties, who thought of clever women as "bloomerish" and Radical lawyers as "*toupetish*," to whom every departed friend was "blessed" (in moments of emotion "blessed, blessed"), and LOUIS NAPOLEON a "snouch," would be worth reading whatever the writer's position and experiences for the sake of their atmosphere. Something more substantial than atmosphere, however, has gone to the enrichment of the *Letters of Lady Augusta Stanley* (HOWE); and had their writer never trod the tartan carpets of Balmoral as the intimate friend of the Duchess of KENT and QUEEN VICTORIA, her account of the activities of her time—"our hustling age," as she calls it—would have had the *imprimatur* of intelligence. Both intelligence and sympathy are necessarily limited by the circumstances of these particular letters, a selection covering the Court life of Lady AUGUSTA BRUCE and ending with her engagement to Dean STANLEY. But, though the surroundings of a Victorian Lady of the Bedchamber are hardly conducive to the development of either quality, "GUSKA," as she was called by the royal children, is a figure of genuine dignity and not a little charm. As a correspondent she is the richer for an all-round receptivity which chronicles the rogueries of the nursery with as much zest as the admonitions of the dinner-table. The PRINCE CONSORT, by the way, is exhibited in a page or two as a singularly shrewd observer of the shortcomings of English diplomacy. The Dean of WINDSOR, who is responsible with Mr. HECTOR BOLITHO for this edition of his aunt's letters, gives a happy account of the family from whom she derived her spirited sense of duty, and pleads that her picture of her two revered mistresses should be allowed to supersede less intimate and charitable impressions.

People and Houses (CAPE) is by Miss RUTH SUCKOW, author of two previous books that have enjoyed their share of praise from the critics. Of *Country People* a critic of note has used the word "genius"; an anonymous reviewer has called *The Odyssey of a Nice Girl* "a work of superlative genius," which is, I suppose, somewhere near the top note

of our limited vocabulary. The most ecstatic will hardly use the phrase about this book of sixteen stories. Miss SUCKOW can bring a scene before us. We can see, feel, and almost smell the old, half-decaying farms in Iowa or the newer houses in the small country towns; and the first impression left on our minds is one of utter weariness. What a country! Everything seems untidy—old frame-houses, painted an ugly yellow, surrounded by tall ragged trees. Fences of rusty wire hang in loops across the foreground, together with old brooms, broken wash-tubs, rotting sheds. And these homesteads are inhabited by old and worn-out farmers, or by unfortunate fellows who are "renting" from some retired capitalist and find themselves turned out at the first sign of any improvement in the property. Farms in Iowa can just be made to pay, it appears, if the occupier works his hardest all the time, without ever "letting up" for a moment. And all the old people are suspicious of the younger, and the children, grown up or not, pity their elders in a half-contemptuous fashion. Not a single one of the stories is finished in the ordinary sense of the term; every one is just a slab cut out of Iowa life, with the edges left carefully untrimmed. A depressing book, but probably a very faithful picture of the country.

It is not surprising that a traveller who holds the view that talk is still the master passion of the Greeks, and that herein at least they prove themselves to be the spiritual heirs of SOCRATES, should perceive neither irony nor exaggerated civility but only perfect sincerity in Telemachus's remark to Nestor, "I could listen to you all day." There are many such shrewd observations in Dame ETHEL SMYTH's account of the adventures of herself and of "E.," great-niece and travelling companion, in *A Three-Legged Tour in Greece* (HEINEMANN). This tour was not to be as other tours, for the travellers were determined to go where they wished, and not merely where the train and Messrs. X.'s agents might be pleased to take them. Result: a battle of wills, in which Messrs. X. were routed. I cannot own that this entertaining record has filled me with a desire to follow the same itinerary, yet the discomforts of the journey are set forth in so candid and engaging a manner that I feel them to be in reality just so bad and no worse. The satisfaction of overcoming them must have been very real, and the "certain kind of traveller" for whose benefit the account has been written may well be encouraged to engage upon a similar tour, no matter what Messrs. X. may have to say about it. I enjoyed many spirited comments on the standard of the peasants' cooking, on the provision of bathrooms with no water and of electric-light fittings with no current, and on the advisability of doing the "Alcibiades trick" of lying down across the rails in order to attract the attention of the engine-driver. But I experienced and enjoyed the feeling that at times I too was treading "haunted holy ground."



Small Boy (to companion on Boat-race Day). "AN' JUST BEFORE I COME OUT MY MUVVER SAYS, 'DON'T YOU GIT TOO NEAR THE RIVER, 'COS YER MIGHT GIT PUSHED IN.'"

Although *Alison* was cast adrift in a strange land, and *Robert Beresford*, rescuing her, improved his opportunity, it is difficult to believe that so refined and so educated a damsel would have married a youth so singularly vulgar and inept. But admitting that the hour and the man and the sun of Italy may have proved irresistible, I am still at a loss to account for *Alison's* increasing infatuation for a husband who habitually addressed her as "kid" or "kidlet," and who frequently bullied her. Nor, again, is it clear what relation the title of the book, *The House of Joy* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), bears to the discursive narrative, in the course of which the various homes to which the egregious *Robert* brought *Alison* were houses not of joy but of progressive misery. Worst of all was the flat situated in what novelists delight to describe as artistic Chelsea, an odious community whose inhabitants, according to Miss ORR's ingenuous idea, are perpetually drinking cocktails and flirting with one another's wives. As remote from reality is Miss ORR's exuberant analysis of *Alison's* moods, feelings and impulses. That peculiar heroine, while accepting the squalor of artistic Chelsea imperturbably, was unable to regard the colours of a wall-paper without emotion, went all to pieces before a sunset, and fell into an ecstasy upon beholding the illumination of a shop-window. The success of *Robert Beresford* in winning "a prize" in an architectural competition in South Africa which, it is understood, secured his future prosperity, is merely incredible. In the meantime *Alison*, who knew as little of the art of the novelist or the art of the theatre as *Robert* knew of architecture, wrote successful plays and stories. Alas, not thus are successful plays or even novels achieved in the hard school of reality.

The theme selected by Mr. SINCLAIR MURRAY for *Sands of Fortune* (MURRAY), has in the past been almost intensively cultivated, but he has brought an engaging freshness and lightness of touch to his treatment of it. *Mr.* and *Mrs. Crewe* and their son and daughter were strenuously engaged in trying to make two unelastic ends meet when wealth most unexpectedly came to them. Opportunity for self-indulgence was theirs, and they promptly tried to grasp it. *Mr. Crewe*, a quaint and lovable man, ceased writing pot-boiling novels and retired into the country to get busy with his *magnum opus*. He never even began it. *Mrs. Crewe* got herself launched into London society, but she suffered from home-sickness on the voyage. *Joan Crewe* had both social and artistic ambitions. She realised neither of them. On the other hand, the son was successful in the difficult feat of keeping his head and losing his heart at the same time. Mr. MURRAY, in relating the fortunes of this family, has resisted any temptation to exaggerate, and the result is a picture that is both amusing and true. And I defy you to meet *Mr. Crewe* without taking him to the cockles of your heart.

CHARIVARIA.

A LABOUR journal says that, if all the Communists in China were piled together, they wouldn't fill a duck-pond. Perhaps not, but a lot of people are in favour of trying the experiment.

* * *

With reference to correspondence in the Press from persons claiming to have heard the first cuckoo, a daily paper states that an examination of letters on this subject over a period of twenty years reveals the fact that the majority of them were contributed by clergymen. It is very sad.

* * *

Thousands of doctors are said to be idle in Russia. Still, we trust that nobody will be so misled by this as to give up apples for Bolshevism.

* * *

Mr. E. A. STRAUSS, the new Liberal M.P. for Southwark, is described as bearing a slight resemblance to Sir ALFRED MOND. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, however, is confident that it is merely physical.

* * *

In addition to community singing amongst spectators at Stamford Bridge the other Saturday afternoon there was some football.

* * *

A motorist suggests that a list of Safety-First hints for pedestrians should be displayed on all cars. Placed under the chassis they could be read as the traffic passes over you.

* * *

During excavation in Hampshire workmen found the skeleton of a man, a pair of stone bellows and a large pewter pot. It looks as if they had Froth-blowers in the olden days too.

* * *

A well-known tenor is said to have the ambition to become a steeplechase-jockey. Too many tenors seem to have a preference for the flat.

* * *

It is explained in a daily paper that the form of dismissal of troopers in the course of the reduction of the cavalry amounts in the language of civil life to a month's wages in lieu of notice. What it amounts to in the language of troopers is not stated.

* * *

In a daylight raid on a jeweller's shop in Liverpool one of the men concerned alighted from a motor-car and elbowed his way through a crowd of people. These daylight raiders have no manners.

A live shell has been found near Norwich Cathedral; but we don't for a moment believe that the Bishop was intending to explode it in Convocation.

* * *

In the opinion of a critic the musical world needs more centenaries. That is a matter in which we can only counsel patience.

* * *

"Alsatian Court-martialled" was a headline referring to an incident in France. These Alsatians seem to get into trouble everywhere.



Boy (showing home-made fiddle). "LOOK WHAT I'VE MADE, DADDY."
Daddy. "VERY NICE. WHERE DID YOU GET THE STRING FROM?"
Boy. "OUT OF THE PIANO, DADDY."

A chess master has complained of being inconvenienced by the smoke of his opponents' cigars. Modern chess strategy is of course greatly complicated by the manœuvring of pieces behind a smoke-screen.

* * *

The Willesden man who struck his landlord with a golf-bag should have known better. All the best golfers do that sort of a thing with a niblick.

* * *

A London vicar has prepared a list of professional beggars and the stories they tell. We hope he has included the old rascal who pleads that his submarine was rammed at the Battle of the Marne.

The couple who climbed to the top of Table Mountain to be married set an admirable example. Marriage is made far too easy.

* * *

"Every boy born in this country has a chance of becoming its Prime Minister," says an essayist. No wonder the birth-rate is falling.

* * *

In a recent lecture to children it was stated that snails have thousands of teeth. For the sake of nervous persons who take country rambles it should be explained that snails never snap at human beings unless they are molested.

* * *

A murderer having been arrested by the Chicago police, local gunmen and thugs are now complaining that they cannot call their lives their own.

* * *

The EX-KAISER has sent a message to Germany saying that he has decided that he will not settle down in Berlin. This makes the resolution unanimous.

* * *

It has been stated that an Irish wolf-hound and a Yorkshire terrier are the same class of animal. Still, we shouldn't like to say this in front of a wolf-hound.

* * *

There are said to be several manipulative surgeons who cannot name a joint. But they still make a good living by pulling people's legs.

* * *

London's water is to be dearer. Milkmen deny that they intend to pass the increase on to the public.

* * *

An offer has been made to turn a London church into a restaurant. We trust no absent-minded diner will try to tip the waiter by dropping a button in the plate.

* * *

A mild controversy has arisen as to whether the conductor of an orchestra should wear a beard. It all depends on how near he stands to the trombone.

* * *

If votes are granted to women on the same terms as to men, many a woman who is entitled to a vote now, as being on the wrong side of thirty, will claim it for the first time.

* * *

"Let me see a girl's ankles and I can tell her character," says a woman-writer. So that's why those spatees were invented.

WHAT IT MEANS "TO BE IN ENGLAND NOW."

DAZED by a Monte Carlo sun
Beating on Europe's gladdest rags,
Amid a babel, strange, cosmopolite
(Chiefly the throaty "*Ja! Ja!*" of the Hun,
Great ropes of bald fat wreathed about his nape);
Sick with a surfeit of exotic food
And sicker with the nauseous sight
Of chartered lizards trotting out their hags
Plastered with powder of a noisome brand
And blazed with lip-stick—I had let escape
My usual interest in my native isle,
Content to hope that it would stand,
Despite my absence, roughly where it stood,
Carrying on as best it could
With a brave smile.

And lo! to what a smile have I returned,
Large as the brown earth's at the break of Spring!
From hearts that for this hour how long have yearned
How loud the pæans ring
Through what is once again my country's hub,
The National Liberal Club!
I too must raise a jocund toot
For joy to be in England now
And not to miss
The sounding impact of that kiss,
Planted on moveless lips (or marble brow),
Which from her trance, pale counterfeit of death,
Recalled to conscious breath
The Sleeping Beaut.

O HERBERT! O my SAMUEL!
Late come from doing Zion's mandate,
Where you achieved immortal laurels
By so improving local morals
That warring factions from your hand ate,
For you let Southwark spell,
On Liberal banners clear-writ,
Another Zion (No. 2)
Restored and practically good as new.
Yours was that rousing smack
(Praise Heaven that I was home in time to hear it!)
Which to the Party's cheek brought colour back,
With the result that Mr. STRAUSS
Is in the House.

O. S.

MORE BRIDGE PERSONALITIES.

(*With respectful acknowledgments to Mr. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT in "The Evening Standard."*)

ALTHOUGH in my preceding articles I have already awarded the palm to several different bridge-players, I am still doubtful whether the greatest of them all is not Dr. Jezero Grabowitz, the Yugo-Slavian master. When I can choose my partners (and it will have been realised that I usually do) he is one of my earliest choices. True enough he learnt his game in Moldavia, under the moribund Portland Club rules, from the three daughters of an innkeeper of Jassy, but a visit to America soon rid him of allegiance to the hide-bound conventionalities of that mediæval monastery.

Very tall, with so curiously long a body that he usually sits on the floor when playing at a table of the ordinary height, his ivory-white face betrays no emotion at any stage of the game except for a barely perceptible tremor of his beautifully-waxed moustache. He eats nothing for forty-eight hours before a game and drinks even less.

His speciality is the "delayed No Trump." Often the bidding will have gone round two, three or four times, his well-nigh inaudible "No bid" leaving players and audience tense with excitement, and then suddenly his *staccato* "Seven No Trumps" will pierce the air. Then how masterly will be his play of the hand! A waiter or some kindly spectator having removed his partner from the scene, Dr. Grabowitz will make a rapid survey of his own and dummy's cards, and he will follow suit so pedantically, he will discard with such subtlety that frequently he will not be more than five or six tricks down. He never boasts, but his quiet "Saved the rubber again, partner," is full of a justified satisfaction.

Yet sometimes I feel, however reluctantly, that we must go to the Orient for the greatest card genius of them all. Who that has played with or against him can compare any Occidental player with Wun Lo Trump? His Bridge (learnt in no ordinary school—the terrible Spade Club of Manchuria, where the penalty for a revoke is disembowelling and even a false lead means the sacrifice of an eye or a limb) is not for the ordinary player. I once thought with grim amusement that, if the Portland Club were to move to Cha-o-Ling, at the end of a month all the members would be sightless, limbless, hollow trunks. But they are unlikely to move; progress is abhorrent to them (see their Rules!).

Wun Lo Trump and his friends play a game—the points are usually a province a hundred—at which the Westerner can only wonder. They have brought impassivity to such a pitch, taciturnity to such a fine art, that often many weeks will pass without a call. Thousands of deals will be made and the cards thrown in. Then at long last "One Club" comes from Wun Lo Trump's lips. And how he plays the hand! One begins to feel that an ace may fall to a king under the Oriental magic and mystery of his masterly manipulation. And of course the lead of sixth best from the shortest suit under the thirteen rule, now so familiar, was solely Wun's invention.

While thus mingling with the great ones of our fascinating game I should have liked to tell you of "Babe" Tenace, the "Ten Million Dollar Doubler Devil," of 'Frisco, but space does not permit.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"PUZZLED, PURLEY."—If, holding ten diamonds with five honours and three small spades, you quite rightly called "Two clubs," your partner should have taken you out into "Three hearts." You would then have called "Three spades." There being nothing much left for your opponents but "Four diamonds," they would naturally have declared this. You would then have doubled and should have scored at least seven hundred above the line. To have called diamonds yourself would have been curiously archaic.

"BOTHERED, BOOTLE."—No, Auction Bridge is not played in London.

Coat of Mail.

From an article entitled "Men—A Woman's Criticism":—

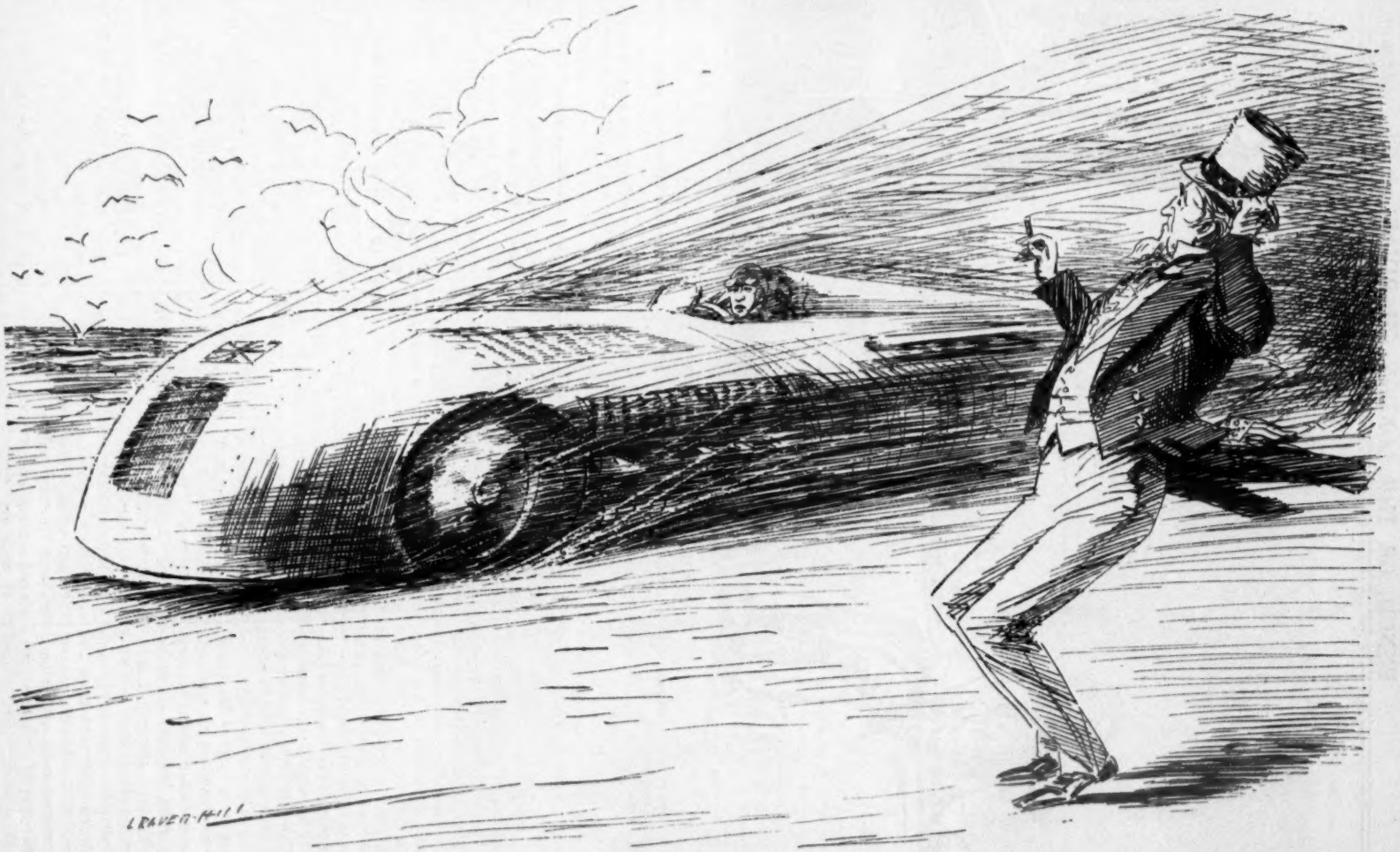
"He may make incorrect statements, and she can be aware of it, but she may not put him right. He would rather persist in a mistake than lose the male assurance of superiority, and will certainly grow cold towards the woman who reduces his armour propre."
New Zealand Paper.

Chivalry demands that we should refrain from comment.

From an article on Indoor Games:—

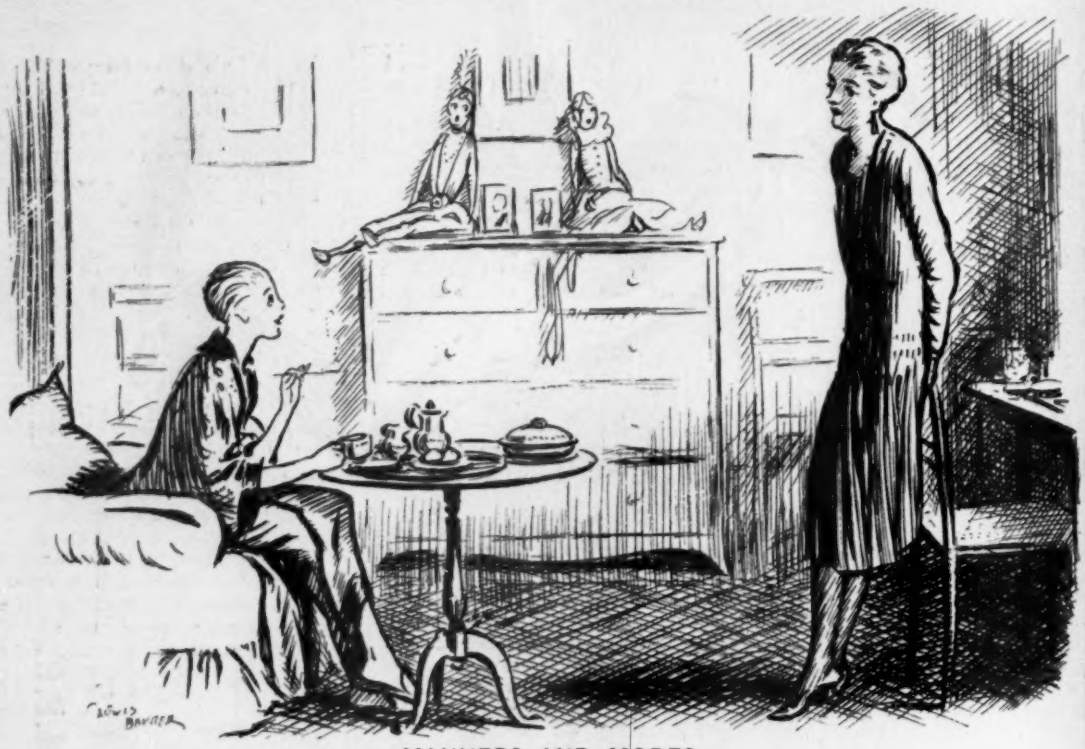
"*Familiar Fizzogs* proved quieter but equally novel. Here the player impersonates some well-known figure, quoting, for further guidance, some associated phrase. A patch, for example, and the words, 'Up, Guards, and at 'em!' would at once suggest the hero of Trafalgar."
Australian Paper.

We fear "Familiar Fizzogs" would be too difficult for us. We should soon meet our Waterloo.



203 M.P.H.

Uncle Sam. "HUSTLER!"



MANNERS AND MODES.

Mother. "DARLING, YOU WERE AWFULLY LATE LAST NIGHT. I'M AFRAID I'M DREADFULLY OLD-FASHIONED, BUT I *SHOULD* LIKE TO KNOW WHERE YOU GO."

Daughter. "CERTAINLY, MUMMY DARLING. I DINED WITH—OH, WELL, YOU DON'T KNOW HIM, AND WE WENT TO SEVERAL PLACES I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'VE BEEN TO, AND WE FINISHED AT A QUEER LITTLE CLUB—I FORGET ITS NAME, BUT IT'S IN A CELLAR SOMEWHERE IN SOHO. IT'S ALL RIGHT, ISN'T IT, MUMMY?"

Mother. "OF COURSE, DARLING. IT'S ONLY THAT I JUST LIKE TO *KNOW*."

SPRING!

IT was near one of those jolly little towns up in the hills behind Grasse—Le Bar or Vence, or somewhere of that sort—that George discovered what he enthusiastically described in his letter home as "the perfect pub." This from George represented a good deal, but at the same time, to anyone who was at all well acquainted with his vocabulary, it was not calculated to conjure up an accurate picture of George's surroundings. George was the sort of young man who would apply the expression with equal enthusiasm to the Carlton or to the "Spotted Cow," if either happened momentarily to command his approval.

But at least it indicated that George was satisfied with his immediate environment. From a somewhat incoherent and extremely ill-spelt scrawl—George has been *very* expensively educated—I gathered that olive-trees and a distant view of the Mediterranean, taken in conjunction with perfect omelettes and a new way of cooking asparagus, made up between them a very passable imitation of heaven. At least George wrote very pityingly of poor fools who stayed in Cannes or Nice.

Because I know George, I was not unduly surprised when his next letter bore the Nice postmark, but I wronged him when I attributed the change of address to his erratic temperament. The letter was even more incoherent than its predecessor, but from it and from George's subsequent story I have been able to piece together a coherent narrative. It is a story not without its deeper human significance; I make no apology for recounting it here.

George, it appears, had a bedroom with a very wonderful view, and it was his habit to spend a contemplative hour before getting up gazing out over the distant Mediterranean and pitying everyone who had not found the perfect pub. George is not good at this sort of atmospheric narrative, but I gathered that balmy zephyrs drifting through the open window and a perfect cup of tea—the perfect pub ran to that—played a conspicuous part.

It was on such a morning that George's narrative opens. A pale sun was struggling to disperse the morning mists which had come up during the night from the Mediterranean, and George was all for letting it succeed before he left his bed. George is not one of your offensively hardy youths; he likes his world well aired.

It is to be presumed that thoughts of some sort were passing through George's mind, but they were not apparently of so engrossing a nature as to prevent his attention from being attracted to a large lizard which hoisted itself on to the balcony outside his room with that laborious thoroughness characteristic of its kind. It was a grey-green lizard, and George, with none of the gloomy doubts which might have assailed a less abstemious man, watched it with interest.

Like George, it seemed to have nothing much on hand; it had the air of one waiting to see what the day was going to be like before committing itself to any definite course of action. It gazed mildly and benignly round, flicked a sudden efficient tongue at a too ven-

turesome fly, and settled down on a sun-warmed patch of carpet for a quiet doze.

George was about to follow its example, at least as far as the doze was concerned, when a sudden movement on the part of the lizard called him back to the waking world. A movement in the corner of the room remote from the window caught his eye, as it had already done that of the lizard. Out of a hole in the wainscot there had emerged about eighteen inches of perfectly authentic snake.

I have said that George is an abstemious young man; had it been otherwise this second visitation might seriously have alarmed him. In the circumstances he decided to remain where he was; the lizard, on the other hand, decided otherwise. In a fraction of a second it had disappeared over the edge of the balcony, a disappointed but still hopeful snake hot upon its trail.

Natural history is not one of George's hobbies. He has not got that passion for snakes in the bedroom which no doubt characterises the true scientist, and he was just making up his mind to speak to the patron about it when his attention was again caught by a movement, this time high up on the edge of the curtain which hung beside the open window. Slowly a large tarantula was descending towards the sunlit balcony.

George did not wait; even the most abstemious have their breaking-point. Hastily flinging on his dressing-gown he descended in search of the patron.

"Look here," he said, when he found the old gentleman gravely sunning himself in the courtyard—"there's a zoo in my room."

The patron smiled politely.

"Ze breakfast of m'sieur 'ave disagree?" he said at a venture.

"Not yet," said George. "It's my room. First of all there was a lizard."

"Qu'est-ce que c'est, lizard?" asked the patron.

"A *lizard*—a—you know—little chap with a tail. Comme ça."

George descended to pantomime, but his imitation of a lizard appeared to carry little conviction. The patron's smile remained polite but puzzled.

"Well, never mind the lizard," said George. "I don't mind lizards, but the snake was a bit thick."

"Qu'est-ce que c'est, snake?" said the patron.

George abandoned the lizard and proceeded to give a lifelike imitation of a snake. Coming immediately on top of the preceding performance it did not seem materially to clear up the existing bewilderment in the mind of the patron.

"Then, blow me, if there wasn't a whacking great spider," concluded George, now getting thoroughly into the spirit of the thing and working his arms and legs in a weird and spider-like way.

The patron glanced uneasily round.

"M'sieur is not veree well?" he hazarded.

"M'sieur is *quite* well," said George, "but—here!" and, seizing the stick upon which the patron was leaning, he drew a lizard, a snake and a tarantula on the gravel-path.

"There," he said proudly—"dans ma chambre—and I call it a bit thick."

The old man gazed from the path to George, and a delighted smile spread over his face.

"Dans la chambre de m'sieur?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes," said George.

"'Urrah!" shouted the patron. "Ze spring it is come!" and, flinging his arms round the neck of the astonished George, he kissed him on both cheeks.

That is why George is spending the spring in Nice. L. DU G.



Visitor to village public-house. "THESE CUES AREN'T UP TO MUCH."
Landlord. "NO. THEY *will* KEEP POKING THE FIRE WITH 'EM."

Coals to Newcastle.

At the Scottish Shorthorn Sales—

"IRELAND SECURES A NICE LOT OF BULLS."
Headline in Dublin Paper.

"M.C.C. TEAM AS SHIKARIS.
SHOOTING AT PATIALA.
One of the best shots of the three days was that of Mr. Tate, who brought down a splendid sambhar at 9,000 yards range."—*Indian Paper.*

Was this MAURICE TATE, or HARRY?

A DAY AT THE "TALKIES."

MUCH interest has lately been taken in "phonofilms," those films that reproduce in an adjacent loud-speaker the exact words of the screen drama; and the other day I was privileged to see and hear one of the earlier films of this type. It was a simple little drama of English life, and each remark of the actors came to my ears exactly as spoken.

I had better explain that, in order to obviate artificiality and to ensure naturalness of diction, the actors *were not told* that they were being 'phoned as well as filmed; moreover the usual sub-titles were still retained. The result was, of course, a little unexpected, but time will no doubt bring improvement.

The drama, as far as I remember, went like this:—

The first scene was an old English cottage, with an old Englishman sitting inside in an attitude of dejection. Enter *Mollie*, his daughter, a fair young thing of some twenty Hollywood summers. The sub-title ran thus:—

> JOHN PALMER HAS RECEIVED A BLOW. UNLESS HE CAN RAISE A THOUSAND POUNDS THE MORTGAGE ON HIS COTTAGE WILL BE FORECLOSED.

The speech that I heard was as under:—

Mollie. Say, Pop, what 's eating yah?

J. P. Well, girlie, it 's kinda tough after all these years. 'f I don't raise a thousand bucks to-night we 'll be given the air outer here.

The effect of this in the heart of the English countryside is, of course, rather startling, but one gets used to it, especially if one remembers that the actors had not the vaguest idea that their dialogue was being recorded.

Mollie. Who 's the egg that 's gonna pull that stuff, Pop?

J. P. Squire Jarvis.

Mollie. Gee! *that* gorilla?

J. P. You sure said it, daughter.

Mollie then goes out and the scene changes to a cornfield in early summer. A young farmer is digging about in it.

> DICK BARLEY IS IN LOVE WITH MOLLIE, BUT IS NEARLY RUINED BY THE FAILURE OF HIS WHEAT-CROP.

Dick (*spading his foot*). ——! ——x! ——! ——x!

(A device for cutting out the record on occasions of this sort is, I understand, already being contemplated.)

Dick (*shading eyes and looking into distance*). Why, here 's Mollie! Come on in, beautiful, that 's your cue!

Mollie (*entering with a happy smile of welcome*). See here, you plug-ugly, who jah think yah talking to? Less of the "beautiful" from you.

Dick (*folding her in a loving embrace*). Now I look close I see I was kinda making a mistake.

Mollie. Funny, aren't you, you great big stiff!

Dick. Aw! Cut it out and act up proper . . . All right, Hank, don't get rough; we ain't *showing* nothing.

This remark puzzled me till I realised that Hank must be the film director and was out of sight somewhere behind the camera.

After telling her lover her father's troubles, *Mollie* goes off sadly and *Dick* resumes his digging. The scene then changes to the cottage, with the villain, *Squire Jarvis*, talking to old *Palmer*:—

> "THERE IS ONE WAY FOR YOU TO SAVE YOUR HOME. YOUR DAUGHTER IS BEAUTIFUL? . . ."

Enter *Mollie*. She takes her father's arm.

> "NEVER! HEAVEN WILL PROTECT ME AND MY OLD FATHER!"

Mollie. Oh, cheese it, Hank; I *am* registering emotion.

In the meantime:—

> WHILE DIGGING, DICK STRIKES OIL ON HIS PROPERTY.

No sooner has he struck oil than a jet of oil strikes him.

Dick. ——! ——! Sorry, Hank, but that blame squirt got me last rehearsal.

He rushes off to tell *Mollie* and bursts into the cottage.

> "MOLLIE, I AM RICH. I CAN SAVE YOUR HOME AND HONOUR FROM THIS VILLAIN."

Mollie (*turning to him with an appealing look*). What, you again! The hick from Hickville?

Squire Jarvis and *Dick* square up to one another.

Squire Jarvis. Well, bo, let 's get to it. Don't forget you lead off.

Mollie (*tenderly comforting her father*). Now, jess you two boys be careful this go. Nix on the rough stuff.

Dick (*rushing at his opponent*). The way these Janes talk sure gets me. Wal, come on, Joe!

Mollie heaves her chest with indignation.

> "AT LAST, SQUIRE JARVIS, I HAVE SOMEONE TO PROTECT ME FROM YOUR ATTENTIONS."

Mollie (*to* Squire Jarvis, *with flashing eyes*). Do be careful, Joe boy! Don't let that sock-peddler hand you a shut-eye.

Squire Jarvis and *Dick* (*fighting*). Ouch! Go easy; that hurt . . . Gee! there goes my suspenders . . . All right, Hank, all right; it *looks* real enough, don't it? But when a guy's suspenders . . . Say, isn't this where I kiss the canvas?

Squire Jarvis is felled to the ground, then gets up and staggers out. At the door he turns and faces *Mollie*.

> "I WILL BE REVENGED!"

Squire Jarvis (*to Mollie*). Don't forget, kid, you 'n me 've gotta date to eat to-night at the Palm-leaf Hotel. So long, Dick boy."

Dick takes *Mollie* in his arms, while *John Palmer* turns his back and wipes his eyes.

> AND SO TRUE LOVE IS TRIUMPHANT O'ER ALL ILLS.

John Palmer. Now, hurry up with that petting. I gotta go meet my bootlegger.

Mollie (*gazing lovingly into* Dick's *eyes*). Gee! Don't I hate this bit.

Dick (*bringing his lips slowly towards hers*). Don't you hate yourself too, ugly?

Mollie. Beats me why that real he-man don't hand you a hundred-per-cent. face-kick.

Dick. You sure gotta mouth, ainchah?

Mollie. Aw! Chase yourself.

They kiss passionately. A. A.

Our Broody Advertisers.

"Partridge Eggs Wanted, small quantity, for personal hatching."—*Daily Paper.*

A Heavy Charge on the Rates

(Chester-le-Street).

"Charge, Chester, charge!" were the last words of Mr. WHEATLEY from the Front Opposition Bench.

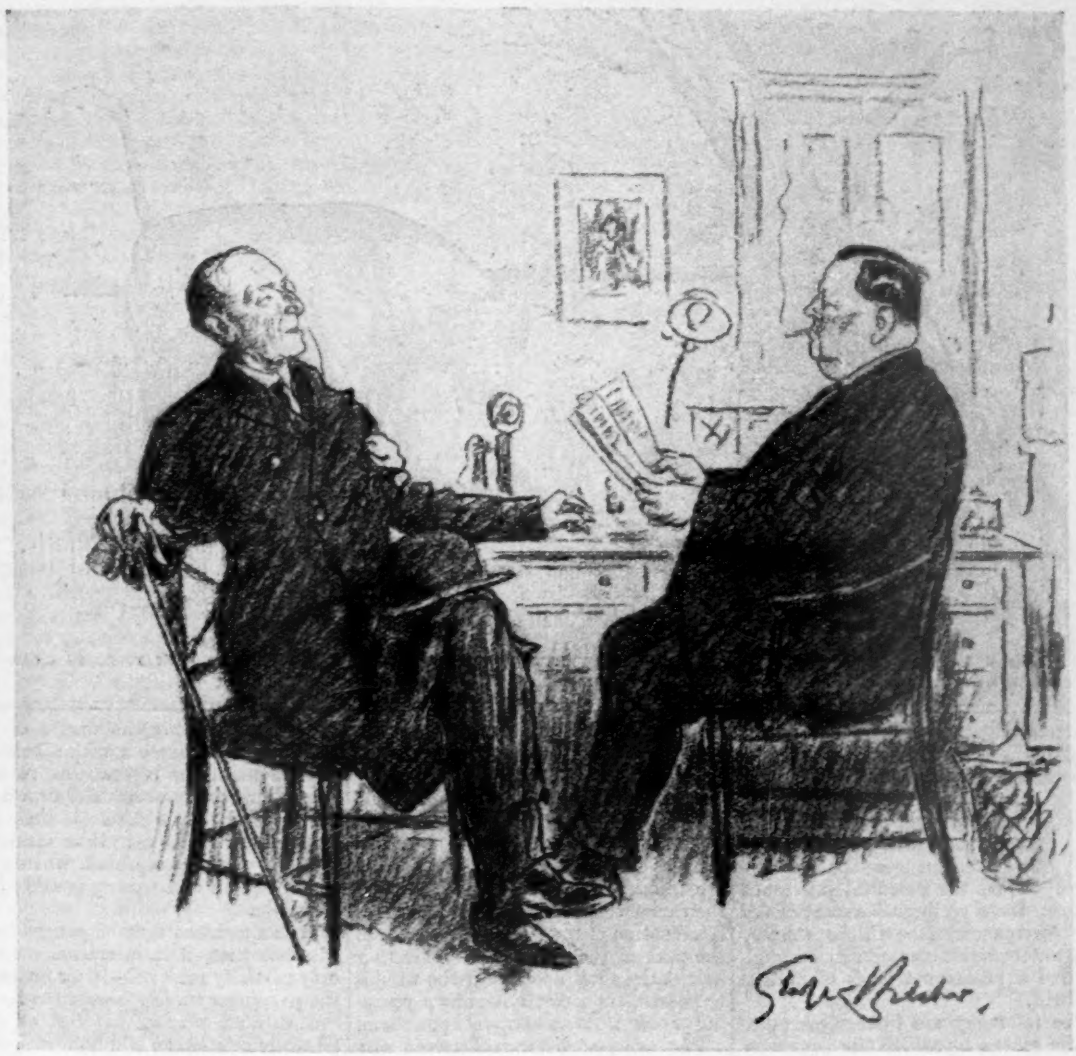
A visitor to the Riviera saw the following notice in Ventimiglia station the other day:—

"Passenger's registered luggage abroad are warned that same must be examined at the exit of Italy and by the italian customs officials, inspite of which luggage is withold."

Well, well. "*À la gare comme à la gare.*"

"One child, aged 3 years and 4 months, had, so the mother informed witness, swallowed a slate pencil and some paper. She had not taken the child to an hospital or doctor for treatment. The child appeared to be sick."
Australian Paper.

No wonder the poor little thing was fractious.



Theatrical Manager. "There are two rather good jokes you have in the Second Act."
Author. "Yes; I could really have got another play out of one of 'em."

THE "SAFETY FIRST" SERIES.

Firmly convinced that there is not yet sufficient tutelage of London's moving host of shoppers, pleasure-seekers and business-folk, I am resolved to set down a few elementary hints which may enable them to travel with a little more ease and comfort about the dangerous streets and byways of our teeming metropolis.

I shall begin with

The L.C.C. Trams.

These pleasant little vehicles pervade many of the most congested areas of our great city, and may be distinguished from the Rolls-Royce car, the motor omnibus and the Ford van by the fact that the drivers maintain an erect position instead of sitting down at their ease. Let us not, however, for this reason despise the humble tram.

The first point to be considered about the tram-car is

Co-operation of Passengers with the Staff.

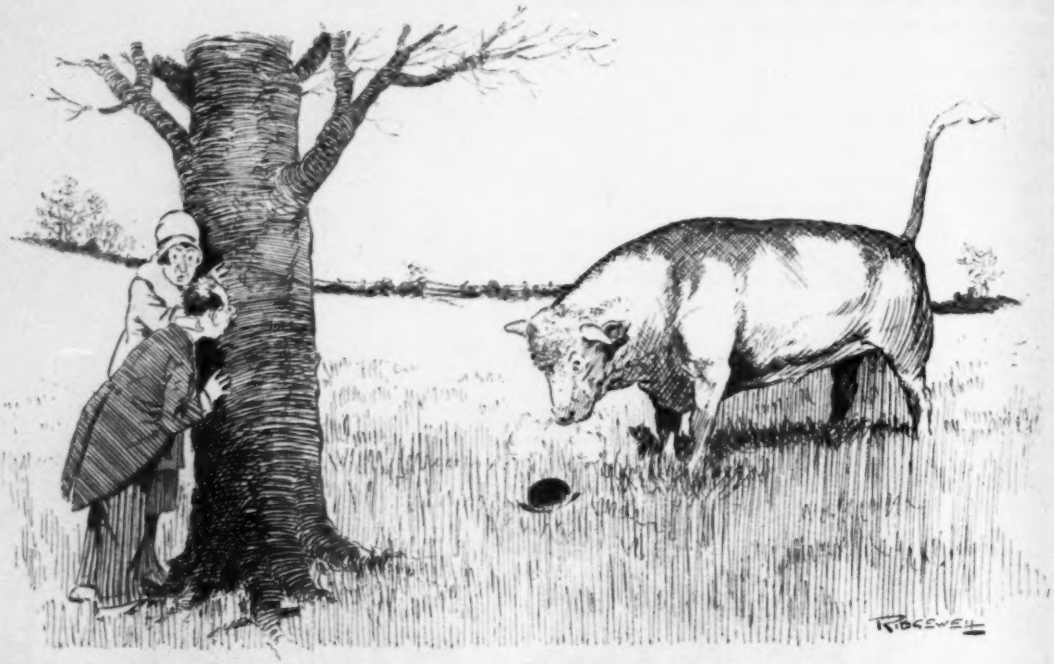
The fundamental difference between these two types must be clearly understood. By the term "Passengers" is indicated that class of persons who pay money in order to ride on trams; by the term "Staff" those who receive money for doing so. There is no accounting for tastes and it takes all sorts to make a world. Any confusion of duties between passengers on the one hand and the staff on the other is almost certain to end in minimising the maintenance of a speedy, safe and comfortable Service of Trams.

Thus no group of passengers should be so far forgetful of their status as to

(*a*) Get out and attempt to push the the tram from behind.

(*b*) Crawl underneath and examine the works.

(*c*) Collect their own fare or those of the other passengers conveyed on the tram.



His Wife (bitterly). "If you 'd only come to the pictures with me sometimes you 'd know what to do in a case like this."

Conversely no member of the staff should

(*a*) Present himself with a tram-ticket.

(*b*) Order himself off the tram to prevent overcrowding.

(*c*) Eat aniseed or wear spats.

Only when the essential difference between these reciprocal avocations is thus clearly ascertained will the pathway be paved towards a common understanding and a permanent basis of mutual goodwill.

The following are further examples of the means by which the passenger can fulfil his or her share of the dual undertaking:—

Hailing.

To hail a car stand near the edge or kerb of the pavement, transfer all parcels, umbrella, etc., to one hand and raise the disengaged arm rapidly from the shoulder in such a way as to form an obtuse angle with the line of the pavement, taking care in so doing not to strike suddenly under the chin or remove the hat of any member of the public passing by. The fingers of the hand should be arranged in the following manner



This action, however, must only be carried out at one of those points in the street on which an elevated standard has been erected bearing the words—

CARS

STOP

HERE IF REQUIRED.

This phrase is intended to convey the information that tramcars, not of their own volition but by an ingenious interception of the electrical current on the part of the driver, will come to a halt at the spot indicated if the would-be passengers correctly signify a yearning or *Schwärmerei* to travel upon them.

The average distance between any two of these afore-mentioned halts or stopping-places is two-hundred-and-twenty yards, the average being obtained by adding together the total number of yards between all the stopping-places on the L.C.C. tramways and dividing that number by the total number of distances between stopping-places. This was done by an Order in Council in 1925.

The car having been brought to a halt, we must now consider—

Boarding.

This is a technical word used in transport circles for the operation of getting on to or entering a coach, carriage or car. It is achieved by placing one foot on the step or platform (at the same time firmly grasping the handrail or metal rail for the hand with the right hand) and shifting the weight of the body forward, together with a hoisting movement of the leg-muscles, so that the other foot is eventually drawn up to the level of the first. If there are two steps to a car this series of motions must be repeated, whereupon the operation of boarding is said to be complete.

Its importance may be gauged from the fact that, if it is slurred over or only partially achieved—if, for instance, the passenger merely grasps the handrail without placing his feet on the platform or step, he will find, when the car commences to move, that he is not travelling or riding upon it, but merely running behind in the road.

The operation of boarding being now carried to a climax, the passenger is at once ready to effect an entry into the car.

In the case of the L.C.C. tramcars it will be immediately perceived that the car is divided into two portions, viz.:—

(*a*) the upper saloon;

(*b*) the lower saloon;

the lower saloon being distinguished from the upper by the fact that it is on the lower floor, and the upper from the lower by the fact that it can only be reached from the lower floor by means of an upward flight of stairs.

To enter the lower saloon the passenger must keep to the left of the handrail, relinquishing, however, his grasp of the rail before he enters.

To reach the upper saloon he must pass to the right of the handrail and mount the staircase by employing the same motions as those used for boarding the car, with the exception that the right hand must be gradually transferred to a higher point on the rail round the staircase as the ascent proceeds.

Neglect to adopt either of these courses can only result in failure to reach one or other of the saloons.

The choice once made it will now be necessary in some cases to

Pass down the car.

This action is only necessary when the space near the entrance of the upper or lower saloon is more congested than the space at the opposite end. The words of the slogan, however, are also the refrain of a community song taught to all employés on London Underground railways, omnibuses and trams, having no reference at all to the possibilities of the situation, and when so used are to be disregarded altogether.

Paying the Fare.

The passenger should always have the exact fare ready to present to the conductor, especially in rush hours. For this fare he will receive a receipt or ticket. If a shilling or sixpence is tendered (*i.e.* offered) instead of the exact fare, it will be seen that the conductor is obliged to place the coin in his mouth while he searches for change, and in the event of his swallowing it there is no check, prior to the *post-mortem*, that he ever received it at all. On receipt of the ticket it should be placed, according to sex, either in the band of the bowler hat or under the elastic of the garter, whence it can be readily produced for inspection if required.

Alighting.

This means getting off, *i.e.* leaving the tramcar and regaining the ground. *Cf.* SHELLEY:—

> "An eagle alit
> For a moment may sit
> In the light of his shining wings."

Tramway passengers should effect the manœuvre with great circumspection. It is first of all necessary to

Wait until the car stops.

To ascertain this, glance at the scenery. If it appears to be in motion the car is still running. If not, the car is at rest. In the second place

Step off with the left foot and face the direction in which the car would be travelling if it had not ceased to do so.

Thirdly

Look out for overtaking traffic.

This is done by reversing the head so that the nose points directly towards the spinal column. If, on leaving the car and reaching the ground, overtaking traffic is still seen to exist, two courses are open. The first is to

Spring to the pavement with a loud cry.

The second to

Lie down and pretend to be dead.

Overtaking motor traffic has often been known to pause in front of a pedestrian who appears to have been already deprived of life, instead of making a savage assault upon his body.

On arriving at the pavement, if ever, the passenger will find that in all probability he still retains in the hat or garter, as the case may be, his ticket. But this need cause him no alarm. It may be

(1) Thrown away.
(2) Used to paper his bedroom.
(3) Placed in the stock for soup.

EVOE.



AT THE LAW COURTS.

"CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW YOU LOST YOUR CASE. HOPE YOU KEPT NOTHING BACK FROM YOUR LAWYER?"

"NO—ONLY MY SMALL CHANGE."

BRIGHTER CLOTHES FOR MEN.

"IT will just simply be too splendid for anything," she told me enthusiastically, "if only men will really take up this idea of wearing brighter clothes."

"Oh, we shall," I assured her, "because nowadays we are all of us for perfect equality between the sexes, so that they've even begun to sack a woman for getting married, just as they always did with bank-clerks."

"Yes, but then that's in the Bible, isn't it?" she remarked.

"Bank-clerks?" I asked, trying to remember. "You surprise me."

"No," she retorted, just managing to stop short between the "s" and the "i" of "silly"—"about sacking a woman when she gets married; because it says, 'No one can serve two masters;' and, poor thing," she added, sighing, "she soon finds that one's enough—and too much too."

"I must tell Tom that," I said cautiously. "He and I were talking about brighter clothes for men only the other day; and I'm glad you approve, because we were afraid women mightn't like it."

"Why ever not?"

"Well," I hesitated, "we thought it might look as if we wanted—er—well, to compete, so to say."

She smiled a little, a very little—so little that I am not sure whether it was a tender smile or whether it wasn't.

"We should love you to compete," she assured me earnestly. "It's a poor triumph to beat anyone who just gives up, no matter how wisely. Though I daresay it's really truly only sheer conceit that makes men wear nothing but black tails and white ties."

"Less perhaps conceit than laziness," I suggested.

"It can't be laziness," she decided, "not if the amount of work Tom puts into getting his dress-tie right is anything to go by. Why, it isn't safe to go near him when he's doing it, and yet it isn't possible to keep away, because he's all over everywhere at once; and of the fragments that remain by the time he's got one right at last I can always fill at least one parcel for the laundry. I remember years ago I used to think he was doing his physical exercises, and once when I told him there wasn't time for them, unless he meant to miss the soup, he got ever so cross."

"Men," I said, "have been known to muse on murder and on worse while tying their dress-bows. But of course it won't be only evening dress that we shall brighten; the Stock Exchange is more especially our aim."

"Will there be," she asked eagerly, "knee-breeches?"

"Knee-breeches?" I repeated a little doubtfully. "Well, you know, knee-breeches . . . They rather pre-suppose a leg, don't they?"

"Leg or no leg," she pointed out, "we have to wear short skirts, even though that means that ankles have ceased to count, which knees never will. But only when you wear knee-breeches will you understand what part silk stockings really play in life. When are you going to begin?"

"Well, the fact is," I said, "Tom and I told Major Wilkins what we were thinking about, and he thought it a jolly good idea, so we all made up our minds to meet one afternoon and walk down Bond Street in brighter clothes."

"When did you arrange that?"

"That evening at the club when Wilkins stood us that dinner. I remember it so well, because, oddly enough, I had a most awful headache next morning."

"Tom wouldn't eat any breakfast," she remarked. "He said he had no appetite except for soda-water."

"A mere coincidence," I assured her. "I remember I was to wear mauve. Tom's were to be a harmony in yellow, pink and green. Wilkins chose cerise and beige de Veuve Clicquot. But Wilkins was always a bit of a dog—Army, you know."

I could see she was interested for she dropped everything she was holding—her purse, her bag, her umbrella, her library-book, her handkerchief, two parcels, some bills, a dog-lead, a little change and a few other things.

"But then," she asked when we resumed our conversation after I had collected most of them, "why did Major Wilkins fly over to Paris yesterday morning, as his sister told me he did?"

"Because," I said moodily, "a man may be a Major and a Major and yet a coward still."

"Oh, well," she said consolingly, "there's still you and Tom, only I'm afraid Tom's not quite well this week, because yesterday afternoon he came home early from the office and offered to come out shopping with me all of his own accord, without my saying one word. He seemed quite himself again in the evening, though, when we were partners at bridge and I forgot what the silly trumps were and put one on his ace—luckily it was only ever such a little trump, so it didn't really matter."

But I wasn't listening.

"Yesterday afternoon," I cried, hurt and indignant. "Why, it was yesterday afternoon that we had all three arranged to meet and walk down Bond Street in our brighter clothes, and if he went shopping with you he must have funked, too, just like that coward Wilkins. I'll never forgive either of them for letting me down like that."

"But," she said, a little puzzled, "if you were there, why didn't you know before that Tom wasn't?"

"Oh, that," I explained—"that was just sheer bad luck, and I was very upset about it, but I had an urgent telegram that morning calling me out of town—life and death, the telegram said, so of course I had to go."

She looked at me a little sternly.

"Who sent that telegram?" she asked.

"Impossible to say," I answered, "because it wasn't signed. But the telegram itself I have still, and I can produce it any day to show to Tom or anyone."

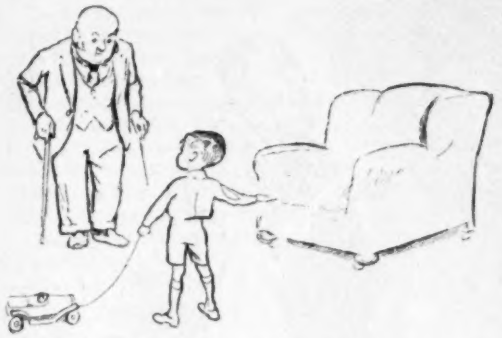
E. R. P.



"WELL, EVEN IF 'E DID 'COST TWELVE THOUSAND, 'E DOESN'T KNOW 'OW TO PASS THE BALL TO THE WING."

"DON'T TALK SILLY. D' YE EXPECT 'IM TO PASS THE BALL TO A MAN WOT ONLY COST TWELVE 'UNDRED?"

PARKING GRANDPAPA.



"Won't you sit down, Grandpa?"



"Whoa! Stop just where you are."



"Now back a little."



"Left lock."



"Now right lock."



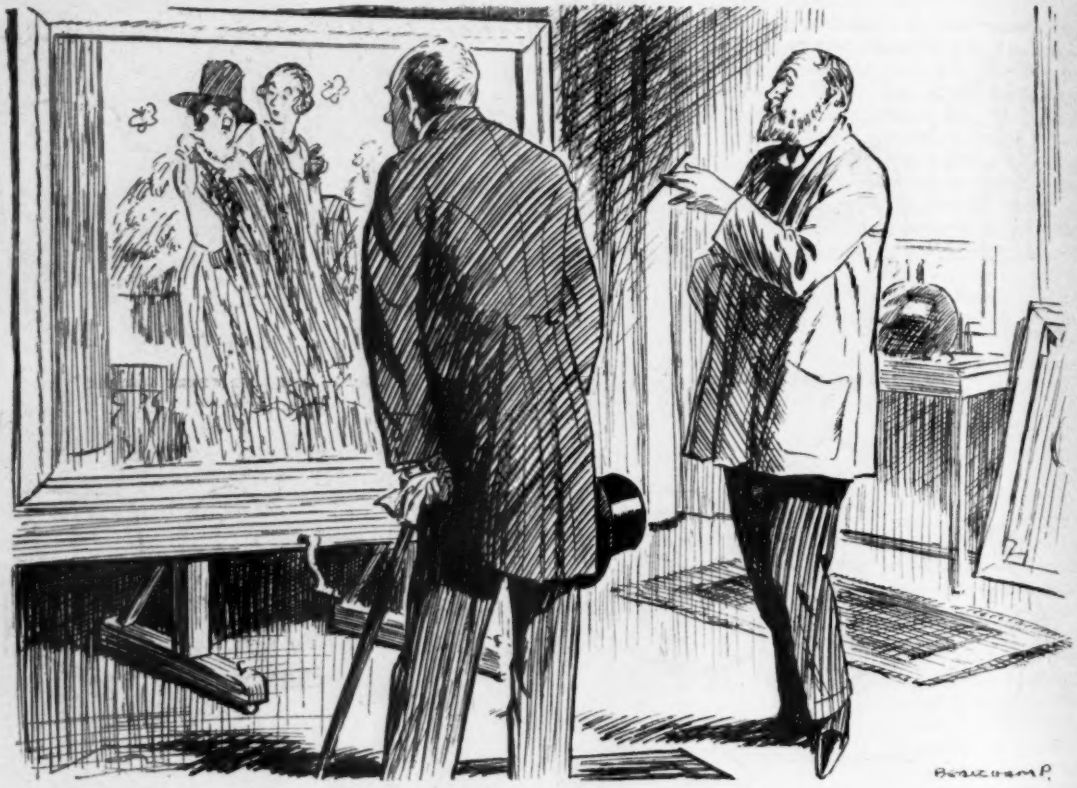
"No, you won't do it. Come forward a little."



"Now straight back as you are."



"That's got it!"



The Visitor. "How do you find your subjects?"
The Genius. "I don't. They find me."

PLAIN JANE; OR, THE BREAD-WINNER.

A Tragedy for Music.

The table set for breakfast. Seated at the table are Miss Jane Surbiton *and the* Rev. Frederick Tate, *agitated.*

Jane. Will you take coffee, Mr. Tate—
or tea?
The Rev. Tate. Coffee. Or tea. Or may
I have the two?
Well, no, say tea. Say coffee. Well,
you see,
I don't want either. All I ask is you.
[*Falling on his knees—first one and
then the other.*
Jane! Jane!
Beautiful Jane!
Others may call you plain,
But beauty is hidden in curious
shapes;
People have found some attraction
in apes;
Brighton is beautiful, seen from the
sea,
And you from all angles are lovely
to me,
My Jane! Jane!
Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful, beau-
tiful Jane! [*They embrace.*

Enter Winnie, Mrs. Surbiton.

Jane. Dearest mamma, we are to be
united!
Mrs. Surbiton. What—before break-
fast? Well, I am delighted!
Jane. It 's splendid, is it not? But we
would rather
That it was you who broke the news
to father.
Mrs. Surbiton. Your father, child, though
he is good and kind,
Is not his best at breakfast, I allow.
Jane. That 's very true. But Fred may
change his mind.
Waste not a moment, Ma. Tell
father *now.* [*A bellowing* (off).

Mr. George Surbiton *comes in dressed for the City, but in bedroom slippers, picks up "The Times," studies it with ill-concealed concern and, after several explosive snorts, indicates his opinion of the State of Things:—*

Well, I wonder more and more
What the Government is for;
England 's going to the dogs;
Both my eggs are cold as frogs;
Things are very, very queer;
Kindly take this down, my dear.

He dictates, eating, and Mrs. Surbiton *takes down the following letter to "The Times":—*

To the Editor of "The Times."

Sir, I crave a tiny fraction
Of your valuable space
To record my stupefaction
At the follies of the race.
While the Young with harmful
pleasures
Rush regardless to the tomb
Parliament with mad-cap measures
Hurries on the country's doom.
Frankly, Sir, my view is fervent,
Something must at once be done.
I am, your obedient Servant,
George Isaiah Surbiton.

All (with every sign of sympathetic approval).

What an admirable letter!
Jane. After that he 'll feel much better.
Mrs. Surbiton. Do you feel better, dear?
Mr. Surbiton. I do.
Mrs. Surbiton. Then I should like a
word with you.
[*She lays a fond caress on* Mr. Surbiton's *head, who receives it with no extravagant enthusiasm.*

Mrs. Surbiton (*wounded*).
Have you forgot, my pet,
What day it is to-day?
It is the day we met,
It is the fifth of May;
It is the day we met,
You kissed me on the pier;
I wore my Whitby jet,
You had hay-fever, dear.
Ah, say I'm not mistaken—
You feel the old, old thrill?
Turn from your eggs and bacon
And say you love me still.

Mr. Surbiton (*shortly*).
Quite true. I do.
(*Aside.*) Cursed is the wife who is not able
To curb her passions at the table,
But breakfasts like a billing dove
And mixes marmalade with love!
Will they not learn, have they not read,
Man cannot love till he has fed?
[*He returns to the Financial Column and his wife to the charge.*

Mrs. Surbiton. And now our daughter Jane,
Sweet replica of you
(She has her father's brain,
She has hay-fever too),
Has chosen this same day
That sealed her father's fate
To give her heart away
To the Reverend Frederick Tate.
Oh, by the recollection
Of twenty years ago,
On their demure affection
Your blessing, George, bestow!

Mr. Surbiton (*lost in the Financial Column*).
"Rice was steady, Lead was easy,
Tin was not in much request,
Jute was feeble, Wool was wheezy,
Copper never looked its best."
And it is just as well, I think,
That all my money is in Zinc—
Coffee, my love?

Mrs. Surbiton (*wounded still worse*).
For twenty years you've trampled me past bearing,
For twenty years not noticed what I say,
For twenty years not seen what I was wearing,
For twenty years forgot my wedding-day . . . .

Mr. Surbiton (*passing up his cup, absently*).
Coffee, my dear? It is an odd reflection,
In all the changes of our common lot,
In twenty years of conjugal affection
I never yet have had my coffee hot.
[*He returns to "The Times." She weeps quietly into the coffee.*

Frederick (*in two minds, as usual*).
Well, if this is married life
Is it wise to take a wife?
Can it be that by degrees
Jane and I will grow like these?
Will she while I break my fast
Lovingly recall the past,
Or with ill-timed tenderness
Irritate me while I dress?
Will the flame which now I feel
Dwindle at the morning meal?
Could her kisses ever be
Less to me than kedgeree?

Jane (*stopping the rot, removes him from the table and embraces him*).
Kiss me, my love, and let them see
How like some soft anemone,
My faithful rock, I cling to thee
For all the world to view.
So never shall this firm embrace
My father's horrid hand unlace,
For he that moves me from my place
Must tear my heart in two.

Mrs. Surbiton. Be careful, Jane, for in your conversation,
Much as I sympathise with what you said,
I note a strain of grim determination
Which won't appeal to anyone you wed.

Frederick (*nervous*). Angelic Jane, have you forgot
Your dear old father's on the spot?
He has the cash, and we have not,
And that's a point of view.



First Lady. "'Ullo, Mrs. Miggs! Fancy your 'usband bein' out again! I thought 'is bronchitis was so bad."

Second Lady. "Yus, it was. But 'e 's got 'is new teeth in now, and they keeps the wind from whistlin' down 'is chest."



DÎNER DANSANT.

Uncle (apologetically, to niece from the country). "I DON'T KNOW IF YOU 'LL THINK THE DANCING HERE WORTH WATCHING, BUT YOU 'VE SEEN SOME WONDERFUL EATING."

Though money has no charms for me
And Love is more than £ *s. d.*,
What I possess would frankly be
Inadequate for two.
Jane (kneeling at Mr. Surbiton's knee, a thing he hates).
Listen, listen, father dear,
Before it be too late.
For many a weary, weary year
Your little Jane,
Your plain sweet Jane,
Has hunted for a mate.
O'er hill and dale the slippery male
I vainly have pursued,
With flattering tongue allured the young,
The older ones with food.
And now that I have caught a man
Oh, let us keep him if we can!
He 's in the net,
But even yet
May wriggle through,
So, if you can in any way
Suggest that marriages are gay,
And help me dish
This timid fish,
Dear father, do.
Jane, her Mother and Frederick, all kneeling—but Frederick not so heartily.
Breadwinner, Master of our Fates,
Householder, Payer of the Rates,
Approve these nuptials if you can,
And think yourself a happy man
Who with a whisper can bestow
The highest bliss that mortals know.
[*They hang upon his words.* Mr. Surbiton *is almost moved, but unhappily his eye wanders back to the Financial Column and he explodes.*
Mr. Surbiton (waving "The Times" in a frenzy).
Dogs and devils! what d' you think?
The bottom 's dropping out of Zinc!
Zinc is falling,
Zinc 's appalling,
Zinc is in a dreadful state;
Zinc is crumbling,
Zinc is tumbling,
Zinc is down to twenty-eight!
I think we 'll sink with zinc, my dove—
Is this a time to talk of *love*?
The beasts, the brutes!
One more cup!
Give me my boots!
Where are my BOOTS?
All is up!
[*Full orchestra agitato, while* Mrs. Surbiton *prepares coffee and her daughter hunts boots.*
The Rev. Tate (philosophises apart).
Well, if this is married life,
Man is mad to take a wife!
Also, it occurs to me,
What about heredity?
These two parents, I confess,
Magnetise me less and less;
Am I then to plight my troth
With one that has the faults of both?
Money is their only merit,
This, it seems, she won't inherit.
Fare you well, my dearest Jane,
We must never meet again.
I 'll think of you—so do not cry—
But as a sister, Jane. Good-bye.
[Mr. Surbiton, *booted at last and full of coffee, rushes from the house with Frederick, both pausing at the door to sing* Farewell! *In this splendid chord the women join. They are then left weeping, and quite right too.*
CURTAIN. A. P. H.



THE SLEEPING BEAUTY SITS UP.

LIBERAL PARTY (*to the Fairy Prince* SAMUEL). "O LOVE, THY KISS WOULD WAKE THE DEAD!"
TENNYSON: "The Day-Dream."

[The success of the Liberal Party at two recent by-elections has been attributed to the return of Sir HERBERT SAMUEL to its councils.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 28th.—Mr. Amery glowed with legitimate satisfaction as he told the House that the consumption of Empire fruit was consistently rising. Publicity, he said, was "being steadily directed towards this end," while economic investigation and scientific research were alike busy trying to increase the production of fruit and improving conditions of packing, transportation and marketing.

These juicy utterances naturally gave rise to the cognate question of cream. Next year our cream must contain no preservative, and Lord H. Cavendish-Bentinck asked the Minister of Agriculture if he was arranging for an adequate supply of cold-storage equipment for milk-trains. Mr. Guinness, who has a naive faith in the high speed of milk-trains, said he thought the cream was chilled before it started.

Sir Austen Chamberlain, answering a long string of questions, gave an outline of what had occurred at Nanking. He thought it was premature to conclude that the Hankow agreement was a failure, but agreed that, "in the present anarchical state of China," promises of Chinese generals to protect foreign lives and property must be judged by results.

A slight breeze occurred when Mr. Thurtle was heard to say that somebody was lying about Nanking. Sir Austen, thinking the charge intended for himself, rose on a point of order to protest. Mr. Thurtle said he had not referred to the Minister. He had merely said that the newspapers were lying.

It is quite in order, of course, to say that, and the breeze subsided.

Replying to a question of Sir J. Leigh about street accidents, Colonel Ashley said he hoped it would be possible "to take action in several directions" for the protection of pedestrians. He declined to be more specific and left the House with the impression that the real remedy was for the pedestrian to take swift action in the direction of the pavement.

Mr. Ernest Brown, the new Member for Leith, took his seat amid cheers. Inspired by this evidence of Liberal resurgence, Mr. Runciman, on the Third Reading of the Consolidated Fund Bill, raised the question of agriculture. The Minister's problem, he said, was to stop the movement from tillage to pasture. Mr. T. Johnston said that while the principal industry in the country was a sweated industry in a state of chaos the Government was passing the Film Bill to provide more Charlie Chaplins. Mr. Buxton said there must be higher wages to keep farm-labourers on the land. Mr. Lamb said the remedy was better prices, more credits and fewer regulations.

A lively debate *à deux* occurred between Mr. Lloyd George and the Minister.



APPLES OF CONCORD.
Mr. Amery.

Mr. Lloyd George said the Minister had agreed to submit certain figures to the President of the Surveyors' Institute and was now "trying to skulk out of it." Mr. Guinness said he was not trying to skulk out of it, but there was no justification for incurring what he now discovered would be the high cost of collecting the figures.



THE HEAVENLY TWINS.
A Liberal Revival.
(*After a coin of the Third Century* B.C.)
Messrs. E. Brown and E. A. Strauss.

Scottish Members then chipped in and had a little debate of their own about Scottish agriculture. Their main grievance is that there are not enough free farms to go round.

Tuesday, March 29th.—The House of Lords welcomed the return of the Lord Chancellor to the Woolsack, after a prolonged absence. Lord Burnham then called upon the Government to introduce legislation providing for a second ballot when the top candidate in a three-cornered election does not poll a majority of all the registered electors. Lord Desborough, for the Government, said the scheme would double the cost of elections, spread them over several days and give rise to all sorts of log-rolling.

Lord Birkenhead said he would prefer proportional representation to a second ballot.

In the Commons the Postmaster-General, answering a long string of questions, explained that the mails for Belfast and district were to be diverted to the Kingstown-Holyhead route at the request of the Government of Northern Ireland. "Is there such a place as Kingstown?" asked a Conservative Member, but the P.M.G. was too canny to be drawn into pitting his tongue against the pronunciation of "Dunlaoghaire."

Mr. Ronald McNeill does not seem to like Mr. Trevelyan. The British Museum, too, leaves him cold. Asked by the former if he had consulted the Trustees about lighting the latter on foggy Sundays, if he had estimated the cost and if he was now prepared to provide the needed illumination, he said the answer to all three parts of the question was in the negative. This sort of answer, known as the complete choke-off, always intrigues the House. Mr. Trevelyan, however, is not easily choked off. Did not the Minister think it desirable to consult the Trustees? he asked. The Minister said he thought not.

Enter Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who is one of the Trustees. Was the Minister aware that the Trustees were much interested in the proposal to light the Museum on foggy Sundays and would like to be consulted?

Mr. McNeill intimated that if they wanted to communicate their interest to him he couldn't stop them. Mr. MacDonald evidently felt that this was no way to treat so eminent a body. Was the Minister not aware that the Trustees were a semi-political body with very great responsibilities, like the Government?

"That's why I leave them alone to get on with it," growled the Minister.

The House discussed at some length the gloomy subject of capital punishment in the army, and at 8.15, on the motion of Mr. Buchanan, turned to the more exhilarating topic of the Chester-le-Street Guardians. Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Lawson (Labour Member for Chester-le-Street) and Mr. Wheat-

LEY all gloried in the Guardians' shame, Mr. WHEATLEY naively declaring that all the Guardians had done was to "make it as profitable to be employed as unemployed." Mr. ROPNER, who moved the amendment, said the Guardians had in effect been "purchasing the votes of the thriftless by the promise of a raid on those who had saved."

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN explained how he had repeatedly made the Guardians new loans on receipt of fresh promises that they would mend their ways. Only when they passed a resolution refusing to comply with the law and superseded three relieving-officers for obeying it had he superseded *them*.

Wednesday March 30th.—Lord OLIVIER, Lord BIRKENHEAD and Lord READING talked India for three-and-a-quarter hours, a very creditable exhibition of community oratory. The lion's share fell to the SECRETARY FOR INDIA, not only in length of speech but in length of sentences. Two of these, each eighty-five words long, would have done justice to Mr. GLADSTONE at his most prolix. Everything, one gathered, is going on nicely and quietly in the land of Hind. Lord OLIVIER, at any rate, was sufficiently soothed to withdraw his demand for papers.

The House of Commons bent its extended view upon less peaceful scenes. But first Colonel WEDGWOOD, who is rapidly becoming the mouthpiece—one might almost say the cornucopia—of the new Jerusalem, was informed that the Government had raised no objection to the appointment as Italian Consul-General at Jerusalem of a gentleman whose expressed views on the new Zionism have not apparently been couched in the language of flowery compliment.

Bitter complaints are always made when a Government makes inroads on Private Members' time. This afternoon successful balloters gave notice that they would draw attention to "the length and dulness of speeches from the Labour benches" and "the amiability, courtesy and energy of the Government Whips."

The noted energy of the Government Whips might conceivably be directed towards providing Conservative Members with subjects of interest to the public, which is alike untroubled by the activities of Whips or the long-windedness of Labour Members.

Mr. DIXEY was only able to muster forty-four enthusiasts for a Bill to legalise betting. Lady ASTOR opposed vehemently and was quite annoyed—but offered no denial—when Sir H. CROFT inquired if the noble lady had never given a "tip." The House as a whole doubtless regards betting with equanimity, but is in an anti-legislative frame of mind, which should certainly be encouraged.



SHOWING UP THE DOG.
MR. MCNEILL AND MR. TREVELYAN.

At 8.15 Brigadier-General H. C. BROWN called on the Government to foster village life and industry. The gallant Member hails from the hamlet of Newbury, whose thriving village industry is breeding potential Derby winners. He thought it was time some industries were moved from the towns to the villages. Sir G. COURTHOPE mentioned the village blacksmith, who, he said, was dying out. But is he? Has Sir GEORGE never seen him under the village chestnut-tree splicing the camshaft of the village idiot's tin lizzie? The Minister said he was all for making life one glad round of dance and song for the merry villagers. He was confident that with the efforts now being made village industries would go "from strength to strength," like the village blacksmith. The motion was agreed to.

Thursday, March 31st.—Rear-Admiral BEAMISH presented a petition signed by twenty-seven thousand persons praying for a full inquiry into the principles of Finance. It is refreshing to find that so many innocent souls still think that Finance has any principles.

Some questions were asked on the subject of subversive propaganda. Captain CROOKSHANK inquired if the HOME SECRETARY was satisfied with his present powers. "That is rather like offering a dog a new bone," replied Sir WILLIAM with a hungry look at Mr. LANSBURY's vacant seat.

Captain CROOKSHANK invited the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to make M.P.'s travel third class in the interest of the taxpayer. Mr. CHURCHILL thought this "self-denying ordinance would not fall equally on all Members," but intimated that he was always ready to accept a refund of the difference.

The House discussed postal and telephone facilities, the Washington Forty-eight Hours' Convention and the stonework restoration of the Houses of Parliament. This is to cost over a million pounds. A Labour Member objected that the stone chosen would cause "silicosis"; but the name evidently had no terrors for Ministerialists.



Lord OLIVIER *(to Lord* BIRKENHEAD*).* "CHARMED, I'M SURE!"



Bored Traveller (at wayside station, waiting for a train long overdue). "YOU SEEM TO HAVE A PRETTY SOFT TIME HERE. I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU 'VE EVER EVEN *HEARD* OF BRADSHAW?"

Studious Porter. "OH, YES, SIR! I PRESUME YOU REFER TO JOHN BRADSHAW, WHO PRESIDED AT THE TRIAL OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST? DIED NOVEMBER TWENTY-SECOND, SIXTEEN FIFTY-NINE; BURIED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY."

GOOSE-STEPS TO GLORY.

[A writer in *The Westminster Gazette* of March 30th describes the arduous training of pupils, including two Russian Princesses and the daughter of a Countess, at a mannequin training-school in Regent Street. The different "walks" which have to be learned comprise the sports-suit walk, which is brisk with a stout stick in the hand; the sunshade walk for summer afternoons, and the fan walk. Physical jerks, to make the mannequin supple, including the goose-step, are also part of the training.]

WHEN love of fame, or duty
In homes where funds are few,
Drives impecunious beauty
To earn a modest screw,
No modern post or calling
Where woman 's bound to win
Seems to be more enthralling
Than that of mannequin.

To wear the costliest raiment
Of gold or rainbow twine
And, free of any payment,
The peacock to outshine,
Oh, what could be more glorious
Did not the sober facts
Reveal what days laborious
The privilege exacts?

The prospect may be thrilling,
But, favour to ensure,
The goose-step course and drilling
In "jerks" you must endure;
Beauty must strive and suffer
Before she learns to "glide";
The lovely clumsy duffer
Is rudely brushed aside.

At times you must be stately,
At others you may frisk;
Move proudly or sedately,
Be undulant or brisk;
As high-born dames in Courts walk,
With train and nodding plume;
Anon the vigorous "sports-walk,"
The heather stride assume.

Besides, each change of vesture
(Perhaps six times a day)
Involves a change of gesture,
Of mien and facial play;
The mood of an Augusta,
The flapper's saucy fun,
Lucasta or Locusta,
An empress or a nun.

Think then, O fair aspirant,
Not once but twice or thrice
Before to Mode, the Tyrant,
Your soul you sacrifice;
Lest, when you start "parading,"
You ultimately find
Your dreams of fortune fading
Into a slavish grind.

"CAR IN HAT SHOP."
Newspaper Headline.

No doubt it went in for a new bonnet.

A SALE OF "PUNCH" LETTERS.

A COLLECTION of Autograph Letters addressed to the late Sir F. C. BURNAND will be sold by Messrs. PUTTICK AND SIMPSON, 47, Leicester Square, at 1.0 P.M. on Thursday, April 7th. They cover the whole period of his connection with *Punch* as Member of the Staff and Editor, and recall its past history and earlier editors, MARK LEMON, SHIRLEY BROOKS and TOM TAYLOR.

Many of the letters are illustrated with drawings and caricatures by CHARLES KEENE, PHIL MAY, LINLEY SAMBOURNE, A. C. CORBOULD, HARRY FURNISS and FRANK LOCKWOOD.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE, WILKIE COLLINS, W. S. GILBERT, GEORGE MEREDITH, WHISTLER, HENRY IRVING (twenty-six letters), J. L. TOOLE, CHARLES WYNDHAM, ARTHUR SULLIVAN, SARAH BERNHARDT, PATTI, SIMS REEVES, CHARLES SANTLEY, and most of BURNAND'S contemporaries of the Stage, Music and Art worlds are represented by characteristic examples. The collection also includes correspondence from Lord ROBERTS, Lord WOLSELEY, Lord CHARLES BERESFORD, JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, JOHN MORLEY, Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, BRET HARTE, LOWELL and OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.



THE HUNT STEEPLECHASE SEASON.

He (to wife of rather cup-and-ball jockey). "CALLS THAT HORSE 'PITCHER,' DOESN'T HE?"
She. "SURE—FROM OUR NATIONAL GAME."
He. "I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT 'CATCHER' WOULD HAVE BEEN MORE LUCKY."

THE HEROINE THAT WANTED KILLING.

I HAVE taken a great dislike to the heroine of a serial I have just read. It took her sixty thousand words to discover that the three gentlemen-of-leisure who wanted to marry her were really thorough-paced blackguards, and a further twenty thousand to realise that the only man for her was the handsome but virtuous young doctor. I could have chosen the right husband for her in the first instalment, but she insisted on Romance.

Still, I 'll admit she was quite bright in other ways. Her author tried ever so hard to kill her off, but he couldn't do it; she was too spry for him every time. Even the Philadelphian train-accident at the end of instalment 26 failed miserably.

Since writing the above I have found that the stupid girl didn't marry the doctor after all. She 's in a second serial that I started reading over my dinner. I know it 's the same girl, because she 's making the same silly mistakes all over again.

This time I 'm losing patience with her. If her own authors can't find a method of ending the poor creature's existence I consider it becomes the duty of anyone who can think out an effective way. It seems heartless, but that 's how I look at it.

With malice aforethought I myself have written a serial with this silly girl as my heroine. As I judged from her character it has proved a death-trap for her.

Here is a synopsis:—

Instalment 1.—Heroine at home with husband, a handsome, generous, good-natured but steady-going fellow. Enter Count Ocarini, a fascinating Italian. Girl naturally mistakes him for embodiment of Romance.

Instalments 2-11.—Count comes in more and more. Girl mistakes him more and more.

Instalment 12.—By coincidence, husband sees them together at a restaurant.

Instalments 13-17.—Husband sees them at another restaurant, a theatre, Covent Garden, Kempton Park and the Palais de Danse.

Instalment 18.—Husband begins to suspect that his wife cares for the Count's company.

Instalment 19.—A particularly powerful instalment of this brilliant serial. Girl leaves husband and baby boy and elopes with Count.

Instalments 20–26.—Disillusionment. Count Ocarini a complete wash-out.

Instalment 27 (right at the end).—Count deserts girl.

Instalments 28–33.—Girl goes out into the world. Usual unavailing motor, rail, fire and shipwreck accidents. Girl starving. Only desires death. (Right!)

Instalment 34.—Pathetic glimpse of husband (I nearly forgot him!), learning that he is legatee to considerable fortune. On strength of this he moves to larger house.

Instalments 35–38.—Girl absolutely down and out. Won't return home; can't return home; would sooner die. Ultimately sets up as cat-burglar.

Instalment 39.—Night scene. Girl breaks into large house. First room she searches is an artistically-furnished boudoir. The ray from her torch lights up a silver-framed photograph of a young woman. Girl starts back, perceiving at the same moment a cot in one corner. *In it, slumbering peacefully, lies a baby boy.*

NOW READ ON:—

Final Instalment.—(I think I had better give you this more fully. It 's very gripping.)

With a cry Sophelia flung herself upon the cot and gazed into the small

face. Noting the child's features she screamed aloud in her surprise. Quick manly steps sounded in the passage. A moment later the apartment was flooded with light. Sophelia saw a man framed in the doorway. Pale to the collar-bone, she stood rooted to the spot.

"Wha—what does this mean?" she cried at last. "I—I don't recognise you as my husband."

"I have never met you before," replied the man contemptuously.

For a moment his words seemed to stun the girl. Then, "That photograph is not of me!" she screeched wildly. "That child is not my baby boy. And you—you are not my husband. What is wrong?"

"It is no use asking me. I tell you I don't know you."

"But by all the rules of coincidence this ought to be my home, that my baby and you my forgiving husband. They always are. There must be another instalment. This cannot—*must* not be the end. The shock would kill me. Oh, it *cannot* be——"

Pressing down the shift-key of my typewriter I delivered the *coup-de-grâce*:

THE END.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

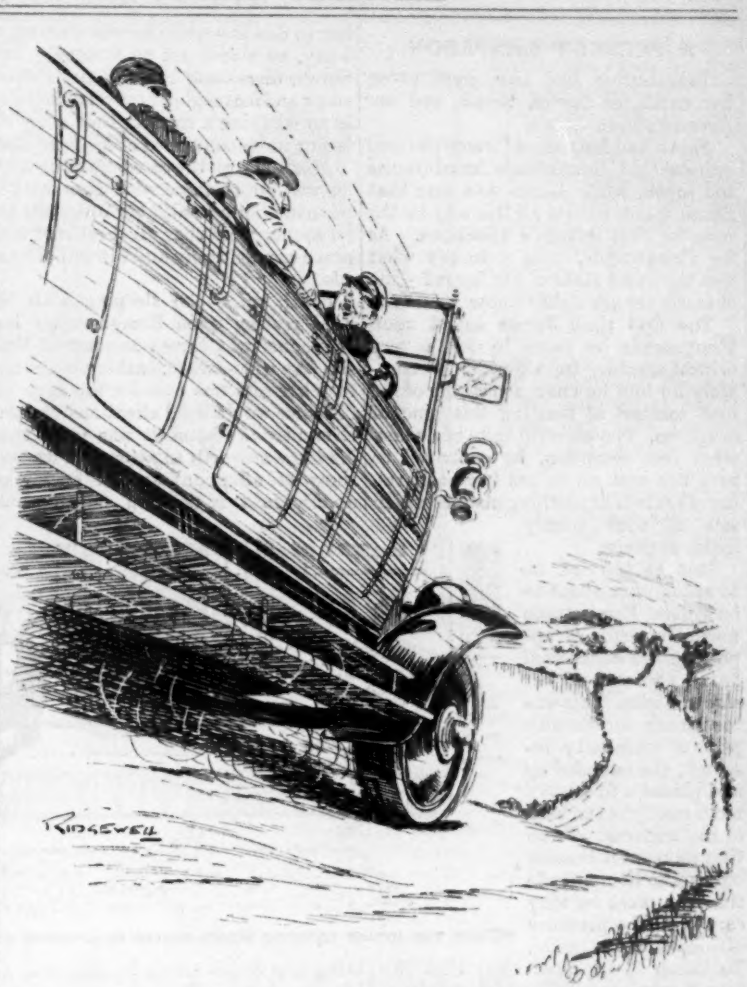
[We learn from a fashion writer that the mode of the moment demands that the flowers one wears should be slightly faded.]

Straight off I fell a victim to her glamour,
So conscious was I of a cardiac stir;
Something within me (rather weak in grammar)
Seemed to be saying, "Ernest, this is her;
This is the mate for you that Fate intended,
One who will share your tastes and match your moods;
Go in and win; the long, long search is ended;
This is the genuine goods."

Her manner too made even still completer
My faith in the correctness of this view,
When, having heard how pleased I was to meet her,
She smiled and answered simply, "Same to you;"
Her mobile features registered emotion
And every jest with which my talk was tricked
Met an approval that confirmed the notion
That I had truly clicked.

But soon upon my spirit there came stealing
A horrid doubt to make my gladness less,
When I detected (with a sinking feeling)
The faded blossoms that adorned her dress;
I minded how the proverb says quite clearly
(And oh! the future suddenly seemed drab)
That flowers wilt on flirts; she might be merely
Acting from force of hab.

With iron will I modified my rapture
And back into my shell made haste to shrink,
Conveying the impression that my capture
Was not so easy as she seemed to think.
But now another little doubt advances—
Was it a proper spirit that I showed,
Or did I miss the goldenest of chances
Through ignorance of the mode?



Nervous Gentleman. "Er—tell me, driver, what is likely to happen in the event of the brakes failing?"
Driver. "I really couldn't tell you, Sir. I 'ain't bin this way before."

Our Nursing Homes.

Extract from the letter of a youthful patient:—

"I must close now as Nurse has just trickled in with a tray of my vitals."

"London.

H.M.S. Renown is so equipped that she could drop the Duke and Duchess of York and suite overboard at any moment, close her hatches and start fighting."
New Zealand Paper.

We trust, however, that there will be no call for these extreme measures.

"One of Italy's great efforts, under Mussolini's active will, will be to capture the primacy in the Mediterranean sea passenger—and eventually also goods—transport. The new ships will probably be built at Geneva."
Iraq Paper.

The League of Nations should be able easily to keep an eye on their construction.

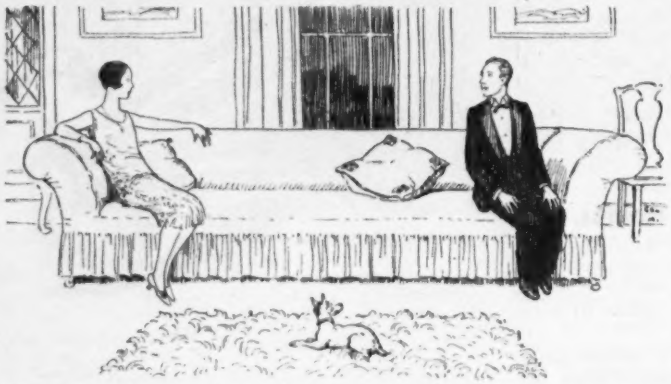
A PERFECT CHAPERON.

Ermyntrude had two great loves, her small fox-terrier, Sarah, and her devoted suitor, James.

Sarah had long since formed the acid opinion that Ermyntrude loved James too much, while James was sure that Sarah was a winner all the way in the race for that damsel's affections. As for Ermyntrude, who is to say what was the exact state of her heart? The chances are she didn't know herself.

The first time James called upon Ermyntrude he came in for a very critical scrutiny from Sarah. Fortunately for him he knew something of the best method of treating this kind of chaperon. Therefore, in spite of a somewhat cool reception, he contrived to turn her over on to her back and rub her chest in that soothing manner which sets all such elderly ladies at peace.

Just as the ice, so to speak, was about to be broken, Ermyntrude made the error of appearing. James deserted Sarah and was at her side in a trice. This was too much for Sarah's jealous womanly instinct; she bounded up and placed a fine set of teeth neatly in the back of his trousers. From that moment it became obvious to Ermyntrude that she must be very careful in the presence of this jealous chaperon.



"THEN THE HUMAN ELEMENT WOULD RETIRE TO OPPOSITE ENDS OF THE SOFA."

To Sarah it appeared clear that this young couple needed careful watching, while James required no further convincing that, if he were to preserve the cut and good condition of his clothes, he must propitiate this very particular old lady. And so for many months a new kind of human-canine triangle existed with all its temperamental complications.

Any two of them were always excellent company together. All day long Ermyntrude and Sarah lived lives of halcyon happiness. There was practically no restraint. Indeed, if anyone used any restraining influence, it was Ermyntrude, who strongly deprecated her elderly friend's partiality for chasing small boys. She had to explain that they were too young to understand that kind of thing.

Of an evening, while James was waiting for Ermyntrude to appear—a thing he frequently had to do for distressingly long periods, it being an accepted fact that the less complicated woman's clothing becomes the longer it takes her to don it—while he was waiting, as I say, he would get on famously with Sarah, discussing the weather and the crops and massaging her bronchial tubes in so soothing a manner that even she began to be convinced of his *bona fides*.

Moreover, on the rare occasions when he was really alone with Ermyntrude, he made quite creditable progress, but no sooner were they all three met than peace seemed to fly and discord become rife.

Sarah might be sleeping with her head resting upon Ermyntrude's lap. No sooner was James announced than she was wide-awake, barking her curses that her rest was over for the day.

James would bend affectionately over Ermyntrude's hand (it was more than his life was worth to attempt a warmer show of affection) and, if he tarried unduly in this position, Sarah would bring him to his senses by snapping at his shoe-laces. Then the human element would retire to opposite ends of the sofa while their austere canine chaperon sat stiffly on the hearth-rug watching them.

If perchance Ermyntrude placed her fair hand within reach of James and he took it in his, a low growl from the neighbourhood of the fireplace restored them to their senses of propriety.

James never dared to suggest that Sarah might be happier alone in another room because he always had an uncomfortable feeling that Ermyntrude really preferred her company to his. This was rather borne out by the fact that, if Sarah dozed off, as elderly ladies sometimes will, and he essayed to steal his arm round Ermyntrude's little waist, she would say, "Isn't Sarah a pet?" and at the mention of her name the worthy hound would rise, take in the situation at a glance and as much of his trousers as she could at a mouthful.

"Indeed she is," James would reply. Noble words but lacking in conviction.

Constant dropping however weareth away the stone, and at last the devotion of James had its reward. He proposed by telegram, knowing that Sarah could not read. That lady must have had a grave foreboding when the wire arrived for she chased the telegraph-boy half-a-mile down the road, but she was powerless to prevent him from conveying to the transmitter the prepaid reply consisting of Ermyntrude's faltering "Yes."

That evening, as Ermyntrude wished to look exceptionally lovely, James had an unusually long wait alone with Sarah. He had exhausted the usual topics of conversation and, wondering whether her chest would stand much more rubbing, had started telling her his great news, when Ermyntrude appeared.

As he bent over her hand this time he slipped a ring on to her third finger, then, never caring what might be the outcome but fully expecting to have his clothes torn off his back, he took her into his arms.

The expected attack did not arrive. Sarah was forgotten for the moment, but that was more than she could stand. She ran to Ermyntrude and, looking at the ring, wagged her tail in clearly expressive admiration; then, having licked James in token of her congratulations, she ran to the fireside and settled herself for repose with a deep sigh which said more clearly than any words, "Thank Heaven you two have done the right thing and I can rest peacefully at last."

Three-quarters of an hour later there was a slight but suspicious sound from the corner of the sofa to which Ermyntrude and James had repaired. From force of habit Sarah was awake in a second. She took one look at them and for the first time in her life was covered with confusion. They both assert that she blushed to the roots of her hair. Then she deliberately winked and showed all her teeth in a smile which clearly said, "Bless you, my children, don't mind me!" and, turning her back on them, resumed her interrupted slumbers.

"It may be taken as certain, however, that neither of the two routes to Scotland will run non-stop trains over the Boarder."
North-Country Paper.

Not being acquainted with his landlady we don't know whether to congratulate him or not.

AT THE PLAY.

"Bert's Girl" (Court).

Miss Elizabeth Baker, the author of *Bert's Girl*, is already known to us pre-war fogies by her interesting *Chains*, successfully produced at this very Court Theatre some fifteen years ago—a time when the comedy of ideas was more frequently to be seen. It was rather a grim study of life in Acacia Villas, somewhere in meaner suburbia. *Bert's* family live in Fulham, which they call Chelsea. The aspidistra still trembles on the bamboo stand, the shooting-gallery china still wobbles on the pseudo-classic pedestal and the burdened overmantel. The *Walters* are a smart bright little lot. Their laughter crackles continuously under the pot, the counters of their stereotyped mirthless jokes are freely handed about. *Bert*, his sisters and their friends are clothed more wonderfully and artfully than the lilies of the field. The young people are knowing and mercenary, "proper" and at the same time furtively lecherous. A positively ghastly fellowship of cretins. Miss Baker is a ruthless—a too ruthless—photographer and never gives us any hint of the virtues of the type. And there must be redeeming features or some terrible judgment would certainly descend upon Fulham-under-Chelsea.



AN AMATEUR OF ART.

Martin Trent . . . . . Mr. Julian D'Albie.
Stella Marsh . . . . . Miss Dorothy Black.

Into this genial, smart, breezy atmosphere *Bert* brings from a Margate boarding-house, rather diffidently, his beautiful, timid, awkward, dowdy *Stella*. Kindly old *Mrs. Walters* makes some attempt at welcoming the outcast. The rest giggle and sneer, *Bert* assuring his girl that she will be all right when she has learnt a bit and been taught how to move at ease in his exalted circle.

The *Walters* are living rent-free in the house of an old curmudgeon of an uncle, a curio-dealer, a bitter eugenist, himself the son of a consumptive father and an epileptic mother, who has resolutely chosen celibacy in order that his tainted stock should not be perpetuated. He is infuriated that the Berts and Edgars and Charlies, though they be mere "three-halfpenny tallow-candles in trousers," have but to wag a finger and whistle to possess such beauty and sweetness as he discovers in this shy *Stella*, whom he renames Hebe after the handmaid of the gods and rescues from the job *Bert* has found for her in a shop to be his assistant with the curios, with the prized statue of Hippomenes, who raced for Atalanta, and the nude Venus, which *Bert* disapproves of as highly improper—and as such thoroughly enjoys.



THE RIVALS.

Bert . . . . Mr. Henry Caine.
And a presentment of Hippomenes.

Uncle Martin, with studied cruelty, works up the already tipsy *Bert* to a bestial state of intoxication by way of exposing him to the already startled *Hebe*, and wins the bet made with his friend *Quinton* that he will prevent such an outrage on the fundamental decencies as the marriage of this debased and ugly Cockney clown with the unspoilt girl, who under the influence of his ideas, his books and his beautiful things is flowering into a lovely human being.

It is an interesting theme, developed with great skill if with too bitter a bias to carry conviction. There is a passage of real power and vision in the Second Act, when old *Martin* is declaiming his creed of beauty and blasting the ugliness and meanness of the ignoble mannikins that giggle and leer and bicker on the tawdry floor below. But there is no pity either in the half-mad old man or in the author; and eyes that have no pity are blinded eyes, so that one rallies instinctively in the defence of the Berts and Irises. The ingenuous young Methodist, *Stephen Quinton*, does indeed put up a half-hearted apology for them and an impassioned protest against old *Martin's* cruelty; and Miss Baker drops her curtain on a hint that *Stephen* may be the destined mate for the released and temporarily broken *Hebe*.

I would venture to suggest that the producer has encouraged or allowed his *Walters* family rather to overstress their "business" and stretch the author's cruel enough realism to the point of savage grotesque. Miss Dorothy Black played the girl *Stella* with commendable reserve and serenity till the passionate outburst at the end, which was excellently done. Mr. Julian D'Albie as *Uncle Martin* was genuinely moving at times, but the part does not look a difficult one to make effective and he did not seem to get the most out of it. Perhaps he was deliberately trying to keep it under control and must be given the credit of his reading. At any rate it was a sincere and careful performance. Mr. Henry Caine succeeded admirably with the ineffable *Bert* and couldn't altogether

prevent a certain likeableness from asserting itself. Miss NADINE MARCH, Miss PHYLLIS PERCY, Miss MARJORIE LARCOMBE, Mr. EDWARD CHAPMAN and Mr. A. J. DENTON made *Bert's* two sisters, the maid *Daisy*, and his two friends into as intolerable human beings as ever sprang from the ancestral ape. Miss MINNIE RAYNER was effective as poor *Mother Walters*, and Miss MADGE TRENCHARD perhaps a little over-effective—yet capably so—as the egregious mother of one of the young hopelesses. Mr. WILSON COLEMAN as *John Puttock*, the kindly collector, and Mr. GEORGE BLACKWOOD (the padre) did what little fell to them quite competently. I think this interesting comedy could be profitably "cut" in parts and its edge a little more finely tempered. Perhaps it has been a little hurriedly rehearsed owing to the too hasty passage of *The Blue Comet*. T.

ORPHEUS REDIVIVUS.

[The lines which follow are based upon a paragraph in one of the evening papers, in which it was stated that the effect of a small orchestra was recently tried upon the inhabitants of the Zoological Gardens. They must not, however, be taken as a literal and accurate account of what occurred on the occasion of that remarkable experiment.]

HAVEN'T you heard about it? Oh, my sakes!
Wasn't there a great to-do
Among the camels and the lions and the monkeys and the snakes
And the grizzly bears
And the Belgian hares
When we had a bit of music—
What? Music?
Heavenly music!
When we had a bit o' music at the Zoo.

Happy was the panther and the pied giraffe;
Lordy, if you'd seen the alligators laugh,
Oh, ho!
Ha, ha!
And the Barbary sheep and the river hoss;
But, oh! the grim rhinoceros—
He didn't care, he didn't understand
The music of the orchestra, the music of the band—
Beat with his nose on the bottom of the cage,
Battered on the bars and snorted in his rage,
Pom-pom!
When we had a bit o' music at the Zoo.

Awfully keen was the monkey-house
On a bit of DEBUSSY, a little bit of STRAUSS;
And the bison laid his hairy head
Down on the ground, and his eyes were red;
And the badger and the tapir and the otter and the skunk
They didn't think BEETHOVEN punk,
Shouted when they heard him and called him "Unc."
Yes, Sir,
They did!
And the tiger, looking as good as good,
Waving of his paw for Sir HENRY WOOD!
And the llamas, the wolves and the little ant-eatab,
And the eland and the hartebeeste and the puma and the cheetah,
Ho, ho!
Pom-pom!

Soothed with the sound the elk grew vain,
Fought all his battles over again;
Aloft in awful state
The godlike mandrill sate
On his impervious wire;
The ostriches all began to sing
And the elephants danced like anything,
Sequacious of the lyre.
Forth from his den the porcupine
Came with his bristles all in line;
The enraptured gnu
Hailed with a long melodious moo
Hoo! hoo!
That strain divine.

And the sea-lions,
What science!
Out of the water they stood in rows,
Each of them waggling the whiskers on his nose,
Exquisitely balanced, each one placed,
Out of the water they stood to their waist,
Listening to the strains of the band,
Pom-pom!
Nobody liked it better than they,
Listening to the band till the music died away,
Pom-pom!
Listening to the strains of the band.

But the snakes,
Oh, my!
They wouldn't cry,
They wouldn't Charleston, they wasn't charmed;
The boa-constrictor looked terribly alarmed;
And the poor old cobra *he*'s no good,
He didn't open his spotted hood,
He didn't listen to the saxophone,
He didn't care about MENDELSSOHN;
CHOPIN to the snakes was cavi-ar.
But the grizzly bar
And the polar bar
They were as pleased as anyone thar;
They didn't think that BACH was dross,
Not like the grim rhinoceros,
Not like the snakes, who didn't understand
The music of the orchestra, the music of the band,
Pom-pom!
When we had a bit o' music at the Zoo.

Haven't you heard about it? Oh, my sakes!
Wasn't there a great to-do
Among the camels and the lions and the monkeys and the snakes
And the grizzly bears
And the Belgian hares
When we had a bit o' music—
What? Music?
Heavenly music!
When we had a bit o' music at the Zoo! EVOE.

FOR OUR SOLDIERS IN SHANGHAI.

ON the eve of sailing for China, Major-General DUNCAN, G.O.C. the Shanghai Defence Force, expressed an urgent desire that the Y.M.C.A., with whose good work among our troops he was well acquainted, would give their services to the men of his command. Although the duties performed elsewhere by the Y.M.C.A., and in particular with the Army on the Rhine (for whose needs Mr. Punch appealed some time ago) had exhausted all available funds, the National Council could not refuse so urgent a request. Thanks to a generous individual gift it has been in a position to cable out to Shanghai the sum immediately required, and Y.M.C.A. centres have been already set up in two of the principal British camps.

The extent and usefulness of the work must depend upon support from home. It is impossible at present to estimate the expenditure involved, but it cannot well be less than £10,000, and may be much more. The necessity for the presence of our troops to protect British life and property has been sufficiently proved by recent events and is now universally recognised. How much can be done for their comfort and welfare by the Y.M.C.A. will be easily appreciated by those who recall—and few can have forgotten—the fine service that it rendered in the Great War.

Mr. Punch earnestly begs that contributions may be sent to Sir ARTHUR K. YAPP, Y.M.C.A. Headquarters, Tottenham Court Road, W.C.1.

Of Interest to Bachelors.

"AIREDALES.—House-trained, safe children, best protection against burglars or ladies living alone."—*Daily Paper.*

"Nature awaiting the call of the vernal spring."—*Monthly Magazine.*

Much better than the wintry kind of spring so common at this time of year.

"The door opened and a girl came in—a slip of a girl with a firm little chin and a pair of lively grey ewes which gave Bernard a searching glance."—*Australian Paper.*

A little Bo-Peep, in fact.



QUALITY STREET.

DOWN Quality Street there 's a hush in the air,
No truculent errand-boys whistle or swear,
No telephone buzzes, no motor-horns snort
To shatter the spell of this blissful resort;
The muffin-bell 's muted, the dogs are discreet
In the ladylike precincts of Quality Street.

No sky-sign bedazzles, no poster adjures,
No night-club entices, no cinema lures,
No raucous loud-speakers or gramophones twang
To a chorus of laughter, smoke, cocktails and slang;
A fragrance of lavender, faded but sweet,
Possesses the portals of Quality Street.

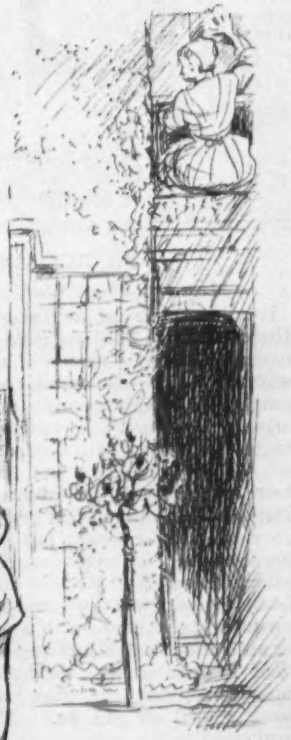
How polished the manners, how courtly the charm!
Each sentence is rounded with "Sir" or with "Marm";
What grace to her curtsey the damsel imparts,
While gallants respond with their hands on their hearts;
They don't call each other "Old Bean" when they meet,
The youths and the maidens of Quality Street.

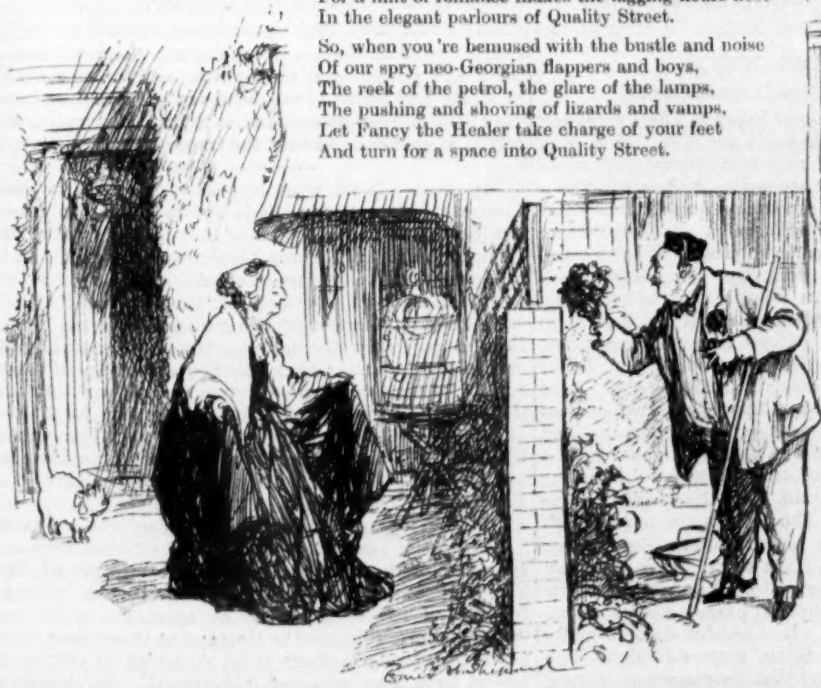
A fig for your feminine firmness and fire,
While tremors and blushes are what men admire;
A snap for your shingle, your bingle or bob,
When shaking a curl makes the sternest heart throb;
An ankle 's permitted, a leg, though it 's neat,
May only be guessed at in Quality Street.

No "special edition" will deafen your ear,
Of the great wicked world it is little you 'll hear,
Some rumour of BONEY, some talk of the town,
But more of *Miss Phœbe* and *Valentine Brown*;
For a hint of romance makes the lagging hours fleet
In the elegant parlours of Quality Street.

So, when you 're bemused with the bustle and noise
Of our spry neo-Georgian flappers and boys,
The reek of the petrol, the glare of the lamps,
The pushing and shoving of lizards and vamps,
Let Fancy the Healer take charge of your feet
And turn for a space into Quality Street.









She. "THERE'S THAT SWEET JACK PILSEN. ISN'T HE A LAMB? SO VIRILE, SO STRONG!"
He. "DO YOU KNOW HIM?"
She. "NOT EXACTLY, BUT THE DARLING KICKED ME ONCE IN THE OLD CHARLESTON DAYS."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

IT is a far cry from *The Rector of Wyck* to *The Allinghams* (HUTCHINSON). The one gave us, I maintain, Miss MAY SINCLAIR'S finest portraits of men and women; the other returns to the psychological convention that substitutes a complex for a physiognomy. A country squire's large, comfortable, pre-War family is introduced at the school-room stage. The parents are admirable specimens of their class, the children attractive and promising. The latter have their eccentricities, however: *Wilfrid* is a normal boy, *Mollie*, apart from musical genius, a normal girl, and *Angy* too small for diagnosis; but *Margie* is morbidly envious, *Stephen* given to secret poetical rhapsodies, and *Robin* (pampered by *Aunt Martha*) uncontrollably greedy. *Aunt Martha* herself runs the house in a fury of competence and worships the children with a passion akin to mania; and her aberrations and theirs begin to assume a sinister aspect when it appears that *Grandfather Allingham* is under medical restraint and that "all the Allinghams are as neurotic as they can be." The *Allingham* neurosis, as manifested in the subsequent histories of the six children and their aunt, is the theme of the story. It is obviously not a theme for badinage, and Miss SINCLAIR takes its cruder manifestations, drink, physical passion and *vers libre*, with devastating seriousness. Her bedside manner really succeeds in making all three rather more ridiculous than they necessarily are, and you feel that the careers of *Margie*, *Stephen*, *Robin* and *Angy*, their principal exponents, are dehumanised to make a psychologist's holiday. The comparatively normal cast fares better, and the pleasant idylls of *Mollie* and *Wilfrid* (who have not got complexes, or only very little ones) show what Miss SINCLAIR'S creative energy can do when it escapes from the trammels of her intelligence.

My chief quarrel with biography inspired by Messrs. FREUD and JUNG is that it is apt to be not only obscene but irrelevant. Take the case of *Benjamin Franklin* (BENN), for instance. FRANKLIN owes his not very considerable fame to his rather fortuitous representation of America in Europe at a great crisis in American history. The fact that he was (probably) not married to the mother of his two children; that he practised and counselled the convenience of liaisons with elderly women; that, rebuffed at the age of seventy-two by a married Frenchwoman, he proposed to marry the illegitimate son of his illegitimate son to the lady's daughter—these things may set FRANKLIN four-square in his own period and endear him to the psychologists of this, but they do not distinguish him from the ruck of either. Fortunately, though Mr. PHILLIPS RUSSELL, his latest American biographer, finds the fact deplorable, FRANKLIN "shielded the inner man by a host of external activities"; and these, with their strong spice of shrewd yet self-deceptive personality, have considerable significance. Printer at the age of twelve, publisher at seventeen, politician at thirty and commissioner to England at thirty-nine, FRANKLIN reaped the advantage of an emancipated outlook controlled by a keen sense of self-interest. Mr. RUSSELL is thoroughly sound on the elements of his hero's "arrival"

in America, his picturesque conformity to New England's notion of a citizen, his famous calendar with its doctrine of the interdependence of wealth and virtue, the domestic utility of his scientific inventions, his modern feeling for publicity. FRANKLIN'S diplomatic services in England and France are overlaid with metal more psychologically attractive. A recurrent use of an unsustainable present tense is not the least annoying of the book's stylistic vagaries.

Oh, if you should for a soldier go
When your years and your "pice" are few,
And 'tis Eastward Ho! by the P. and O.,
Then here is the book for you,
That Colonel A. E. STEWART has penned you,
That lately from LONGMANS came;
Why, its title alone has dreams to lend you—
Tiger and other Game.

Here all the rules of the jungle are,
In the plain words and humane,
And for cheap shikar in particular
When your leave comes round again;
Here is a master's word to guide you,
The "gup" of a man to trust;
Here's never a hint that you'll need denied you
When you make your "bundobust."

There's many a dear-loved book been bound
On the dangerous game you'd play,
But there's not to be found a stuff more sound
Than this that is yours to-day;
So follow its wisdoms wisely, keenly,
In the land where its weft was spun,
You shall sweat for your shots but shall earn 'em cleanly,
A sahib and sportsman's son.

Mr. THOMAS BURKE, of *Limehouse Nights*, has embarked upon his first long novel, which he has called by the rather pleasing title of *The Sun in Splendour* (CONSTABLE). A public-house this, at the top of Dimmerland Street, Islington, but a public-house something out of the ordinary, in so far as it houses *David Scollard*, publican and musician, his wife and two sons, one of whom is to grow into a musical composer and, like most artists in fiction, pass through a terrible time when faced by the alternative of producing good and unsaleable stuff or the popular worthless variety. The poignancy of our sorrow when his young friend *Perrinchief* insists upon piloting him into prosperity *viâ* a wonderful one-step is mitigated by the fact that *Christopher*, this serious composer, receives a cheque for over three thousand in the last chapter on account of five months' sales, which should come in very handy to help his poor father to retire from the business of licensed victualler and spend the remainder of his days in playing chamber music. But on his way to this happy conclusion Mr. BURKE has given us some fine descriptive matter and one or two good characters, and a breathless race for freedom in a high-powered motor-car chased by the police Flying Squad. That chapter gives us the cream of the book, but there is plenty of good material scattered about its pages. There is *Mrs. Villapin*, for instance, a lady who might almost have stepped out of *Martin Chuzzlewit*; and *Eric Scollard*, who is an excessively modern young man, complete with complexes; and *Arthur Giachetti*, his hero, who is an expert motor-thief, but unhappily is



ANOTHER GLIMPSE OF THE OBVIOUS.

Bo'sun (to boy). "AN' WOT'S MORE, YOU DIRTY YOUNG BLIGHTER, I DON'T NEED NONE OF YOUR CHEEK!"

seduced into exploring another avenue of the profession, with fatal results. A various and eminently readable story.

Mr. HENRY BESTON, in *The Book of Gallant Vagabonds* (WERNER LAURIE), writes with charm of half-a-dozen men whose lives strayed from the direction which their excellent pastors and masters intended for them. They are a mixed bag. JOHN LEDYARD, BELZONI and EDWARD JOHN TRELAWNEY date back some hundred to a hundred-and-fifty years. THOMAS MORTON of Merry-Mount mightily offended the Puritan settlement at Boston early in the seventeenth century. His May-day revels were dubbed "the beastlie practices of madd Bacchinalians" and his gay verses were considered to "tend to lasciviousness." Good fortune did not come bountifully to any of Mr. BESTON'S chosen six; but MORTON, to my mind, had the worst luck reserved for him. JAMES BRUCE, who was described by FANNY BURNEY as "the tallest man you ever saw gratis," belongs to the later years of the eighteenth century, and ARTHUR RIMBAUD to the end of the nineteenth. Poles apart in character as these men were, all of them had the spirit of gallant vagabondage in their veins and they refused to smother it. "The true gallant vagabond," says Mr. BESTON, "is one of the heroes of humanity, and history owes him many of her great discoveries, many of her most spirited and romantic episodes." And after reading his book I am inclined to agree cordially with him.



"SHALL WE SEND IT TO YOUR ADDRESS, SIR?"
"NO THANKS. I'LL TAKE IT IN THE CAR."
"CERTAINLY, SIR. I'LL SEND THE BOY OUT WITH IT."
"BUT I'VE GOT THE CAR HERE. I'M IN IT."

The best thing in Mrs. FRED REYNOLDS'S new novel, *Love's Echo* (LANE), is her appreciation of the qualities of a Devonshire countryside, and particularly of its trees. Indeed I should have been very enthusiastic over this if she had not sent her heroine out to paint wild hyacinths from nature in the summer. As for her story, it deals with an attractive young artist named *Aspen* (who has a devotion to trees) and her five suitors: the husband who has divorced her (innocent, of course) years ago, a farmer, a publisher, a writer, and a parson who is as poor an advertisement for religion as was ever drawn even by Miss MARIE CORELLI. It seems sometimes as though the clergy would do well to pray to be saved from their friends among the novelists. Unfortunately Mrs. REYNOLDS was not able to persuade me to care a straw which suitor *Aspen* married, and so the scheme of her story is, for me, something of a failure. As for the manner of its telling there are sometimes more present participles to the page than I ever remember to have met before, some strange punctuation and here and there a deliberate and annoying trick of repetition which seems to be modelled upon *Hiawatha*. But because she deals justly by Devonshire and yet entirely avoids the "Heaven-Devon" convention, Mrs. REYNOLDS has deserved well of her readers, and I for one am properly grateful.

It cannot be denied that, in order to provide at precisely the right moment a dead body sufficiently resembling that of SHELLEY to be accepted as his by the poet's friends and duly burned upon the funeral pyre at Spezzia, Miss ELINOR WYLIE has ridden that overworked jade Coincidence a trifle too hard. Nor is it easy to believe that a person of the SHELLEY temperament would ever have made either a particularly congenial or a particularly comfortable inhabitant of the forecastle of an American brig. None the less, in spite of these and other improbabilities, Miss WYLIE has woven in *Mortal Image* (HEINEMANN) a fantastic romance, which is as delicate as it is ingenious, around the idea of a rescued and revived SHELLEY, who, content to sink his identity and his past in those of a simple American sailor, adventures into the Wild West in search of a feminine ideal in the company of his rescuer, *David Butternut;* and the rather "precious" style in which the tale is told, as well as the mannered elegance of most of the conversations, though they take a certain amount of getting used to, prove on a closer acquaintance admirably in harmony with a quality of fairy-tale-like remoteness equally proper to the subject.

Mr. RUSSELL THORNDIKE doesn't manage to get *The Slype* (HODDER) really going till about halfway through the book, which is a story of blackmail and buried treasure. But when the author has finished fluttering about the Precincts of the Cathedral of Dullchester and given us more than enough of an incredibly precocious errand-boy and a peculiarly dull policeman, he makes up for lost time by removing from their homes two Minor Canons and a Dean, a herd of pigs, a spinster bee-keeper, an invalid benefactor of the cathedral with a dark secret and a pretty young lady. When the real villains, a local doctor and a soft-spoken Chink, and the semi-villain, the *Paper Wizard*, a mere blackmailer, have been disposed of (by the usual unconvincing methods) the ecclesiastics are returned to the bosoms of their families and the cathedral is richer by the treasure so elaborately hidden by a mediæval bishop.

Just now we have a fairly considerable number of writers who are intent upon "provoking laughter" in a dull world, and *Tommy's Uncle* (JENKINS) convinces me that Mr. C. A. ALINGTON is almost qualified to be the conductor of this philanthropic band. On the book's wrapper you may see *Tommy*, in trousers of the most immaculate, scrambling through the window of a railway-carriage, and thereby making his escape from school and an aggressively American uncle. By happy chance he fell into the plastic hands of *Mr.* and *Mrs. Sheringham*, who had no sooner heard his story than they decided that he should accompany them on their travels in France. Then *Tommy's* adventures came hot and fast, and so fertile is Mr. ALINGTON'S mind of incident that I should not be fearful if he ventured upon a novel of less hilarity and more distinction. Here he gives his readers a neat bamboozle and an ingenious climax, which is more than they always get in this *genre* of fiction.

CHARIVARIA.

A CONTEMPORARY says it is impossible for Signor MUSSOLINI to be in London and in Italy at the same time. We should never have dared to say that.

* * *

When the Adelphi is sold it is not certain that Mr. BERNARD SHAW will be regarded as an improvement under the new Leasehold Bill.

* * *

In the event of its demolition it is understood that arrangements will be made for Mr. SHAW to be carried on elsewhere.

* * *

In view of the rumours that the PRIME MINISTER and some of his colleagues in the Cabinet do not invariably see eye to eye, Lord BIRKENHEAD's allusion, at the annual luncheon of the Cigar Merchants' Association, to the crude gross palates of pipe-smokers is regarded as impolitic.

* * *

It is anticipated that Mr. BALDWIN will take an early opportunity of making a statement to the effect that Lord BIRKENHEAD'S opinions on the Havana question are not those of the Government as a whole.

* * *

In offering a special line of policemen's discarded trousers at ninepence a pair, the Manchester Watch Committee evidently anticipate that what Manchester wears to-day England will wear to-morrow.

* * *

"I always stand for the average plumber," says a correspondent in the Press. Personally we always sit down.

* * *

It has been mentioned that the official executioner receives double pay for hanging a man in Scotland. That is why most Scotsmen prefer to be executed in England.

* * *

In opposing a motion to allow Sunday golf at Keswick, which was carried, the Rev. W. E. ELLIOTT BRADLEY declared that that sort of thing was exactly what happened before the fall of the Roman Empire. Students of GIBBON are of course familiar with his description of the Plusforum.

* * *

A doctor says there is no real substitute for cow's milk. Then what has our milkman been delivering all these years?

* * *

A man aged fifty writes to a daily paper saying that he has never attended a football match in his life. He must rectify this omission. He might prove quite a useful community tenor.

* * *

A man who appeared at Leeds Assizes was said to be the father of twenty-three children. Recount demanded.

* * *

Human teeth have been dug up in America at a depth of ten feet. That's just what it seemed like when our dentist excavated our last bicuspid.

* * *

A Birmingham man who has been missing for twelve years has just returned to his wife. And to think that in another week or two he would have escaped spring-cleaning.

* * *

A correspondent in a daily paper says: "Doctors are always ramming paper-soled boots and shoes down women's throats." They ought not to do that.

* * *

"Is cremation better than burial?" asks a contemporary. In our opinion they would be equally useful in taking one's mind off the Budget.

* * *

Many dog-fanciers are finding business so slack just now that they have difficulty in keeping the Alsatian from the door.

* * *

In comparing the claims of the Venerable BEDE and the Duke of WELLINGTON to be regarded as the greatest Englishman, a correspondent of a daily paper points out that, if NAPOLEON had been successful at Waterloo, BEDE's name would have been obliterated. Historians agree that that thought was uppermost in the IRON DUKE's mind all through the battle.

* * *

The London General Omnibus Company have requested their conductors not to whistle while on duty. We understand this was found necessary as the authorities contemplated charging an Entertainment Tax.

* * *

A young New Zealander claims to have discovered the secret of perpetual motion, but it will have to be subjected to searching tests before it can be utilised for London traffic.

* * *

An American professor says that the fraying of collars is caused by a germ. That may be; but we cannot accept the theory that buttons are crunched by a microbe.

* * *

Mr. AMERY has stated that efforts to encourage the consumption of Empire fruit in Great Britain have met with great success. The only drawback, it seems, is that an imported apple a day only keeps a Colonial doctor away.

* * *

Scientists regard the frequent recurrence of earthquakes as evidence that the earth is becoming more unstable. There is a growing feeling that it may have to be abandoned.

* * *

It is stated that ginger-wine contains three times as much alcohol as beer does. We can easily believe it.

* * *

The newly-elected Mayor of Chicago declares that American boys shall not be cannon-fodder for the battle-fields of Europe. The battle-fields of Chicago come first, of course.

* * *

We are informed that it is not correct to speak of the new K.C.'s as having "taken artificial silk."

* * *

Collars with criss-cross patterns are described as being the latest idea for men's wear, but nothing is said about prizes for correct solutions.

* * *

Now that Mr. A. J. COOK has proclaimed that the gloves are off, it is understood that his new slogan is, "Not a mitten on the fist!"



DISTRESSING SCENE OUTSIDE GENERAL MANAGER'S OFFICE IN A PROVINCIAL TOWN THE DAY BEFORE THE CUP FINAL.

LIBERTY, EQUALITY, MODERNITY.

[It is proposed to extend the franchise to females of the age of twenty-one, thus removing the present political distinction between the so-called sexes.]

If on the Vote my Jean insists,
I'd let her have that harmless toy;
I'm not of those anachronists
Who still distinguish girl and boy;
Sex (as we knew it) counts no more—
It went out with the War.

You sink your cocktails like a man,
You smoke, you shave, you shear your crest;
On beauty's curves you lay a ban
And wear a flat and neutral chest;
Your sporting feet are on a scale
That challenges the male.

You dine and dance *sans chaperon*,
Heaven (and not your Mum) knows where;
You "live your own life" *en garçon*
With a serenely virile air;
Would not the Vote go well with these
Manly amenities?

If any deem your age a bar
To manhood's claim, I can't concur;
Much older than your elders are,
Did you not teach your grandmother
(Besides the art of sucking eggs)
To ventilate her legs? O. S.

BETTY'S GAME.

For five years old, I must say, Betty drives a car remarkably well. She does all the tricky bits, such as deciding when I shall hoot, keeping the engine going by rattling the door-handle, and steering with a wheel not visible to the dull eyes of grown-ups. The purely manual and unskilled part of the driving, such as working the gears and brakes and accelerator, she allows me to deal with.

One winter night Betty was driving me home after a tea with a middle-aged friend of hers, a boy of twelve. It must have been very late indeed because it was dark—in fact, it must have been close on six P.M.

Having, after ten minutes or so, got tired of driving, she proposed a game to enliven the journey.

"What game?" I said cautiously.

"Countin' lights. I'll look out vis side and you look out ve ovver, and we count lights."

"All right—er—one!" I began promptly, spotting a lighted window on my right.

"Hoo! You mustn't begin till I say 'Go'!"

I felt abashed, almost as if I had been caught cheating. There was a pause, till at last a cluster of lights swept up upon the left, whereupon Betty said "Go!" and got up to seven all in one breath. I achieved one only. Betty already has a large share of feminine honesty.

By-and-by I said "Two."

"Eight!" said Betty promptly, though her side was in darkness.

"Here," I expostulated, "that light was on my side!"

"Oh, yes, but I'm now countin' on vat side."

I lodged a formal protest, but it was ruled that anyone could count any lights on either side. I agreed meekly, though it seemed to me rather to reduce the element of competition. We then played steadily till Betty was twelve and I was five. I had not been able to reduce her lead because whenever I added one to my score Betty added it to hers as well without bothering to look for it, seeming quite disposed to trust my eyesight.

Seeing therefore that, if I wanted to do any good, I could not afford to be too rigidly honest, I counted the moon and made myself six.

"Firteen," said Betty mechanically, but added this time, "Where's vat one?"

"The moon," I said stiffly. "It's a light."

"So are ve stars," countered Betty smartly. "Fourtin! An' fiftin! An' sixtin! An' seventin! An' neightin!... What are you now? I'm meightin."

"Er—I'm still six," I said humbly, feeling myself in the presence of a master mind.

"I'm winning, ven! What comes after reightin?"

"In conventional circles, nineteen does."

"Oh, well, I'm ninetin, ven," said Betty with the air of one who adopts that figure solely for reasons of personal preference for a nicer-sounding number.

"I didn't see any light," I ventured.

"Oh, I counted vat hay-stack."

"Are you *allowed* to count hay-stacks?" I asked.

"Of course I am. You can, too, p'raps," she conceded graciously.

We settled down to wait eagerly for haystacks, moons, stars or lights to loom up in the darkness.

After a long wait of nearly forty-five seconds, Betty made a new rule, apparently by way of brisking the game up a bit.

"We can count anyfing now," she conceded.

I instantly counted two hedges, one on each side, and made myself eight. When Betty added them in too, I protested:—

"Here—I counted them first. They 're the same hedges."

"No, vey 're not."

Followed an intensive debate on when is a hedge not the same hedge. In the middle of it Betty saw a light and counted three for it because it was a bright light. I felt I was a mug not to have thought of that myself; but I promptly counted two ditches and three patches of grass. Betty wanted to know which patches, but while I was trying to point them out in the receding landscape she scored three more for the two headlights and the rear light of the car. Our scores were then thirteen to me and fifteen to Betty. Her reduced figure was due to an unfortunate impression that eleven came after twenty.

We at length reached our own village, with Betty at nineteen and myself at eighteen. Then I rose rapidly.

"Nineteen! Twenty! Twenty-one! Twenty-two! Twenty-three! Twenty-four! Twenty-five!" I counted out loud. "I'm twenty-five, twenty-five! What are you?"

"Twenty-six," said Betty coolly, who had forgotten her own score but knew that twenty-six was better than twenty-five.

I concealed my annoyance at this new style of play of hers and ran rapidly up to thirty-one.

"Firty-two," said Betty.

I saw her, and raised her to thirty-four.

"Firty-five," said Betty, and I began to suspect her of being a poker-player.

"Thirty-seven," I said in desperation as we approached home.

"Firty-eight," remarked Betty, adding rapidly and for no visible reason as we turned in at the gate, "Firty-nine! Forty-nine! Fifty-nine! Sixty-nine! Seventy-nine!"

This was too much for me. I told myself that I *would* win. I surveyed our orchard and the neighbouring wood, containing at least a hundred trees, and mentally made myself a hundred-and-thirty-seven as we stopped outside the garage.

"Game's over," I said. "What are you?"

"I'm meighty-free," announced Betty, *splendide mendax*. "What are you?"

"Oh, I'm a hundred-and-thirty-seven," I said casually.

"Oh, well," said Betty, "I fink I'll be vat instead of you, and you can be my eighty-free. So I've won. What's the prize goin' to be?" A. A.

"The bright and warm weather of yesterday are likely to prove short-lived (writes 'The ——' Weather Correspondent)."—*Daily Paper.*

Whatever may be predicted of it, our weather is always singular, never plural.



THE WORKMAN'S CHARTER.

TRADE UNION AGITATOR. "I CALL THAT A PIECE OF CLASS LEGISLATION."

WORKMAN. "I AGREE. IT PROTECTS MY CLASS AGAINST INTIMIDATION, AGAINST A COMPULSORY POLITICAL LEVY AND AGAINST A COMBINED STRIKE. IN FACT IT PROTECTS MY CLASS AGAINST YOURS."



Mother. "'E was quite a good lad, Sir, till 'e come under the influence o' Moscow."

SIMPLIFYING SHAKESPEARE.

We had decided to do *The Merchant of Venice* for our next village show, and we were debating of our present stock of costumes.

"*Bassanio* must have a couple," I said.

"Why?" asked Angela.

"He's got to turn up at Belmont in style. It would never do for him to be wearing the same clothes as in the First Act."

"Why not?" asked Angela. "You could easily put in a line making him apologise to *Portia* for coming in his old clothes. She wouldn't mind; and besides people always alter Shakespeare—it isn't as if it were Shaw."

"But, my dear girl," I said, "that isn't the point. Why do you suppose that *Bassanio* borrowed three thousand ducats from *Shylock* in the First Act?"

"Because he was hard up. I sympathise with him."

"Not at all. He borrowed them to pay for a nice new suit in which to go to Belmont."

"Surely he could have got that without paying for it?"

"*Bassanio* couldn't. He hadn't paid his tailor for years, and his credit was *nil*."

"He wasn't much of a catch for *Portia*, then."

"That didn't matter; *Portia* was richly left."

"*Portia* was what?"

"Richly left—

> 'In Belmont is a lady richly left;
> And she is fair and, fairer than that word,
> Of wondrous virtues: sometimes from her eyes . . . .'"

"Never mind her eyes," said Angela; "it was her money that *Bassanio* was after. I can't think why *Portia* didn't see through him. Anyhow he can only have one suit of clothes."

"But it will spoil the whole——"

"I can't help that," said Angela. "We shall have quite enough things to make as it is, and if *Bassanio* doesn't like it he can——"

"But it isn't him I'm thinking about," I explained patiently. "It's the play. If *Bassanio* doesn't arrive at Belmont dressed in the very height of fashion, the whole point of the borrowing scene is gone."

"Is that all he wanted the money for?" asked Angela.

"Practically. It's all that shows on the stage, anyway. I expect he wanted some for his fare to Belmont and so on, but that isn't mentioned."

"It seems a lot."

"I expect travelling was dearer in those days, and of course he'd want to be wearing the sort of clothes which would make the most favourable impression on *Portia*."

"But *Portia* had nothing to do with it. She had to marry the man who chose the right casket, whether he was dressed in cloth-of-gold or sackcloth and ashes. *Bassanio* was doing it out of pure swagger, and I don't think he ought to be encouraged. If he had been really in love with *Portia* he needn't have borrowed a penny."

"Oh, I don't know. There would probably be a good deal of tipping to do at Belmont."

"Then you had better explain it that way. *Bassanio* can come in his old clothes and walk round all *Portia's* servants saying, 'Here's a thousand ducats for you, my good man.' Then he can say to *Portia*, 'I would have got some new clothes, only I knew I should have to tip all your servants very hand-

somely and I wanted all my loose change for that.'"

"I'm afraid that won't do at all," I said. "You simply *must* let the audience see some return for those three thousand ducats, and the only way is to let *Bassanio* turn up in velvet and cloth-of-gold, hung all over with jewels."

"I call that vulgar display," said Angela.

"They looked at things differently in those days, particularly in Venice," I said.

"In that case there is only one thing to do," said Angela. "Cut out the borrowing scene altogether."

"You mean not have *Antonio* borrow three thousand ducats from *Shylock* at all?"

"No," said Angela. "It would save an awful lot of trouble."

Well, of course Angela is quite right; it *would* save an *awful* lot of trouble. *Antonio*, for instance, would be spared a great deal of mental worry—about his bond, and *Shylock* would emerge from the play, if he ever got into it, as a much more lovable character than he is at present. Then all that difficult business of the trial scene wouldn't be necessary, and of course, if *Portia* didn't save *Antonio's* life at the trial, she'd have no occasion to ge back the ring which she had given to *Bassanio*, and the bit of bother at the end of the play need not occur.

Alternatively we might do *Macbeth* and omit the witches and the murder of *Duncan*. That would save an awful lot of trouble too. I wonder whether the idea ever occurred to Miss Sybil Thorndyke.

L. du G.

BIRD-LIFE IN SPRING.

(*By our Nature Correspondent.*)

Ere the first note of the cuckoo is heard or even the letters about that bird's arrival are printed in the newspapers, we have with us one of the earliest of the feathered tribe to greet the spring—the sparrow.

Nature has given to this tiny creature a method of progress when on the ground that makes it easily distinguishable from the emu, the Buff Orpington and the penguin. The sparrow may be recognised by its hop, as it goes up and down the rows of sprouting peas and in and out of the crocus-beds, cleverly avoiding the nets in its progress.

The sparrow-lover who takes some pains may easily study the ways of this denizen of our gardens. A good method is to rake over the bare patches of the lawn, sow grass-seed, cover the seed with earth and then roll lightly. Above these patches may then be stretched a network of black cotton, and rags and pieces of bright tin may be hung near by in such a way as to allow them to flutter and flash in the breeze.

Having done this, the sparrow-lover should rise next morning at dawn and peep through his bedroom window, if he would behold perhaps one of the most charming sights in the whole range of British bird-life. There on the lawn will be seen assembled dozens of the merry little rascals, full of vigour on this glad Spring morning, busy knocking aside the coverings of earth with their tiny beaks and disclosing the seed, which they peck daintily yet swiftly. It is fascinating to observe how cunningly they make their way among the cotton strands and with what delight they regard the movements of the rags and tins.

Lest it may seem unkind to arrange black cotton over the lawn, because of the possibility of some little visitor catching wing or foot in it and so coming to grief, let me explain that this cotton serves to prevent the sudden approach of any cat that may be prowling near. For the cat, perhaps, is even more fond of the sparrow than is the most enthusiastic gardener.



American (by way of impressing Art Dealer). "I have in my collection some poifect pictures. Yes, Sir, and one of the largest miniatures in the woild."

THE BRUTAL EDITOR.

February 24th.

Miss Sophia Tinnivox begs to enclose an original poem of her own composition entitled "The Triumph of Spring," which she hopes the Editor of *The Dewshire Advertiser and Farmers' Budget* will find suitable for publication in the Poets' Corner of his admirable and widely-read journal.

March 3rd.

The Editor of *The Dewshire Advertiser* presents his compliments and regrets that he is unable to accept the enclosed contribution.

Too long.

March 7th.

Miss Sophia Tinnivox begs to thank the Editor of *The Dewshire Advertiser and Farmers' Budget* for his note, from the manuscript addition to which she ventures to surmise that her poem, "The Triumph of Spring," might have been favourably considered but for the fact that (doubtless owing to unavoidable limitations of space) its length was deemed too great.

While unable to disguise her opinion that the poem must suffer materially from such drastic abridgment, she has nevertheless reduced it to exactly one-third of its original length, and now returns it in the hope that in its shortened form it may prove acceptable.

THE TRIUMPH OF SPRING.

A Poem.

BY SOPHIA TINNIVOX.

Lo! Spring, with train of golden days,
Makes earth a heaven and life a song,
As softly thro' the flower-strewn ways
The scented breezes steal along.

A King by day, he walks in pride
With coronet of sunlight crowned;
His throne of glittering cloud enskied,
His jewels, daisies on the ground.

His consort is the Queen of Night,
On whose white robes the starshine plays,
While the pale moon's entrancing light
Makes silver all the woodland ways.

March 24th.

Miss Sophia Tinnivox desires to call the attention of the Editor of *The Dewshire Advertiser and Farmers' Budget* to the fact that she has received no reply to her communication of March 7th, although a stamped and addressed envelope was forwarded with it. A second envelope is now enclosed.

April 1st.

DEAR MADAM,—I think I can now find room for your verses in our "Poets' Corner." I should make it clear that no payment can be given for contributions to this feature of *The Advertiser*.

Yours faithfully, A. CLUBB, *Editor.*

April 2nd.

Miss Sophia Tinnivox is much gratified to learn that her poem, "The Triumph of Spring," has been accepted for publication and *quite* understands that no payment is to be expected. She will be exceedingly grateful if the Editor will be good enough to let her know when the poem will appear, for which purpose she encloses a stamped and addressed envelope.

June 3rd.

Miss Sophia Tinnivox presents her compliments to the Editor of *The Dewshire Advertiser and Farmers' Budget* and is rather surprised and hurt that her poem, "The Triumph of Spring," has not yet been published.

She will be glad to know when it is likely to be printed. A stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

June 20th.

DEAR MADAM,—I regret I can find no trace of your verses. Perhaps you can send me a copy.

Yours faithfully, A. CLUBB, *Editor.*

June 21st.

Miss Sophia Tinnivox encloses a copy of "The Triumph of Spring" as requested, and desires to express the earnest hope that it will be printed at a very early date.

July 29th.

Miss Sophia Tinnivox is greatly concerned to find that her poem, "The Triumph of Spring" has not *yet* appeared in *The Dewshire Advertiser and Farmers' Budget*, and would like to receive some information on the subject from the Editor.

August 9th.

The Editor begs to acknowledge the receipt of Miss Tinnivox's letter of the 29th ult., which shall receive attention.

September 27th.

Miss Sophia Tinnivox suggests that, since the Editor of *The Dewshire Advertiser and Farmers' Budget* appears unable or unwilling to publish her poem, he should return the MS. to her. A further stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

October 21st.

DEAR MADAM,—"The Triumph of Spring" will appear in our "Poets' Corner" on November 4th.

Yours faithfully, A. CLUBB, *Editor.*

October 24th.

Miss Sophia Tinnivox, while pleased to learn that her poem is at last to be published, considers that in its original form it is *most* unsuitable for publication in *November*. She has accordingly, with some difficulty and in haste, revised it and altered its title to "The Lament of Autumn" in order to make it more seasonable. The revised poem and a stamped and addressed envelope are enclosed.

In view of its importance an early acknowledgment of this communication would be welcomed.

THE LAMENT OF AUTUMN.

A Poem.

BY SOPHIA TINNIVOX.

Lo! Autumn in these misty days
Lifts up her melancholy song,
As bleakly thro' the leaf-strewn ways
The mournful breezes steal along.

Now gone is Summer in his pride,
With coronet of sunlight crowned;
His glittering throne of cloud enskied
Gone like the daisies on the ground.

Now sadly thro' the murky night
A fitful gleam of starshine plays,
And weakly does the moon's pale light
Illuminate the woodland ways.

October 26th.

The Editor begs to acknowledge the receipt of Miss Tinnivox's letter of the 24th instant, which shall receive attention.

October 27th to November 2nd.

. . . By the way, you may possibly be interested to know that a little poem of mine, entitled "The Lament of Autumn," will appear in *The Dewshire Advertiser and Farmers' Budget* of November 4th. (*From letters to twenty-seven of the author's acquaintances*).

Urgent. *October 27th.*

Miss Sophia Tinnivox will be obliged if Mr. Newser will supply her with thirty-six additional copies of *The Dewshire Advertiser and Farmers' Budget* of November 4th next.

* * * * *

The Poets' Corner of "The Dewshire Advertiser, etc.," of November 4th.

THE TRIUMPH OF SPRING.

Lo! Spring, with train of golden days,
Makes silver all the woodland ways.

S. TINNIVOX.

Commercial Candour.

An Indian dealer's announcement:—

"The price of —— Lamps is according to the quality. THE LOWEST."

"The United States . . . is the largest consumer of tin . . . and if the motor-car industry continues to expand . . . the quantity of tin required must relatively increase."

Daily Paper.

We fear that the "tin Lizzie" joke will gain a new lease of life.

"But when the morn had come I swiftly rose
And sought a wood with mossy banks and steep,
And found, unruffled by the boisterous night,
The first pale primrose laughing at my feet."

—— *Magazine.*

Rather rude of it; what was the matter with them?



Parishioner. "YER SEE, SIR, MY 'USBAND 'AD A KIND OF A PARALLEL STROKE, AN' SINCE THEN I'VE FOUND IT VERY DIFFICULT TO MAKE BOTH ENDS MEET."

COLOUR-SONGS.

IV.—THE SILVER SHIP.

I WATCHED a silver ship in floods of moonshine
  Sailing the smooth square dining-table sea;
Around the coasts I saw each fork and spoon shine
  Like gangways placed in waiting on a quay.

Of chocolate was all her costly cargo,
  In silver wrapped that it might take no hurt
Until released from Custom's strict embargo
  When she should reach Dessert.

Small loaded silver dinghies swam around her;
  A sugar-castor lighthouse kept the rocks
Lest she should strike a mustard-pot and founder,
  Or splinter on a silver biscuit-box.

When Port was reached I saw that ship unladen;
  By eager hands her decks and holds were cleared
And searched by many a silver-spangled maiden
  Till all her silver freight had disappeared.

And when the feast had vanished from the long room,
  And lighthouse, rocks and boats were put away,
She made the sheltered dry-dock in the strong-room,
  To lie secure until another day.

"Mr. Hannon pointed out that no Government based upon Socialistic principles, and taking Martian views of the distribution of wealth, could ever be accepted by thoughtful and sensible people."
Provincial Paper.

Socialists looked to another country when they adopted the views of KARL MARX. Is it possible that they are now turning their eyes to another planet?

LONDON'S ICE.

TIMES are not what they were. It is a subject of frequent comment in the daily Press. Seneschals, linkmen, halberdiers, the Star Chamber, toll-gates on the turnpikes, the old horse-buses in Piccadilly—all of them have departed, never to return.

Where is the Long Bar at the Cri? I don't know. I haven't got it.

The PRIME MINISTER himself complained some time ago that the picturesque old Tudor cottages of England were falling into disrepair. I feel certain that he is right about this, for I went to see one last week. I thought I would buy it. The agent had stated that it had a comfortable lounge-hall with exposed oak beams and a staircase leading to bedrooms of old-world charm. It was dark in the lounge-hall. There was an exposed oak beam on the ceiling of it, about five feet eight inches from the floor. I noticed this at once. The hall itself was about eight feet square. I came to the conclusion that either the agent was a very small man or else he did not know much about lounging. I went up to look at the bedrooms, and found that their old-world charm was derived mainly from the slope of the floor. Obviously one would have to have a good hand-brake on the bedcastors or one would be always running down and banging into the wall.

But this by the way. Nobody can help deploring the loss of the good old times: the decay of ruffles and perukes, three-bottle men, tallow-candles and the music-hall songs of '75. Now and then, maybe, I find this sentiment a little overdone, and when a very old man at the club leans forward and says to me solemnly, "Now, tell me this, my friend: How often to-day can one hear the clip-clop of the hansom horse's hoofs sounding merrily over the asphalt of Eaton Square?" I reply rather brusquely, "Probably the waiter can tell you, Sir. Shall I ring and ask him?"

But undoubtedly times do change . . .

My own inmost feeling is that nothing sets apart the England of to-day from the England of long ago so much as the lamentable disappearance of our ancient heritage of ice. Ice has largely helped to make England what she is, and it is for lack of ice that so many young people go abroad, like the flies, in the winter-time. Wearing white robes, QUEEN MATILDA escaped from Oxford on the frozen Thames in 1146, whereas in 1927 she would have only got a wetting and a nasty chill on the chest.

Gay revels on the river-ice were part of the great pageant of our mediæval history. The oxen, on which England



GAY TIMES ON THE THAMES—1715.

fed, were in those days roasted whole on the ice of the Thames. To-day they are frozen whole beneath the Argentine sun. There was a London fair on the ice in the winter of 1683-84. You can see a model of it in the London Museum. There was another in 1688-89, and another in 1715-16. JOHN GAY wrote a poem about it. When the ice began to break an old apple-woman was caught in it and a sheet of ice cut her head off, so that it went bouncing along the surface of the flood. This amused JOHN GAY very much. It does seem rather bright.

Up to the end of the old coaching days

there was still plenty of ice in England, and scenes of hearty merriment were enacted on skates by the Christmas party at Dingley Dell. Even in my own childhood I can remember earnest mornings, with red hands, by the rugged brink of a frozen canal. My skating instructor was a chair, which was probably the reason why I never learnt any real style. We screwed the skates into the heels of our boots in those days, and, if one walked to the canal in the same pair of boots, the screw-hole was found to be stopped up with mud and had to be poked out with a pin. Grand days!

Not a doubt of it, a survey of English history since the glacial epoch shows one long process of decline. Old stagers can remember the water being frozen in their water-jugs, even in June, my boy, whereas now there is never enough ice to make the water hazard safe for 18-handicap men in the middle of December. The raw material is simply non-existent. The whole great industry which was based upon it has fallen into decay. Amongst all the ranks of manual labour in England the ice-sweepers and skate-strappers have the weakest trade union and are least liable to be found on strike.

Sometimes there is a rumour in the morning that a shallow pond has been frozen over, or that the great Fen races are about to be held on Cowbit Marsh. Instantly all England is agog, and the men who make a livelihood of ice begin to take heart and fetch out their old brooms and chairs from the cupboards where they have long been mouldering.

But by noon a thaw has set in and the miserable spectacle is seen of Englishmen who were apprenticed and trained as ice-sweepers walking about the streets in the hope of selling fly-papers and small ferns in pots. The skaters, who have dashed off to the nearest piece of ornamental water, find it surrounded by policemen and placarded with notices saying that the ice will not bear, and that a penalty of five pounds will be imposed for trespassing on it. It seems to me that the right of an Englishman to step upon ice that will not bear has never been properly upheld. Free to walk into water and wet his trousers, free to skate on firm ice, if it ever lasted long enough to bear him, he is not permitted to wade about and amuse himself in a mixture of thin ice and water, which by rights should be free to all. Since when has thin ice become a perquisite of the L.C.C.? But this is a matter for a question in the House when I can get some private Member to take it up.



THE ICE CLUB, 1927.
THE CONTINENTAL MANNER.

The fact remains that, if a few public-spirited persons during the last thirty years had not been found to create artificial ice-rinks, a skate in England would be as useless as a sedan-chair. Men might hang up an old pair of skates with their grandfather's sword or beside the warming-pan. But to use the things they had to go to Switzerland and put money into the foreigner's hands. So far as London was concerned, the collapse of Prince's meant that there was no ice in London whatever, except the one after the bird.



THE ICE CLUB, 1927.
THE STATELIER ENGLISH METHOD.

All honour then to the Ice Club at Grosvenor Road, which removes from us the stigma of living in a frankly un-iced metropolis.

The wonder of it is that in these decadent times, even allowing for frequent visits abroad, so many English people can frolic on the frozen surface with so much abandon and grace. For two hours I watched to see somebody fall down really hard, and only saw it once. The divot made by his head was instantly replaced by liveried attendants, and all went on as before. One might watch the Continental manner, with a downcast mien and calf flung wide, or the statelier English method, with the unemployed leg carried quietly in the rear. Nay, more, there were wonderful waltzers. One could write a poem about them:—

I rather think
It must be nice
To waltz on ice
On a skating-rink,
With an easy glide
Both back and fro—
But I have not tried,
So I do not know.

I should be unable to do them justice, however; I will merely point out that the waltz, for some reason or other, seems to be more suitable for skating than the Charleston or even the Black Morass.

The ice at the Ice Club appears to be very good ice. It is hard, cold, thoroughly reliable, and does the greatest credit to the manufacturers. I don't know where you could get a better quality of ice in these days. Not only does it remind me of the old ice of twenty years ago, but it has a smoother finish and texture. Scores of gratified users, some more and some less gracefully, testified to its irresistible appeal. There was one in green and one in black—however, this is not a moment for making confessions.

Coming out, I went down and took a glance at the Thames. It was flowing along as usual.

On the whole I am inclined to think that there is a good deal to be said for these modern scientific methods of amusing ourselves. I doubt if the L.C.C. would ever get the Thames as smooth and hard as the rink at Grosvenor Road.

EVOE.

INERTIA PRÆCOX.

AT the head of the stairs which lead from the saloon to the lounge on B Deck there hang the notice-boards. And on one of these, each smiling morn, they put the Wireless News (British Official), so that one loafs up contented from breakfast, ready for a whole day with nothing to worry about and nothing to do, and is plunged straight into a world cataclysm.

One morning, towards the close of the voyage, there appeared upon the board the usual scrappy information, as follows:—

TO-DAY'S NEWS.

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

The position up the Yang Tse is easier, but in diplomatic circles at Peking no attempt is being made to deny that there are elements of gravity in the situation which it would be idle to ignore. . . . Bishop Anstruther is safe on the *Gnat*. Yesterday being the festival of Ling Ho, the armies manœuvring before Shanghai ceased hostilities and Cantonese troops fraternised freely with Northern forces till sundown, when battle was resumed on all fronts.

Lord OXFORD at Manchester said reported intention of CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to raise Income Tax by ninepence was an act of folly unparalleled in financial history of Great Britain, though not without ample precedent in the record of that energetic but unfortunate statesman. Professor KOCH of Pasteur Institute at Prague, after prolonged series investigations, announces discovery vitamins are dangerous to health and present excessive consumption of fruit a source of peril to human race. Continuing, Lord OXFORD said he would never be a party to Government measure for reform Trade Unions, remarking that it was a dish incautiously prepared, disagreeable to the taste and impossible of digestion. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE at Swansea said the day was not far distant when Liberal Party would nail flag of Prohibition to mast.

Serious outbreak of *inertia præcox* in Southern Counties, nine more cases reported from Petersfield. Minister of Agriculture has prohibited movement of cattle and vegetables; strict examination for carriers at sea-ports; feared University Boat Race may be postponed owing five cases in Oxford crew.

Yes, the date, typed boldly at the top, was April 1st. The whole vessel was buzzing with April foolery; shoes put out to clean had been mixed up, almost every passenger had received a bogus radio message at breakfast, and even the menu was printed the wrong way round, with curious breakfast dishes, such as Leg of Mutton and Chelsea Buns, in the forefront. (In the warmer latitudes one can just endure fun at breakfast-time.) Yet they came out from this hilarious meal and lapped up the above "news" as solemnly as if they had seen Mr. BALDWIN write it with his own hand.

I would not rub it in; nor would I ever gloat with pride over a practical joke, however successful. I mention this matter only because it suggests reflections of a profound and disturbing character.

The original wicked impulse came from George, I need not say. But George's draft "News" was both too funny and too frightful, bristling with earthquakes and tidal waves. So, remembering Father KNOX's unfortunate experience with the B.B.C., I toned it down to a pitch more plausible and mild—as above.

And, so far as I know, not one man or woman who read that "News" smelt the tiniest rat. No one was frightened, I am glad to say, but also no one was even surprised. And for anybody connected, as I am, with the Press this must be a terrible thought.

For it seems, mind you, that people swallow this kind of junk like milk. All the morning I heard mutterings about the income-tax and the ninepence. This naturally was the topic most likely to catch and hold the attention of a Britisher. But one by one every other little item came to roost. Colonel —— was worried about Prohibition, and wouldn't be at all surprised if one of these days . . . Sitting on the hatch, where the great bunch of bananas hangs, just brought from the hold, Mrs. —— said that she was going to deny herself her morning banana because of this talk about not eating too much fruit. And dear Miss —— said she had seen something of that kind too, she couldn't remember where, so she did a Lent on the banana too.

But brightest and best was *inertia præcox*. Mrs. —— had noticed the passage about "strict examination for carriers at sea-ports," and saw herself detained in some kind of Ellis Island on suspicion of bringing back *inertia præcox* from the West Indies, and she asked the First Officer if he thought she would be kept long, because if she was kept long she would miss her through connection to Carlisle. And the First Officer, I am told, obligingly went to the Doctor and asked him if he knew anything about *inertia præcox*. And the Doctor (I have had this sworn in evidence before me) replied that he had of course read about the disease, which was uncommon but sometimes broke out in ships at sea.

After the magic hour of noon, relenting, we told such friends as we happened to meet in the smoking-room, the sun at that time being well over the yard-arm, that the news was not so serious as it seemed; and we supposed that this glad intelligence would circulate as freely as the fake. But, as others have discovered, it is much easier to give birth to a myth than to destroy it. At tea-time Mrs. —— was still keeping off the fruit and wondering whether she should have her orange-juice as usual next morning. And Mrs. —— had *Bradshaw* out to see what was to be done if she should miss the 12.2.

The next evening, about six, we were waiting for the result of the Boat-race to come in, and discussing the subject with a bright young couple named X. And Mr. X. said, "Well, I shouldn't be surprised if there wasn't a race at all." I said, "Why?" Mr. X. said, "Well, half the Oxford crew's got pyrexia or something; didn't you see?" I said, "You don't say!" and George laughed loudly in his offensive way. It took me quite a little time to restore the Oxford crew to health.

But enough of this mean gloating—though indeed I am not gloating, but rather wincing in my tender soul. For, if thirty or forty intelligent first-class



"YES 'M, DARESAY I COULD 'AVE ROSE TO BE CAPTAIN OF A OCEAN LINER, BUT THEN THERE'S THE RISK OF 'AVIN' TO GO DOWN WITH THE SHIP IF SHE SINKS."

SPRING SUITINGS.

Of course those super-fitting walking-suits—



LOOK AWFULLY NICE.



But have you ever tried the effect of a cigar-case—



A tobacco-pouch—



SIX HAM-SANDWICHES—



TWO BANBURY CAKES—



A DOUGHNUT—



THREE BANANAS—



A PACKET OF CHOCOLATE—



AND AN ORANGE?



Angry Farmer. "ONLY ONE TRUSS CUT THE WHOLE AFTERNOON! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU 'BE PLAYING AT?"
Farm Hand. "I BE PLAYIN' 'IDE-AN'-SEEK WITH T' OLD BULL. 'E 'AVE A-GOTTEN OUT—AN' IF THOU BIDES THERE LONG THOU 'LL BE PLAYIN' TOO."

passengers can solemnly read of a scientific discovery that *vitamins are dangerous to health* and suspect nothing, then to what an abyss has the human intelligence descended! We knew before that Science and Medicine could put almost anything across us, if they cared, but now we know that there is no limit. They may announce that the human stomach is imaginary, that stones are digestible, that babies grow better if kept in cages upside down, and we shall all believe it. To what purpose do we spend these millions on education if the best-educated men and women find nothing out of the way in the assertion that five of the Oxford crew are down with *inertia præcox*? What hopes have we of Democracy, of Art and Literature after this awful exhibition of the critical faculty of the average citizen? And what, oh, what a humiliation for the public Press, that still fondly strives to choose its words and write down nothing but the True and the Good! Shall we still worry and sigh and rub out when to all appearances it matters not what words we use? No.

Indeed there are not many writers left who do. I have read recently one or two works by a popular author of detective fiction. He sells so many of his books that I fancy it is no longer necessary for him to write his books. I can only imagine that they are mass-produced by a number of typists writing a chapter each in different rooms, and that the chapters are then tacked together haphazard, as in the game called "Consequences." What need for him to correct his proofs? The hero will be called Carruthers on page two and Cartwright on page twenty; the eyes of the heroine change with startling rapidity from violet to hazel, from hazel to blue. What matter? *You* do not mind; you lap it up. And do I blame you? No. You have been reading the daily newspapers for many years; you are accustomed every day of your life to read about extraordinary events recorded in extraordinary language; and you do not expect anything else. The one hope for civilisation that I can see is the rigorous suppression of every form of news; and the best thing for you is to confine your reading to some sober weekly which excludes almost completely that corrupting class of information.

Deep down, I fancy, you are dumbly craving for something finer and nobler; you are not a hopeless case since you have read to the end of this admirable article. But even you, I believe, would have been had by *inertia præcox*. Indeed I believe you were. A. P. H.

Business as usual in Shanghai.

As an antidote to some of the news now reaching home from the Far East a correspondent sends us the following missive recently received from a local firm of caterers:—

"Shanghai, 24 Day 12th noon.

DEAR MISSUS,—We hereby request to information all honourable ladies with large number eating people in house of our new concern.

Beef from No. 1 fed Cows.
Pork from white foreign pig, body very clean and chow fresh good food.
Mutton, No. 1 quality, does not smell of the tale.
Tougnes, fresh and salt, not to long.
Ox tales, no so tough & large, no plenty hair on end.
Cow and pig stomachs, this very good foreign chow if make clean.
Fish, every kind & quality in Season, that can catch.
Fresh vegetables & otherwise in Season.

Plenty more good things to chow on our counters so please you ride motor-car come chop-chop. Very cheap, very nice, very good, very clean our shop.

Dear Missus, Your obediently,
BARGAIN BUTCHERY."

From "Answers to Correspondents" in a sporting paper:—

"CARDS.—*Nemo.* A pre-eruptive bid of three hearts suggests weakness in spades."

And also, perhaps, that "Nemo's" partner has an explosive temper.

SOME OF OUR CONQUERORS.

Vera's graceful fingers indulged in a brief and hectic dance on the piano keys, and then without warning suddenly slowed down to a performance which I can only liken to the disconsolate pecking of a very sick hen on an empty tin-can. To this profoundly depressing accompaniment she recited rather than sang:—

"Ah 'm lonely,
So lonely,
But only,
Only
Because Ah 'm without you;
For
About you,
All about you,
Ah wanna be, Ah wanna be,
Jus' me
An' you.
That 's why,
Oh, my!
That 's why
Ah cry
Ah wanna be, Ah wanna be
About you,
All about you,
Jus' you
An' me."

"Well," she said brightly as she swung round, "what do you think of *that*?"

"It sounds familiar," I replied cautiously, "but I can't quite place it."

"Familiar!" she cried, horrified. "Why, it 's from *Whoosh Bang!*"

"And what is that?" I asked. "It sounds like an undergraduates' magazine."

"My dear uncle," said Vera sternly, "don't be so foully patriarchal. *Whoosh Bang* is the musical play that 's driving New York *raving* mad this very minute. It 's so new that it hasn't been produced in this country."

"Good!" I said.

She twirled back. "Listen to this," she commanded.

The words she sang, so far as I could understand them, were as follows:—

"Susie went to Jericho:
Her friends had often told her to go,
And so
Susie went to Jericho,
And rubbered and nearly blubbered
At the sights of Jericho."

But it sounded something like this (the stars represent pauses so abrupt that they can only be described as violent):—

"Susiewent • to • Jerichoherfriendshaaaad • oftentoldherto • go • aaaaandsoSusiewent • to • Jerichoandrubberedaaaaand • nearly blubbered-atthesights • of • Jericho."

"Well?" she queried again.

"As it has not been produced in England," I said, "I suppose it doesn't really matter."

"Oh, but it 's going to be. With a full American cast too. *And* you 've got to take me on the first night. It 's wonderful. Listen to this:—

"'It 's rum, it 's bum, but come and hum
This lil' song;
For say, you jay, it 's gay, this lay,
This lil' song.
Yep, bo, you know, it 's sho' to go,
This lil' song;
So come and hum and strum and drum
This lil' song.'

"Isn't that just too catchy?" she cried joyously. "And *clever*?"

"Is it?" I said. "Well, if you really wish me to take you to a musical play I think I 'd prefer to book seats for something English."

"Oh, my dear fossilised uncle!" she shrieked. "You don't suppose you could possibly get anything English like this on the stage to-day. No producer will look at anything or even smell it unless it comes from America. And quite right too. The Americans can beat us on their heads at this kind of thing. They 've got us whacked, conquered, hopelessly licked." She paused for breath, but found it before I could speak.

"Then," she went on, "there 's a demonstration in *Whoosh Bang* of the very newest dance, which we simply must see. It 's called 'Dirty Knees,' and represents an old negro suffering from rheumatoid arthritis who is standing in a bowl of boiling water trying to wash his knees with one hand and grab a towel just out of reach with the other. Now, *could* any Englishman ever have thought of that?"

"I hope not," I said.



Keen Young Salesman (steeped in the phraseology of the publicity experts). "Statistics have proved, Sir, that this handkerchief gives more nose-joy to the square inch than any other make."



THE MAN WHO BOUGHT A RUG AT MONTE CARLO.

TO JAMES, IN CHINA.

[An opponent of the policy of despatching troops for the protection of British lives in the Far East is reported to have declared that there are only about seventeen thousand British subjects in China, most of whom are shady characters, who, by their oppression of their Chinese employees, especially children, may be regarded as richly deserving all they are likely to get. The following lines are addressed to one of the seventeen thousand.]

WHEN by the pleasant Cam, dear James, we tarried
(You kept, I recollect, on Staircase D)
You to the antique Muse were fondly married,
Hoping to take a Classical degree;
And I regarded you, to tell the truth,
As just a kindly inoffensive youth.

Greek epigrams were then your favourite pastime,
Though you 'd unbend to share our simple fun;
Your gyp wept when you tipped him for the last time;
The college porter loved you like a son;
And often it was said there 'd never been
A man who gave less trouble to the Dean.

And when, lured by the Orient's strange glamour,
You left the Cam to seek the broad Yangtse,
You still were faithful to your early *amour*,
Taking with you the Greek Anthology;
So wise a youth, we thought, would greatly please
The learned philosophical Chinese.

Alas! James, what unhappy transformation
Has changed you from the harmless lad you were?
With pain I read the bitter accusation
That dubs you now a "shady character,"
Of whom one ardent patriot demands
A righteous Government should wash its hands.

How could you so oppress the mild Celestial
With avaricious and satanic zeal,
Or form the habit, inhumane and bestial,
Of breaking infants on your ruthless wheel—
You who would weep to see, in former days,
A kitchen-boy o'er-burdened with his trays?

What vile means, James, have you employed to make fast
Your brutal grasp on those Far Eastern climes?
Do you consume strong cocktails for your breakfast
To nerve you to unmentionable crimes?
You really weren't that sort of man at all
When I drank coffee with you after Hall.

* * * * *

You might be moved to call this charge fantastic,
The product of a judgment scarcely ripe,
A sense of truth decidedly elastic,
Pure poppycock or, less politely, tripe
Broadcast to save a red embarrassed face.
I wonder, James, if such can be the case? C. L. M.

"Some may have noticed, and many may have heard, that the church ceiling collapsed on February 26th. We do not know who to blame for this except the rain. No rumours of any farmers from the parish having gone to church have reached our ears so far. However, this has been mended; now we must look to our spouting, which badly needs attention."—*Parish Magazine.*

With an improvement in the oratorical department, perhaps the farmers would be attracted.



THE BROKEN-HEARTED HIGHWAYMAN.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. "BELIEVE ME, SIR, THIS HURTS ME MORE THAN IT HURTS YOU. FOR BOTH OUR SAKES I HAD HOPED TO LET YOU OFF MORE LIGHTLY THIS TIME; BUT THE COAL STOPPAGE HAS LEFT ME NO CHOICE."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, April 4th.—A black Monday, as far as the House of Commons was concerned. There were questions about trouble in Upper Burmah, trouble at Khangpur, trouble at Singapore, trouble at Melilla, Morocco, where a British sea-captain was arrested under circumstances still to be disclosed, and trouble—any quantity of it—in China.

Possibly the one bit of new and interesting information provided by the FOREIGN SECRETARY was that two Chinese Governments, a Communist Government and a Nationalist Government, had been "more or less set up" in Shanghai. "How unhappy could I be with either!" Sir AUSTEN diplomatically omitted to add.

The vote for salaries and expenses of the Ministry of Labour produced a debate on unemployment relief. Labour Members accused the Government of pushing the maintenance of the unemployed off the dole and on to the rates, and complained that there was no organised attempt to put them on to useful work, as was done in 1921 in the United States. Members suggested various remedies for unemployment—the acquisition of the machine psychology (Commander HILTON YOUNG), cheapening processes of production (various), more efficient labour exchanges (Miss BONDFIELD), the adoption of a policy of high wages and correspondingly high consumption (Commander KENWORTHY), the adoption of a more elastic monetary policy (Commander BURNEY), the development of electrical power (Captain CROOKSHANK), the adoption of the Washington Hours Convention (Mr. T. SHAW and others), and nothing in particular from the MINISTER OF LABOUR. The rabbit of employment is not to be produced, one gathers, from the top-hat of Parliamentary speechifying.

Tuesday, April 5th.—Sir L. WORTHINGTON-EVANS revealed that the War Office has one more colonel on full pay than it had before the War. He attributed his existence to the combined exigencies of the Rhine Army of Occupation and the Shanghai Defence Force. Brigadier-General CHARTERIS, whose motto is "Fewer and better Colonels," seemed satisfied with the answer.

Colonel ASHLEY informed Mr. DAY



THE MAD HATTER OF PARLIAMENT SQUARE.
MR. J. R. REMER.

that the gyratory system of traffic was working satisfactorily. There had indeed been a slight increase in the number of non-fatal accidents, but a falling-off in the total number of slain. Mr. REMER asked the Minister if it was not in fact practically impossible to cross the street in Parliament Square even at the places where there were notices. "I entirely disagree," replied the Minister, in the manner of one who knows whereof he speaks. This roused Mr. WILLIAMS, the Member for Reading. Was the Minister aware that it was only Members of the House wearing silk hats who got special facilities? Which rather suggests that the old ditty beginning—

> "You won't go to heaven when you die
> If you don't wear a collar and a tie"

might appropriately be brought up to date and read—

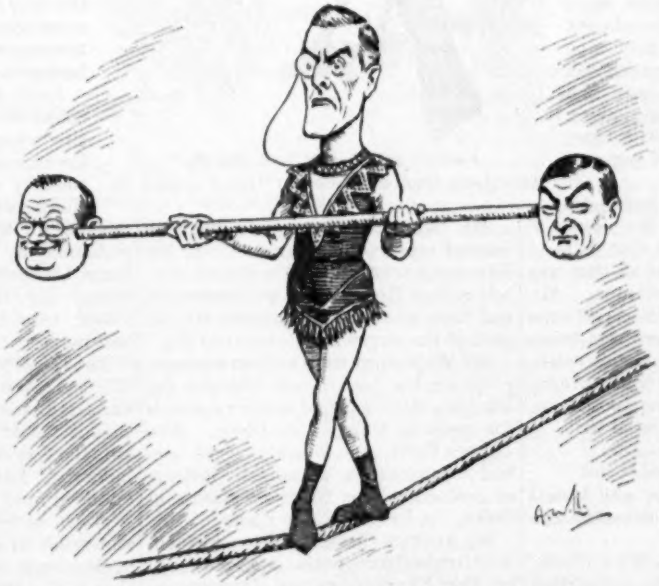
> "You 'll soon go to heaven, being dead,
> If you don't wear a topper on your head."

Mr. ROBINSON, speaking in the name of Messrs. Brown, Jones and Robinson, asked the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER if he would consider the question of reducing the tax on beer. The CHANCELLOR replied drily that "announcements of remissions of taxation were reserved for the Budget statement." Then another Mr. ROBINSON, or possibly the same Mr. ROBINSON in another voice, asked the HOME SECRETARY if he would require all copyright hymns to have the word "copyright" written at the foot of the hymn. Again there was nothing doing.

Mr. JOHNSTON wished to know if the P.M.G. had any complaints from Arbroath about the difficulties of listening-in to the Dundee broadcasting station. The Minister said *he* had had no complaints. The Member should address his question to the B.B. Corporation.

It is unofficially reported that the trouble arose through Dundee broadcasting the noise of a storm on the Hebridean coast which the official announcer, who had mislaid his notes, described to the listeners-in as a sixpence being banged in Arbroath on Hogmanay night.

The Report stage of the Indian Navy Bill found the Labour backbenchers in fine elocutionary form. They proposed a number of amendments, all bearing on the question of the right reserved to the Admiralty to take



THE CHINESE TIGHT-ROPE.
HOLDING THE BALANCE.
SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN BETWEEN MR. WHEATLEY AND MR. MITCHELL BANKS.

over the Indian Navy, or to employ it outside Indian territorial waters, on a declaration by the Governor-General in Council that a state of emergency existed. They opposed its use outside Indian territorial waters under any circumstances, and particularly the clause under which the cost is still to fall upon the Indian Government even when it is taken over. They ended by opposing the Bill altogether, though Mr. PETHICK LAWRENCE had said that the Labour Party was in substantial agreement with its main object.

A dreary and, as always, futile debate on Agriculture followed. Mr. R. J. DAVIES, who inaugurated it, declared that there could be no improvement in agriculture until the farm labourer could call his soul his own and ceased to be looked upon by the farmer as a part of the farm equipment. He confided to the House that, during the three years when blithe afield to ploughing *he* had strode beside his team, he had received for the first year no wages, for the second year one pound, and for the third year three pounds. He got Sunday afternoon off and other holidays amounting to two whole days in the year.

On the strength of this experience Mr. DAVIES moved a motion a hundred-and-thirteen words and ten commas long, the gist of which was that the ownership of agricultural land should be transferred to the State. Sir G. WHELER came back at him with an amendment eighty-six words and only five commas long, the gist of which was that it shouldn't. He said the pig industry was getting along splendidly and thought the Government should safeguard pig products.

This assault on the free breakfast-sausage roused Liberal Mr. JONES of Merioneth, who declared that fixity of tenure for the farmer was all that was needed to revive agriculture. Mr. GUINNESS wound up the debate with the declaration that the farmer was worse off than anybody. The Conservative Party's policy was not to confiscate his foundations but to "educate and encourage him." They believed that

> "Prices were more than politics
> And lower costs than land reform."

Moved, as it always is, by any lyrical outpouring, the House defeated the motion.

Wednesday, April 6th.—More China. Much more. China all through Question time and a debate on China to follow. Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD led the inquisition—it certainly could not be called an attack as far as he was concerned—and while he was beseeching the FOREIGN MINISTER to do all in his power to allay Chinese suspicion his back-benchers ostentatiously stifled their contemptuous yawns. Chinese suspicions will not be allayed if they can help it. He asked a number of questions that had already been answered at Question-time, and his peroration might be briefly summarised as "The East 's awake!" Affairs in China were part of a "movement of the Eastern mind," and he wanted this country to have a "moral attractiveness" (whatever that may mean) about it that would lead to a successful handling of the problem.



"NOW THAT APRIL 'S HERE."
THE HOME OFFICE BLACKBIRD "SINGS A SONG OF SIXPENCE."

Mr. MITCHELL BANKS said what we wanted was another CANNING. If the FOREIGN SECRETARY had to defend himself in that House it was not because he had been truculent but because he had pushed the virtue of patience too far.

Mr. WHEATLEY from his free vantage-point on the back bench thought the FOREIGN MINISTER had made "a dreadful mess of things" in China. The Labour Party were the only people who had "proposed a reasonable scheme of protection" for British residents in China, *i.e.* to bring them home.

Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN said there were two parties opposite, one represented by the LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION, the other by Mr. WHEATLEY, who had "withdrawn the light of his countenance from his own Front Bench before he had withdrawn it from the FOREIGN MINISTER." He proceeded to explain what had happened and was happening in China, to reiterate this country's conciliatory intentions, to stress the general agreement existing among the Powers regarding Nanking, and finally to declare that we were not going to be hustled out of China.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE said the FOREIGN SECRETARY was courageously tackling an exceedingly difficult task and he and his friends would not say one word that would make it harder. The Motion to Adjourn was defeated.

Thursday, April 7th.—The Third Reading of the Forestry Bill in the Lords provoked that Child of the New Forest, Lord MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU, to a formal motion of rejection. He only wished to be assured, however, that public rights in the New Forest would not be diminished by the Bill, and Lord CLINTON had no difficulty in calming his fears.

In the Commons the HOME SECRETARY explained that, as from May 1st, our taxis will cost us one-third less, and the hardy citizen who is prepared to tender the exact fare can have quite a nice little run—1173·3 yards, to be exact—before his sixpence goes bang. The item of extra passengers is subject to a similarly reduced charge, but for some reason or other the tariff on perambulators remains unchanged. This should have aroused the ire of the ladies; but Miss WILKINSON, the only lady Member present, was more concerned with getting advertisements into taxis than perambulators on top of them.

Lord H. CAVENDISH-BENTINCK asked if a Kenya native who had single-handed rescued a District Commissioner from a lion had been suitably rewarded. Mr. ORMSBY-GORE said he had been recommended for the Police Medal, thanked personally by the Governor and given some blankets. "One blanket," corrected Sir HENRY CAVENDISH-BENTINCK, who is always a stickler for accuracy.

The Landlord and Tenant (Number 2) Bill was given a Second Reading. Some Conservatives opposed it on the ground that it would mean higher rents and stop the flow of capital into the building industry. Labour Members opposed it on the ground that it did not go further. *A propos* of one point—the relation of site-value to goodwill in the case of professional men—Sir WILLIAM said that in the years he practised as a solicitor only one client ever came attracted by the brass plate on the door, and he, at the end of the consultation, offered him for his fee a parrot.



PHOTOGRAPHIC TRIUMPHS.

THE COUNTY BALL.

In Memoriam.

EDWARD LLOYD.

BORN 1845—RETIRED 1900—DIED 1927.

THOUGH seven-and-twenty crowded years have passed
Since, dear and honoured friend, you sang your last,
Your voice, so true and sweet and crystal clear,
Falls unforgettably upon my ear
As backward down Time's gulf in memory straying
I see you sing, "Love in Her Eyes Sits Playing,"
And hear the suave Handelian numbers flow
As once at Sydenham fifty years ago.*
For those were days when oratorio still
Victorian audiences had power to thrill,
When, in the famous Festival quartet—
Of whom, alas! but one is living yet—
You earned unfading laurels with your peers,
And gained fresh lustre with the passing years,
Till with resources unimpaired you chose
Rest and seclusion at the century's close.

Manly and simple, you escaped the jibe
Levelled by BÜLOW at the tenor tribe,
For in your character, as in your art,
No taint of vanity or parade had part:
You took no licence and you played no trick,
Were always in good training, never sick,
Fulfilled the most exacting critic's test
And gave ungrudging of your very best.
So, in the days when Melody's throne stood strong,
You held your own with Kings and Queens of Song,
Content, while still unrivalled, to resign
Rather than wait the gradual decline
Of powers that made you by their gentle sway
The perfect singer of a peaceful day.

* HANDEL Festival, 1877.

A Tip for Mr. Churchill.

SIR,—On inquiry at our local post-office I am astounded to learn that no charge is made for a Poetical Licence. And yet we are told that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER had difficulty in finding new sources of revenue.

I am, Sir, Yours indignantly,
ANTI-VERS LIBRE.

"RETIRAL OF THE DIP INSPECTOR."
South African Paper.

This sounds like the sort of post that would have suited Councillor CLARK, the authority on mixed-bathing.

"Cove. The North German Lloyd liner Murchen is expected to arrive here to-night to embark passengers and maids for New York."
Irish Paper.

The servant problem in America appears to be still acute.



Young Actor (*to his Hostess*). "YOU SEEM TO TAKE A GREAT INTEREST IN THE THEATRE. EVER DONE ANYTHING IN THAT WAY YOURSELF?"

Hostess. "CHORUS IN 'ALCESTIS.'"

Young Actor. "OH, I DON'T MEAN MUSICAL COMEDY; I MEAN STRAIGHT STUFF."

THE PRICE OF FRIENDSHIP.

I DON'T say "Never recommend your friends to stay at a French country inn." That would be absurd. But I think I do say, "Don't go yourself to any French country inn after your friends, recommended by yourself, have stayed there."

The point perhaps needs some explanation, for why, you ask, should a deed of such ordinary courtesy or thoughtfulness involve you in the loss of a good hostelry?

The answer is simple. Because the innkeepers never forget it. But the whole situation will become clearer if I reconstruct the case.

"I am sure," said to me, a year ago, my friend Stokes—"I am sure that you must know of some quiet little place in France where we could spend three or four weeks in the summer." (Stokes, I should say, is an author.) "I don't want to work too hard, so it needn't be too beautiful, but" (Stokes, I may say, is a connoisseur of living) "it ought to be comfortable and all that."

I passed in mental review a number of retired French inns, and at last selected the "Pomme d'Or." The "Pomme d'Or" is in the valley of the Eure, some fifty miles from Paris—a once-favourite haunt of my own. It is charmingly situated and, except on Sundays, never crowded. The river glides placidly past the garden between poplars and osiers, while within doors an admirable couple buzz about, preparing dishes in the manner of Lyon. Above the *salle à manger* are excellent sleeping rooms (and no matter how we may disapprove of the French in certain matters no one can deny that they have good beds), while below the *salle à manger* stretches a well-filled cellar. What could be better?

Stokes noted down the address and, so far as I was then concerned, that was the end of it. One's advice is so often asked, so rarely taken.

But on my next visit to the "Pomme d'Or" I found that the Stokeses had followed my counsel to the letter. First the landlord and then the landlady told me about it. Then they told me about it together. How it was gentle of me to have made the recommendation! The Mister Stokes how amiable; Madame Stokes how charming, charming! This is perfectly true, but one can be told too often. Everything I ate or drank was accompanied by the Stokes's. The *quenelles de brochet*, for which the house is famous—how the Mister Stokes had enjoyed them! He is good boy, the Mister Stokes! The *poulet aux champignons*—also of the house a special glory—how Madame Stokes had begged for the recipe! She has the taste distinguished, Madame Stokes. I was proffered the Mister Stokes's pet wine and Madame Stokes's pet *gâteau*. I was shown the exact spot in the garden where the Mister Stokes had sat for inspiration, and on leaving I was again loaded with thanks for having sent to the *hôtellerie* a couple so gentle. I myself, they again assured me, was of a gentleness extreme by virtue of such an act.

It was all very cordial and satisfactory, and I came away in a glow of self-esteem. A delightful world, in which to spend one's time sending nice people to nice innkeepers and receiving gratitude . . .

That was last autumn. The other day, in the early spring, wishing to see how the fruit-trees were blossoming, I went out to the "Pomme d'Or" for lunch, the affair Stokes not for a moment entering my thoughts. But if it had

been forgotten by me it was still lively in the minds of the host and hostess. In fact such interest as once they had shown in me was now completely transferred to those others. Did it go well with them, the Mister and Madame Stokes? was the first inquiry. Never could they forget them—the Mister Stokes so gentle, Madame Stokes so charming, charming. Never could they sufficiently thank me for my gentleness in making the recommendation. The Mister Stokes—and so on.

"But, my poor fish, you said all this in October!" it was my desire to exclaim. Useless; they would still say it. They will always say it. I must find another inn.

E. V. L.

TO NAUSICAA.

AN IMPERTINENCE.

Nausicaa, your arms were white,
For HOMER keeps on saying so.
Probably (I intend no slight,
Nausicaa) your arms were white
Because you washed them noon and night
And morning. As immaculate snow,
Nausicaa, your arms were white,
For HOMER keeps on saying so.

That you were given such a name
By no means suitable for verses
Of nice precision is a shame.
That you were given such a name
Annoys me. Inspiration came
A laggard—which is bad. What's worse is
That you were given such a name
By no means suitable for verses.

You were the daughter of a king,
Full-dowered with beauty by the gods,
Which must have been a topping thing.
You were the daughter of a king,
And if, indulging in a fling,
You sometimes chanced to slip—what odds?
You were the daughter of a king,
Full-dowered with beauty by the gods.

Nor do I think your maid-like slips
Ever impinged on the improper;
No cocktail passed your pretty lips,
Nor do I think your maid-like slips
Meant 4 A.M. (plus poker-chips).
You never came a royal cropper,
Nor do I think your maid-like slips
Ever impinged on the improper.

I fear, poor girl, you lost your heart
(There's no obscurity about it)
To one Ulysses. Jokes apart,
I fear, poor girl, you lost your heart
To one who failed you at the start.
"I'm wed," he sighed. You could not doubt it,
I fear, poor girl! You lost your heart;
There's no obscurity about it.

You didn't kick up any fuss
Or cause commotion in the street
By whistling for the prison-bus;
You didn't kick up any fuss
But calmly said, "What weather!"—thus
Changing the topic. How discreet!
You didn't kick up any fuss
Or cause commotion in the street.

I often wish that I'd been there
And you had fallen in love with me.
Being quite single, I declare
I often wish that I'd been there,
Princess, white-armed beyond compare,
Dowered by the gods. O ecstasy!
I often wish that I'd been there
And you had fallen in love with me.



CONSCIENCE PROBLEMS FOR OUR VICARS.

Country Vicar (to his Gardener). "I COULDN'T FIND YOU YESTERDAY AFTERNOON, WILLIAM. WHAT WERE YOU DOING?"

William (reformed poacher). "WELL, SIR, T' SQUIRE 'E WERE ILL IN BED WI' LUMBAGO; T' GAMEKEEPERS THEY WAS PLAYIN' FOOTBALL; T' POLICEMAN 'E WERE UMPIRING, SO I THOUGHT IT WERE A GRAND CHANCE TO SLIP INTO THE WOODS AN' CUT US SOME PEA-STICKS."

Our Gallant Fire-Fighters.

"The fire brigade was called to an outbreak at No. 1, —— Park, the residence of Mr. ——. The fire was confined to the fireplace, in which it originated."—*Local Paper.*

Slip inserted in an Indian publication:—

"ERRATA.

After p. 104 the number 95 is a mistake; again after p. 110 the number 113 is a mistake. The matter runs through. The numbering of the pages is a printer's devil."

The phrase in this signification is new to us, but in the circumstances, we think, justifiable.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE DYBBUK" (ROYALTY).

THERE is a haunting spiritual beauty in the central themes of this strange and memorable play by S. ANSKY RAPPAPORT, competently translated out of the Yiddish into Anglo-American by HENRY ALSBERG and WINIFRED KATZIN, which has already captured the intelligent publics of New York and Paris. It is inspired by a deep religious and revolutionary fervour, but escapes being in any sense a political or religious tract; it is a sound and moving stage-play, and offers to discerning lovers of the theatre a hint of what deep emotions can be touched and what fine issues raised by a dramatist of imagination. And it is unquestionably refreshing to turn for a change from the light badinage and crude sensationalism, however diverting, of our current entertainments to something that is deeply felt and therefore rouses the deeper feelings. No epicure of life will disdain the experiment.

It would be uncandid to assert that the performance was without blemish. There were crude patches, when the sense of mystery oozed away, when the stresses were wrongly placed; and there were certain of the players who adopted a technique of over-emphasis in the grandiloquent manner which set the wrong note jangling. These are faults which the producer, if he will show himself a little more austere, can drill out of his team and so complete his artistic success.

The Dybbuk translates us to a synagogue in Russia (or is it Poland?) of the eighteenth century, where a young theological student, *Channon*, outlines to his astonished and distressed friend the dangerous doctrines of Chassidic mysticism. He is worn to a wraith by long fasting and falls dead upon the floor of the synagogue from the shock of hearing that *Sender*, the rich Jewish burgher, has found a rich bridegroom for his beautiful daughter, *Leah*, between whom and *Channon* had grown a deep, abiding, mystical love. It was believed at this time that if lives were cut off untimely the spirits so sundered from their bodies could sometimes enter the bodies of the living, and there were forms and ceremonies duly prescribed for the casting out of these troubled and troubling spirits or *Dybbukim*.

The spirit of *Channon* enters the body of *Leah* and fights desperately against the exorcisms of *Rabbi Azrael*. At the formal trial the dead father of *Channon* gives testimony that a contract had been made between himself and *Sender* that their children should be affianced to each other. The spirit of *Channon* agrees to leave the body of the tortured *Leah*; but before the *Rabbi* can marry *Leah* to the groom chosen for her by *Sender* the spirit of *Leah* goes to meet the spirit of her beloved.



THE DYBBUK THAT REFUSED TO BE EXORCISED.
Rabbi Azrael . . . MR. MICHAEL SHERBROOKE.
Leah . . . . . MISS JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON.

A strange world and a severe test of the players who are to move plausibly in it.

Of the play it must be said that it grows nobly to its climax, the last Act being, as is fitting, incomparably the best. The most distinguished performance was that of Mr. MICHAEL SHERBROOKE as the *Rabbi Azrael*. No mere theatrical figure this, but a fine soul tortured by doubt as to the reality of the spiritual powers his office confers, faltering in his assumption of the judge's authority, and finally heartened by the remembrance of the great things wrought in the great Name by his father and his father's father, rabbis of the priestly house. Mr. SHERBROOKE, with his admirable record of eccentric and more mundane character-parts, rose nobly to this higher opportunity.

Miss JEAN FORBES-ROBINSON, whose work shows such promise, is more difficult to judge. She chose a restrained mood, which perhaps did not always escape monotony, and it seemed to me showed too little of the agony and violence of the soul of *Channon* while it was in possession. But she had her lovely moments, the shy sweetness of her meeting with *Channon* in the synagogue, the sense of disgust conflicting with duty and pity in her dance with the diseased and twisted beggars, and the last tender passage with the spirit of her lover made manifest to her in ghostly form. Mr. ERNEST MILTON gave us the fire and fanaticism of *Channon* alive, but I think he was a little handicapped by his white toga as *Channon* dead. Does the producer think that white garment necessary as a concession to our stupidity, I wonder? Miss JOAN PEREIRA never fails whether in humour or in tenderness, and made a charming picture of *Leah's* nurse. I thought that Mr. RUPERT HARVEY as *The Messenger*—an angel, I take it—failed to convey his other-worldliness, but I confess I don't quite know how precisely he should have set about it. Mr. ALFRED WILD's portrait of the hearty *Sender*, especially at his first entrance, seemed to me well done.

The Forum Theatre Guild is to be congratulated on this sanely ambitious and exceedingly interesting production. T.

"THE CONSTANT WIFE" (STRAND).

As there can't possibly be at this date anything new that's true, and very little new that's untrue to say of the venerable and difficult institution of marriage, the most we need demand of those who make merry about it is that they should arrange the pattern of their comments, flippant or caustic, in a different way. This Mr. SOMERSET MAUGHAM, the adroit workman, certainly contrives to do. What was rather odd was that Mr. MAUGHAM, the artist, having kept us in a constant ripple of laughter at his rapid witty exchanges and having invented and developed an ingenious and interesting design, should spoil it in patches here and there, as notably in

the Second Act, by prolonging situations beyond their effective climaxes, and, more fundamentally, by charging the light fabric of airy, naughty, cynical nonsense, which is so diverting as long as you need not examine it, with the burden of a serious argument. Even if the argument had been as sound as it was in fact unsound, the pattern would still have been spoilt. A pity, I can't help thinking. The author kept his wit bubbling till the end, but from the moment that the *Constant Wife* began to take herself and her economic independence seriously the discerning had cause to grieve.

John Middleton, successful surgeon and entirely pleasant and comradely but persistently unfaithful husband, happens to be engaged in an "affair" with his wife's best friend, herself the wife of a preposterously rich and single-minded, which is to say simple, financier. All *Constance Middleton's* friends know about this scandal. What they don't know and we quickly guess is that *Constance* also is perfectly well aware of what has been long going on. But she is a philosopher with a thesis about marriage which is somewhat as follows: Man wants a toy and has to pay the price of marriage for it, marriage being a contract to supply the toy with food, lodging and fal-lals. You can't blame him when he no longer wants to play with the toy, and you can't reasonably resent his playing with other toys, for he never really leaves the nursery. As for yourself you can't honourably play with other toys so long as you are being kept. Become economically independent by joining a firm of decorators and making in your first year £1,400, of which you keep £400 and pay £1,000 into his account at the bank, and you are as free as he is—that is *Constance's* Revision of the Marriage Contract. (I must say in passing that the room in the *Middletons'* house in Harley Street in which all the action took place, and which, I assume, was arranged by *Constance*, was so charming that this otherwise startling rise to economic independence was not so incredible.)

When an infuriated Hebrew gentleman rushes in to your drawing-room and in the presence of your husband, mother, sister and friends says that he has found your husband's cigarette-case under his wife's pillow you calmly assert that you put it there yourself and that he must really not be so absurdly impetuous but go away and buy his wife a necklace, when perhaps she may forgive him. And when your old suitor, on a year's leave from Japan, who has adored you for fifteen years and still adores you, but, because you are happily married (you asserted this), bears himself with great restraint and gentlemanly feeling, hears all this and understands, he naturally thinks that his chivalry has been misplaced. You arrange your holiday so that it can be spent with him in Italy and you propose returning to your amiable husband, stopping his outraged protests with the relation of your sportsmanship in the matter of the cigarette-case and your doctrine of economic independence, forgetting under this head that, if you want to invent logical excuses for doing as you please, you could plausibly claim your allowance as efficient housekeeper of a well-run house. All the same a brilliant, diverting and disedifying comedy, with a good deal of shrewd criticism set down in detached malice.



SHOCKING BEDSIDE MANNER.
(The Harley Street surgeon who left a cigarette-case under a lady's pillow confesses the lapse.)

Constance Middleton . . Miss Fay Compton.
John Middleton . . . . Mr. Leon Quartermaine.



THE INCONSTANT WIFE.

Marie-Louise Durham . Miss Heather Thatcher.
Mortimer Durham . . . Mr. Frederick Lloyd.

The production, by Mr Basil Dean, was smooth and accomplished, the set admirable. Of the players Miss Fay Compton was well served and served her author well. Her roguish husband-baiting, her calm cynicism and the momentary admission to her lover that she had a sort of heart were delightfully done. The weight of the play is on her shoulders. Mr. Leon Quartermaine was perhaps a little handicapped by the unlikeliness of the complete cad, *Middleton*. Miss Heather Thatcher presented us a *Marie-Louise* (*John's* mistress) who could not possibly have been the friend of *Constance* or her circle. Miss Mary Jerrold has a charmingly-written part as *Mrs. Culver*, *Constance's* worldly-wise mother, and, as always when she is really given anything worth doing, does it supremely well. She ought never again to allow herself to do a "Mary Jerrold part." Miss Marda Vanne, who always differentiates her parts so skilfully, gave us an admirable study of *Constance's* over-candid plain sister, *Martha*; and I have seldom seen the difficult business of the romantic lover of light comedy so tactfully and grace-

fully handled as by Mr. Paul Cavanagh in the first two Acts before his creator threw him to the dogs. There was a cannonade of amusing lines, of which one thrown off by *Mrs. Culver* about her plain daughter, *Martha*—"Yes, she 'came out,' but she's gone in again!" sticks most happily in my memory.

T.

IN DRURY LANE.

(Written to commemorate the twenty-five-hour theatre vigil of April 6 to 7.)

England 's slow,
She is like the Sphinx—
How shall we know
What England thinks?

A decadent folk,
The preachers say;
But that is a joke,
My aunt! to-day.

All night long
For a distant view
Of "The Desert Song"
They stood in a queue.

Pictures gleam
From the ends of earth;
Flashes a beam
That binds its girth;

Airships scud
And the motors speed;
But the island blood
Stands fast at need.

What did they care,
From dusk to shine
Standing there
At the tail of the line?

Was there a tax
On buns or beer,
Oxford slacks
Or the Brighton Pier?

Was there a toll
Upon rouge or rings?
The people's soul
Is above these things.

All night long
For a distant view
Of "The Desert Song"
They stood in a queue.

Shanghai seethes
With a rout of Reds
Garlanding wreaths
Of their enemies' heads.

Sect against sect
Is ranged in war,
And trade is wrecked
And the unions roar.

But not for these,
The enraptured ones,
Was a Party's wheeze
Or the whine of guns,

As they heard the beats
Of the slow hours drag,
Consuming sweets
From a paper-bag.

All night long
For a distant view
Of "The Desert Song"
They stood in a queue.

The young moon shone
In a night of spring
And they waited on
Unwearying.

Slow stars did creep,
Owls shrieked and fled,
And I was asleep,
Poor chump! in bed.

The dawn unfurled
In the glimmering east;
To a new-made world
Woke man and beast.

Pale postmen trudged,
Milk took the air—
And they had not budged,
They still were there.

Long grief they bore,
Hope blessed them late;
The early door
Was a quarter-to-eight.

And how shall we say
That the island breed
Is dead to-day
If it did this deed?

All night long
For a distant view
Of "The Desert Song"
They stood in a queue. Evoe.

A PLEA FOR FREE WHISTLING.

(By a Student of Sonority.)

The *fiat* of the L.G.O.C., forbidding conductors of buses to whistle when on duty, appears at first sight to be only the logical outcome of the progressive antagonism, developed in our advanced civilisation, to the use of Nature's pipe. Whistling for cabs has been forbidden for several years, and now that the solace has been denied to the busman it seems more than likely that all whistling in public will be prohibited. And yet it is not much more than twenty years since I heard an American lady, described as *La belle siffleuse*, perform at a concert in London. As I sat in the front row I was distinctly conscious of the draught she created, while the penetrating tones she emitted were at times distressing to the naked ear. Still it was a memorable experience, all the more so because the revival of this entertainment in the concert-halls of to-day is flatly inconceivable.

Yet the apparent logic of the L.G.O.C.'s decision only serves to illustrate the glaring inconsistency of a social system which steadily tends to suppress or muffle human voices, while promoting in every way the dominion of mechanical uproar. We swallow the camel and strain out the gnat. The cries of London, often melodious, are now become an antiquarian curiosity. Only the "elfin note" of the milkman and the unintelligible hoot of the coal-hawker remain, and they will, no doubt, be soon relegated to the limbo of lost sounds. Yet we are condemned to listen without redress to the ear-shattering din of the road-breaker's drill and the everlasting imitations of a sick ogre by ever-multiplying motor-horns. Railway-engines are still allowed to whistle, though passengers, if they indulge in the innocent pastime, are generally frowned upon by fastidious fellow-travellers.

The anomaly becomes more striking when we consider that man, the lord of creation, is beginning to suffer from an embargo from which all animals are free, and that too in an age in which the gospel of self-expression has been preached and practised to an unprecedented extent. Deprived of this natural outlet of his emotions, the human boy may easily become a victim of introspection; he may even burst in the attempt to suppress his exuberance.

So far this subject has only been treated with deplorable levity by the Press. On that account I offer no excuse for concluding my protest with the noble verses of the only writer who has brought insight, imagination and high seriousness to the consideration of the epoch-making edict of the L.G.O.C., my friend Mr. Alaric Pimblott, the Secretary and Laureate of the Ancient Order of Whistlecraft:—

"If man must abandon the whistle
And stifle its jubilant play,
Why should donkeys, when champing the thistle,
Be granted permission to bray?

If song-birds are free in their fluting
And rooks may unceasingly caw,
And owls are unpunished for hooting
And ducks are exempt from the law—

Why on earth should the busman be chidden
For whistling a popular tune,
When the cats caterwaul unforbidden
And bloodhounds may bay at the moon?"

A Dog-man.

"Mrs. —— said she was shopping when her little terrier was attacked by 'a terrible monster of a dog.' Her terrier was so terribly mauled that it died.

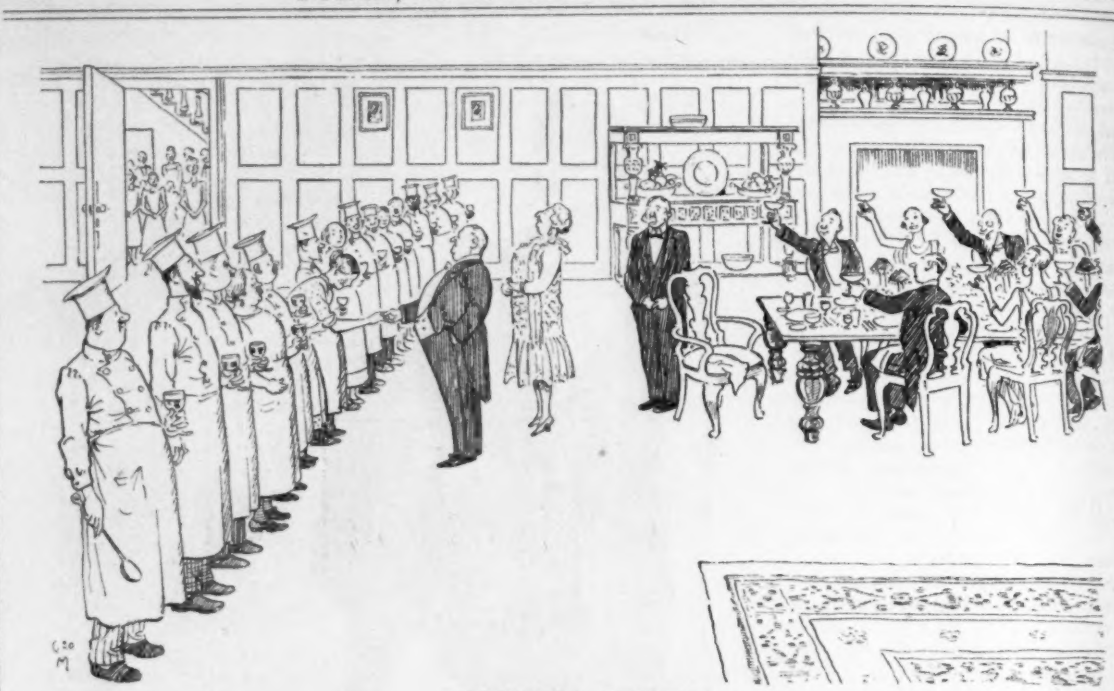
Mr. ——, an ex-mayor of Leamington, said that he was the Alsatian gambolling about on the parade. He was not under control in any way."—*Ceylon Paper.*



Dame Clara Butt.

There are contraltos useful in their way, but
None that can rival CLARA RUMFORD *(née* BUTT*);*
Deep as a 'cello, poignant as a sackbut,
Against all others I'm prepared to back BUTT.

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—XL.



PROVERBS REFUTED.

THE KITCHEN STAFF BEING CONGRATULATED ON THE EXCELLENCE OF THE BROTH.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN the year of the Bourbon restoration WELLINGTON purchased cheap on behalf of the British Embassy in Paris the Hôtel de Charost, known from its association with the most frivolous of the Buonapartes as the Palais de Pauline. In this fashion the Embassy acquired for the first time a permanent home, a pleasant and sufficiently pompous eighteenth-century house, with a mansard roof, Ionic portico and a garden with ninety-nine lime-trees. Against this characteristically French back-cloth our side of the drama of Anglo-French diplomacy has been played (war-time interruptions apart) ever since; and it is this diplomacy, seen from an intimate and domestic angle, which chiefly dominates Mr. BECKLES WILLSON'S book on *The Paris Embassy, 1814–1920* (BENN). Mr. WILLSON has admirably hit the mean between the trivial and the heavily informative, and produced not only a spirited history of the shifting personnel of the *nid de Pauline* but a careful analysis of the French temper (so consistent in its inconsistencies) and of the memorable occasions when the two clashed. Starting with the IRON DUKE'S vain endeavour to persuade the French that humanity was at the bottom of our efforts to abolish the Slave Trade, we steer dangerously past such palpable and impalpable rocks as the Belgian question, Tahiti, Spanish marriages, Savoy, Fashoda and the Boer War. From the outbreak of the Great War the Embassy, which had on the whole functioned (in Lord DUFFERIN'S phrase) as a lightning-conductor, was practically superseded by provisional authorities and became "largely symbolic." I gather that Mr. WILLSON does not believe that the symbol will recover all its old significance. Other agents, however, will carry on its work. "There are never any death-blows to the Anglo-French Entente; there are only intervals of suspended animation."

Miss TENNYSON JESSE'S new story, *Moonraker* (HEINEMANN), conveys the rather uncomfortable impression that she has set out to write one book, decided a third of the way through it to write another, and then, thinking better of it, returned after all to her original theme. She starts off, vigorously enough, to tell the tale of *Captain Sophy Lovel*, of the brig *Moonraker*, one of those romantic pirates of fiction whose real-life prototypes, whether male or female, were, as a matter of cold fact, like most criminals past and present, singularly devoid of anything in the nature of true romance. Then suddenly *Captain Lovel* retires into the background, leaving the centre of the stage for the time being to the negro idealist, TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE, WORDSWORTH'S "most unhappy man of men"; and he in his turn has to step aside in favour of *Captain Lovel*, who holds the field for the remaining third of the story. It is no doubt this division of interest on the part of author and reader alike which makes both these principal figures appear somehow disappointingly shadowy and unconvincing, mere rough "blots," as it were, for a finished picture. For the rest, there are some charming bits of description, and a capital account of an engagement between the pirate brig and a French merchantman.

Perhaps the most obvious thing to say about Mr. H. L. MENCKEN'S passionate diatribe in *Notes on Democracy* (CAPE) against the institution as developed in his own country (U.S.A.) is that if things were as black as he paints them he would now be in jail. He should try publishing as candid an appreciation of autocracy (which I am sure he could do with equal spirit and conviction) in modern Italy. Democracy is the supreme tyranny, with envy as its mainspring, according to this lively libertarian and anti-Puritan, who with extravagant ingenious phrase and malicious wit expresses his contempt for the average man, the bosses, politicians and presidents of his native land. Naturally,

being an acute as well as a passionate observer, he puts his finger on the flaws—the weaknesses, the illusions, the unwarranted assumptions—which it will profit defenders of Democracy to consider. But Mr. Mencken does not attempt to be fair. It is not claimed for Democracy that a special illumination is given to the uneducated masses; and as for corruption, which he notes as a specific effect, was there none in Tsarist Russia or Georgian England? This book is no more an authentic picture of American political and social life than were the diverting extracts in *Americana*. But it makes delightful reading, and our author assuredly knows how to use words as rapiers and scourges.

The Missing Piece (from Cassell) falls,
By any average computation,
Within the group which on the stalls
Is labelled "mystery" or "sensation;"
It starts with murder, and the end
Reveals who did the deed and wherefore,
While in between are clues that blend
To baulk you—which is what they 're there for.

And if the story, for its plot,
Ranks, as it does, among the leaders,
Mrs. de Crespigny does not
End there her claim upon her readers;
Her quips and cranks and wreathèd smiles,
Her little playful turns of diction,
Locate her many joyful miles
From ordinary sleuth-hound fiction.

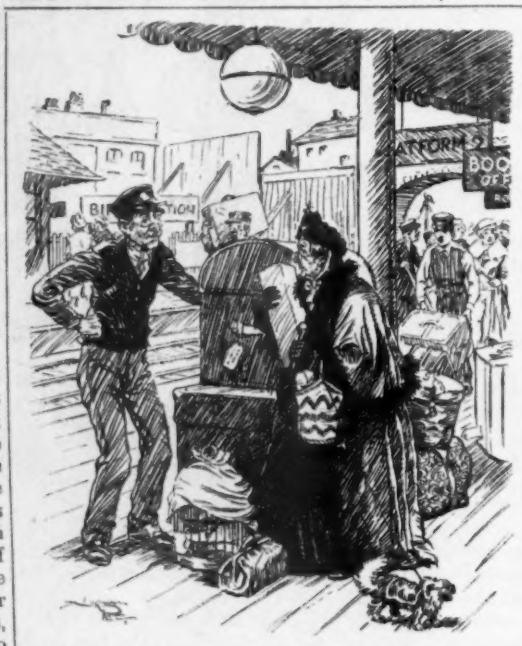
The phenomena of religiosity are so brilliantly handled in *Elmer Gantry* (Cape) that it is perhaps impertinent to suggest that Mr. Sinclair Lewis only explores the surface of his theme and conveys no idea whatever of its auriferous subsoil. The interest of his book, apart from its story, is pathological, and some of its portraits bear more resemblance to the illustrations of a popular work of science than the meditated canvases of a master. Within these limits, however, both book and portraits are excellent. *Elmer* himself, evangelist and purity-campaigner, is traced from the wallowings of his Kansas college-days, through an accidental but highly picturesque "conversion," to a flamboyant pastorate in New York. You see him in a Baptist seminary, discussing the pros and cons of ordination with a set of minor ruffians; in his first cure, seducing the daughter of his deacon; "fired," to become a bagman; up again as the right hand of a feminine evangelist with occultist leanings; adrift once more, after leaving her to perish in a burning hall; sickened of single-handed "mysticism" and glad to get in with the Methodists; unfaithful to his wife but successful with big business; and finally launching a great campaign against the more convivial forms of vice in a naphtha flare of success. His early vicissitudes as the shuttlecock of his two predominant appetites, power and women, are vigorous but monotonous. The book gains in pace and prestige from the account of the fire—a piece of drama only paralleled by the raiding of a very amateurish brothel and a humble beer-house in the great purity campaign. These scenes, with that of the gruesome lynch-law meted out to a gentle muddle-headed anti-Fundamentalist, are not the least notable passages of a more than notable book.



Wife (returned home from visit on the morning after a burglary has taken place). "And I suppose you slept through it all?"
Meek little Husband. "I—er—tried to."

Mrs. Alfred Wingate has ingeniously dovetailed together, in *A Servant of The Mightiest* (Crosby Lockwood), a hundred fragmentary elements of history, legend and reasonable surmise which centre in the giant-horrible personality of Chingiz Khan. When other sources of the plot have failed she has not hesitated to supply the missing details from her own well-informed imagination. In the result a figure emerges which may, or of course may not, resemble closely the historic reality, but certainly appears

both coherent and impressive, even although it may be difficult to accept the writer's opinion that through the monotony of slaughter amid which the Mongol hordes destroyed the culture and the works of ancient civilisations, leaving in their place sheer stark vacancy, their leader was constantly inspired by something akin to spiritual impulse. The name he chose for himself—translated as "Very Mighty"—may possibly suggest that he considered himself a humble servant of the Mightiest of all, but the evidence for this is pretty slender, while on the writer's own showing his actions as a rule were rather those of a king of swine among herds of swine, trampling pearls into mud for the love of filth. The Great Khan is certainly intended to be the hero of this book, yet I think most readers will pass from page to page hoping eventually to hear of his overthrow. They must be warned that it is no use hoping. He keeps ahead with his trampling and destroying until the end. Mrs. WINGATE'S work, though it has something of the fascination of utter wildness—wildness of country and people and period—and has the merit of being at least a plausible reconstruction of a very obscure era, yet necessarily has the defects of its subject. In spite of occasional fine moments it suffers from being over-loaded with lists of barbarous names and becomes tedious through excess of simple killing.



Porter. "ANY LUGGAGE, MA'AM?"
Polite old Lady. "NO, THANK YOU. I'VE GOT PLENTY."

After reading *Cut Flowers* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) I am left with an uneasy feeling that Mr. OLIVER ONIONS doesn't think much of me, or of you either. It seems that we have "forgotten" our ex-service women, both the living and the dead; or, as *James Moxon* puts it as he walks past the Cenotaph in the closing paragraphs of the book: "Among all these flowers there is never a flower for the girls." But Mr. ONIONS, being entirely honest, has also to admit that these women cannot even remember each other. *Averil Hay*, a despatch-rider in the War, gave her demobilised hand to *Sir Horace East* and her heart to the founding of a club for ex-service women; but the club was as tragic a failure as the marriage. The women simply could not keep together; their interests lay in too many different directions, as I think *Averil* might have foreseen. So if you and I have sinned we have done so in excellent company. Nor need your sense of guilt deter you from reading the book, for Mr. ONIONS is too good a craftsman to let the purpose of a book interfere with its story. *Cut Flowers* will specially appeal to those women who wish to revive their war-time memories and to hear their war-time chatter amusingly, and no doubt faithfully, reproduced. Others will find it at least a thoroughly readable book. And perhaps even that "uneasy feeling" will give way to a moment's reflection. It was the women's work in the War which led directly to the vote and indirectly to much of the freedom they enjoy to-day. They have not done so badly.

Miss ELLA MACMAHON'S *Wind of Dawn* (LANE) is a story of Ireland—real Ireland, not comic Ireland; and real Ireland is not too popular with the patrons of the lending libraries. Also, though she shows some anti-Republican spirit, she by no means thinks the worst of everyone who does not agree with her. It may comfort her to know that one reader at any rate hails her book as that rare and delightful thing, a novel about Ireland which is fair to both Irish virtues and Irish failings, and, moreover, dwells lovingly on all those beauties of this most distressful country which only those who love her know. Her publishers describe the book as having a "strong love interest," but *Esther Bellamy* and *Edward Delamere* are not so much heroine and hero as spectators through whose eyes we take a glance now and then at the inhabitants of Rathpedder; they are neither brought together nor separated by the events of this book. *Joe Delamere*, the Irish Privy Councillor, who is introduced to us as though he were going to be quite an unimportant character, develops into one of the most interesting in the book. Young *Dermot* the "Shinner" aristocrat, *Mrs. Donovan* the cook, *Canon Johnson* the Protestant vicar, and old *Father Casey* are all more important than the hero and heroine of the "strong love interest." But in a really Irish novel this is what one should expect—and like.

Mr. HECTOR BOLITHO is no beater of the big drum, and you will find *Solemn Boy* (CHATTO AND WINDUS), a quiet story containing a thoughtful and sincere study of youthful character. There were really two *Timothy Shroves*. One was the "individual" boy who longed for expansion and freedom from his family and barricade of aunts; the other was unenterprising and true to *Shrove* type; and the "individual" *Timothy*, aided both by his grandmother and by his bosom-friend, *John Fielding*, won the battle and escaped from his New Zealand home in Opotiki to become a journalist, first of all in Auckland and then in Sydney. This grandmother was an extremely vital lady, and I think Mr. BOLITHO does her (and himself) less than justice in not emphasizing the influence she must have continued to exercise in *Timothy's* life. Serious complaint, however, begins and ends there; the friendship between *Timothy* and *John* and, after *John's* death, *Timothy's* courtship and marriage, are described with a calm and freedom from sentimentality wholly admirable. Later on *Timothy* journeyed to the South Seas; but his aim, which I take to be unique among writers, was to crush romance and not to create it. If Mr. BOLITHO in his next novel would banish "alright" from its pages my gratitude to him would be multiplied.

Mr. Punch gives a loud welcome to *Let's Pretend* (SAVILLE), a very graceful little volume of children's verse by one of his poets, GEORGETTE AGNEW, with drawings by his ERNEST SHEPARD—one (or more) for every poem.

"WOMAN SHARES INVENTION SECRET."
Headline in Daily Paper.

Bless her! she couldn't be expected to keep it.

CHARIVARIA.

A FORTHCOMING bride is to have a retinue of thirteen children at her wedding. This is the sort of thing that makes a superstitious bridegroom thoroughly nervous.

* * *

At certain stages of the Great War we were told we were fighting for dear life, and the details of the latest Peace Budget show that we have got it.

* * *

Lady members of the Ken Wood Regular Swimming Club concluded the winter season by competing for a cup, and their secretary informed a representative of a Sunday paper that they intend to carry on through the summer. We respectfully marvel at their hardihood.

* * *

The announcement that a monument to the farmer's wife who discovered Camembert cheese is shortly to be unveiled, reminds us that the identity of the person who first domesticated the Gorgonzola is still uncertain.

* * *

An advocate of motoring says that it opens up a new life. This is often only too true.

* * *

A lady-paragraphist and her friends have found amusement in pointing out to one another the animals at the Zoo that resemble well-known people. Our feeling is that creatures in captivity ought not to be subjected to this indignity.

* * *

"The Alsatian dog knows what it wants," says a weekly paper writer. And, if we are to believe all the newspaper reports, it sometimes gets it too.

* * *

According to a local paper a Bath Liberal has been bitten by a dog of this breed. The animal should have known that Liberals are not in season when there is an "r" in the month.

* * *

It has been discovered that the invention of the harp was due to an accident. On the other hand the invention of the saxophone was deliberate.

* * *

Omnibuses with two extra wheels in the middle are appearing on the London streets. The idea is to stop these two-seaters from dodging underneath in a traffic block.

Now that the B.B.C. are broadcasting sounds from the countryside, the public is requested not to crowd the country lanes when the charabanc accordion is being transmitted.

* * *

It's at a stiff fence in a point-to-point race that one begins to realise what is really meant by the landed gentry.

* * *

A Bermondsey woman who pleaded "Guilty" to throwing a bowl of goldfish at her husband said she was glad she did it. It is just possible that the novelty of the thing appealed to her.

* * *

Mr. ARTHUR HONNEGAR says railway-engines are full of music. But in comparing them with gramophones you must never forget that they have the merit of being able to dash past you at sixty miles an hour.

* * *

Midges are said to become intoxicated on the flower of the Purple Arum. Boating enthusiasts who are worried by these insects should wear this bloom in their buttonholes and hand the revellers over to the river police.

* * *

Eaton Bray (Bedfordshire) Council was told that the County Council employed so many roadmen that some stood aside to let the others work. And yet people say that the standard of manners in this country is declining.

* * *

A Nottinghamshire miner's wife complained to the magistrates that her husband neglected his work in order to paint pictures as a hobby. Her case is not exceptional; many Chelsea artists' wives have a similar grievance.

* * *

A pond in Surrey into which motorists have often run in the dark is to be filled in. Among local pedestrians it is felt that a kill-joy spirit is abroad.

* * *

"Armed men fire on Irish troops," said a recent headline. It has been noticed that men who fire on troops are usually armed.

* * *

Our theory about the broken crockery in the Neolithic kitchen that has been discovered in Hampshire is that it came to pieces in her hand.

* * *

It is stated in a daily paper that of all the ex-Chancellors of the Exchequer who are still in the House of Commons, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has the largest number of Budgets to his credit. But is "credit" quite the right word?

* * *

Among the wonders of veterinary surgery, we read of a dog that has been fitted with a set of false teeth. We have long suspected the dog next-door of having an artificial bark.

* * *

Mr. GEORGE ROBEY, in giving evidence about a motor-car collision in which he was stunned, said that when he saw the other car he remarked, "Now we are in for it." It was unlike him not to exclaim "Desist!"

* * *

On reading of a football-match between two teams of lawyers we are reminded that on these occasions it is not unusual for the losing side to give notice of appeal.

* * *

We are glad that the difficulties between *The Daily Express* and the Portland Club on the question of the rules of bridge are likely to be settled without reference to the League of Nations.



His Wife (inspecting country cottage with a view to purchase). "OH, CYRIL, ISN'T IT PERFECTLY DELIGHTFUL? DO YOU NOTICE? REAL SOLID OLD OAK!"

Another Headache for the Historians.

"Every little while he [Mr. CHURCHILL] refreshed himself from a flask of what, without more definite knowledge, I can only describe as an amber-coloured liquid which barely lasted out his speech."—*Morning Paper.*

"One small detail is worth recording. Mr. Churchill took only one sip from his glass during the whole of the hundred and fifty minutes."—*Evening Paper.*

"When fire broke out in a fat manufacturer's premises at —— on Saturday firemen had great difficulty in dealing with the flames, which, fed by the fat, blazed fiercely from all the windows."—*Daily Paper.*

A terrible warning of the danger of obesity.

TO MY PIPE.

[A protest, supported by the best financial traditions, against the new Tobacco-duty as being calculated to restrict the poet's output.]

INSTRUMENT whose fumes inspire
Me with pure Apolline fire
(So his *narthex*, much the same,
Held Prometheus' gift of flame
Pinched from high Olympus' portals
For the benefit of mortals)—

You whose whiff of honied dew
Stimulates me through and through,
I can see your loyal soul
Burst inside your heated bowl
When this tax, which we deplore,
Makes your contents cost me more.

I had hoped that in his heart
WINSTON cared a bit for Art;
Hoped that with the dawn of Spring
He would want to hear me sing,
So would let my source of song
Go unraided. I was wrong.

He, it seems, has no regard
For the feelings of a bard;
All his instincts run to prose;
Therefore through my lyric nose
I must pay these loathsome dues
Heaped upon my Working Muse.

Those who raid the Sinking Fund
Leave the experts badly stunned;
But a worse financial fault
He commits by this assault;
By his tax on baccy laid
He restricts the poet's trade.

Yet I think I know, at need,
How to baffle WINSTON's greed;
When, poor worm, I make return
(Schedule E) of what I earn,
I propose to claim remission
Of this monstrous imposition.

When I bid him reimburse
Charges incident to verse,
Then with paper, pens and ink
It is my idea to link
Pipe-tobacco in the sense
Of an overhead expense. O. S.

THE TWENTY-FIRST OF APRIL.

"GOOD gracious me!" said the Fairy Queen, looking at the mother-of-pearl calendar hanging above her desk. "It 's Princess ELIZABETH's birthday to-day. My favourite god-daughter a whole year old! Now, what *can* I send her?"

She darted across to her bookshelf and, taking out Vol. VI. (O—R) of the Fairy's Encyclopædia, she turned up *Princesses, Presents for*, and scanned the list anxiously. It was a very long list, starting with *Affability* and ending with *Zeal*; but it was not a bit helpful, for every one of the gifts mentioned had been given to the PRINCESS at her christening by the fairies who had attended that most important event. It must be something entirely new and original this time, and yet something that would increase everybody's happiness, for that is the aim of all fairy gifts.

The Queen pondered deeply and a worried frown appeared on her little face. It was really very difficult. Then she sent for the Court Magician.

"I want a present for the Princess ELIZABETH—it 's her birthday," she explained. "Will you please suggest something?"

The Court Magician, who had been awakened from his after-luncheon nap and was consequently feeling rather cross, did not trouble to think at all.

"We will send her a nice husband," he announced. "You could not find a better present than that."

The Fairy Queen hesitated. She did not want to offend the Court Magician, but—well, surely a husband, even a *nice* husband, was rather unsuitable? He would get so dreadfully in the way in the Royal Nurseries, and the Head Nurse would very likely give notice if she had to take him out for walks. No, that wouldn't do at all.

"She is a little bit small still," she answered doubtfully. "Only a year old—though it is a very good suggestion, of course," she added hastily as the Magician's face darkened. "We will certainly bear it in mind for a future birthday."

But he was not to be appeased.

"Oh, well, give her the usual old gift. Let every word she speaks turn into a pearl," he said grumpily.

The Fairy Queen sighed. He was really being very tiresome. He knew how she hated that sort of present—so out-of-date too.

"That would have been lovely," she said soothingly, "but, you see, she doesn't talk yet—not properly, I mean. Only those nice gurgly noises that babies make, and I don't think they would quite count, would they? But thank you *so* much. It 's very kind of you to have tried to help me."

The Court Magician stalked off angrily and the Queen sighed again. Now he would be bad-tempered for weeks and would go putting nasty spells on everybody, and it would all be very uncomfortable. Oh, these men! And to talk about a husband for the precious babe! She must summon her subjects. Perhaps one of them would have a good suggestion to make.

But, alas, they were no more helpful than the Magician had been. They looked very pensive and pretty, but they had not an idea in their silly little heads, and they were all getting very upset indeed, when the youngest-fairy-but-six came in. She had been washing the face of a baby-cloud when she received the summons, and she had flown very quickly all the way home on the back of a non-stop sturdy little breeze, so she arrived quite breathless.

Now the youngest-fairy-but-six was very quiet and shy, but she sometimes had ideas, so all the other fairies rushed to her as she entered, and they all talked at once and tried to explain what was wanted, and between the noise they made and her own hurry the poor thing did not know if she were standing on her head or her heels. But after they had quietened down and she had rested for a moment or two she *did* have an idea.

"Well, Your Majesty," she said, stammering a little and very red in the face, "you know that mortals, directly they come to what they call years of discretion, cease to believe in us. . . ."

There was a horrified gasp. Of course this was a well-known fact, but it was never even whispered, much less talked about in this open manner.

"I'm sure there is nothing indiscreet about us really," she continued apologetically, "and, if it doesn't sound conceited to say so, I *do* think it is so sad for them not to be able to appreciate us any more. I'm sure that the reason why grown-ups get old so quickly, and become dull and uninteresting, and are generally so much less attractive than children, is that they have lost their belief in all romantic and sentimental things—because, of course, we *are* rather romantic and sentimental, aren't we? Don't you think it would be rather lovely to give the PRINCESS the gift of believing in fairies for ever and ever and ever?"

The Queen clapped her hands with delight.

"We will!" she cried. "That 's the best present my god-daughter could have!"

So when Princess ELIZABETH is quite old and people remark on the look of perpetual youth in her eyes, and draw attention to that little crinkly confiding smile of hers which all babies possess and so very few grown-ups, everybody will know that it was because, on the first anniversary of her birthday, her godmother gave her the greatest of all gifts—to believe in fairies for ever and ever and ever.

For the Adventurous.

"EASTER HOLIDAYS.

Motor Tours by ——'s Pullman Parlour Saloon Coaches."—*Provincial Paper.*

After the raid on the Soviet premises in Pekin:—

"The arrested persons will be tried and dealt with according to their desserts."

Scots Paper.

By their fruits they shall be judged.



SOMETHING TO GO ON WITH.

First Wolf (*sniffily*). "HORS D'ŒUVRE, I PRESUME."



PROSPECTIVE NEW VOTERS DISCUSSING AFFAIRS OF STATE AT JAZZVILLE-ON-SEA.

BUY IT AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

AT the close of last year's exhibition of the Royal Academy it was stated that a lamentably large proportion of the exhibits was unsold. As this statement was a semi-official one, it amounted to an acknowledgment of the fact, too little realised by the public, that one of the main objects of the exhibition is commercial. And still Burlington House gives no sign of adopting the up-to-date business methods by which alone can trade be stimulated.

It is patent to all observers that ninety-nine per cent. of the public go to the Academy with no more thought of buying a picture or statue than they would have of buying an animal at the Zoo. Indeed it is doubtful if even one per cent. of the visitors realises that these works are for sale, and not merely a collection of exhibits which it is a social duty to have seen.

The remedy is obvious. Smart salesmen and saleswomen should be on duty in each room, ready to seize every opportunity of cultivating the middle-class market, in this manner:—

"That is a charming little thing you are looking at, Sir (or Modom). *Moonrise near Haslemere* is the title. Its handy size makes it specially suitable for the flat or the maisonette. At ten nineteen eleven it is a real bargain. The management is confident that Miss Goulders-Greene's work will soon be worth double her present price."

And so in the Sculpture Room:—

"Are you suited, Modom (or Sir)? Or may I draw your attention to this ingenious statuette of Bacchante, the—er—Greek goddess? It would give distinction to the moderate-sized entrance-hall, and the raised hands are so arranged that they will support an electric light if desired . . . ."

Customers should be allowed, even encouraged, to remove their purchases at once, thus making room for selections from the large stock of superior works that have been crowded out.

Many antiquated prejudices would of course have to be scrapped before Burlington House could be brought into line with the great stores. Perhaps the most satisfactory solution would be for Harridge's to absorb it.

THE SOHO ILLUSION.

"I WONDER has it ever struck you," said Edward, "about waitresses? Because I think something ought to be done."

He removed his horn-rims and began polishing them vigorously, producing for the purpose a large silk handkerchief of chaste design. There is nothing batik about Edward.

"You know what happens," he said, "as well as I do. You're walking quietly down the Strand—it happened to be Coventry Street yesterday—when you're more or less maimed for life by a blow on the shoulder-blade, and you look round and there's some grinning ass you haven't seen since the good old Borstal days. And then you have to leave off crossing the road or whatever it is you're doing and go and peck the vitamin with him in some low chop-house off Greek Street.

"Yesterday it was one of those artistic places with hard chairs. And all the way there he tells you how as soon as his illiterate footfall is heard round the corner the waitress rushes to

the speaking-tube and tells the people downstairs to turn the gas up under Mr. Arthur's chop; and how she always hides the illustrated papers till he comes, and never lets anyone else have his table, and gives him the best bunch of groundsel or whatever the stuff is, and keeps a spare pair of socks handy in case he 's got his feet wet—you know the sort of thing. And then what happens?"

He paused impressively and replaced his glasses.

"In the first place, there isn't a table, so that you have to stand there blocking up the gangway and looking like those large china frogs you put umbrellas in. Then after about five minutes the poor fool who brought you says, 'Dear me, there doesn't seem to be a table,' and you count forty and make a noncommital noise with the adenoids. Like this." (Here Edward produced a sound somewhat resembling an unsuccessful gargle, only less refined.)

"Then, after another quarter-of-an-hour or so, two people go away from the table in the window and you have to go and sit up there in full view of the public outside, and when you try to draw the curtains the manageress comes along and stops you because the people inside can't see. (It 's really because she hasn't allowed enough stuff in the beastly things, and they 'd only go about halfway across.) And when you tell her you 'd like a chop, if it isn't too much trouble, she says, Yes, you shall have it at once, and asks you if you 've seen the Russian Players. So you talk like that for a bit, all hungry and cultured, until someone else comes along and asks for his bill, and then you can go to sleep if you like, or play noughts and crosses.

"Then when you wake up there 's a large plate of spaghetti in front of you, just beginning to congeal. Cloying, you know. I don't think there 's anything worse," said Edward, "than eating spaghetti in full view of the passer-by, the pedestrian passer-by. If you cut it up in lengths you get sneered at for an amateur, and if you try the continuous stream effect there 's no knowing what may happen. Well, you wrestle along with that for a bit, and then at last, when you 're so weak that you haven't even the heart to kill each other, the waitress appears from somewhere at the back and cuts you dead.

"The waitress, you know," explained Edward, "the one who always keeps a spare pair of socks in the knife-basket in case it 's raining—the one you heard about all the way down Greek Street. And the awful part of it is that he hasn't been lying, because there *are* waitresses like that, I 've met them. But they all have a sort of perverted sense of humour that makes them do that sort of thing—rather like parrots. I once knew a man," said Edward, "who had a parrot who could recite the whole of *Macbeth*, with notes; but no one had ever heard him say anything except 'Hello, Ethel!' which of course isn't the same thing. You can't trust them.

"I only know one exception, and that 's a little girl in a place off Dean Street, who has my order on the table before I 've hung up my hat—a wonderful girl. She keeps an old umbrella behind the cash desk, so that if it turns out wet all I 've got to do is to leave my stick there instead. One day last winter—— Tell you what," said Edward, uncrossing his legs, "if you 're not doing anything in particular we might as well ooze along there and have a spot of lunch. It 's just off Dean Street—did I tell you?"



"ANYONE TRIED TO PASS HERE?"
"YESSIR; FIFTY CHINKS—OR ELSE THE SAME CHINK FIFTY TIMES"

THE %.

THis artiple, wich i am typlingg is theresul t of a gbet or wager; I was talkingto my frind MR ST john eR-the bramatic CRitic?

VINe A good litrary talk too about the price of stalls and wether one o ught to smoke popes at a highh brow play and soon so on. when suddenly hee let out in that shy way heha-s, you know like a vioiolet opening for 1 moment on a foggyday, that he typesall his workk – i dont mean thatt he wites it downfirst an then hypes it bot he composesit 8&69¼ if yu can call his kind of ritingcom posing, straigt onto the lypewriterlike a MAN impAopervising on the pianano;?; SO i said of HOURSE that explains how you write the awaful mUCK you do — — for this is how literarary pople talkk wen thy gettogetherin a restorant½ an the bgreat beutyofthe typlwriteris thatby the juvicious use of ¾@0½ CAPS you can make your insultts much mor emk emkh empatic,i mean wat I SAID was MUCk no,;7¾? noMUck no damit MUCK!!? emhatically like That; well he wass tongutied if you canimagi ne that i think his mouth was fuull; SO i said i bet i could'n"t write a THINg like thatandhe saidkin dlyof coursse i could. to tell you te truth i have nefer rellly mustered this macine before but i said that i would typl an ESSaY on The DRamtic Criticand asfarasi canseei i i I have won my already bet A becase allthough my ttevn my teckn my technique is improving my ususual pek pello peLLUCID style has agandonedme already? you see there are two allreadies in thesa me sentoncealready; FATal. "—

BUT now i will pul myselftohether?½£ WELL the only question is is is or is is not libellus to say ofa man thak heisa aramatic critic,. yu see i was once a dram. crit. myself@ it hapened this way— — — — — i met a strange EDDitor at l unch & he said ¾Why dont you do thetheatre for us Our mans gone intoo a HOme¾ I said ¾No thanhks i dont wantto go into a HOMe¾ Behides; i do'nt know anythinganout acting or duse dam Duse, and as for hakespeare the man is a CLosed book tome " he said t¾that's capital

JUstwhatwewantyou 'll bringa fresh mind to it¾ i said i Wont do ithe said youll go tothe WHIPS ofSIn tomorrow¾ & by jove he was right . . . ,

wellibroughtafreshmindtoit Ogolly lookat that. but in less than 6 months my mind was likea cargo from the argentine when the rebriger–ating:macinery breaks down. i do'nt know if it was consstant assocciociation with bro matic critics or whatbut my hole soul was horrupted;;

WHEn i began i was an absout absolut christian bot before long i I was sououred? andbelieveme thereis nothingvinegars aman so surely as seeing3or4funny plays a WEEk!!? i never said a word about duse or bernhardrdt but i thought of ever y authorasa criminaland evry actoras an accessry in the first degree i hated thesightof a HALLOfpleasure ,and as for farces i used tototter home and cry, so you will never hear me blime blame the critics for the waythe y behave; Indeed i hympathise with them, theonly difference betweenus is thati had the decencyto giveit up BUT thereit isand if the men cant get any other employ.ment (i'm imploving dontvou think¾ and as i i i I IIIIII said to stjohn having begun life i n that line myselg it wuld ill become mei said to trow slones at men who have got no furth – er BETides they ar such sensitive fellows and as I said to STJohn (I am improvink¾ rather cleverly i thought scratch a criti c i said Sratch a critic and you find a martyr) Ha.;!

so i want to keep this ESSAy on a compasassionate note. & per£ and perhaps asi am typlng i can best express this grop graphically; Well, youwatch the poorr critics slinking slinking intothe sTalls hatingeverybodyalllalone andmydearsucholdfashoneddressjackets; like this

% % % % % % %

loook at them, always in ones, Did youever see anythinf qute so dppressing; Yousee they have absolululutely NOFriendsinfact i hear mostof the m have No private li fe at alltheyjustliveforthe THEOTRe;

butof hourse the jundiced authorr gets aveery different impression?k whenhe peeps down from his boxatthestallshe thinks he seesthis

% % % % % % % % % % % % % % % % £
% % £ % % % % £ % % % % % % % % % % % % % % %



Proprietor of Donkey and Cart (to new assistant). "Don't go giving 'im no carrots, as he often refuses 'em, and people only say things."

the the enbia the emv the enviable posessions of butter i mean better men, and if she varies the monotony by pickingholes in them well who can blame her; THen stJohn opened n his mouth and shily said 2 ¾9½7;–¼ 2 two columns of theobserver.so i came home and practisd typing tilli attaind the abslute mustery of the intrument which you see; Howeveri still maintain thatit plays the duce the DEuce with my style? A. ¾. H.

Our Helpful Press.

"Next week 'Come into the Kitchen' . . . will be given at the R—— Theatre."—*Provincial Paper.*

"R—— Theatre . . . Next week: 'Come out of the Kitchen.'"
Same paper, same day.

Hence our uncertainty as to whether the play's about the New Poor or the New Rich.

The Communist Peril at the Ports.

"Wanted, Two good Red Brickmakers."—*Portsmouth Paper.*

The Spartan Infants.

An echo of "Mothering Sunday":—

"Not one of the babies—on all of whom the vicar bestowed a kiss—shed a single tear."—*Daily Paper.*

Commenting upon a statement that three-hundred-and-twenty-seven women centenarians have died during the last five years *The Daily* —— remarks:—

"The modern young woman, with her golf and tennis, is a great contrast to the Victorian young lady, with her swoons and smelling salts and her romantic disposition to be fatigued."

We don't know about the Victorians, but the Georgians born in the twenties of the last century seem to have been a fairly tough lot.

CHICAGO POLITICS.

YEAR after year, by means of cinema sub-titles, through wireless and radio-beams, through the construction of gigantic aeroplanes, America grows nearer to England. Sometimes I wake up in the night with a cry. I have dreamt that with a long-grinding crash America has hit England.

Then I remember that there is in reality Ireland in between them to act as a buffer, and go off happily to sleep again.

In the daytime I carry on with my project of making American movies on English soil. In case I have not sufficiently explained this project to readers of *Punch* I will outline it again.

The English public, it appears, will only stand for American films. For English films it has no use at all, but for American films it will stand until the house is full and the gentlemen in uniform push it down the marble stairs.

Very well then. Let American films be made in England. If we get anything wrong with the language, the customs, the scenery or the interiors of the great Golden West so much the better. That is exactly what happens when films dealing with English life are manufactured at Hollywood. If I were not so much occupied with the Budget and school bills I should hire a studio at once. One cannot have children educated in negroid dances for nothing in these days.

I should begin by making a picture of Municipal Life in Chicago. I should not call it that, of course, but something rather snappier—say, "What Price Old Glory," or "Boss Jones."

One seems to see the story growing. Paul Jones would be marked out almost from his cradle for something big. His mother, standing by it, will murmur with a proud smile—

"Some day, Heaven helping, my little Paul may be mayor of this mighty burg."

And not long afterwards, by breaking a bottle of milk over the head of the hired girl who refuses him gin, he will show that his mother's faith is no idle dream.

The little Paul will grow up in the way that little boys predestined for great careers do grow up. Found near a broken window with a catapult he will say—

"Father, I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my little catapult."

He will make other historic remarks.

"There is no royal road to learning the ukelele,"

his instructor will tell him; and he will reply—

"This is the royal road,"

at the same time placing the instrument quietly in the fire.

He will shoot the next-door cat with an air-pistol.

"I have put my right hand to the revolver butt,"

he will cry, in a touching and beautiful close-up—



A PIONEER OF THE BERET.

EVENING ON THE RANCH. THE RETURN FROM CIVILISATION.

"and I will never withdraw it until I drink turtle-soup in the Town Hall."

And yet again, after reading in *Treasure Island*—

"Fifteen men on a dead man's chest,
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

"I would sooner have written that poem,"

he will declare,

"than have signed the Declaration of Independence."

Little Sadie or Mamie will come into his life. She will be a child of his own class—none of the aristocrats on Lakeside—a daughter of the people, trained to secrete methylated spirit on her person and to use the stiletto from her earliest years. To her he will be always faithful. He means to use her as a decoy-duck and a spy in dealing with opposition gangs down in the secret vaults, where municipal candidates are nominated by the ratepayers.

Once perhaps the young Paul will despair. He is only an errand-boy, and the chances of life seem all against him. Companions will have tempted him into evil courses, tried to seduce him into gambling in wheat futures or canning meat. Wrapping his few possessions, a belt of cartridges, a velvet mask and a keg of crude alcohol, in his handkerchief, he turns his back on Chicago, accompanied by his pet piebald rat. Three miles away he falls asleep by the roadside. Then he stirs and wakens. There is a noise. What is it? Surely not! Yes, it must be—the distant rattle of machine-gun fire.

"Turn again, Paul Jones,"

the shots seemed to say to him—

"Turn again, Paul Jones, thrice Mayor of Chicago."

In the distance he can see the terror-stricken police taking cover behind dustbins, can see the armoured lorries conducting voters to the poll. Once again the good fairy that attended his birth seems to be with him. He repeats LONGFELLOW'S beautiful lines:—

"We shall not be missed if another succeeds us
To reap down the fields which in spring we have sown;
He who sows and who ploughs is not missed by the reaper,
He is only remembered by what he has done."

He thinks of EMERSON. He thinks of *Bluebeard*. He thinks of SUN YAT SEN. His part is to take the torch from those who have fallen and to carry it on. The civic laurels seem to shine before him once again. He returns to the dust of the arena.

"Retrenchment and Reform"—that's the motto of Paul Jones' life. He knows what the poor want in the great black city of Chicago. They want cash. He knows what the thirsty want. They want hooch. These things he is out to give them, keeping some for himself as a guarantee that he is not proud.

He has studied municipal tactics. He knows where to post snipers up back alleys, the precise moment during a political oration when a life-preserver or a crow-bar will most forcibly tell. Practice has made his throat like asbestos, and never was there a swifter finger on the trigger.

There is a fine moment when Sadie or Mamie is about to be lured away under the influence of a Methodist preacher. All seems lost, and there is

a wonderful close-up where she is seen registering conversion, with a hymn-book in her hand. Paul Jones appears with a shot-gun.

"You weren't going to fall for that guy, were you? Who gave you them sparkles?"

Sadie looks at her left hand. On it is a diamond ring, looted from the house of a sausage lord.

"Oh, Paul!"

He shoots the Methodist Preacher in the face, and she falls rejoicing into his arms.

Comes, later, the great scene of his triumph. The stage is set for a municipal contest, as these affairs are conducted under the star-spangled in the greatest city of the West. It is night-time. The sky is full of Very lights and golden rain. Houses are falling like cardboard in the principal streets. There is a deafening crash of artillery, produced by the orchestra. Patrols are cutting the barbed wire round the polling-booths. Paul Jones meets his principal rival in a deadly hand-to-hand combat which can be pictured either in slow motion or more rapidly, according to taste. They use daggers, pistols, hand-grenades, fists, feet, and finally teeth. Paul Jones slowly bites the Democratic candidate to death.

Then amid salvoes of rifle fire he tours the devastated area in a motor-car, with Sadie or Mamie at his side. His life's ambition is won. He is the Republican Mayor of Chicago, and fades out with a bandage over one eye, a glass of potato spirit in his right hand, and the chain and star of office about his torn but magnificent chest.

I think it would be sure to go.

EVOE.

DEPARTMENTAL RHYMES.

THE MINISTRY OF AGRICULTURE AND FISHERIES.

THE Ministry of Ag. and Fish.
Does everything that one could wish
To foster, guide and chaperon
Those industries it calls its own;
And it would be unkind to chaff
The members of its faithful staff
Who seek no rest and find no peace,
But labour always to increase,
By deeds of departmental derring,
Corn, flesh and fowl and good red herring.

No slackness is allowed to smirch
Their splendid record of research,
No doubts molest their firm reliance
On methods blessed by modern science.
One expert, in his spacious lab.,
Observes the habits of the crab;
Another takes his grain of wheat,
His whiting or his sugar beet
And tries by some ingenious test
What mode of living suits it best;
While others dedicate their lives
To proving how the ploughman thrives
Who mitigates his dull vocation
With intellectual recreation,
And spends an hour of leisure daily
Playing upon the ukelele.

The farmer strolling round his paddock,
The fisherman in quest of haddock,
Unite to sing with grateful glee
The praises of their Ministry.
Rude simple souls, they lack that store
Of expert scientific lore
On which alone success depends,
And this their kind Department sends.
For, if calamities befall
The men who till, the men who trawl—
If beasts contract the foot-and-mouth,
If blizzards blow from north or south,
If prices slump and credit fails,
If nets are rent by sportive whales,
The Staff is ready in a trice
To help them with its best advice,
On land or sea, in drought or storm,
Sent free of charge in pamphlet form.

C. L. M.



["The Income Tax Acts are to be re-written in simple language."—*Daily Paper.*]

He. "HAVEN'T I FOR YEARS BEEN SAYING IF THEY WANT THE ORDINARY MAN TO UNDERSTAND THEM THEY *MUST* MAKE THE LANGUAGE OF THE INCOME TAX ACTS SIMPLER? YOU 'VE HEARD ME SAY THAT OVER AND OVER AGAIN. AND NOW AT LAST I SEE THEY ARE GOING TO DO IT!"

She. "POOR LAMB! THEN YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO KEEP ON SAYING IT."



MANNERS AND MODES.

Mother. "Gracious heavens! My dearest child, what *have* you done to your face? You look positively ghastly."
Daughter. "But it's *meant* to be like that, Mummy. It's 'Poudre Cadavre' and terribly smart."

IF THE ARMY ADVERTISED.

The Army, I fear, is not up to date. It doesn't advertise properly. I look everywhere in the magazines; I search the massed hoardings of country roads and rural beauty spots; I scan at night the dazzling scintillations of the south bank of the Thames, but, except for a few recruiting-posters outside the War Office and on police-station back-doors, I see no reference to the Army. Yet, after all, when you come down to basic facts, the Army is a commercial concern. The tax-payer forks out for the Army estimates, which go to feed and pay the soldiery; while in return the soldiery protect the tax-payer from his enemies, entertain him with searchlight tattoos, give him occasional manœuvres and a march-past, and provide a steady flow of husbands for his domestic servants.

But if the Army doesn't pull its socks up and do a bit of advertising, the Commons will turn round one of these days and say, "We don't hear much of our Army; we'll only give 'em half pay next year." Or a taxpayer will complain that he isn't getting full value because he doesn't live in a garrison town. Or some judge will say, "*What* is the Army? *Is* there one?"

It is time the Army realised all this and organised itself on proper business lines by appointing a D.A.A.G. (Deputy Assistant Advertiser General) at the War Office. I venture below a few suggestions as to what we might expect if this were done, and I hope they will be taken to heart in the Battle-Box.

Our morning paper would display amongst the news the daily advertising article of *Mars*, on these lines:—

"One of the principles of this big military House is to ensure the comfort of its patrons. To this end a spacious Typists' Lounge has just been opened near the Palm Court . . . ."

And on the advertisement pages:—

The British Army supplies the best and cheapest Walkers Out.

Tariff.

Privates of the Line—2/6 per evening and cigarettes supplied.
6d. extra for Guardsmen.
1/- extra for Kilted Regiments.
N.B.—A fine stock of assorted N.C.O.'s on demand.
Write for Illustrated Catalogue.

The Personal Columns would contain subtly-worded insertions, such as:—

Goo-goo.—Left you to join Army. Better food.

The London hoardings would of course be fertile soil and every branch of the service would have its special posters for this. The Royal Artillery would show a picture of a gunner officer with a howitzer firing vigorously at a distant hostile blockhouse, and underneath it would be written:—

He won't be happy till he gets it!

The Royal Tank Corps would have a picture of a battalion of infantry getting badly handled by a superior force, and underneath:—

They wished they had had Tanks.

Use Whippets and be Safe.

The Royal Army Service Corps would have a picture of a column of supply lorries entitled:—

Your food comes to you by instalments every day.
Delivered to your Mess in plain vans.

The slogan of the Pay Corps would of course be everywhere—

The Pay Corps Never Owes.

Other branches might advertise a little differently. The Army Clothing Department would take a page in a fashionable journal and say: "That quiet correctness of style which distinguishes the well-dressed British private has set the standard which armies the world over follow . . ."

The Staff naturally would not advertise so blatantly. At the most there would be a courteously-worded letter saying that "our Captain Charming will be pleased to wait upon you at your convenience;" and the Captain would have a visiting-card in the best style:—

GENERAL STAFF,
WAR OFFICE.
Troops moved.

Further afield, however, the War Office would be less modest. In big advertising centres such as Hindhead and Chanctonbury Ring you would find six-foot hoardings requesting you to

PATRONISE THE ARMY.
EXPEDITIONS UNDERTAKEN TO ANY DISTANCE.

Or setting out the following attractions:—

ALL FORMATIONS UP TO ARMY CORPS MOVED AT SHORTEST NOTICE.
SLIGHT EXTRA CHARGE FOR AEROPLANES.
WARS SUCCESSFULLY CONCLUDED.
RIOTS QUELLED BY HUMANE METHODS ONLY.

A glance through the magazines would bring advertisements such as the following to light:—

FROM THE HOUSE OF THE STATIONERY OFFICE.
Just Published.
A thrilling new serial, entitled
"ARMY ORDERS FOR JUNE."
An Epic of Military Life.

Or

The G.O.C. London Command announces that he is now in a position to supply Companies and Platoons to non-garrison towns during the holiday season.
TERMS BY ARRANGEMENT.

In every barracks there would be local advertisements. Entering our well-known Ypres Barracks one day, the casual visitor would find the Quartermaster's Branch running an *Eat More Bully* campaign, while, outside the Officers' Mess, Privates Barrel and Butt would try to sell you flags for the "Distressed Officers' Cocktail Fund." The Pay-Sergeant would be conducting distributions of pamphlets stating that each Friday he will pay out "credits on note of hand alone," and a placard outside the Sergeants' Mess would adjure you to "keep that R.S.M. complexion;" while the Junior N.C.O.'s would ask, "Has father joined the Corporals' Club?" Even Private Muzzle, the sanitary man, would have little handbills pasted about the place telling you to

HAVE A CLEAN BARRACKS!
MUZZLE DOES IT WHILE YOU SLEEP!
LET MUZZLE DO IT!

Finally, in the advertisement pages of the Sunday papers there would begin to appear "testimonials" like the following:—

TAKEN AT RANDOM FROM MANY LETTERS RECEIVED.

My dear Field-Marshal,—For years I suffered from bad eyes. They used even to wake me up by falling open at night, and I could barely get in ten hours' sleep. Since I took a six-year course in your Army, however, I noticed an enormous improvement. After only a fortnight's recruit training I found I was sleeping quite well, and, after a series of lectures from the Second-in-Command, this became habitual. Short lessons on visual training, such as looking out for the Orderly Officer when smoking in the sentry-box, or spotting the Sergeant-Major at a distance, further improved my keenness of vision.

Now that I am discharged, not only can I sleep well, but I take a thoroughly healthy visual interest in my neighbours and surroundings.

The Binoculars,
Bathsheba Road, Bath.

The original can be viewed on application at the War Office Advertisement Department. A. A.



"THIS IS THE COLOUR THAT 'S ALL THE GO IN LONDON; IT 'S WHAT THEY CALL 'JADED GREEN.'"

"BIG U.S. ORDER FOR TEES."
Headline in Daily Paper.

In readiness for the Open Golf championship.

THE SALAMANDER.

"C'est la véritable salamandre," said Monsieur Albert, the house-agent, pausing before the anthracite stove in the front-room.

We regarded it without interest.

"Of course there is no bath-room?" said my wife tentatively.

Monsieur Albert turned and looked at her with the roguish smile of the conjurer about to produce the rabbit from the hat. "Ah," he replied, "je vais vous faire voir une originalité."

He conducted us through the flat to the kitchen, and, throwing open a large cupboard in one of the walls, revealed a really very respectable white-enamelled bath with a geyser.

"Voilà, Madame!"

This was more than we had dared to hope for. "We will take the appartement," I said at once.

"Mais, Monsieur, vous n'avez pas encore vu les autres pièces, les chambres-à-coucher, le——"

"It is enough, Monsieur," I said; "there is a bath." And I led him back to the salle-à-manger.

Our business was soon transacted. He handed me an inventory of the furniture and effects; I handed him three months' rent. The flat was ours.

Before taking his leave Monsieur Albert walked across the room and laid his hand fondly, lingeringly, on the polished top of the anthracite stove.

"La véritable salamandre," he murmured. Then with a sigh he tore himself away and departed.

* * * *

Looking back to the earlier days of our tenancy of the flat, I am prepared to admit that the bath was a good one. Unfortunately there were difficulties in making use of it, and I had almost immediately to relinquish my original intention of taking a daily hot tub before breakfast. This operation filled the kitchen with steam and Mademoiselle Geneviève, our femme de ménage, who arrived at nine o'clock, with despair. It was, she declared, insupportable that one like herself, with an hereditary tendency to bronchitis, should be made to labour in a fog. A similar drawback attached to bathing at night. Everything in the kitchen was so damp on the following morning that we had to wash up before as well as after breakfast. Finally my wife suggested that I should limit myself to three hot baths a week, taken at two in the afternoon; this, she thought, would give the kitchen time to recover by the evening, if we kept a really good fire going there. I gave it a trial, but found that total immersion so soon after luncheon was inimical to the process of digestion.



"NO SOONER WERE WE ESTABLISHED HERE THAN GENEVIÈVE DESCENDED UPON US."

Our main problem, however, was the anthracite stove. The trouble with the stove was that it was altogether too thorough-going; there were no half-measures about it. Unless filled to the top it went out; when filled to the top it emitted so intolerable a heat that on the fourth morning we had to take our chairs into the passage leading from the salle-à-manger to the kitchen. No sooner were we established here than Geneviève descended upon us. Was it, she asked, that we mistrusted her that we approached ourselves thus so close to the kitchen? But never of her life had anyone yet accused her of idleness. It was not necessary that we should espy her. We assured her that we had no wish to derange her. She possessed our entire and unabated confidence. She was all, and more than all, that we had ever suspected that a femme de ménage could be. But the stove—who could endure a heat so excessive?

At the end of a week I decided that something must be done. Not only was the passage as a sitting-out place beginning to pall on us, but relations with Geneviève were becoming so strained that we were daily expecting an ultimatum from her.

"Salamander or no salamander," I said, "véritable or other, the stove must go."

"If we could only get rid of it," said my wife, "it ought to be perfectly easy to put an ordinary grate in the fireplace. There is a groove for the bars to fit into, but they have been taken out. We shall probably find them in the cellar."

A search in that quarter proved that her surmise was correct.

The question remained what to do with the stove. We did not care to retain it in the salle-à-manger, even under the disguise of an occasional table or an extra sideboard; in either of the two bedrooms it would be equally *de trop*; if we cast it out of the window the municipal authorities would probably hurl it back at us.

We seemed to have reached an impasse when suddenly my wife was seized with an inspiration.



"'I KNOW,' SHE SAID; 'LET'S PUT IT IN THE BATH.'"



Wife. "I 'M SORRY, DOCTOR, BUT MY HUSBAND CAN'T SEE YOU TO-DAY. HE 'S NOT FEELING STRONG ENOUGH."

"I know," she said; "let 's put it in the bath. Of course it will mean that we shan't be able to use the bath any more, but we can manage with one of those flat tin things in the spare bedroom. And we shan't have to be continually drying the kitchen."

On reflection I agreed. After all, the bath, as far as I was concerned, had already lost much of its early glamour.

* * * * *

The salle-à-manger is now comfortably warmed by a small but bright fire in an open grate, and Geneviève, relieved of our presence in the passage, is all that there is of the most amiable. It is true that I have to a certain extent lost the bath habit, but, as my wife says, while we are in France we may as well try to be as French as possible.

There remains in the ointment but a single fly. Sooner or later Monsieur Albert, the house-agent, will pay us another visit. When that day arrives we shall be faced by two alternatives: it will be necessary either to vacate the flat or to murder Monsieur Albert and put him in the bath with the salamander. Nous verrons.

From a politician's letter:—

"If he were to rejoin by *tu quoque*, Westminster would enjoy the reputation which was once associated with Billingsgate."

Evening Paper.

It certainly seems a very gross expression.

THOUGHTS ON THE BUDGET.

I AM one of many, doubtless, whose Easter vacation has been overcast by the vexatious Budget introduced last week.

It offended against both British precedent and my personal disposition. I have seen forty Aprils, but never a Budget like this one. If I were the sort of man to bother my head about the nicer points of national finance I might find something to rouse genuine anger. But as an average Englishman I find nothing that calls for indignation, nothing that can be said to threaten the downfall of the Empire, alas, or to point to a disregard for the pockets and the simple pleasures of the people at large. It is indeed a keen disappointment that the Budget, so-called, leaves me with no sense whatever of being oppressed or exploited.

Had the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER seen his way to put sixpence on the Income Tax I should have been justified in speaking my mind very freely, both at home and at the club, about such a gross injustice. The country would then have been going rapidly to the dogs, and I should have written letters to the local newspaper, to the chief organs of the London Press and to our Member. But as things are I feel like a duck out of water. At times I wonder whether this is indeed the English April of which the poet sang.

In my own home this unsatisfactory Budget has lost me much of my prestige. For many years on Budget morning the family have assembled punctually at the breakfast-table and waited in silence for me to arrive and to scan the summary in *The Times* newspaper. Thereafter they have listened to my remarks. More than once they have one and all blenched, and servants have been known to drop dishes. But 1927 will go down in the annals of my household as a sad exception, when a dismayed silence prevailed instead of a steady utterance of plain English. It was not that the Budget was above criticism; the trouble was that I could not think of anything to say against it until the meal was long over.

That is the rotten sort of Budget it was.

Abbreviation's Artless Aid.

From a commercial traveller's report:

"I was not able to see Mr. ——, but I had a long chat with his ass."

"Colonel Sir Victor Mackenzie, the commanding officer, headed the 2nd Battalion of the Scots Guards in the march to the military railway siding at Aldershot to-day, where they entrained for Southampton and China. The total strength was 26 officers and 883 men."

Provincial Paper.

Surely the "quarter-bloke" wasn't left behind.



COUNTIES PLEASE COPY.

Bowler (to unenterprising Batsman). "LOOK 'ERE—I 'VE 'AD ENOUGH OF YOU. EITHER YOU 'AS A DIP AT THE NEXT ONE OR YOU GETS A PUNCH ON THE NOSE."

THE CLUB.

(By a sometime Resident in South India.)

THE Club stands up magnificent; there 's marble in the hall,
There 's parquet in the dining-room and trophies on the wall,
There are reading-rooms and card-rooms and billiard-rooms and bars,
And pillar, porch and portico shine radiant as the stars.
A stately palace is the Club, but a stodgy palace too,
For it hears no beat of little feet its long halls echoing through,
It hears no little voices call, as palaces should do.

We 're all good fellows in the Club, we laugh and chat and smoke
O'er many a salty anecdote and many a pungent joke;
We 've a tennis-court, a racquet-court, a swimming-bath, a gym,
And the company a man desires the Club shall give it him.
Yes, we 're all good fellows in the Club—but, alas! we 're also old,
And the brightest feels a trifle lost and the stoutest heart turns cold
When the hundred-thousandth game is played and the millionth story told.

We live like princes in the Club, for twice a day at least
To tempt our lordly appetites they spread a noble feast;
We 've turtle-soup and mangosteens and cream and caviare
We 've the mellowest Madeira and the soulfullest cigar.
Oh, yes, we live like fighting-cocks; but it sometimes seems to me
I 'd swop it all for the scones-and-jam of Someone's nursery tea—
A many fewer things to eat, but a better place to be.

Nay, turtle-soup and marble halls and after-dinner joke,
I 'd swop them all for a certain house and certain little folk;
There 's but one trick for cheating time, and that 's to live with youth,
And we 're all old fellows in the Club, and there 's the sober truth.
An old life, a lonely life we live when all is said,
And a lonely life 's a dull life, and a dull life 's a dead;
The Club 's A1—but oh that I had a home again instead!

H. B.

"The bride was given away by her brother, who looked very pretty in white georgette with silver beads."—*Provincial Paper.*

It must have been the reporter who gave *him* away.

From a description of MEISSONIER'S "1814":—

"It shows the Emperor on his white charger, 'Copenhagen,' in the midst of his disconsolate and retreating staff, including Ney."
Daily Paper.

It 's a pity the artist didn't paint a companion picture, "1815," showing WELLINGTON on "Marengo."



THE APOSTLE OF PEACE.

[In its recent formal note to China the Soviet Government declares that it "will take all means to defend the cause of peace between the peoples."]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



THE JUGGLER AND HIS AUDIENCE OF EXPERTS.

SPRING SONG OF THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

As bees seeking honey
When blossoms are gay,
I gather your money
Wherever I may,
And even the man who has none—he has still got to pay.

On wines in the barrel
That warm and entrance,
And silken apparel
Imported from France,
I bend, as the bowman his quarrel, my sensitive glance.

The smokes that assuage us
Pay tribute to me;
It may be outrageous,
But cocoa and tea,
That some ladies get so rampagious on—these remain free.

Your blazoned escutcheon,
Your Fido and Spot,
I don't collect much on,
But still have a shot,
While Death, when he lays his fell clutch on you, brings me a lot.

The man with a passion
For horses that race,
The lady of fashion
In perfume and lace,
The car that you spend your spare cash on, the beasts of the chase,
The net I throw catches,
Its toils I prepare
For glucose and matches
And pottery ware,
And of all of your income it snatches a leonine share.

But where shall I wander
For gold to appease
Departments that squander
And spenders that squeeze?
I have sought high and low, here and yonder; nought's left me to seize.
The Road Fund—they grudge it—
I've stolen away;
I've managed to judge it
About Schedule A,
But at least I have balanced my Budget, and that is enough for the day.

Monday, April 11th.—The House presented a scene of gloomy animation. At the outset the Labour benches supplied most of the animation and the rest of House the gloom. There was nothing gloomy however about the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. "I cannot present myself before the Committee in the guise of an impartial judge," he said; "I am only the public executioner." Blither executioner never drew snickersnee.

As it became evident that the execution was being conducted in a masterly fashion, that a Budget of magnificent ingenuity, unfolded in a speech of brilliant and light-hearted audacity, was directing the hot pincers and boiling oil against the bodies of those best able to bear them, the gloom transferred itself to the Labour benches and the animation to the faces of Mr. CHURCHILL's supporters. Just for one moment—when the CHANCELLOR announced his intention of collecting the whole of Income-tax, Schedule A (Property Tax) at one fell swoop, instead of two—the Conservative smile assumed a certain frostiness, but it never wholly disappeared again.

The coal strike, Mr. CHURCHILL estimated, had cost the country a trifle of £150,000,000 or so. Revenue was down £17,500,000 and Expenditure up £14,500,000 in consequence. Nevertheless the nation had kept the even tenor of its way, and the only thing consumed in diminished quantities during the coal stoppage was beer.

Estimates for the coming year were £28,000,000 up on those of two years ago. How was that accounted for? Members could see, by referring to the Blue Paper—he had taken especial pains to see that it was blue—that these increases arose from the "laws and decisions of other Parliaments."

And so on, through a majestic web of figures by which the CHANCELLOR sought to prove that the present Government had been the soul of economy. Innocent of extravagance as it was, the Government nevertheless proposed to

abolish the Ministry of Mines, the Ministry of Transport and the Department of Overseas Trade.

Mr. CHURCHILL then turned to the question of the revenue for 1927. Still the little optimist, he saw no reason to review his estimate of the Betting Tax yield. Whisky, on the other hand, was down. A shrill "Hear, hear!" from Lady ASTOR drew from the CHANCELLOR the comment, "I do not think we are likely to learn much from the liquor legislation of the United States." Income-tax, he estimated, would yield a paltry £232,000,000. More encouraging was the Motor-Licence Tax, which was progressing (like some of the vehicles that support it) by leaps and bounds. It was leaping and bounding so fast that the CHANCELLOR had decided to hypothecate the £12,000,000 Road Fund surplus left over from his previous raid on it.

Having made it clear that he had never dreamed of "presenting himself before the remote tribunals of posterity" as a culprit who had raided the Sinking Fund, Mr. CHURCHILL informed the House that he proposed to combine the income-tax and super-tax in a single graduated tax, rising by harmonious curves from the lowest rate to ten shillings in the pound, and payable on the previous year's income. Simplified forms would put the finishing touch to income-tax without tears.

Oratorically, if not financially, it was a notable performance, the performance of a public executioner who pauses between executions to juggle with his thumb-screws and swallow his sword. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE called him the merriest tax-collector since the days of ROBIN HOOD. Mr. SNOWDEN said the CHANCELLOR had seen a swan in every goose—not too happy a simile, seeing that in this country, at any rate, one does not pluck swans.

Tuesday, April 12th.—After the storm the lull. A certain flatness and, during a large number of speeches, a distinct emptiness permeated the House to-day. A Budget is a thrilling business, but there is a sort of finality about it that detracts from the interest of the criticisms that follow. Telling the Minister how he ought to have raised the money is in any event an academic business, but even that privilege was denied the House on this occasion. Mr. CHURCHILL had raised it by every expedient, short of increasing the income-tax, that ingenuity could devise. He had left no source untapped, no hidden store unrifled. There was little for the House to do but to deplore the circumstances that drove the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to such a searching and comprehensive pursuit.

Colonel LANE-FOX, who, it may have been mere fancy, sounded even more strangulated than usual, told Mr. PALING that he did not know of any colliery that had changed from a seven-and-a-half to an eight-hour day. Mr. KIRKWOOD, *à propos* of a question concerning the Safeguarding of Industries, asked if Mr. CHURCHILL, when accepting the Chancellorship, had not said, "Unless I can do as I like I will not take the job." Mr. CHURCHILL with characteristic modesty shook a dissenting head.

Colonel ASHLEY explained to Captain CROOKSHANK why the staff of the Ministry of Transport had increased. For a man doomed, as some whisper, to be first executed and then embalmed, his demeanour was admirable.

The Executioner himself looked none the worse for his previous day's exercises, nor had his gift of words deserted him. Asked by Mr. GILLETTE, the banker-Socialist of Finsbury, how much the Government expected to save by the suppression of the three condemned Departments, he replied that the transfer would not in itself effect any great saving. It indicated, however, the spirit in which the Government had "addressed themselves to their duties in regard to the task of the curtailment of expenditure."

The general attack on the Budget was led by Mr. SNOWDEN. His long speech was mainly devoted to criticising the CHANCELLOR's complete failure to secure economy. He also denounced Mr. CHURCHILL's big discount conversion, and pointed out that Consols and War Loans stood lower than when he himself had vacated the Chancellorship. While he had been able to make conversions at £4 12*s.* interest, Mr. CHURCHILL, two years later, was only able to convert at £4 14*s.* 3*d.* Mr. CHURCHILL's scintillations in the House, said Mr. SNOWDEN, were no compensation for his cost to the country.

Wednesday, April 13th.—Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY complained that the "yale" which figures in the heraldic decorations of the Royal Chapel at Windsor was now represented with both horns pointing the same way, instead of (as anciently) with one pointing forwards and one backwards. Captain HACKING might have observed, but did not, that his questioner was "very like a yale" (Windsor variety) since he no longer faced two ways.

The PRIME MINISTER, answering Mr. PETHICK-LAWRENCE, said a Bill would be introduced next session giving an equal franchise to both sexes at twenty-one. There would be no redistribution of seats. Lady ASTOR asked the PRIME MINISTER if some Member of the Cabinet had not given a pledge that they would not go out of office until the new votresses were on the register. Mr. BALDWIN indicated that only some unlooked-for "catastrophe" would prevent this happy consummation.



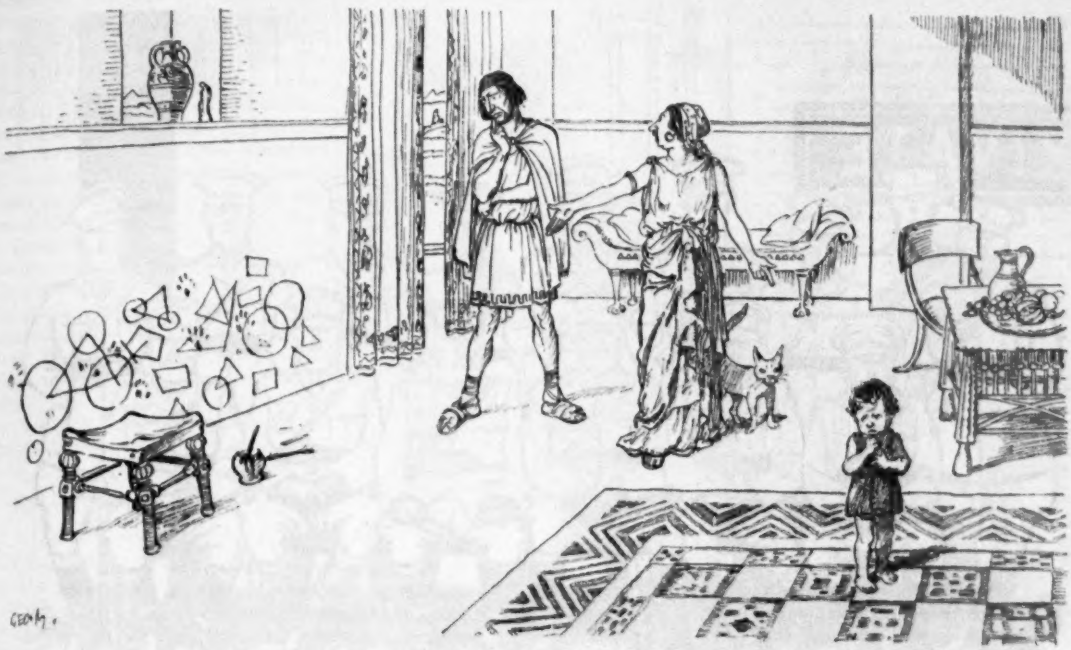
Transatlantic Visitor (to vendor of Japanese trick-flowers). "SAY, WHAT KINDA COCKTAIL IS THAT?"

"Wanted doctor for Estate work. Apply to see this beautiful model."
Straits Settlements Paper.

This seems more of an artist's job.

"A young friend told me the other day that he and his younger wife are going to see Paris at Easter for the first time."—*Weekly Paper.*

The senior lady, we can well understand, prefers to remain at home.



THE CHILDHOOD OF GREAT MEN.

The infant Euclid gets into trouble.

LITTLE TALKS.

Lord Oxford on the Charleston.

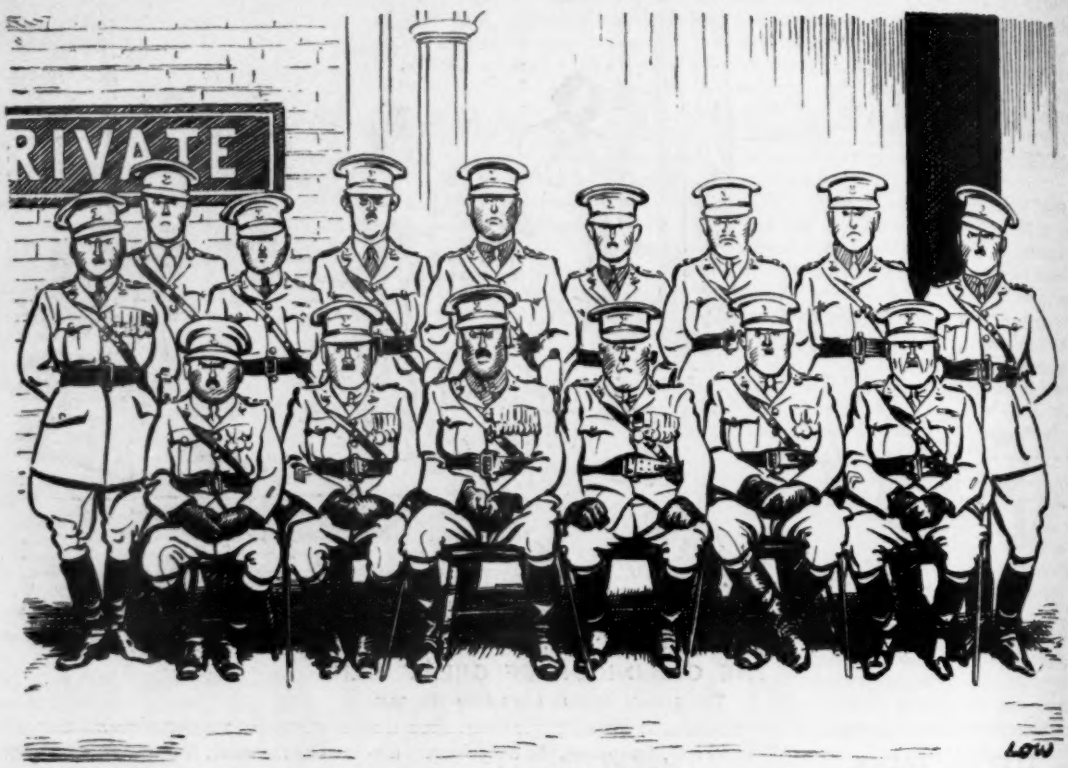
We were privileged to-day to have an interview with Lord Oxford and Asquith, when our first question, of course, was, "What, Lord Oxford and Asquith, is your opinion of the Charleston?" Lord Oxford and Asquith replied:—

In fifty years of Parliamentary life I have no doubt been guilty of sporadic acts of indiscretion which with a riper wisdom I should now condemn, but I am not aware of any specific incident or period in that prolonged struggle which might justly be employed as a foundation for the suspicion that I am an authority in any sense on the corybantic exercises of the younger generation. It was laid down by Mr. Gladstone as early as 1872 that Ministers must not bring their dancing-partners to the Cabinet. And to that principle the historic or, as some would have it, the pre-historic, Liberal Party have loyally and tenaciously adhered. What may be the practice of later Administrations it is not within my province to conjecture. As for the House of Commons, whatever extravagances may from time to time have shocked our constituents in the Strangers' Gallery, I cannot recall that the fox-trot was ever among them. No one, so far as I know, has danced upon the floor of that House; and it is, I suppose, the only form of disorder and defiance which has never been employed by a recalcitrant minority determined to register a challenge to injustice or to fortify a feeble argument with violent behaviour. Looking back, I can recall one or two occasions when a disorderly waltz or unparliamentary polka would have been a diversion at once more congenial and more effective than protracted speeches, defamatory interruptions, the flinging of epithets and heavy books, and the other accepted devices of the obstructionist. Had it ever occurred to the Irish Party to advertise the unity and determination of their country by a noisy performance of the Lancers or Sir Roger de Coverley below the Gangway, it is arguable that Ireland's freedom would not have had to wait for the tender mercies of Galloper Smith.

But for one reason or another the public life of these islands has been kept unspotted from the dance, and I am compelled to rely upon such remote evidences of the Charleston as I have observed in the by-ways from the austerer high-road of my private life.

This dance or exercise, I understand, which is now the main occupation of the aristocracy of Britain, owes its title to a town in the United States and its character to the antics of the African negro. The particular negro who supplied the original inspiration was afflicted at the moment, it appears, with a form of epilepsy, or some other of those distressing diseases which are common in hot and insanitary climes. The principal symptoms are a convulsive agitation of the lower limbs, which alternately collapse grotesquely at the knees and assume an unnatural rigidity. All muscular control is suspended and, in the grosser forms of the disorder, the knees knock together while the feet fly out laterally in spasmodic and unbecoming jerks, which should be carefully avoided by other persons present, since a wound received from a sufferer in this condition is invariably septic. During these seizures the body is bent forward, the toes are turned in and the face takes on an expression of combined malignance and imbecility which is familiar to those who have experience of fevers. The victim becomes oblivious of his surroundings, and by turns will rush blindly from place to place or remain fixed in one spot, as if in a trance, when an interesting contrast is to be observed between his geographical immobility and the extreme activity of his whole person.

Such are the origins of the dance which has fascinated the attentions of our country and faithfully retained the main features of the disease. The foundations of the exercise, it will be perceived, are four movements which are unnatural and, by normal standards, uncomely—the knocking of the knees,



PHOTOGRAPHIC TRIUMPHS.

THE REGIMENTAL GROUP.

the turning in of the toes, the bending of the legs and the stooping of the body; and, if the whole body may be distorted without discredit, it would be pedantic to ask for a natural expression on the countenance.

I will never myself subscribe to that demand. There is an artistic unity in imbecility as in other things, and, if the legs and person are assuming the postures of lunacy or disease, it would be revolting to see above them the features of a normal creature. Indeed it says much for the fundamental sagacity of our young people that, whatever inference of ecstasy may be drawn from the agitation of their bodies during the performance of this exercise, it cannot fairly be argued from their faces that they are enjoying it.

It would be neither seemly nor safe for one of my generation to impose upon my youthful contemporaries the same standards of elegance which commended themselves to Mrs. GLADSTONE. The Charleston, after all, is not the only dance whose main ingredient is an ugliness never intended by nature, and the savage tribes of Africa have invented many which are equally grotesque, ungainly and, to the jaundiced eye of an elderly Victorian, unalluring. All of these by the normal processes of civilisation will without doubt find their way to New York and so to the Savoy; and it shall never be said that the Liberal Party placed a single boulder in the path of Progress. The negroes of the Upper Mombo, on the occasion of a public festival, range themselves round a hot fire, male and female alternately, and, lying on their backs, wave their legs in the air for many hours together, shouting at the same time the words, "Woy! Woy! Woo!" The favourite dance of the Australian aboriginal is one in which the dancers carry sharp knives and from time to time cut small sections out of themselves or their partners, these sections increasing in size as the revel progresses. The Maoris, the Fijians, some Sudanese tribes and many other subjects of the British Empire have dances in which the stomach is displayed and rotated with very remarkable effect, while there are others who dance on hot stones or paint themselves puce before the ceremony. The natives of Testugo are subject to a disease called *muke*, the sufferer from which hops continually on one leg and with one hand scratches the back of his head. All these exercises should provide the foundation of dances by no means less lively or diverting than the Charleston. And, since there may come a time when the culture of the American negro, running dry, can no longer furnish our insatiable people with the music and entertainment for which they crave, it is satisfactory to know that we have this wealth of models at our disposal within the confines of the British Commonwealth.

I have very little to add. For good or ill, I understand, this dance has revolutionised the industrial life of our country and is a common though casual practice in our factories, our offices and banks. The weaver does this thing before the loom, the typist clinging to her desk, while I myself with mingled satisfaction and alarm have observed the familiar convulsions in the grave courts of the Temple. Unlike most other indulgences it affects me as a venial weakness in the female, but repulsive in the male. And what sort of generation it will be which passed the period from adolescence to maturity in knocking its knees together and turning in its toes is not for me to inquire.

No, Sir, I have not learned the

Charleston. Old-fashioned, I confess, I have always associated dancing with movement. To rehearse the Charleston effectively, I understand, it is necessary to cling to a wash-hand-stand or other stationary object, and this static character appears to be present in the perfected dance. For I have observed that, in spite of the superficial alacrity of their movements, no sooner do two persons attempt the Charleston than the stream of revellers is arrested and there is congestion in the ball-room.

On the social aspect of the dance I have nothing to say, except what I said at Manchester on the subject of pillion-riding: "I judge it to be tedious if the parties are married, and dangerous if they are not. But far be it from me to interfere with the amusements of the Conservative Party." A. P. H.

MILLENNIAL MUSINGS.

(By our Eugenic Expert.)

CONCURRENTLY with the controversy over the relative advantages of small or large families, we have now to face the problem of smaller babies. The newspapers have been full of records of infants weighing two pounds or less at birth. But the evidence as to the sequel is on the whole reassuring. We are reminded of the cases of Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN and other illustrious men who achieved advanced longevity in spite of their diminutive infantile proportions. Bulk is not everything; it is quality that tells; and here our modern infants compare favourably with any of their predecessors. In proof of their intelligence it is enough to cite the instance given by a Croydon lady in *The Daily Chronicle* of April 11th. Her daughter, who is just eighteen months old, "can sing a lot of songs; for instance, 'Lonesome and Sorry,' 'I'll be Loving you Always,' 'Poor Papa,' 'The Froth-Blowers' Anthem,' 'Let's all go to Mary's House.'" Nor are her accomplishments merely vocal. "If we tell her to do the Charleston, she does a couple of steps, swings round, and is usually singing at the same time." In the year of the BEETHOVEN Centenary, such precocity is peculiarly encouraging, and seems to presage the speedy emergence of a great British genius who will restore the musical pre-eminence we enjoyed in the Elizabethan age.

But more solid grounds for optimism are to be found in the report of Dr. LOUIS I. DUBLIN, the famous United States health authority, on the future of the human race, summarised in the papers last week. On the basis of a world-wide survey he declares that not only are we growing healthier, but more remunerative, regarded as commercial propositions. "A baby born to-day is worth £1,447. The value of its future earnings is approximately £8,200." But this is not all. "Future generations will be much more handsome." There is only one drawback—"hirsute deterioration; baldness will increase." Babies will not only be born bald, but continue so. Unless, of course, eugenic methods come to the rescue and restore the capillary equilibrium.

In this context it is impossible to overlook the recent correspondence in *The Times* on the subject of wolf-children, some of whom, on being



ANOTHER GLIMPSE OF THE OBVIOUS.

Third Engineer (who fancies himself, to Chief Engineer). "I DO WISH, SIR, YOU WOULDN'T BRING LADY-PASSENGERS DOWN HERE WHEN I'M ON WATCH. YOU KNOW I DON'T LOOK MY BEST."



Husband. "WHY ARE YOU SO DETERMINED TO GO? YOU KNOW THE ACTORS ARE NEVER AT THEIR BEST ON FIRST NIGHTS."
Wife. "NO, BUT THE AUDIENCE IS."

rescued from their semi-savage surroundings, were found to be covered with a fine down. But I gather that Sir ARBUTHNOT LANE, the President of the New Health Society, has issued a cautiously-worded memorandum on behalf of that body, stating that they are not prepared to advocate the introduction of wolves as foster-mothers into this country. We must respect the wisdom of the decision, while regretting that so interesting an experiment should not have been carried out. But after all good looks—which are promised us—are not irreconcilable with baldness. As POPE wrote, "Beauty draws us with a single hair"; and it is hardly necessary to remind our readers of SYDNEY DOBELL's fine poem, *Balder the Beautiful*.

"Young Lady, good shingler and waver; town, country, or seaside."—*Evening Paper.*

"Seaside" sounds the most promising.

"The hair-splitters and the cheese-parers may tell us that we should still have had the steam-engine if George Stephenson had never watched the steam escaping from his mother's kettle."—*Sunday Paper.*

There was, of course, JAMES WATT to fall back upon.

COUNTER-ATTRACTIONS.

["CALLISTHENES," in an article inspired by more than his usual eloquence, castigates the professional humourists who continue to indulge in stale jests at the expense of shopwalkers and assistants, and extols the refinement of speech and manners of the modern saleswomen and salesmen—"manly, dignified and athletic"—who have "chosen to make their career in Retail Distribution."]

ONCE scorned as a land of shopkeepers,
O England, and now, by our kin
Overseas, as a nation of sleepers
And slackers unfitted to win
A respite from swift dissolution,
Take comfort, your place in the sun
In the sphere of Retail Distribution
Is second to none.

The shiny and servile shopwalker
Has vanished; no longer we meet
That mincing and voluble talker,
Well-nourished but flat in the feet,
Frock-coated, obsequious, portly,
But lacking in h's and brains;
In his place an intelligent courtly
Philosopher reigns.

Let snobs and let ruddy tub-thumpers
And knights of the jocular pen
Defame and revile "counter-jumpers,"
A type that has passed from our ken;
Let Justice convincingly throttle
Their sneers, of veracity void,
At salesmen who read ARISTOTLE
And wrestle with FREUD.

No more does the odious and odd domination of error persist
Which transmogrified "Madam" to "Modom"
And gave every vowel a twist;
That tyranny long has been broken,
Refinement has furnished the cure,
And English commercially spoken
Is perfectly pure.

Cease, humourists, cease from your jibing
At men of impeccable mien;
Abandon the farce of describing
A class that no longer is seen;
And learn to be more sympathetic
To those who the counter adorn,
Who are "dignified, manly, athletic,"
And often high-born.

"THE ALARMING BUDGET.
GOVERNMENT SUPPORTERS DEMAND ENTRENCHMENT."
Headlines in Daily Paper.

Well, they must admit that Mr. CHURCHILL has dug himself in.

AT THE PLAY.

"ABIE'S IRISH ROSE" (APOLLO).

LONDON theatre-goers, having had a considerable training in the Irish and American idioms, are now apparently to undergo an intensive course in modern Hebrew-English, with Yiddish trimmings. Many of the jokes which roused the loudest appreciation from pit and gallery and discreeter smiles from the stalls were in that alien tongue. Some day no doubt there will be a revival in the theatre of English for the English.

Abie's Irish Rose, by ANNE NICHOLS, does not err on the side of subtlety. It is that familiar blend of viscous sentiment with uproarious slapstick stuff which always has its sufficient following. I am instructed that this ingenuous play has had a five-years' run "over there," and guess that it obtained the enthusiastic suffrages of the Middle West. It was recently tried, I understand, upon Brighton, which was a little inclined to turn up its nose. But it had a warm reception at the Apollo, and I see no reason to suppose that it will fail to blossom in this tolerant cosmopolitan garden of London.

Young *Abie*, whose mother had died at his birth, the apple of his father *Solomon Levy's* eye, bright boy in business, and incidentally wounded hero in a certain war, secretly marries, in a Methodist church, Catholic *Rosemary* (whose mother had died at her birth), the idol of her father, *Patrick Murphy* (A.O.H. and violently anti-A.P.A.). *Abie*, not daring to disclose the nationality or religion of his bride or the fact of the marriage, introduces the pretty young thing as *Rosie Murphiski*. She so delights old *Levy* that a rabbi is hurriedly summoned and a marriage according to the Jewish rite celebrated in the house of *Levy*, just a few minutes before *Patrick Murphy*, whose train is late, arrives from Chicago with an authentic Catholic padre. Clearly this should lead to recriminations, violent Irish gestures and timid but effective Yiddish repartees, and, a year later, to reconciliations over the newly-occupied cradle. And it did! There were two cradles: in one a *Rebecca*, named after *Abie's* mother, in the other a *Patrick Joseph*, after *Rosemary's* father. What was unexpected was a charming little exhibition of tolerance by rabbi and priest, the latter being perhaps a little more yielding than his superiors would approve.



WEDDING GARMENTS.

Mr. Isaac Cohen . . MR. HARRY MARKS STEWART.
Mrs. Isaac Cohen . . MISS MILDRED ELLIOTT.

The delightful acting of Mr. JOSEPH GREENWALD as *Solomon Levy* will repay even those who might otherwise be a little disdainful of certain crudities in this mixture. To see him helping *Rosemary* off with her cloak and knowingly appraising the material, or beating his head with his hands with loud bleats of "Oie! Oie!" when he discovers his boy's deception, or getting through the defences of the inarticulate *Murphy*, or dropping a tear over the memory of his beloved *Rebecca*, or patting his beloved *Abie's* head with shy paternal pride, is to see something as good in this kind as it is possible to see. Miss KATHERINE REVNER was pretty and charming enough to deserve all the adulation she received from the two fathers, her lover, the grave rabbi, the kindly priest and the overwhelming *Cohens*, and played skilfully. If she would throw her voice a little further into pit and gallery she would be even more appreciated. Others of the company might do the same with advantage.

Mr. HARRY MARKS STEWART gave us a diverting picture of the henpecked *Cohen*; Miss MILDRED ELLIOTT as his expansive wife sacrificed herself heroically for the good of the piece—though the author made rather too much of her appendicitis, I am afraid. I liked Mr. RUSSELL SWANN'S quiet *Abie*, a difficult part skilfully held up; Mr. THOMAS MCGRATH gave us an attractive padre, Mr. CHARLES GUTHRIE a dignified rabbi, and Mr. PHILIP LORD was appropriately noisy and blustering as *Patrick Murphy*. The gentle author might temper some of her lines about the War to our cold English hearts. There are ways of talking about it which simply won't do. She will have noticed at moments a deathly stillness among her audience. This does not mean that we were spell-bound, but merely that we were desperately uncomfortable.

T.



STRAINED RELATIONS-IN-LAW.

Solomon Levy . . . . . MR. JOSEPH GREENWALD.
Patrick Murphy . . . . . MR. PHILIP LORD.

"You will never get anywhere unless you make a start. If you say 'I Carnt,' there is no hope for you in this world or the next."—*Trade Paper.*

There is still less hope for you if you write it.

THE BRIDGE BOX.

"Well, what has she been doing to-day?" I said, chucking her patronisingly under the chin.

"Me?" said Dulcie innocently. "Oh, I 've been playing bridge with a Lord."

"Good Lord!"

"Not particularly," said Dulcie quickly; "he mentioned 'hell' once or twice and observed that he 'd noticed me 'licking my chops'—hardly what you 'd call a good Lord."

"You know I don't mean that," I said severely. "I was merely remarking that so far I haven't objected to your bridge-playing as long as you confine it to running around with the other wives at twopence per hundred, but if you are going to penetrate into the purlieus of the aristocracy Heaven knows how I 'm going to pay my mess-bills."

"And did you convey all that when you said 'Good Lord'?" said Roger reverently. "No wonder Dulcie misunderstood you."

I ignored the frivolous interruption. Roger, though a privileged friend, must learn not to butt in on domestic questions. "Tell me, Dulcie," I said—"your Lord wasn't prepared to play for twopence a hundred, surely? What were the stakes?"

"Don't menace me like that," she answered; "of course they weren't twopence."

"How much?" I persisted, still menacing.

"Oh, five shillings," she said, carelessly waving her cigarette.

"Woman," I gasped, "and three days ago you asked me what a finesse was!"

Roger whooped joyfully.

"Oh, but since then I 've read a little book," she protested. "It was awfully helpful; it not only told me what a finesse was, but what it wasn't. I mean it was awfully severe about leading a queen out of dummy and having the king put on it and taking it with the ace. I 'd always felt I was achieving something doing that, but the book says you simply mustn't unless you have a knave, and I didn't, and it was awfully successful. I never thought of it before."

I collapsed into a chair. "Why didn't you suggest playing for sixpence? Lots of people play for sixpence; they do, really." I began to feel maudlin.

"Well, I might have done that," conceded Dulcie, "but I didn't know what we were playing for until the rubber ended. I never thought of asking, as the parson's wife was playing."

"Sporty old girl," approved Roger.

"Yes, wasn't she? And she didn't bat an eyelash when the Lord said, 'Eight hundred—that will be two pounds;' so I couldn't very well protest, could I? I didn't like to contradict a peer of the realm. Besides it seemed a pity when we 'd won."

"Oh, you won the first rubber," I said, relieved; "but suppose you 'd lost it?"

"Oh, then I should have gone awfully red and said, 'Please, my husband won't let me play for more than sixpence;' and as the Lord would have lost too he wouldn't have minded."

I gave it up.

"What was the result of this afternoon of depravity?" asked Roger.

"Four pounds fifteen shillings," she replied, walking across the room and dropping the money into a square wooden box.

"Look at that," I said despairingly; "she 'll leave it there for days and days—unlocked, of course."

"My dear boy," she said scornfully, "if the servants weren't perfectly honest they would have retired months ago on my small change."

"But why not keep it in your bag?"

"Oh, it gets mixed up," she said vaguely. "This, dear one, is my Bridge Box"—she patted it affectionately—"and I put all my odd money in here, bridge winnings, cross-word puzzle prizes and suchlike."

I snorted.

"Don't make that nasty noise, dear," said my wife affectionately. "It 's awfully useful. I can't think," she went on wistfully, "how life would be supported without it. You see, Roger"—Dulcie turned her back on me—"everything I spend has to be put down in black-and-white in a loathsome book called *The Housewives' Useful Account Book*. He makes me." She jerked her head backwards.

"I like that," I began indignantly.

"Oh, I know I agreed," she went on hastily; "but somehow the wretched book doesn't specify half the necessities of life; it simply doesn't mention Gugnunc or Froth-Blowers' subscriptions, for instance. Anyway I find the Bridge Box comes in awfully useful every day."

"What happens when you lose?" I asked, fearing the worst.

"Oh," she said brightly, "I don't lose *very* much, and it goes down weekly either as 'sundries' or 'dilapidations.'"

"Dulcie," I pleaded, "have you no morals?"

"Not many," she answered blithely, "though I emptied the box of all but fivepence last week owing to the ace of diamonds masquerading as the ace of hearts. I felt I couldn't let 'sundries' stand the racket of a thing like that," she finished virtuously.

"What about a 'Gin and It'?" suggested Roger pacifically.

"There isn't any gin," I retorted unappeased; "you finished it last night."

"Yes, there is," said Dulcie. "I stopped on the way home and got some—and some cherries."

"You 've told me a hundred times the housekeeping won't run to it," I argued gloomily.

"No," said Dulcie, "it won't, but the Bridge Box will."

"Long may it flourish!" said Roger, shaking vigorously.

THE SUBURB.

(*As some people see her*).

All day the suburb drowses,
But when the day has gone
The suburb leaves its houses
To see some carryings-on,
To look at livelier spouses
Than Adelaide and John.

There must be beef and mutton
And tables set to dine
(*From Cricklewood to Sutton,*
And down the local line),
And "Maud dear, sew a button
On to this coat of mine."

The suburb is a vandal,
It lives on golf and doubt;
The playwright holds a handle
And grinds the drama out;
So long as it 's a scandal,
Who cares what it 's about!

The bus that rolls to Tooting
Returns again to town;
The fashionable suiting
This season will be brown;
And art that 's high-faluting,
My dear, will NOT go down.

The suburb has its quarrels
But few and far between,
What is there at "The Laurels"
To talk of save the scene
Where Lydia lost her morals,
Attired in *crêpe de chine*?

Oh, lift the little covers
And clatter with the knives,
We have no eggs of plovers,
But how it cheers our lives
To see levanting lovers
And leprous-hearted wives!

The suburb has divorces,
But oh! how few they are;
The playwright reinforces
Their splendour from afar;
He thrills us like new horses
Inside a motor-car.

The suburb is a-dreary;
The wives are there all day;
The husbands come back cheery,
They will not run away;
The suburb is a-weary
For one more fatuous play.

Evoe.

THE CRUCIBLE.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones are really tremendous pals.



They go for long walks together— Shop together— Go to church together.



They love gardening together— And of an evening they often play chess— Or sing duets together.



They bathe together— Play golf together— And even dance together.



So it's quite a pity when they partner each other at tennis.



"MERCY ON US! WHAUR WAD YE BE GANGING TAE WI' YON FANCY CLOES?"
"INTAE THE ENGLISH COMIC PAPERS, HOOTS WHATEFFER."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

AT the same length and somewhat in the same manner as Mr. MAURICE BARING'S recent canvases, Mr. FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG presents his *Portrait of Clare* (HEINEMANN), a woman whose charm is constantly kindling situations with which her wit is inadequate to cope. This at least is the only persistent *motif* I have been able to discover in her story; and, though in a sense it was sufficient for the *Iliad*, perhaps we owe the interest of that epic to the fact that the conflagration itself and the activities of its male assistants left very little time to go deeply into the psychology of *Helen*. *Clare Lydiatt*, on the other hand, is both the centre and circumference of her legend—picturesque enough as the one, increasingly insufficient as the other. Music, religion and love, taken in a modern manner as alternative dopes, see her through childhood, marriage, widowhood and re-marriage; and on the prospect of divorce and a third union her creator rings down a benedictory curtain. The period, leg-of-mutton sleeves to present day, is sensitively indicated; and the setting, a countryside of the industrial Midlands and its encroaching town, abounds in happy suggestions. *Clare*, grandchild of an eccentric well-born doctor and herself the offspring of an improvident marriage, has the status of her beauty but little security of foothold, moral or social. She does not know what to do with herself and her circle seems equally at sea in her regard. Her chronicle is enlivened by animated and often amusing pictures of humdrum townsfolk, glittering profiteers, down-at-the-heels gentry, parsons (plain and coloured) and the khaki-clad of two wars; but the infantile sentimentalism of its heroine proves fatally infectious, and it never attains the integrity and grace of its writer's earlier romances.

Readers of recent *Fields*, even those uninterested in stalking, cannot fail to have been intrigued by certain articles on deer-forests above the signature "AN OLD STALKER," and possibly to have hoped, as I did, that the writer (obviously an expert forester) would in due time make a book of them. Well, here's my hope fulfilled, and *Days on the Hill* (NISBET) is, I find, every bit as interesting in bulk as when I took it in hebdomadal doses. Moreover I have read into this book the confirmation of a theory of mine, namely, that it is the stalker who has the best of it, and that for "the gentleman" to get any real sport out of stalking under modern conditions he must *own* a forest, learn to know and love every inch of it in all seasons, and be accomplished to find, stalk and shoot a beast without any professional aid save that of a pony-man. A counsel of perfection indeed. However here's the next best thing—and the cheaper. For here by a presiding Pan we are made forest-free to accompany him as companions and intelligent entities—not mere ordnance—on many a scientific approach; or to share with him breathlessly the headlong gamble on the probable movements of alarmed deer; or with him to endure when, owing to circumstances quite beyond his control, the labour of hours is made futile and a startled but unscathed royal removes over the march, wondering maybe what that sudden vicious little clap of wind was that had passed *just* atop of his shoulder.

The book, which has a quaint and very lovable style of its own (and is edited and delightfully introduced by ERIC PARKER), goes into my shelf of stalking classics (which has known no new comer since *The High Tops of Blackmount*). And, further, I 'd say to "AN OLD STALKER" that, did my happy fortune ever send me to the hill in his actual and kindly company, I would a hundred times sooner sit with him above some sunny September beallach and beg him "tell me more" than shoot the heaviest beast on his beat.

'Tis the duty of honest reviewers
Who strike a good "mystery" tale
Unconcerned with Life's dustbins and sewers
To promote and encourage its sale;
So, finding no cause or incentive
To cavil or grumble or grouse,
I rejoice in befriending and highly commending
Calamity House.

The name is most happily chosen;
The story is brilliantly told;
And your blood is alternately frozen
And fired as the plot is unrolled;
It marches along to the climax
Without any jostles or jerks
In a scene in the heart of a desolate part of
The rocky Selkirks.

Miss MABEL B. BILLETT has written,
And HUTCHINSON issues, the book,
Which reveals to the home-keeping Briton
The British Columbian crook
In strange and astonishing phases
Of new or inherited sin;
But it won't disconcert you, for justice and virtue
And innocence win.



NEW CLOTHES FOR OLD WOMEN.

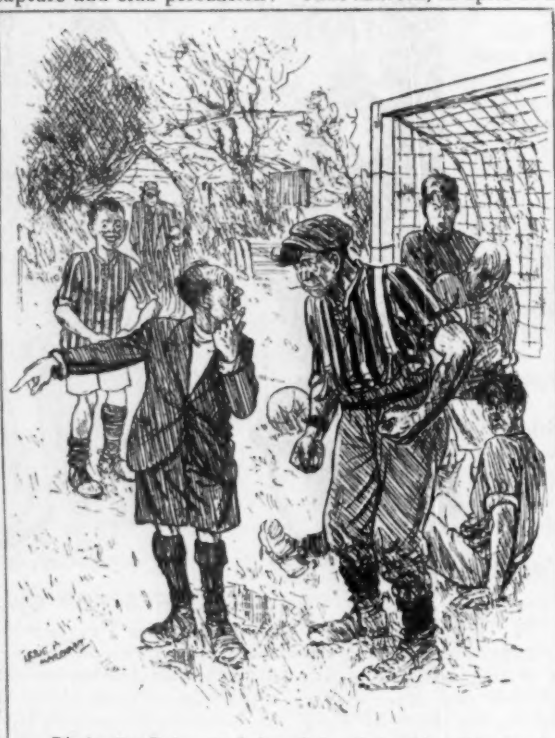
SKETCHED AT A MANNEQUIN SHOW.

Mr. BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS has collected his fugitive pieces of the last year or two under the title of *Ladies Half-Way and other Essays* (HARRAP), and an excellent book he has made of them. "Light literature" he calls it; for myself I would rather describe it as "evening journalism at its best." Mr. HASTINGS has here illuminated forty-eight different subjects, and hardly any of them is of the least importance. Nevertheless he has such a vigorous and incisive outlook that even these trivialities are made interesting. He is never judicial; he likes and dislikes heartily, and if his arguments don't provoke you it is only because the pleading is so obviously special that you needn't believe a word of it. "Robust" is, I think, the word for him, as it should be for one who writes so lyrically of sea-bathing. In fact, if an editor asked me to interview Mr. HASTINGS, I should pray that it were summer so that I might catch him as he sunned himself on the beach after his morning dip. I should then take out my notebook and tell him that lunch was in half-an-hour. And the lunch, I should add, would be of his own choosing.

Miss ROSINA FILIPPI's *Northward Bound* (CASSELL) is best described as an eccentric comedy, in spite of one lapse into tragedy and several passages of knockabout farce. The reading of so unconventional a novel, or rather a novel of so many unadjusted conventions, has the kaleidoscopic effect of pleasing one moment and dissatisfying the next, especially as the theme of the book is almost as inconsequent as its treatment. *Maisie Dainton*, a widow of forty-one, is left practically penniless with three grown-up children. Under the conviction that it is high time *Isabel*, "*Miggs*" and *Norah* faced realities and she herself turned her back on them, she provides jobs for the trio and prepares to renew her youth. At three o'clock in the morning she sets off to walk from Putney to Scotland; excites the scandalised reprobation of the working-class populace abroad at that hour; has her head closely shaved by the absent-minded barber requested to bob it, and is on the point of abandoning the adventure when she is rescued by a dairyman and forwarded into Essex. Here she acquires a companion and makes a fresh start. *Ian Fergusson* is given away on the jacket as the laird of *Maisie's* native village disguised as a super-tramp, a courtesy which bereft me of the solace of piercing his disguise and confined me to the dubious entertainment of hearing the story of his past (four sons by as many mothers) and watching his courtship of the justly embarrassed *Maisie*. At intervals the parallel fortunes of *Isabel*, "*Miggs*" and *Norah* are related with pleasing sobriety; "*Miggs*"—who by the way is of the sterner sex—acquiring as a guardian angel a gallant, straight and

practicable chorus-girl, in whom the commonsense of the book is almost uniquely vested.

By the title, which he borrows from MEREDITH, Mr. H. W. YOXALL begs a pretty question. Is there, after all, such a thing as *Modern Love* (FABER AND GWYER), with a distinguishing emphasis on the adjective? Fashions in courtship change, of course—few proposals probably are nowadays made on the knees, and the telephone has superseded the *billet-doux*—and it may be conceded (doubtfully) that we are nicer in the analysis of our emotions and (more certainly) that we are franker in their discussion. But it is difficult to think of a passionate situation which might not in its essential features have come about at any time, at any rate since marriage by capture and club-persuasion went out of vogue; and if there be such the combination supposed by Mr. YOXALL is not one of them. Take a man whom circumstances (in the actual instance the War) switch off his intended road, so that, losing sight for the time being of his early love, he marries someone else; take a renewal of intimacy and affection with the first love; take a mutual friend (male) who, essaying the part of mentor in a situation of increasing difficulty, gradually finds himself in love with the wife—that, boiled down to its bones, is Mr. YOXALL'S story, and there is no reason why it should not have happened five hundred years ago. It is none the worse for that. It is a very interesting story, and those who find the momentary more amusing than the eternal may rest assured that in their manners and mentality all the people concerned are modern enough—real post-war products, though they rarely go to night-clubs and work towards the solution of their problem with reticence and decency. Mr. YOXALL in fact has written a book of uncommon quality. His style is distinguished; he brings his characters to life and commands our sympathy for them. If this is his first novel he has commenced author with an excellent equipment.



Diminutive Referee (to hefty yokel, ordering him off for rough play). "GO OFF THE FIELD AT ONCE. (*Lowering his voice*) ER—YOU 'LL—ER—FIND A BOTTLE OF BEER IN MY BAG IN THE DRESSING-ROOM."

It is certainly not the fault of our publishers if the assiduous British novel-reader still remains uninformed about the way America lives. Miss (or Mrs.) MARGARET LEECH is not exactly a SINCLAIR LEWIS, but she cultivates her own little plot with care and a welcome distinction. *Tin Wedding* (ARROWSMITH) is the work of a capable writer, but not, I fear, of one of those happy ones who increase the number of our personal friends. In it the author deals with that section of New York which possesses plenty of money and has little to do but analyse its emotions. (I speak, of course, of the women; the men are busy gambling on Wall Street.) The story begins and ends on the tenth anniversary of the *Fannings'* wedding-day, so that we are favoured almost of necessity with a microscopic view of people and things. The microscope is handled quite well, but we are left at the end with the suspicion that it was hardly worth while to deal so closely and carefully with such material. It is a tragedy, but a tragedy that leaves no particular impression upon us, for there is not a single one of the characters, except possibly *Lucia Fanning*, who engages our serious interest. And *Lucia* is a melancholy introspective figure. We have only to look at her portrait on the cover—it is repeated as a frontispiece—to perceive that she is doomed to misery from the start. The only hope seems to be that she may contrive to grow out of her introspective habit by the time, say, that her silver wedding comes round.

Jake Marvin, in spite of his soothing wife and prosperous ranch in British Columbia, was an unhappy man. He could not forget that if he had not actually killed his partner, *Tom Aylward*, he had at any rate been wickedly dilatory in trying to save his life. In short he had an *Aylward* complex and wanted to forget the very name. And then at the same time *Jake's* charming daughter arrived from England, and *Tom Aylward's* nephew also came to make his living by strenuous labour. It is the tale of *Jake's* hopes and fears, craftiness and strategy, that Mr. HAROLD BINDLOSS tells with his habitual ease in *Footsteps* (WARD, LOCK). *Denis Aylward*, I pledge my word, was a perfect young man and a brave one. In what I may describe as his more leisured moments he fought and defeated a cinnamon bear and an offensive bully, and saved a couple of girls from drowning. But he was young and he was lonely, and *Marvin's* daughter, although Mr. BINDLOSS insists that she was "imperious," had great charm. You can guess the result, and how strenuously *Jake Marvin* tried to prevent it. Mr. BINDLOSS already has over thirty novels to his credit, but this one does not show the smallest symptom of fatigue.

When I found that in *The City of the Seven Palms* (MURRAY) Captain ANGUS BUCHANAN had gone back to familiar ground my hopes were high. For he has already written with distinction of the Sahara, and I cannot imagine a more promising scene for a novel of adventure than this city in the "uttermost interior" of the desert. My hopes were not altogether realised, for the author sometimes allows the action of his story to flag. But so long as his hero, whose misfortunes in England had put him out of humour with civilisation, is busy with his raids I have nothing but praise for the book. It is a striking picture of the desert city and its proud and starving inhabitants that is put before us, and I should be sorry to discourage you from reading a good tale of adventure merely because I had hoped that it would be an even better one.

CHARIVARIA.

MR. GENE TUNNEY declares that when he comes to England it will be to fight, not to take tea with Mr. G. B. SHAW. It was feared that he might be rash enough to attempt to do both.

* * *

Dr. LOUIS L. DUBLIN estimates that a baby born to-day is worth £1,447. Parents will be well-advised to sell at once, in view of the possibility of a slump.

* * *

America has produced a road-cleaning machine which picks up stray pieces of metal with magnets. Two-seaters are giving it a wide berth.

* * *

The announcement that Scotland Yard has found it necessary to engage extra police for duty in the London suburbs indicates that the fear of being considered suburban is dying out among the criminal classes.

* * *

The R.S.P.C.A. is suggesting that lobsters would not suffer so much if placed in cold water and brought gradually up to the boil; but why not give the crustacean a hot and a cold tap and let him suit himself?

* * *

The cottage at Easthampton, Long Island, where *Home, Sweet Home* was written, is to be demolished. Regret is felt that it was not situated on this side of the Atlantic, so that some American might have been tempted to acquire it for re-erection in his own country.

* * *

Sir HENRY COWARD says, "Sing the loudest when things look blackest." If the scene is your bath, soap is also a good corrective.

* * *

Camouflage patterns are predicted for shirts. But against the average laundry nothing but a concrete dugout would be any good.

* * *

A new substance that can move under its own power has been discovered by a Lancashire chemist. We understand that it has been challenged to a cross-country race by a Yorkshire gorgonzola.

* * *

The facings of the mess dress of officers of the Army Educational Corps are to be changed from blue to Cambridge blue. Oxford is making a brave show of indifference.

A French painter declares that English artists have no imagination. We must send him a few of our seed-packets to look at.

* * *

There seems no end to the consequences of the general strike. Mr. H. G. WELLS's long novel about it is to appear in the autumn.

* * *

A gossip-writer has remarked that after a hockey match at the Ice Club the ice is often red with blood. Well, what colour was it expected to be? Green?



Orator. "THIS SPIRIT OF UNREST LIKE A VIPER SPREADING ITS TENTACLES OVER THE WORLD——"

Critic. "'E'S A BIT MIXED, BILL, AIN'T 'E? 'E'S THINKING OF A OCTAGON."

À propos of the increase of sweet-eating among men, to which attention is drawn, we can only utter a caution against taking an acid-drop too much.

* * *

From an article on indoor plants, in a daily paper, we learn that they become exhausted in a closed room crowded with people. It distresses us to think that our aspidistra's symptoms have been mistaken for unsociability.

* * *

It is proposed to fix "Mosquito Day" for the first Sunday in May, thus avoiding a clash with the opening of the Royal Academy.

* * *

It is alleged that many owners of wireless sets are eluding the tax, and some broadcasters complain that the feeling that people are listening-in to them under false pretences cramps their style.

* * *

General CHIANG KAI-SHEK's son is reported to have described him as a dog, but the message does not say whether a chow or a peke was indicated.

* * *

Macaroni embroidery for trimmings is described as a novelty. The necklace of spaghetti is now regarded as démodé.

* * *

In view of Count BETHLEN's promise to Signor MUSSOLINI that the Hungarian Government shall make a study of Fascism, especially in its social aspect, some experiments in the castor-oil treatment of Magyar delinquents are anticipated.

* * *

"Cabinet Ministers are very much like ourselves," says a leader-writer. That is the sort of thing which tends to make the average man feel very humble.

* * *

An American organisation has spent two years trying to find out where salmon go. Surely somebody might have told them that they go into tins.

* * *

"I have no desire to be Prime Minister," said a Labour delegate at a recent conference. In consequence of this statement Mr. BALDWIN has decided to carry on.

* * *

In view of the fact that a new play produced last week was the work of only eleven authors, it was at first thought to be merely a curtain-raiser.

* * *

Language classes have been organised in London for waiters. Nothing like that is ever done for golfers, who have to pick it up themselves.

* * *

A correspondent has written to a contemporary asking how it is possible to tell a woman's age. No nice man ever does.

* * *

Once a feudal lord defended his estates with his lance. Nowadays he sends a man round with it to pick up the paper left behind by picnic-parties.

* * *

According to a departed spirit there are no moving pictures in heaven. Can this mean that there is a shortage of moving-picture artistes there?

THE LAME BEAGLE.

IT was undoubtedly a great shock to his friends. More especially because until that time—a month or two ago—Jones had been respected as a law-abiding citizen, and had never to my knowledge starved a wage-slave to excess or attempted to lay his hands on China. All this is now altered. He wears that hang-dog look. He keeps his eyes averted as though afraid to look the world in the face. His shoulders are bent; his hair is turning—— I'll tell you how it happened.

Jones had never been to a beagle meet before. His leporine education had been sadly neglected. Moreover on this particular occasion he felt, unfortunately as it turned out, fit for anything, as he said, and at peace with the world. Had this not been the case he might never have given the ham-sandwich to the beagle and the trouble might never have arisen. But that is neither here nor there. The Master had caught him in the act, and in the hearing of several others had told Jones in well-chosen language exactly what he thought of him and possibly a little more. That Jones had a right to be somewhat taken aback can hardly be disputed, but that he was unwise to adopt so serious an attitude was proved by after-events. The fact remains that he was furious, and that the next day he served a writ on the Master for damages for slander, which was met by a counterclaim for damages for trespass of goods. The goods were the beagle.

Jones's first witness was a young and, incidentally, most attractive lady. She gave her evidence, as Jones afterwards admitted, admirably. She had been, she said, resting on a stile adjacent to the one on which Jones was sitting eating his lunch of sandwiches. She had noticed a beagle, which had become separated from the pack, come limping up to where Jones was sitting. She then distinctly heard a voice, which she believed emanated from the plaintiff, saying, "Here, boy! Good beagle, come here." She could swear to those exact words. The beagle was visibly affected by the words and looked at the plaintiff with imploring eyes. The plaintiff had thereupon handed him a sandwich. The beagle had without hesitation eaten it. She knew nothing of what it contained. She had then heard the Master address the plaintiff in words that conveyed no meaning to her but gave the impression that he was annoyed. She had then retired.

The second witness was a young man of some seventeen summers, who, appearing to be amused at the case, was immediately called to order by the judge. He had seen nothing, he said, of the gift to the beagle, but had distinctly heard the words of the Master, every one of which he understood well. On being asked if the words complained of gave him the impression that the Master imputed criminal liability on the part of the plaintiff he replied, "Every time," and, on being requested by counsel to answer the question, unhesitatingly said "Yes."

Counsel for the defence had then opened his case. The words complained of, he urged, though intrinsically their meaning might be held to convey the worst of imputations, were to universal knowledge the licensed language of masters of every variety of hound in the country. He called a specimen of each: Masters of fox- and of stag-hounds, of harriers and beagles. The last three admitted that the words were strong, but averred that they had on occasion used considerably stronger, with no further purpose than to show that they were put out. The M.F.H. said that the words fell lamentably short in their force of those customarily employed in his field of sport, and barely conveyed to him the impression that the speaker was seriously annoyed.

As regards the counterclaim, the defendant's case was that the hound in question had lost all relish for the scent of hare since its introduction to the taste of ham. It had developed vicious habits, having on two separate occasions been caught chasing swine in a farmyard adjacent to the kennels, and on that account had had to be destroyed. Its absence from the pack had seriously affected the zeal which several other hounds, with whom this one had been a particular favourite, had hitherto shown for their work.

Counsel for the plaintiff had then finally addressed the jury in a long and eloquent speech. Why, he asked, should the Masters of these packs that chivied nature's creatures to their death across the verdant swards of Albion be privileged to contaminate the ears of innocent maidens and virtuous youths with foul diatribe and unrestrained invective to a degree that in no other class of persons would be for one moment tolerated? They had the evidence of an eye-witness to prove that the wounded beagle had appeared to the plaintiff in such a condition and under such circumstances that none but the most callous and hard-hearted could have refrained from sharing his lunch with him. The plaintiff had been moved by compassion. The hound was in need of sustenance. Would they, he asked them as reasonable men, have paused at such a moment to inquire what the sandwich contained?

And so on. But the jury had been unmoved. They brought in a verdict of two guineas damages, as the value of the beagle, for the defendant, and one farthing damages for Jones, who had in addition to pay the costs of the action.

Unless his grievances are forgotten in the ripening of his acquaintance with the first witness, who evoked his admiration and esteem from the witness-box, Jones will never again be what he once was. He is an embittered man, and for all I know may at this moment be advocating the laying of hands on China.

A SONG OF SPEED.

EVER adown the ages,
However far we go,
We learn, from history's pages,
The swift despise the slow.
And ever less apt in conveying
The twentieth-century's drift
Is the ancient Preacher's saying,
"The race is not to the swift."

In days when people walked or rode,
On highways unpatrolled, unchalked,
The few who drove or who bestrode
A horse looked down on those who walked,
From arrogance (or ignorance) unable
To appreciate the hare-and-tortoise fable.

But when the populace began
To push the universal bike
Both rider and pedestrian
Viewed the intruder with dislike,
Expressing their unmitigated loathing
For his peculiar posture and his clothing.

Next came the crucial moment when
Combustion's dread internal force
Bestowed the motor-car on men
And from the highway drove the horse,
Trebled the swiftness of the cycling million
And placed the flapper on the deadly pillion.

The cost of living has come down;
But, as we gather from the Press,
Alike in country and in town
The cost of dying's growing less,
For Speed, the modern traffic-Reaper, checks it,
Affording us a swift uncostly exit.

Yet walkers, though a dwindling crowd,
By statisticians quite unawed,
Erect, undaunted and unbowed
Still take their perilous walks abroad,
Until the day when, legally forbidden,
The mare of Shanks no longer may be ridden.

"READER! WHY LOOSE YOUR VOICE?"
Advt. in Local Paper.

Well, what about Community singing?



"WHAT'S SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE IS SAUCE FOR THE GANDER."

The Strike Goose. "AREN'T YOU GOING TO HAVE ANY OF THIS?"
The Lock-out Gander. "I DON'T MIND IF I DO."

[It is not anticipated that any serious opposition will be offered in Committee to the inclusion of lock-outs within the scope of the Trade Union Bill.]

THE LAME BEAGLE.

IT was undoubtedly a great shock to his friends. More especially because until that time—a month or two ago—Jones had been respected as a law-abiding citizen, and had never to my knowledge starved a wage-slave to excess or attempted to lay his hands on China. All this is now altered. He wears that hang-dog look. He keeps his eyes averted as though afraid to look the world in the face. His shoulders are bent; his hair is turning—— I'll tell you how it happened.

Jones had never been to a beagle meet before. His leporine education had been sadly neglected. Moreover on this particular occasion he felt, unfortunately as it turned out, fit for anything, as he said, and at peace with the world. Had this not been the case he might never have given the ham-sandwich to the beagle and the trouble might never have arisen. But that is neither here nor there. The Master had caught him in the act, and in the hearing of several others had told Jones in well-chosen language exactly what he thought of him and possibly a little more. That Jones had a right to be somewhat taken aback can hardly be disputed, but that he was unwise to adopt so serious an attitude was proved by after-events. The fact remains that he was furious, and that the next day he served a writ on the Master for damages for slander, which was met by a counterclaim for damages for trespass of goods. The goods were the beagle.

Jones's first witness was a young and, incidentally, most attractive lady. She gave her evidence, as Jones afterwards admitted, admirably. She had been, she said, resting on a stile adjacent to the one on which Jones was sitting eating his lunch of sandwiches. She had noticed a beagle, which had become separated from the pack, come limping up to where Jones was sitting. She then distinctly heard a voice, which she believed emanated from the plaintiff, saying, "Here, boy! Good beagle, come here." She could swear to those exact words. The beagle was visibly affected by the words and looked at the plaintiff with imploring eyes. The plaintiff had thereupon handed him a sandwich. The beagle had without hesitation eaten it. She knew nothing of what it contained. She had then heard the Master address the plaintiff in words that conveyed no meaning to her but gave the impression that he was annoyed. She had then retired.

The second witness was a young man of some seventeen summers, who, appearing to be amused at the case, was immediately called to order by the judge. He had seen nothing, he said, of the gift to the beagle, but had distinctly heard the words of the Master, every one of which he understood well. On being asked if the words complained of gave him the impression that the Master imputed criminal liability on the part of the plaintiff he replied, "Every time," and, on being requested by counsel to answer the question, unhesitatingly said "Yes."

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Sergeant. "THE ORDER IS THAT NO ONE IS TO REFER TO THE NATIVE POPULATION AS CHINKS. IT SEEMS THE WORD IN CHINESE MEANS A 'OLE IN THE WALL."

MILITARY PICNICS.

IN the Army, Spring does not arrive as gradually as it does in civilian life. There is no period of transition, during which optimists in slowly increasing numbers hear the cuckoo, or see brimstone butterflies, or talk about shortly changing to their "thin ones." Spring in the Army comes with a bang. The day of its arrival is published officially in Orders, and then, as from 23·59 hours on the previous day, Spring *is*. Indeed it is a military offence to behave as if it wasn't.

While of course we don't bother with such ill-disciplined things as cuckoos and brimstone butterflies, all the concomitants of Military Spring are immediately in evidence. Troops come out on parade without greatcoats; platoon-training commences, and old soldiers of nineteen years' experience are once again taught by second-lieutenants to turn to the right by numbers. The issue of fuel being discontinued, a shortage of coal is developed in the Officers' Mess and a shortage of "Tables, six-foot, soldiers'" in the men's barrack-rooms (where the stoves are very large); while in the Sergeants' Mess a hidden cache of surplus wood, collected by the Q.M.S. during the months of plenty, is unveiled with military honours. And finally the military picnic season commences.

A military picnic goes like this:—A large coloured charabanc arrives one morning at the Officers' Mess and about twenty officers in mufti pile into it, taking with them walking-sticks, pipes, small haversacks containing pencils and notebooks, bigger haversacks containing lunch, and finally large-scale maps, which they at once unfold in order to try to follow their route. As there are four or five officers in each row of seats and each officer has one large map which folds in unexpected directions like a two-foot-rule and there is a Spring gale, the general effect is that of an old-time tea-clipper in full sail.

So our picnic party rattles off through rural England. In charge of it is a Staff Colonel or some other quite rare officer, who sits in the front by the driver and tells him at intervals that he 's sorry, but the best thing to do is to back out on to the main road again. In spite of his directions we eventually arrive.

Our destination is some remote portion of the countryside, and we leave the charabanc trying to turn round in a narrow muddy lane and gather in a far corner of a field. Here the Staff Colonel spends a long time in (*a*) sending someone back to the charabanc for his haversack; (*b*) giving out badly duplicated sheets containing a "Scheme," which is the detail of an imaginary battle in progress near by; and (*c*) correcting typist's errors in this with a loud voice and a soft pencil. Then he indicates a neighbouring hill of incredible height, draws his walking-stick and leads on up, in total disregard of danger, hedges, paths and notices against trespassing.

Arrived at the top we survey the countryside. It is exactly similar to the countryside within ten minutes' walk of the barracks, but it would never do to organise a scheme so inexpensively as that. The battle of Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton; the schemes of Hampshire are won in the ploughed fields of Dorset.

We at once people the neighbourhood with imaginary troops. In every hollow we have either a wisp of tanks, a huddle of supply-wagons, a clutch of mechanised horses or a sounder of howitzers. We line the adjacent hedges with prostrate infantry; we strew the ground in our immediate vicinity with spent matches. Then we answer the Staff-Colonel's questions as to what we

should do in various extremely unlikely situations, our answers of course conforming properly to the situation by being also extremely unlikely. If there are any other rare officers with us we answer their questions too, always carefully remembering to what arm of the Service the fellow belongs. Thus, if we are asked how to deal with a nest of sixteen hostile machine-guns and our interrogator is a cavalryman, we say that a frontal charge by cavalry will wipe them out, and he gives us full marks. If he is a tank expert we say it with tanks. If he is an R.A.S.C. gentleman we intimate that we are waiting for our supplies to come up, and give him a rough estimate of what food there is—

(*a*) on the supply-wagons;
(*b*) dropped off on the road;
(*c*) in the cookers;
(*d*) on the infantryman; and
(*e*) in the infantryman.

If he happens to be a machine-gun officer, we instantly say the place is impregnable and we should certainly be driven back with heavy loss.

When we have done a lot of this we descend, walk a mile and go up another hill. Here we carry on the battle, hampered by an intermittent blowing away of maps, lighting of pipes and argument with farmers. When one o'clock arrives it is universally agreed that the time has now come when we must either write imaginary orders to imaginary subordinates or must draw sketches of imaginary trenches or, at any rate, do something, no matter really what, which necessitates sitting down in a room in quiet.

Half-an-hour later therefore you may see us in the private bar of the "Blue Pig," with note-books, sandwiches, pipes and pint-pots. We cause no small amount of consternation among the usual inhabitants—large men with earth on their hands and boots, who call each other "Jarge" and say, "What did 'ee dew tew 'ee?" They are generally much impressed by the lively talk of divisions and brigades which is making the pint-pots ring, and they go away with the idea either that there is another war on or that soldiers are shortly to be billeted by hundreds at Lower Mugwump-on-Mug.

After lunch we resume out-of-doors. We are all feeling considerably cheered. We have been privileged to see the Staff Colonel calling for a half of bitter in the manner in which one would order a wine-steward to bring a bottle of champagne. We have heard the barman call him "chum." Our day has not been wasted.

We repair to another hilltop and try to get the wind to dry the spilt beer off our maps.

By about five o'clock invariably we have driven the enemy back at every point and take our walking-sticks, our maps and our pipes back to the charabanc.

And so to barracks again, looking, we feel, something like Clapham United returning home after a win of six goals to none. We are very tired, but then war always is fatiguing. A. A.



Joan (threatened with punishment). "YOU KNOW, MOTHER, I'D GREATLY PREFER TO PUT 'SENT TO BED EARLY' THAN 'HAD A WHIPPING' IN MY DIARY TO-NIGHT."

"Without the flutter of an eyelid she [the modern girl] discusses questions that would make her grandmother sing through the ground with shame."—*Canadian Paper.*

This should make her grandfather turn in his grave.

Mr. ——, Borough Meteorologist, reports to-day: Outlook, unsettled, cloudy, possibly some rain, first-class musicians."
Seaside Paper.

The last feature suggests the possibility of some wind.

TELE-WHAT'S-ITS-NAME.

The world seems to be threatened at the present time with a worse thing than the Red Menace of Moscow or the Yellow Peril of China. It is this so-called tele-something-or-other about which I am reading (with shudders of dread) in my newspapers from day to day.

It appears that a girl can go and stand in front of something like a meat-safe in Whippany, and you can not only hear her voice in New York and Washington, but see something that looks like her face with mumps, projected on to a little canvas screen as well. Why any girl should want to behave in this absurd manner I cannot for the life of me imagine. It might spoil her chances altogether.

Or, once again, "Men smiling, nodding, puckering their eyes over their notes, were seen two hundred miles away in the laboratories of the American Telephone Company at the demonstration of television, which is declared to be a practical operative system."

But does anybody want to see men smiling, nodding and puckering their eyes over their notes two hundred miles away? Would not the constant spectacle of these senile dotards make us ready to distrust our divine origins and almost believe we were descended from the apes?

I contemplate as I write an extremely beautiful pastoral landscape, dotted with trees bursting into leaf and cows chewing the cud. If you were to offer me the chance of looking instead at a man smiling, nodding and puckering his eyelids at me I would not go across the road for it. So far as I am concerned a man who wants to nod and pucker his eyes in my presence will have to come here to do it; and even then I should urge him as gently but as quickly as possible out of the garden-gate and tell him where he could get the Gloucester or Cirencester motor-bus.

What is the use of this television? I can see its disadvantages right away. It seems to be capable of application to the ordinary telephone and also to the wireless machines. You know the brisk, virile, strong-featured photograph of the man who is going to broadcast to you to-night, taken twenty years ago when he was young and hale and hearty and far more interesting than he is now, except that he had not dragged his weary way to fame. Do you want to see him as he is to-day, nodding at you and puckering his eyes over his notes? I trow not.

One scientific achievement merely destroys another. The photograph was given us in order that we might deceive the world, not to expose the hideous truth.

It is the same with the telephone. I take it that the commonest domestic use of the telephone is something after the following sort:—

She (*standing by the instrument*). Oh! is that you, Angela? How absolutely delightful! . . . Yes . . Yes . . . We should be absolutely delighted to come . . . How charming! . . . Yes, to-morrow



"The novelist Phipson" at work, as pictured by an admiring public.



The same, as seen by television.

afternoon . . . I'm *sure* he will if he can . . . simply *too* sweet of you . . . Just hold on a moment and I'll ask him (*covers the mouth of the transmitter with her hand and assumes an expression of the utmost boredom and fatigue*). The Smiths want us to go over there to-morrow afternoon. I don't see how I can possibly get out of it. Shall I say that you're coming or that you're not? And if you aren't what excuse am I to make?

He. Give any excuse you jolly well like. Nothing on earth would induce me to go. What have I done that, when I have a few moments' holiday, I should be compelled to go and see people I don't want to see every afternoon? Why couldn't you tell her we were dead or out? Say that I'm playing golf to-morrow. Say that I'm ill. Say that we have an old friend in the house who cannot be left alone and is suffering from beri-beri.

(*All this time she has been making faces at him varying from contemptuous amusement to indignation and rage. Now she uncovers the transmitter and puts it to her lips again.*)

She. Are you still there? . . . . Yes . . . . Yes . . . . He is *terribly* sorry, he would be simply delighted to come, he's been wanting to see you for ever so long, but he has promised to be in London to-morrow afternoon to read a paper on "Some Aspects of Truth" to the local branch of the Ethical Society. It's *too* bad, isn't it? . . . . Yes . . . . Yes . . . . About four o'clock then? . . . . Thanks ever so much . . . . Good-bye.

As for the ordinary uses of the telephone in business offices and Government departments, I will leave them to the guilty consciences of those who may happen to read these lines.

The telephone was invented as a social screen or defence, demanding more presence of mind, perhaps, but less nicety of phrase than the evasion or untruth by telegram, letter or postal card. Do we want a machine to be stripped of half its use by television? Do we want to witness the fearful faces of our friends contorted by all the throes of prevarication and deceit? Alternatively, must we expect a time when the features will have to be as vigorously schooled for the telephone cupboard as for the crowded At Home?

The only advantage of television as applied to the telephone which I can foresee is that it may enable us to catch a fleeting glimpse of wrong numbers. I have always wanted to see them.

But stay. There is the loved one's face. I had forgotten that. Anthony will want to gaze with rapture, while he talks to her, upon the practically faultless features of Joan. As I understand it, however, television does not improve the appearance of the human physiognomy. Rather the reverse.

"The face was shown in a dull yellow light, with very blurred definition and with a flicker rather worse than that of the earliest moving pictures."

May not the most promising romances be nipped in the bud?

He (*in San Francisco*). Have you



Aunt. "WELL, I DARESAY THEY 'RE COMFORTABLE, BUT—I SUPPOSE I 'M OLD-FASHIONED—I DON'T MUCH LIKE THEM. WHY, ONE WOULD THINK YOU WERE A BOY."

Niece. "OH, COME, DEAR OLD THING, THAT 'S ABSURD. WHO EVER SAW A BOY WEAR EARRINGS?"

anything on your mind, darling? You look all blurred and blodgy to-day.

She (*in Kensington Gore*). There 's nothing wrong with *me*, Anthony. But you too look pained, Anthony, and covered with spots. Your eyes lack their wonted lustre and your face is all freckles and wavy lines. You are not leading a dissipated life out there, are you?

He (*rather crossly*). Not in the least! I wish you wouldn't flicker so. I want to look straight into your eyes——

And then the birth of disillusion, the dawn of doubt.

No, no! In whatever way I look at it, I mistrust the thing. There are probably lots of people who would like to ring up the novelist Phipson and see him as he sits at his desk, pale-faced but serene, the level melodious sentences flowing hour by hour from his unwearied quill. But would they like to ring up the novelist Phipson and see him huddled and bent, his face corrugated into a mass of wrinkles, clenching a foul briar between his teeth, thumping out on a typewriter, with intermittent curses, those golden messages of consolation and uplift for which he is famous throughout the world?

There is too much of this electrical annihilation of space going on. What was space made for? That is what I want to know.

And, when we have finally managed to do away with it, where on earth are we to go? EVOE.

ELEGY ON AN OLD FRIEND.

THE vice of "making songs about"
Life's tiny troubles we condemn,
But agonising griefs will out,
And this is one of them.

For, O my friend, my prop and stay
For twenty years, it were a crime
If I should let you pass away
Without the meed of rhyme.

The freshness and the grace of youth,
The gloss, the lustre that allures,
Had left you; but in very truth
A green old age was yours.

My will in silence you obeyed,
And all who know us will agree
That you had been cut out and made
For me and only me.

On halcyon days you kept aloof—
We went our several ways apart;
Yet this was but an added proof
Of loyalty of heart.

For you were no fair-weather friend,
But when the skies were bleak and black
On you I always could depend
To guard me front and back.

Alas, that Fate's unkind decree
Should make my sorrow more intense;
It was not granted me to see
Your final passing hence.

Farewell! I only need to note,
By way of rounding off this tale,
My wife has sent my old great-coat
Off to a Jumble Sale.

An evening paper speaks of the well-known Spanish refrain:—

"Before the 40th day of May
Cast neither coat nor scarf away."

It is evidently a close relation of the well-known Greek couplet:—

"Winter undies do not cast
Till the Ides of June are past."

MORE JACKDAW IN GEORGIA.

WASPS.

(After Mr. JOHN FREEMAN.)

OF common wasps FABRE tells how one summer night,
When they were asleep, he smoothed the earth about
Their burrow entrance and placed a bell-glass there,
Curious to see them wake and attempt to get out.

The next morning in the sunlight behind the glass
In clouds he saw them ascending from underground,
Dancing against the transparence, baffled and crazed,
A fury of motion, whirling around and around,

And not one having the wisdom, the commonsense
To scratch with fierce feet a tunnel to set themselves free,
But hurtling against the prisoning light till, spent,
They crawled back into the nest despondently.

But some few homing wasps, returned from a night
Of casual sleep after a surfeit of peach,
Buzzed anxiously round the glass prison till one dropped down
And dug with her feet at the rim and fashioned a breach;

And the wasps went in and the spectacled scientist smiled
And earthed up the hole and waited to see them lead
The beleaguered forth from the city, but night and day
They clambered and fell and died, and none took heed.

But *he* saw, and each sun-smitten morning he pondered the sight,
The yellow and shrivelling heaps by the famine slain,
And every evening, remorseless, he pondered them,
Until there was none alive to struggle again.

* * * * * * *

I think of you, pin-waisted, glazed, bewildered things
As I lie awake. My thoughts buzz fitfully round,
Crawling upon each other, ineffectual,
As wasps busily crowd where wasps are found.

Round and around and around and around again,
Rhyme and rhythm and metre in Georgian themes,
Over and over the same moods, again and again
In a whirling ring returning to Georgian themes.

W. K. S.

THE VOICE.

I STOOD speaking passionately into a cold and unresponsive telephone. And then suddenly out of the void there came a feminine voice—at once charming, soothing and serene.

"Are you the Gas Company?" I asked reverently, knowing full well that with a voice like that the thing was impossible.

A gurgle of amusement rippled along the line.

"No," tinkled the voice.

"What a pity!" I said regretfully.

"Why?" asked the voice demurely.

"Because," I exclaimed, "it is necessary for me to speak at some length to the Gas Company, and if you were the Gas Company nothing would give me greater pleasure."

"Oh," said the voice.

"In fact," I went on swiftly, "if I could always be assured of establishing communication with a voice like yours, then chatting to the Gas Company would speedily become my favourite hobby."

A delightful musical laugh rewarded me.

"Do you know," I went on musingly, "I am just realising for the first time in my life what a tremendous boon was given to mankind by the inventor of the telephone."

"I feel it in my bones," returned the voice serenely, "that you are going to say something frightfully nice to me. Please go on."

"You see," I said, speaking very deliberately, "if it were not for the telephone I might have wandered about the earth to the end of my days without ever hearing your charming voice."

There came a delicious chuckle.

"You sound," said the voice reflectively, "as though you would be an awfully persistent man at closer range."

"And you," I rejoined swiftly, "must be a most adorable girl at any range." I paused. "I picture you from your voice," I continued, "as being slim and divinely fair. With laughing blue eyes, a dimpled chin, and——"

"On the contrary," cut in the voice, "I am short, dark and somewhat plump. And my eyes——"

"I don't believe it," I interrupted rudely. "Not with a voice of such quality as yours."

Then a sudden thought struck me. "I say," I said eagerly, "where are you speaking from?"

"From home," said the voice tantalisingly.

"What I mean is," I explained patiently, "might I have your number so that I could ring you up again some time?"

"If you like," said the voice mockingly. "You'll find my number in the telephone-book."

"But I say," I expostulated, "how can I possibly find it?"

"Well, you might try a process of elimination," suggested the voice sweetly. "Er—starting with the Gas Company. Good-bye!"

"Don't go!" I cried urgently.

But I was too late. A harsh whirr rang in my ears, and then all was still.

For a few moments I stared ruefully at the telephone. Then, postponing my business with the Gas Company, I put on my hat and went to call on Mollie. Mollie, I may mention, is my betrothed.

When I reached Mollie's I found her younger sister Nancy in the dining-room executing a solitary Charleston to a gramophone accompaniment. Though I am but a moderate performer I stepped gallantly towards her. Nancy is sixteen, and is as unscrupulous as she is charming, which is saying a good deal both ways.

"Where," I asked breathlessly, when the music had run its course, "is Mollie?"

"Upstairs," said Nancy briefly as she moved towards the gramophone, "making herself pretty."

"Then," I said with quiet gallantry, "she will not be long."

Nancy set a disc revolving.

"Mollie asked me to tell her when you came," she said. "But we'll just dance this one first. And do try not to keep your legs so stiff."

We danced.

"By the way," said Nancy suddenly, "did you manage to get through to the Gas Company?"

I pulled up with a jerk and stared.

Nancy returned my gaze with innocent blue eyes.

"What—were—did you——?" I spluttered.

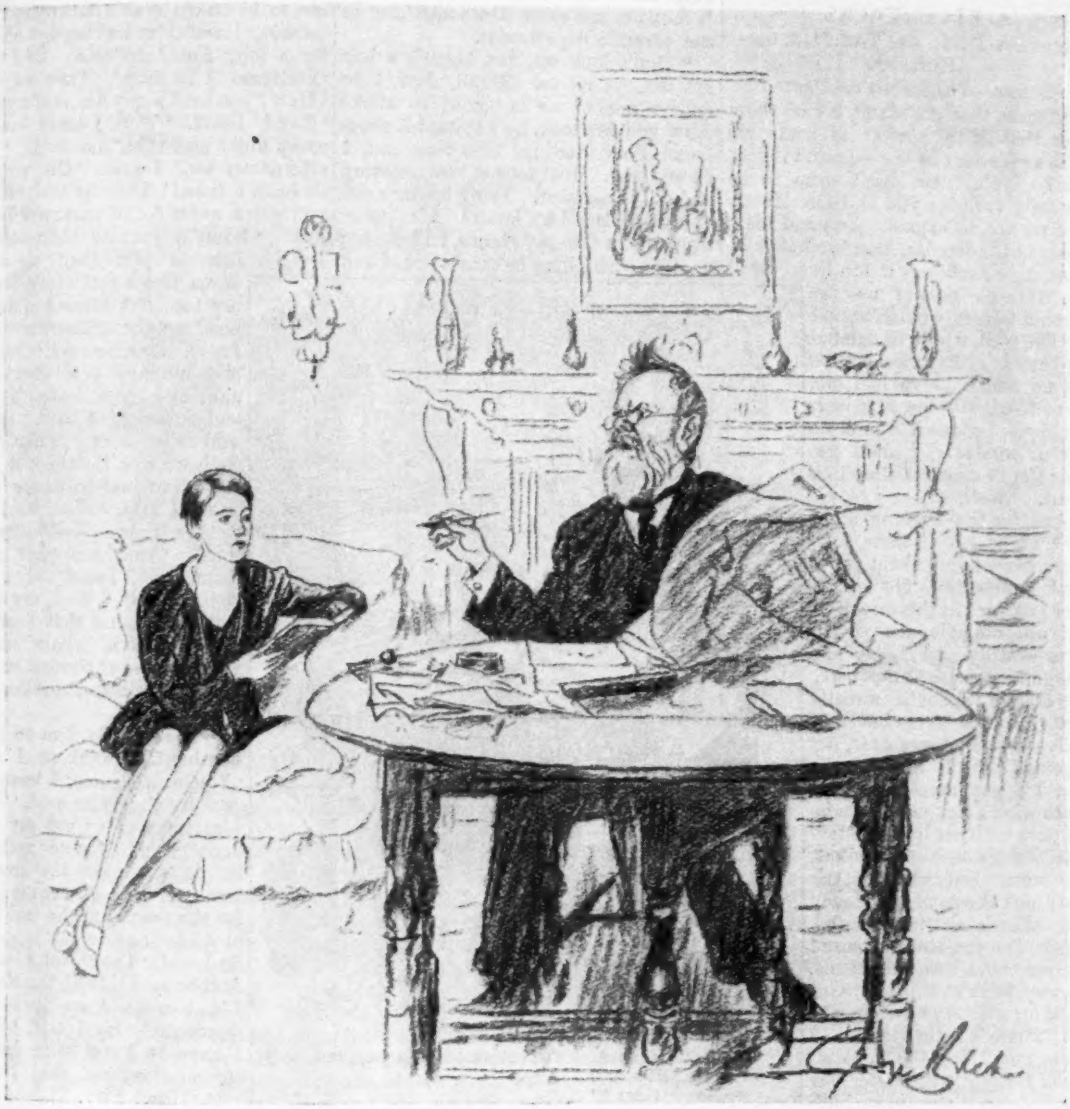
Nancy nodded composedly.

"We've just got our new telephone put in," she said. "I've been ringing up all sorts of people all morning. I was just trying to get through to you when I heard your voice asking for the Gas Company." She giggled suddenly. "If it were not for the telephone," she mimicked, "I might have wandered about the earth to the end of my days——"

"So that explains it," I interrupted, seeing light.

Nancy eyed me askance.

"Do you know, Nancy," I explained earnestly, "it is a



"WHAT 'S THE DATE, MY DEAR?"
"I DON'T KNOW, GRANDPAPA, BUT YOU 'VE GOT A NEWSPAPER THERE."
"THAT 'S NO GOOD—IT 'S YESTERDAY'S."

curious thing, but until this moment I have never realised how remarkably your voice resembles Mollie's. No wonder I was so attracted over the telephone. Why, Nancy, your voice is most uncannily like Mollie's. And higher praise than that," I added gallantly, "I cannot give."

Nancy curtseyed prettily.

"Thank you," said she demurely. "And speaking of Mollie," she added guilelessly, "perhaps I 'd better go and tell her you 're here."

"If you wouldn't mind," I said carelessly.

Nancy moved to the door.

"Oh, by the way, Nancy," I said, "before you go——"

"Yes?" said Nancy, turning.

"My sister was telling me," I went on casually, "of some new hand-bags they have in Danby and Henshall's. Quite the latest thing, she says. I was thinking of getting Mollie one." I paused skilfully. "I wonder, would you like one too, Nancy? Somehow it seems to me only appropriate that two girls with voices so charmingly alike should also be equipped with similar hand-bags."

"Oh, thanks *awfully*," said Nancy. "You *are* a dear." She opened the door. "And"—she glanced at me wickedly over her slim shoulder—"and you may ring me up whenever you like!" And then, with a whisk of her short skirt, she departed in search of Mollie.

"An invitation to hold its autumnal meetings at Littlehampton on September 26th and 27th next has been accepted by the Sussex Congratulation Union."—*Local Paper.*

We had no idea that Sussex had such a good conceit of itself.

LITTLE TALKS.

SIXPENNY DIPS; OR, THE DANCING-PARTNER.

(SCENE—*The Palais de Danse.*)

"THERE they go, Maud, six of them after that Milly again. It beats me what a man sees in her—doesn't it you, dear? Well, there don't seem to be any ugly rush for you and me, Maud; here we are, left again. You and me's a pair of Cinderellas, that's what it is. Well, ugly ducklings if you like. Still, you'd think one of us was worth a tanner, wouldn't you?

"Oh, well, who'd be a dancing-partner? Sixpence a time and no offers. I've had one dance to-night—*one*, my dear, would you believe it? And he was a hundred. I shall get this inferior complex they talk about. Well, that Lotty's booked for the evening night after night, an' if there's all that money flying about you'd think somebody might squander a sixpence in this direction. But oh, no, it's always the same—Milly and Lotty and Madge, and the rest nowhere.

"Madge Elliot's sweetly pretty, I will say; but that Milly——! And, my dear, her dancing! Well, if I was a man I'd pay more money to dance with a sick cow. There she goes with her little lounge-lizard; she's welcome to that, I'm sure. Did you see the nasty look she gave us? Saucy cat! Who's getting excited, dear? Do you think I care? I never could stand this tune, anyway, hark at it, and I want to get on with my knitting, you see. There's little Madge. I know one thing—I wouldn't Black Bottom with a Jew-boy in plus-fours if he paid me half-a-crown. I wonder you don't bring some needle-work too, dear; you spend as much time sitting in the shop-window as I do. No offence, Maud, but you don't draw much of a crowd yourself, do you, dear?

"Don't be unkind, dear; you've made me drop a stitch. A jersey? No, dear, it's a sock. A surprise for Arthur. For his birthday, you see; I know he can do with some socks. Well, I'm glad Arthur can't see me now, that's one consolation. If he saw me sitting here neglected like a snowdrop in the New Forest he'd have seventeen fits. Wild? Wild's not the word for it! That man—he'd have me out of the place before you could say knife, contract or no contract. D'you think this looks like a man's size in socks, dear? It looks to me more like something in the juvenile department.

"Don't look up, but there's a boy got his eye on us. Maud, dear, I do believe one of us is about to click! Now you can look, he's tying his shoe-lace. Poor darling! first time out, I should say. Just look at him preening and all of a-dither. Tying his tie now, you see. Isn't he a lamb? I'm going to give him the gay glance, and chance it. Oh, gosh! here he comes ticket and all. What would his mother say? It's me, Maud, I do believe——

"Well, what d'you think of that? Just took one look at me and he was off like a shot out of a gun. Am I such a sight as all that, Maud? Mother used to say I was the beauty of the family. Well, I shall give up the dancing and go into Parliament, that's all I'm fit for, it seems. Lucky Arthur didn't see that, he'd have knocked the boy down as soon as look at him. My dear, this tune gives me the pip. It's a pity they can't invent a white man's dance.

"There's the old custard who fell for me, dear. Yes, that one; looks like a balloon an' dances like a Tank. My dear, he's a caution. P'raps I'm cut out to be an old man's darling. Well, he said, 'Haw! I've had my eye on you for a long time,' he said. So I said, 'Flattered, I'm sure.' Then he said, 'Haw! you lead a gay life, don't you?' 'Gay?' I said. 'Well, I mean dancing every night and that,' he said. 'And afternoons too,' I said. 'Oh, yes, we *do* have a time!' Then he said, 'Haw! you get a queer lot of partners, I dare say.' 'Some's funnier than others,' I said, because just then he came down like a ton of bricks on my toe. 'A thousand apologies,' says he. 'One's enough,' I said. Then he said, 'Can you give me any tips about my dancing?' 'A lesson's ten-and-sixpence,' I said. So he said as quick as you like, 'Oh, well, we won't bother; it's an education just to dance with you.' I said, 'Well, hold me tighter, there's no charge for that.' 'And keep your great stomach in,' I said, only I said it to myself. Well, my dear, we went round that floor together like a whale and a whiting, and at the end he was puffing like a steam-roller on a hot day.

"'Haw! I'd like to have another,' he said, so I said, 'You're welcome, I have the next free.' So he said, 'Well, I'm sorry, I've got my wife here.' Well, I'm not going to be no snake in the grass, I thought, so I held out my hand for the ticket and he laid hold of it like the Sheiks' Good-bye. So I said, 'The ticket, please!' And he said 'Haw! the ticket; I'd like to keep that as a momento.' So I said, 'Well, I have to hand it in for my commission, you see.' So he said, 'Haw! Pity. Then it's *Au revoir*, perhaps.' So I said, 'You never know, do you?' and we drifted apart. And that's my evening's work up to date.

"My dear, this tune! Another encore—that's the third. Who's that? Oh, gosh, if it isn't Arthur! Well, did you ever? He hates dancing. Wonders will never cease . . . Arthur!

"Well, Arthur, where do you spring from? Glad to see you, Arthur, but what a surprise! I was speaking of you only a minute gone—wasn't I, Maud? Oh, sorry—Maud, this is my friend, Mr. Galloway. Miss Percival—Mr. Galloway. Want to dance, do you? Well, you'll have to have a ticket, Arthur, can't dance with me without a ticket, you know, not if you



Maid (to mistress). "THE PLUMBER'S BEEN, BUT 'E'S GONE AGAIN, MUM."
Mistress. "GONE?"
Maid. "YES; 'E SAYS IT MUST 'AVE BIN THE PIANO-TUNER YOU WANTED."



HERO-WORSHIP.

Old Lady. "WHAT'S ALL THE COMMOTION, MY DEAR?"
Excited Flapper. "CLAUDE RICARDO IS JUST LEAVING THE PICTUREDROME AT THE END OF HIS RUN."
Old Lady. "WHAT—IN PERSON?"
Excited Flapper. "NOT EXACTLY—BUT THEY'RE JUST TAKING AWAY THE REEL WITH HIM IN IT."

was the PRINCE OF WALES. Oh, you've got one, have you? Knows the ropes, don't he, Maud? I'm quite suspicious. Come on, then. Now then. One, two, three, four. One, two, three, four. One, two, *one* two. Not so bad. Sure I'm worth the sixpence, Arthur? Then that's all right. Well, I can tell you you're lucky to catch me free like you did; I've been that busy this evening. I'd just that instant sat down for a rest, the first minute's peace I've had since we opened, and then you came in. Been quite a run on me to-night, Arthur, you'd be surprised.

"Hold me tighter, dear, and don't hop. Oh, yes, regular lads, all of them, specially one. I've had five with him, Arthur; you would have been jealous. Very good-looking, Arthur, and dances like a duke. Don't hop, dear. Quite young, well, twenty-five, say—officer, I should think. All over me, Arthur. Oh, well, they all were . . .

"And that's that. Now give me the ticket. Do you want another, Arthur? Well, I'll squeeze you in if I can, somewhere. Yes, that's one of our girls. Milly, her name is. Yes, Milly Potts. Hasn't been here long. Want to dance with her, do you? Don't be silly; why should *I* mind? Oh, well, you've only got to ask her. Like an introduction? Oh, you *know* her, do you? That's funny, Arthur. Fancy you knowing Milly Potts, Arthur! You never told me you knew Milly Potts, Arthur. Old friends, eh? Oh, Putney, was it? At the Palais, perhaps? Oh, yes, I heard she left there in a hurry. That's where you picked up your dancing, I dare say. Yes, hers is very much after your style, now I come to think of it—hop, skip and fall down. Well, there you are, the band's starting. What are you waiting for? Go to it, Arthur, and good luck to you, I'm sure! No, I won't be dancing no more to-night, I've pains in the back. Go on, Arthur, or you'll miss the fairy . . . .

"Well, Maud, here we are again, my dear, two minds with but a single thought, and no offers! If you ask me, that man came here after Milly Potts and nobody else, and if you want a gentleman's sock half finished here you are, because I've done with it . . . .!

"Sorry, dear, did it hit you? But, I mean to say—Milly Potts . . . .!

"Milly *Potts*!" A. P. H.

Our Helpful Contemporaries.

"A NOVEL WARSHIP.

Described officially as a cruiser-mine-layer, the Adventure is a combination of cruiser and minelayer."—*Sunday Paper.*

Simplicity itself, my dear Watson.

"'ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL' IN MODERN DRESS.

BIRMINGHAM, SATURDAY.—The author of that very interesting melodrama, 'Hamlet,' which had such a successful run at the Kingsway Theatre last summer, had a comedy produced to-night at the Repertory Theatre under the rather clumsy title of 'All's Well that Ends Well.'"—*Local Paper.*

His next exposition of modern dress will doubtless be called "Much Ado About Nothing."

"A further increase in the price of petrol is being considered and may be announced shortly. The reduction seems certain."
The Impartial Reporter (*Enniskillen*).

No report could be more impartial than that.

From an article on immigration:—

"English predominate, but there are many Scots, Welsh and Isle of Wight people among the newcomers."—*Canadian Paper.*

This is the first hint we have had of a Home Rule movement across the Solent.



"I WANT A GARDEN-ROLLER; THE SIZE I LEAVE TO YOUR DISCRETION. THIS IS THE GENTLEMAN WHO WILL USE IT."

DEPARTMENTAL RHYMES.

THE BOARD OF EDUCATION.

STIRRED by the breath of inspiration,
The useful Board of Education
Gets down to business and discusses
Interminable syllabuses.
It loves to make ingenious rules
To guide procedure in its schools,
And entertains ambitious dreams
Of Superannuation schemes
With curious clauses so designed
To baulk and mystify the mind
That even those who 've framed and planned 'em
May never hope to understand 'em.
Then, at the end of every week,
The permanent officials seek
To recreate their mental calm
With music's unctuous healing balm,
And warble on the Burnham Scale
As sweetly as a nightingale.

Our happy children little know
What debts of gratitude they owe
To those who take such anxious pains
And agitate their powerful brains
To keep alight and bravely burning
The all-important lamp of learning,
Yes, sad to say, they con their sums
With merry hearts and inkstained thumbs,
Oblivious of the work that 's done
To earn for them these hours of fun;
And thus it is the patient Board
Loses its well-deserved reward
Of little voices raised to bless
In infant songs of thankfulness.

But, though its efforts rarely cause
Loud bursts of juvenile applause,
The Board does not entirely lack
Approving pats upon the back.
Those pedagogues who best can claim
The right to academic fame
Admit that, though it may be dense
And wanting in intelligence
And fifty years behind the times
And guilty of atrocious crimes
That clearly could not be committed
By any save the feeble-witted,
In fairness they must still record
Their faint suspicion that the Board,
Despite the various failings mentioned,
Is on the whole not ill-intentioned.

Encouraged, as it well may be,
By such discerning flattery,
The blushing Board of Education
Proves worthy of this commendation
And with redoubled zeal discusses
A further batch of syllabuses.

C. L. M.

"P—— BLEACHES SNOW WHITE."
Advt. in Weekly Paper.

It sounds rather like painting the lily.

"The motto, 'Docens Ut Disce,' was objected to also, because it was not in English."
New Zealand Paper.

Did they think it was Latin?

"'Swallow an oyster and get that sea-breeze feeling' will probably be the new slogan of Whitstable and Colchester. Scientists have discovered that oysters contain so much iodine."—*Weekly Paper.*

"Fate cannot harm me, iodined to-day."

NUMBER, PLEASE!

DISILLUSION has come to Acacia Grove. Until to-day we knew ourselves as the very *élite* of an unimpeachably correct suburb. To-day we have our misgivings. Men made for the 8.41 (fast) this morning with a less confident tread; women went to the West End by the cheap mid-day fares conscious of a slight derangement of the superiority complex and gave their addresses to the assistants with something less than their customary nonchalance.

For the pride of Acacia Grove has suffered a fall: we have been numbered. The distinction we have so long enjoyed of being the only unnumbered road in the suburb, and therefore, in our view, the only road entitled with any good show of reason to use the names of our houses for postal and similar purposes, has been ruthlessly swept away. It has been done on the authority of 56 & 57 Vict., c. 73; 38 & 39 Vict., c. 55, s. 160; and 10 & 11 Vict., c. 34, s. 65; but we have been unable to find consolation even in the reflection that it has taken no fewer than three statutes to deprive us of our high estate.

No longer shall we be familiarly known in the suburb by the names of our demesnes, names selected after who knows how deep and anxious heart-searching, names showing withal no little erudition and no mean knowledge of geography. As one speaks of GRAHAM of Claverhouse, of TOWNSHEND of Kut,

of KITCHENER of Khartoum, so in Acacia Grove and the neighbourhood it has been the habit to speak of Pepper of "The Poplars," Biggs of "Balmoral" and Pimworthy of "El Arish." But now, it is to be feared, our wives will be known as Mrs. Smith of 67, Mrs. Fogg of 52, and our children as the kids across at 29.

We don't say, of course, that the numbering won't be an advantage in certain cases. There is Pilkington across the road, for example. When Pilkington bought that plot and put up that footling little bungalow of his, there were already fifteen bungalows in the road all superior to Pilkington's. But Pilkington had the great effrontery to put a large sign on his front-gate which proclaimed that his was "The Bungalow." *The* Bungalow, if you please! There is a feeling in Acacia Grove that Pilkington deserves no better fate than to be known to the public in his true colours as No. 16.

There is likewise a due appreciation of the rough justice by which "The Châlet," the residence of Captain Tablet, late of the Royal Army Medical Corps, has been allotted the distinguishing numeral, 9; and none has been found to grumble that Nemesis has at last overtaken the people at the end of the road, whose "Chez Nous" will become No. 101. None of this, however, can compensate me for the abiding memory of Shepherd's Bush and Liverpool Street stored up for me in my own No. 11.

Then, unkindest cut of all, perhaps, we shall now have to put up with the ill-bred and ill-concealed elation of Laburnum Avenue. Laburnum Avenue came into existence at the same time as Acacia Grove and was promptly, and in our view very properly, numbered by authority of 56 & 57 Vict., c. 73, etc., within about three months; the failure to deal likewise with Acacia Grove having long been recognised (in Acacia Grove) as a tacit admission on the part of the local authority that Acacia Grove was several cuts above Laburnum Avenue. The realisation that the omission may after all have been due merely to the carelessness of a junior clerk in the office of the district surveyor is somewhat galling. In Laburnum Avenue it is being openly stated that the delay of three years in numbering Acacia Grove is a clear indication that the Council regards the inhabitants as relatively insignificant.

We are now considering what, if anything, we shall do about it. The notices, which came this morning, say *inter alia* that the urban authority for the said district do thereby require us within three weeks to cause the number . . . to be marked on the said house occupied by us in the said district, in default of which we shall be liable to a penalty not exceeding forty shillings, and the said urban authority will cause the said number to be marked on the said house at our expense. And, as Wilkins pointed out at our preliminary meeting this evening, there is very little left to be said after that.

We are prosecuting inquiries, however, in the hope of establishing that the said 56 & 57 Vict. or another of the said statutes (one of which, for reasons which are not at all clear to me, is the Public Health Act, 1875), while requiring us to cause the said numbers to be marked on the said houses, has omitted to stipulate the manner of the said causation and the place of the said mark. Wilkins, who professes to know quite a lot about the law, says there is just a chance that that may be so, and there was some talk at the meeting of deciding in that event to cause the numbers to be marked in lead pencil on the inside of the kitchen door.



American Millionaire. "SAY, KEEPER, I'D LIKE TO HAVE YOUR ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS FOR MY LIL BOY."

Keeper. "THANK YOU, SIR. AND WE'D LIKE TO HAVE YOUR LITTLE BOY FOR OUR ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS."



She. "I RECKON THIS BLOKE WILL WIN BECAUSE 'E DON'T GIVE UP BUT GOES ON 'ACKIN' AT IT."

THE DIARY OF A PUBLISHER'S OFFICE-BOY.

January 1st.—Decided to keep a diary, because I often meet famous writers (in my official capacity of showing them into Mr. Harwin's office), and my Revellations, intersprersed as they will be by spicy anecdotes which I should forget if I did not jot them down at once, will no doubt "command high royalties" in the years to come. (I pick up this so-called tecnical jargon quite easily in the course of my daily activities. It is very educational to work in a litery millioo miliew).

I do not know what will be the far-reaching consequences of these Revellations from my pen (as see the book that was not by Sir Ronald Redd, and all the fuss there was about *that* affair), but I'm jolly well sure I'm not going to stop here all my life to be spoken disrespectfully to by the cashier and the typists. I am going to make my Mark in Life.

January 4th.—The 'phone girl had a headache and went down to the rest-room with some asprins so I had to take her place. Switchboard very jolly. Have decided to give up litery career if at any future date it does not please me, and be a telephonist.

Listened in to conversation between Mr. Harwin and Mr. W.* Had not known before that Mr. W. minded about things like how much money he was paid with.

Listened in to inter-departmental conversation between book-storekeeper and night-watchman about some editions de lux in antique leather with gold edges that had been damiged in the night by a cat. Learnt two new words.

January 5th.—'Phone girl away with flue. Was told off by Mr. Harwin for answering the 'phone to Mr. B.* with my mouth full of sausidge sandwich. He said it makes a bad impression. I told him a fellow must have his lunch sometime because otherwise it makes such a long morning. He did not seem to see my point of view. I am very dissatisfied with the airs that man assumes towards me sometimes. I wonder who he thinks I am going to be spoken to like that by! I sometimes seriously consider offering this M.S. on completion to some other publisher and not even giving him an option on same.

I believe that all this writing is all-ready improving my litery style and making it more litery. (*Note.*—To further improve my litery style by reading all the firm's letters when I prepare them for the post and read mark and inwardly digest same.)

Classical quotations like this look very impresive. (*Note.*—Remember to read the classics. Perhaps next week if there is time.)

January 6th.—Fell downstairs today with a pile of books and a bump on my forehead the size of an egg and spilt a blot of ink on Mr. S.'s* new contract that Mr. Harwin called me in to witness because his secretary was out at lunch and forgot my sausidge sandwiches this morning and got into trouble with Mr. Harwin because I refused to let Mr. G.* see Mr. Harwin when the man that Mr. Harwin really didn't want to see was somebody else. Feel discouraged.

Later.—I happened to be sauntering by the door of Mr. Harwin's office and casuly stooping as I passed the key-hole when I heard his voice sounding very bored and grouse-ey and I remembered that he had had that Mr. Sills, the stout artist fellow who does those book jackets with pictures all in squares

* A famous author whose name I tempraly supress in case my M.S. falls into undesirable hands.



THE PINK MAN'S BURDEN.

(An unrecorded incident of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's American visit.)

Red Indian Chief. "PEACE TO YOU, PINK-FACE!"

Mr. MacDonald. "YOU CAN'T THINK WHAT A RELIEF IT IS TO MEET A RED MAN WHO'S NEVER HEARD OF MOSCOW."



THE CHILDHOOD OF GREAT MEN.

Little Charles Darwin begins to consider.

on them in with him for two hours so I went in and asked him if he had any letters for the post and he said he hadn't signed them yet and would Mr. Sills excuse him? Well, Mr. Sills went then, and Mr. Harwin puffed a sigh of relief and said "that was very neat, Jones: I *was* beginning to find him a waist of time."

I think it is very lucky for Mr. Harwin that he has men like me on his staff who have his interest at heart like me.

January 7th.—An old geyser came in this morning and said she was a Russian Princess and wanted to talk to Mr. Harwin about her memoires and as I passed his door casuly later on I heard her telling him that she had seen Raspooteene or some other such name stabbed in the back and had seen two men hung drawn and quartered in the streets of Mosco and had escaped to Finland disgised as a mendincant priest and had once been persued by a stack of wolves and then somebody came along so the last I heard was Mr. Harwin saying he would consider the matter.

I hope he does, because then I might get a chance of looking into the M.S. when it arrives, before passing it on to Mr. Harwin, which is my usual procedure, as if I think a M.S. is *quite* unsuitable for Mr. Harwin I simply return it with the usual regrets, without bothering to trouble him with it. He does not know this, but I do not see what the use of him having a litery assistant like me on his staff is if I don't learn to use my own inish initiative.

January 8th.—This is Saturday. Mrs. Sadie B. Hoggins rang up to speak to Mr. Harwin about her daughter being put on the staff as a manuscript-reader and when she heard that he was playing golf she let him off steam like anything about efish efficiency and how everybody worked all the time in America especially all day Saturday and couldn't I put her through to Mr. Harwin's golf club house and then some more about English efficiency. I don't usully not know what to say to people, but this time I didn't know what to say to her. At least all those that I could think of on the stir of the moment I thought would be deprimental to the the firm and Mr. Harwin would hear about it and tell me off for discurtesy. So I hung the receiver up and let her talk. This sort of thing is my way of teaching myself self-restraint. Besides, I was hungry, and had had my sausidge sandwiches half unpacked at the time when her 'phone call came through.

January 10th, Monday.—The 'phone girl is back. She says I've made a mess of her books. Thus is grattitude rewarded! I shall leave her to it. I have duties of my own to perform on my own particular side of the business.

Later.—The Multigraphing Department have given me 10,000 envelopes to address. Nobody famous has called today.

January 11th.

January 12th.

January 13th.—Nobody famous has called. I am very busy, as I have 9,981 envelopes here, the addressing of which has been entrusted to me by the firm.

January 14th.—Nobody famous has called. I'm fed up with this job. I don't see how I can ever write a book on the secrets of the publishing trade if nothing ever happens in the bally place and no spicy anecdotes take place for me to put in my Revellations and they put me on to addressing their beastly envelopes.

I shall give the matter delibbrate thought and take steps even perhaps going to the length of handing in my formal resignation if necessary, and shall hold over this Diary until something eventualates.

Shifting Sands.

"Capt. ——, on his world tour with —— motor cycles, has crossed 700 miles of the Sahara Desert, from Jerusalem to Baghdad."
Trade Paper.

"The tenants had to be rescued by a fire-escape, and remarkable scenes were witnessed as they descended, accompanied by cats, dogs, parrots, and other household pets. An invalid old lady was among them."—*Scots Paper.*

Her years should have earned her more respect.

VOTES FOR YOUNG PERSONS.

So many letters have been sent to Mr. Punch on this important topic that the Editor has asked me to sift them and select a few for publication, making comments where necessary on the matter contained therein. It is too late, no doubt, to shift the determination of the Government, but no extension of the franchise should be allowed to pass without the expression of responsible opinion outside the House. And how terribly diverse responsible opinion is!

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The Government has decided to give flappers the vote. Young women have no minds of their own. What do they know about business affairs? Do you ever see them reading the Market Reports? They will vote as their husbands or *fiancés* direct. Why then complicate the electoral machinery by this unnecessary fuss?

Yours sincerely, IRASCIBLE.

Tooting, N.

Why indeed?

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The Government has decided to present flappers with the vote. The female of the human species, especially when young, is notoriously obstinate and perverse. The result of this measure can only be to set sex against sex and create a bitterer feud than the class war. INDIGNANS.

Barking, E.

Yes. I hadn't thought of that.

SIR,—Give us votes for flappers. Give us votes for schoolgirls. Give us votes for schoolboys. Disenfranchise everyone who is not an adept at Black Bottam dancing. Nay, more. Give us votes for cradles. Give us votes for parrots. Give us votes for cats and dogs. AN ENGLISHMAN.

Harrogate.

I'm sorry I can't.

DEAR SIR,—The Government proposes to give votes to flappers. My daughter Agatha would not know what to do with a vote if she had it. She would merely throw it about and lose it. Quite recently she knocked all the stuffing out of her pet rabbit and afterwards tore off its right ear. She has been (deservedly) expelled from the Gugnuncs. Is she (may I ask) entitled to elect a representative to the Mother of Parliaments, before which stands an equestrian statue representing RICHARD CŒUR DE LION, not to mention OLIVER CROMWELL himself?

We take in *The Daily Looking-Glass*, which for years has been attempting to educate the minds of electors by providing them on every possible occasion with pictures of young women in bathing costumes and animals from the Zoo. My daughter Agatha recently stigmatised one of the leading articles in this paper (nearly five lines long) as "tosh." Even the "Aunt Mary" and the "Tiny Tots" column, which I relish daily on the Underground, are too deep, it would appear, for her frivolous mind. Is she, I ask, to have a voice in the destinies of a nation for which HAMPDEN bled before she is old enough even to become a Fairy Belle?

Yours truly, DISGUSTED.

Surbiton.

"DISGUSTED" seems to me to be labouring (or being disgusted) under a slight misapprehension. There is no suggestion as yet of giving votes to the nursery. I cannot think that Agatha is over twenty-one. In time no doubt she will learn to take her daily newspaper seriously.



THE MAY QUEEN

(To the Mother of Parliaments).

"They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what they say,
For I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I 'm to be Queen o' the May!"

[Sir DOUGLAS HOGG will be in charge of the Trade Union Bill, which comes up for Second Reading on May 2nd.]

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I write more in sorrow than in anger. I am a romantic novelist. Before what shrine has the youth and chivalry of England always laid the tribute of its devotion, the homage of its prowess and its strength? Surely at the feet of the young girl aged certainly not more than twenty-one and often less. If you have read my *Quest of the Grail* (ARDENT SAM, 7*s.* 6*d.*) you will remember how *John Pudstock* found more wisdom in a smile or the wavelet of a single curl of *Evadne's* golden head than in all the books of all the wiseacres of the world. At her lightest beck (or indeed hist) he would have faced peril—nay, certain death—in the uttermost parts of the earth. To gain her hand he would have given the Roman Empire or the gold of Midas, and welcomed (p. 249) exclusion from his step-uncle's will. Even the discovery that she had apparently murdered his great-aunt (pp. 301–7) did not daunt his undying love. Was *Evadne* unworthy of the vote? Rather might we not say that scarcely a single Member of Parliament is worthy to receive so precious a boon as one tiny cross marked by *Evadne's* delicate and tapering (p. 142) hand.

I should like to know whether the worship of pure young girlhood still beats (as once it beat) in England's heart. I am, faithfully yours,

LAVENDER SMITH.

Blurberry, Hants.

I will order *The Quest of the Grail* from the library at once.

SIR,—The Cabinet may not have known it, but had they refused us the vote the whole weight of the pillion-riders of Great Britain would have been flung instantly against them.

I am Sir, Yours obediently,
MOTOR CYCLICA.

Herts.

Heavens!

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH.—I have always got everything I wanted yet, haven't I? out of my uncles and anybody like that if I asked them prettily for it. Is there any reason why I shouldn't have the vote too?

Yours very sincerely,
TWENTY-ONE-AND-A-BIT.

None at all. Am replying personally.

SIR,—The lamentable ignorance of all facts connected with our constitutional and political history displayed by the majority of grown-up English men and women makes it doubtful whether anybody outside a few members of the academic professions are reasonably entitled to vote at all. Indeed I have grave doubts whether a short but searching questionnaire submitted to actual Members of Parliament (when removed from their secretaries and works of reference) would show them to have the necessary qualification for the franchise themselves.

This being so, we may perhaps assert with confidence that the nearer to the school or University age a voter may be the greater are the chances that he or she may retain some knowledge of political theory and the true functions of citizenship. Yours, etc.,

SCHOLASTICUS.

Quite. EVOE.

A QUESTION OF STATUS.

THE theory that status is more important than salary is one that my friend Collinson accepts without hesitation, and he holds that it is of far wider application than was indicated in a certain speech by Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD. As regards "the workers," he says, considering the money they make it is obvious that their divine discontent can only be explained in this way, and he resents the fact that this one class was singled out for praise. "Is not the same proud contempt for mere pelf," he asked me, "shown by the self-sacrificing labours of our politicians? What inducement could there be for our Members of Parliament to slave as they do for their paltry hundreds a year were it not that they feel that theirs is an enviable status and the salary they draw no indication of the public's estimate of what their work is worth?"

Professional footballers and champion boxers were also cited as men to whom the mere monetary reward was as nothing compared with the respect, he might almost say the reverence, in which they were commonly held.

Observing that I was about to put in a word he added hastily that what he was really getting at was this: *mutatis mutandis*, the theory applied also to the brute creation. In particular, he held, our domesticated animals rose to the dignity of the position we accorded them in our esteem.

"Take my pig," he said.

"Heaven forbid!" I replied, for Collinson's pig is a large and unpleasant animal with bad habits, a worse temper and a nasty nature. But Collinson said I had misunderstood him. What he meant was: What was the explanation of Fatty's behaviour? And when I suggested original sin he was quite annoyed. Yet it was nothing to what he had said himself the day before, and so I told him. He replied that he knew no better then; but his eyes had been opened. He realised now that the pig was maligned and misunderstood. Ignorance of his requirements had dominated his unhappy destiny and made him what he was. If Fatty's manners were coarse and his morals corrupt (and they are) the fault was his (Collinson's).

I said he had little cause for self-reproach, and pointed out that Fatty was already being fed and housed rather better than himself. Moreover he had no work, no worries. But Collinson replied that it was not in providing the material blessings of life that he had failed, but in withholding the status, the considerate respect, that Fatty required to bring out his better nature.

"Do I make a friend, a companion of my pig?" he demanded. "I do not. But," he added sternly, "I will."

He explained that in future he intended his pig to share the privileges at present enjoyed by his dog—the run of the house, for example, and the right to accompany him on his walks abroad. Although his wife declared that if Fatty entered the house it would be over her dead body, he had hopes that this obstacle would soon be removed. Meantime he proposed to put the pig on the leash and take him for a walk.

The walk, though short, would seem to have been full of incident, and for one of his corpulent habit Fatty proved extraordinarily active and strenuous. Collinson himself was very reticent about what happened, but no one else was. Still, I am inclined to doubt whether he fell quite so often as they said. Even if Fatty was making rings round him and twisting the rope about his ankles when he was not trying to make a dash for home between his legs, they must have made some progress, for they eventually reached the village, although not together. The pig got there first, trailing his rope in an offensive and provocative manner. Several people essayed to catch him by it, and the policeman succeeded in getting his foot on the rope, with the result that he licked the dust, for his tongue is inclined to protrude.

This possibly explains why he was so nasty to poor Collinson when he arrived five minutes later, and why he refused



Suffering Victorian (on Channel crossing). "THESE MODERN FLAPPERS—THEY'VE GOT NO NATURAL FEELINGS! WHY CAN'T SHE BE DECENTLY ILL?"

to accept the explanation that he had only let go of the rope when he found that it had ceased to function as a brake. In the intervals of mopping his bleeding nose and licking his pencil the policeman made copious notes and hinted darkly that more would be heard about this business.

He was right. The arm of the law has not yet seized Collinson, but he feels that at any moment it may; and meantime he is disbursing large sums to the community by way of atonement. Judging by the claims already settled it would seem that Fatty, before he was captured and conveyed home in a cart, not only destroyed the entire stock of the two shops in the village, but broke down a large part of every fence and killed most of the fowls.

Yet even these misfortunes hardly explained the change I saw in Collinson when next we met. "You don't know the worst," he said when I condoled with him, and for a while would say no more. Then it all came out. Feeling, he said, that the disasters of the "walk" were not really Fatty's fault, on the following morning, though still bruised and shaken, he had approached the pig's domain to show that he bore no malice. But Fatty had turned his back upon the world. He was eating his breakfast with great gusto, so the gentle "Ahem!" with which Collinson sought to announce his presence was drowned in the din.

Though considerably dashed, he was not to be turned from his purpose. The usual method of attracting Fatty's attention—poking him with a stick in the outskirts of his ribs—seemed somehow not right and kind. A more respectful and considerate method had to be found.

When he reached this point in his narrative Collinson was almost overcome, and he was still labouring under painful emotion when he resumed.

"Venturing a little nearer," he continued, "in token of unbroken friendship and amity I stooped and patted the pig gently on the cleanest spot I could find. And then," said Collinson with almost a sob—"then he turned and bit me."

How to Make Farming Pay.

"MATRIMONY.—Farmer (Owner), aged 60, wants wife immediately; only those possessing three thousand pounds or more need apply."
Advt. in Scots Paper.

AT THE PLAY.

"MARIGOLD" (KINGSWAY).

THE trouble with *Marigold Sellar*, who could not be expected to share our appreciation of the humour of the Midlothian manse into which she had been adopted, was that her young life lacked diversion. An annual visit to Edinburgh for the General Assembly, a periodical sewing-party, the domestic excitement to be got from the conversion of "rasps" into jam or jelly—all these things failed to appease her natural yearning for the larger life. And there were no young people for her to play with, since you could hardly count *Peter Gloag* (Divinity student and pupil of the *Rev. Mr. Pringle*, Minister of Paradykes), who was more adapted for the study of his tutor's *Animadversions on the Pelagian heresies.*



Chatty Individual (in answer to inquiry). "NO, SIR, I CANNOT CLAIM TO BE AN ARTIST MYSELF, BUT I DO CLAIM TO KNOW A GOOD BIT OF COLOUR WHEN I SEE IT. I'VE PRACTICALLY SPENT A LIFETIME IN THE GENTS' OUTFITTING."

The prospect of receiving a betrothal ring from a neighbouring Laird, entailing the perusal of a Young Lady's Guide to Etiquette and the learning-by-heart of the correct riposte, did little to lighten her ennui. For *James Payton of Kettinfoot* was twice her age and stuffy at that. Also he indulged a curious passion (possibly due to Lowland sympathies) for THOMAS CARLYLE, to whose forthcoming work on OLIVER CROMWELL, in four volumes, he looked forward with pleasurable anticipation as affording excellent matter for reading aloud to his future wife. *Marigold's* inclination leaned rather to another THOMAS (HOOD), from whose contributions to *A Book of Heroines* (I can't think how it found its way into the manse library) she recited some verses very obnoxious to her lover's sensibility. This, with other indications of her need of refinement, led him to resolve that she must be put to a finishing-school in preparation for her status as his wife.

In these circumstances it will be understood how happy a distraction was caused by the appearance of young *Archie Forsyth*, ensign in the 53rd Foot, stationed at Edinburgh Castle. Already his invasion of one of the sewing-séances had fluttered the heart of *Marigold*. He brings invitations to her and her people to assist at the coming progress of Royalty through Edinburgh, and *Marigold* responds eagerly to his soldierly advances. Her father, pompous and rigid, who had thrown up the Army long ago and withdrawn into rural retirement (which was why his French wife, bored with cabbage, had left him just before the birth of *Marigold*), flatly refuses the invitation. The *Rev. Pringle* was away at Peebles (not, we must believe, in search of the "pleesure and deevilry" for which that town is notorious); indeed the only thing we ever saw of him was his excellent portrait (by Mr. LANCELOT SPEED) on the wall of the manse parlour. *Mrs. Pringle*, obeying a native instinct, declines to incur the necessary expense of a visit to Edinburgh. So *Marigold* must go "by her lane." In her beautiful innocence (she has been told that the Castle will assume the character of a huge inn for the occasion) she invades *Forsyth's* quarters a day before the function with the fixed assurance of accommodation, bringing her night-things in the minister's second-best carpet-bag (his best being with him at Peebles).

Of the ensign's honourable and painful embarrassment; of the ultimate conciliation of the proprieties; of the intervention of *Marigold's* mother, engaged at this juncture in playing the part of *Mary Stuart*, at the Theatre Royal, in a drama of five acts and a prologue; of the cursory dismissal of the *Laird of Kettinfoot*, still stuffed with self-esteem but a little chagrined to think that the engagement-ring, whose return he promptly demands, had been wastefully altered to fit *Marigold's* finger—of all these pleasant effects, ending in the triumph of true love, I have no time to tell. Nor can I describe the promised passage, between salutes and curtsies, of QUEEN VICTORIA across the stage, for the final curtain veiled it from our bulging eyes.

The play makes no pretence to sophistication, nor are you meant to be greatly thrilled by its plot; it is just a quiet

comedy of character and manners. The First Act, devoted to the creation of atmosphere and the expounding of relationships (not always too clear when set forth rapidly in a broad Scottish accent), may have seemed a little drawn-



AN ANGEL FROM PARADYKES.
Mrs. Pringle . . . . . Miss Jean Cadell.

out. It could hardly be hoped that the process of making raspberry jelly, on which the dialogue insisted so much, could have for us the same poignant interest that it had for *Mrs. Pringle* and her assistants. But that was only a defect of the virtue of realism. The note of the play was a leisurely unforced humour, nearly always appropriate to the characters to whom it was assigned. There were few scintillations; we were seldom invited to indulge in uproarious mirth; but we were always smiling quietly inside, either with or at somebody.

Cocktails are not the best preparation for a light vintage claret; and it may well be that a steady course of crook-plays has made the general palate too coarse for the appreciation of so delicate a comedy as this. But, with its savour of *Sweet Lavender* and *Quality Street*, it should come as a welcome relief to the discerning taste.

As *Mrs. Pringle*, Miss Jean Cadell's authentic vernacular and the pawky humour that flowed from her with an easy and natural fluency were a constant delight. And what a world of meaning she could put into her casual "A-ha!" Miss Angela Baddeley's *Marigold* was charmingly piquant. If at times one suspected her of knowing a little too much for her air of innocence, well, that too was all in the period. In Mr. Deering Wells, as the dashing ensign, we had the happiest blend of modesty and self-confidence. His breeziness (if the Silent Service will suffer me to apply this term to a soldier) carried *Marigold* off her feet and us off ours. For consistency of character and fidelity to nature he shared with Miss Cadell the chief honours of an excellent cast. Mr. Athole Stewart, in the part of the stiff and starched *Major Sellar*, didn't have a very good chance to show his subtler qualities; but there is always style in his acting, and he made a most resplendent figure in his uniform of the 53rd Regiment, with a bell-topped shako that was an actual survival of the time.

Mr. Hubert Harben was more than adequately ponderous in the part of the unlovable *Laird*. I wondered, by the way, how it was that, with his natural gift for rotundity of diction, he should have needed a Compendium of Etiquette to instruct him in the phrasing proper to the conferment of a betrothal ring. The broken English of Miss Beatrice Wilson, who played *Sellar's* French wife with great vivacity, afforded a happy contrast to the broken Scotch of some of the alleged natives. Of the minor parts, the *Peter Gloag* of Mr. Edmond Beresford, with his importunate intrusions, was a clever study. So was Miss Agnes Lowson's *Beenie*, maid of the manse. And there was excellent fun to be got from Mr. Norman



Dashing Ensign. "I'm going to marry your daughter—ha-ha!"
Archie Forsyth . . . Mr. Deering Wells.
Major Andrew Sellar Mr. Athole Stewart.

Page's rendering of *Mordan*, a discreet soldier-servant, who neither was, nor affected to be, anything but a Sassenach. Finally, the humour and humanity of Miss Katie Johnson as one of *Forsyth's* aunts, made a pleasant foil to the implacable toughness of her sister (Miss Mary Barton).

The rich uniforms of the later Acts added a heightened note of colour to the delicate harmonies of the early-Victorian dresses. A statement attached to the programme showed the faithful erudition that had gone to Captain Oakes Jones's reproduction of the costumes of the period.

We are not supposed to know enough to distribute praise as between the two authors, Mrs. Allen Harker and Mr. F. R. Pryor; but we may guess how much we owe to that sense of character which distinguishes the author of *Miss Esperance and Mr. Wycherly* and how much to Mr. Pryor's wide experience of stage technique. To both of them (if I may drop into a slightly earlier period) I am vastly obleeged. O. S.



"GENTLE OSCULATION ON THE BROW"
(as recommended by a handbook on deportment).
Marigold . . . . . Miss Angela Baddeley.
James Payton . . . . . Mr. Hubert Harben.

"C.O.D." (DUKE OF YORK'S).

THERE is no special feature, like the Venetian Operetta of his last production, in Mr. ARCHIBALD DE BEAR'S new entertainment, but we were compensated with three excellent potted versions of plays now running—*Sunny*, *The Ringer* and *Broadway*. The first of these, in which Mr. ROBERT HALE burlesques his daughter, Miss BINNIE HALE, I found the least amusing (though it contained a too-brief imitation of Mr. CLAUDE HULBERT by Mr. CYRIL SMITH, which was as good as anything in the whole show); but then I am so constituted that the joy I get from the spectacle of an elderly gentleman masquerading as a young girl in a sketchy costume is never an exquisite joy.

My pleasure was further tempered by the disturbing question: Should fathers burlesque their daughters? There are, of course, commercial advantages that mitigate the apparent impiety of such an act. As hinted by the charming lady (anonymous) who introduced the first two burlesques, Mr. ROBERT HALE was giving the family a gratuitous advertisement. Indeed a commercial element was also to be suspected in the burlesque of *The Ringer*. It was composed by Mr. EDGAR WALLACE, author of the original, with apologies to himself, and heralded with a generous allusion to his intensive fertility. All this must be very good for trade.

Careful pains had been taken not to give away the secret of *The Ringer*, every alternate scene being presented in total darkness.



A FAMILY ADVERTISEMENT.
MR ROBERT HALE AS MISS BINNIE HALE.

I liked best—because I knew the original—the faithful imitation of *Broadway*. Perhaps, for a burlesque, the imitation was a little too faithful; but the murders, mostly arbitrary, showed a lavish increase, and a pleasant variation was given of the feud between the two bootlegging gangs. Here the quarrel arose over a trespass on the preserves of a band of brigands who were conducting a lawless traffic in cigarettes after 8 P.M. in Brixton.

The rest of the performance was fairly well up to the standard of the DE BEAR tradition, though Mr. ROBERT HALE did not quite succeed in bringing off his solo turn, "Rugby *was* Rugby in 1863." Of the ladies, Miss BETTY CHESTER'S humour was always delightful, and in her song, inspired by the Meteorological Office, "Deep-depression-over-Iceland Blues" (now cut out, as I hear), she was pleasantly morbid. Miss POLLY WARD was well suited with an abbreviated version of a monologue from *Punch*, by A. P. H., "I Can't Come Out To-night," in which a servant-girl, detained on duty, bids a piteous farewell over the telephone to her lover, off with the dawn to foreign parts. Unfortunately she was using her master's house-telephone and not a public call-box, so that her request for another three minutes (entailing a further outlay of two-pence) had no meaning and the most poignant feature of the original was sacrificed.

Mr. FOSTER RICHARDSON did most of the serious singing and did it well. The inexplicable craving of the revue public for sentimental songs was appeased by a composition called "Desert Moonlight," in which a sheikh, amorous but a model of self-restraint, conducted himself on the best troubadour lines. The taste for acrobatic dancing was discouraged. The Chorus, who didn't seem to mind being described as "Jackson's Girls," danced attractively in "My Lady's Mirror," where one half of them reflected the movements of the other half.

The best individual turn—and, to my respectful surprise, far the most popular—was that of Miss ANN PENN, who gave imitations of favourite actresses—Miss CHESTER, the HOUSTON SISTERS, Miss LILLEY, Miss LAYE and SPINELLY. SPINELLY was, of course, easy fruit for her; but the others demanded some very nicely-observed distinctions. A really clever performance.

Titles of revues seldom have very much point, and *C. O. D.* was rather more blunt than most. After all, the Box Office takes good care that people pay cash *before* delivery. Personally I



MISS ANN PENN AS HERSELF.



A CYCLE OF THE RING.
"*Princess Boot*" . . MISS BETTY CHESTER.



"THAT COCKTAIL IMPOSTURE, THE STEEPLECHASE BROOK."

"T' other un 's a long way behind, Mister. You 've got plenty o' time to get off an' lead un through. It be'unt much more 'n a foot deep."

have no complaint to make of this arrangement. Mr. Archibald de Bear delivered the goods, and I paid no cash either before receipt or after. I ask no better than that. O. S.

"On Approval" (Fortune).

Mr. Frederick Lonsdale, putting his hand to the merry and irresponsible business of making a farce, has not been able to forget that he is by instinct a writer of comedy, and can't quite persuade himself not to take his characters seriously—a rather disquieting defect. It is true that his *George, Twelfth Duke of Bristol*, deep in the grain a cad, preposterously selfish, his crass stupidity only relieved by little flashes of malice which are a sort of substitute for wit, his only approach to decency being, if one may so put it, his extravagances and his fastness—for one supposes that to be successful with women some sort of self-forgetfulness would at some moments be necessary—this poor fish of a Duke, interpreted with a rich and varied humour by Mr. Ronald Squire, is an adequate figure of farce, a diverting puppet who can do anything base or incongruous without surprising us. But the charming young thing, *Helen Hayle*, daughter of a pickle-magnate and "one of the richest women in England," was so presented to us by our author as to be quite incapable of tolerating, much less of falling in love with, this preposterous mannikin. Moreover that kindly, impecunious, chivalrous, vulgar little fellow, *Dick Halton*, pursues with an equally serious ardour and fidelity the spoilt, hysterical, grotesquely vain, wealthy widow, *Maria Wislack*. Too mixed a foursome for real success, according to the strict rules of the game.

And yet it is somewhat ungracious to complain, for *On Approval*, unsatisfactory as a whole, was extraordinarily good in parts.

Mrs. Wislack, whose view is that one oughtn't to hazard matrimony without finding out how the prospective partner is likely to wear, carries off her devout lover to Scotland, to live, day in, at close quarters about the house and, day out, for propriety's sake at a not too adjacent hotel. *Helen* contrives to manœuvre her *Duke* into the same ordeal in the same house. Result: *Maria* and *George* are exposed for the impossible people they are. *Helen* flouts the proposal of the fatuous *George*, the worm *Dick* turns and bites the hand of *Maria*, and the two arch-egotists are left in a servantless and snow-bound house by *Helen* and *Dick* for each to see in the other as in a mirror their disgusting selves and be moved by the mournful sight to reform and reconciliation with their partners, who profess to see, as we do not, the prospect of tolerable unions.

Mr. Ronald Squire gets his admirable effects with an astonishing ease of manner and avoids monotony in that dangerous method. The fatuous self-complacency, the snarling ill-nature, the momentarily-assumed good-nature, the spleenful antagonism towards the rival egotist *Maria* were most amusingly indicated. He had, it seems to me, the stage almost to himself. Miss Ellis Jeffreys (*Maria*), Mr. Edmond Breon (*Halton*), and Miss Valerie Taylor (*Helen*) were evidently embarrassed by the difficult modulations demanded of them. An original feature of the author's technique was his elimination of the servants in an entirely plausible manner. There were many ingenious twists of humour and volleys of laughter-moving lines.

The charming little Fortune Theatre is pitless; and I think this a hazardous condition for farce. Indeed I rather fancy this delightfully intimate playhouse is miscast for a production of this character. It seems a pity that it cannot be made the home of ventures of a more serious kind. T.

ADVENTURE.

HER hat was convincing; so were her shoes; so were her eyes, which had a dancing light in them; so was her age, which seemed just right. I was sorry that none of these things concerned me; they were much more interesting than *The Evening Standard*.

As the train sauntered through Catwood she dropped her book, jumped up and reached for the communication-cord. In a flash I realised that this was a throe of circumstance.

"Please don't pull it," I said in a low tense voice.

"Why not?"

"I would not hurt even a feather."

"Why on earth should you want to hurt a feather?"

"I don't," I said. "That 's the point I was trying to make."

She lowered her hand, sat down and laughed.

"How absurd!" she said.

"Exceedingly ridiculous."

"You thought I was afraid of you? But how priceless!"

"I see that now clearly," I said. "May I join you in a ripple of laughter?"

"This beastly train never stopped at Catwood."

"I expect the engine-driver knew best."

"Some people live at Catwood," she said reproachfully. "Never mind."

This seemed easy. "I 'll try not to," I assured her.

"I mean, never mind, I 'll pull it now and then it will stop at Bigglesham."

She jumped up again and actually seized the communication-cord. The throe of circumstance had recurred in an acute form.

"The train will stop with brakes grinding," I warned her in tones even lower and tenser than on the first occasion. "The passengers will all stick their heads out of the windows. The station-master of Bigglesham, accompanied by a posse of porters, will come to this carriage. The police will be summoned. You will be arrested, spend the night in a cell, and eventually have to pay a fine not exceeding five pounds and enormous costs, which will probably impoverish you for ages."

"I simply don't believe a word of it," she said.

I pointed to the Company's warning.

"Would you call it improper use, then?"

"Good Lord, yes!"

The train sauntered through Bigglesham.

"Damn! That 's Bigglesham," she said and sat down.

Shaken, I buried myself, so far as a man can bury himself, in *The Evening Standard*. Ten minutes afterwards she disinterred me.

"Could you give me a match?" she asked.

"You know," I ventured to remark, "you really ought not to go about pulling communication-cords. It isn't done."

"The train never stopped at Catwood."

"You got into the wrong train," I said severely. "You should always inquire where a train is going before you get in. If you had inquired you would have been told this train's first stop is Chobleigh."

"Are you going to Chobleigh?" she asked meekly.

"Yes. I have rather an important engagement at Chobleigh. What are you laughing at now?"

"Oh, nothing," she said.

The train sauntered through Chobleigh.

"Damn!" I said. "That 's Chobleigh."

"You got into the wrong train."

"Obviously," I said. "Most annoying—most. I wonder where the accursed train does stop?"

"Stapton, I believe."

Her faith was justified. We both got out at Stapton.

"And now," I said, "I 'll inquire about a train back to Chobleigh—and Catwood."

"You needn't bother about Catwood."

"But you live at Catwood."

"No, I don't."

"You said you did."

"No, I didn't. I simply said some people live at Catwood. I live here."

"At Stapton?"

"At Stapton—and a frightfully dull place Stapton is."

"I am sure Stapton would be a duller place if you lived at Catwood," I said earnestly.

"I believe it would," she said.

"But why, why the communication-cord?"

"Oh, I 've always longed to pull a communication-cord, just to see what would happen. You must admit it 's the kind of thing that always occurs in books. Some day I *shall* pull it. I should love to see a posse of porters—it was posse, wasn't it?"

"Yes, posse. Do you know, even now I don't quite understand why you dragged in Catwood."

"Oh, that? It just came to me. Here 's your train."

Her hat was still convincing; so were her shoes; so were her eyes with the dancing light in them; so was her age, which still seemed just right.

"I have a conviction," I said. "It is that some day I shall meet you again. It just came to me."

"You had better hop in, hadn't you?"

"Also," I said, leaning out of the window, "you must admit it 's the kind of thing that always occurs in books."

JUSTICE TO Q.

(*By a Student of Phonetics.*)

IN all the schemes for the reform of our spelling, one obvious simplification is conspicuously lacking—the omission of the redundant vowel *u* after *q*. This is all the more remarkable since in the transliteration of Arabic words the practice is followed by all the best authorities. I pass over the objection that in these transliterations the *q* has a different sound from that assigned to it in English words. The point that concerns us is that the *u* or *w* sound is with us implicit in the *q*, and is therefore superfluous in the written form of all words beginning with that letter.

The saving of time involved in this elimination would be considerable, but there is another and much more cogent reason—the added impressiveness of the look of all *Q* words when thus abbreviated. We admit the value of euphony, but often forget how much depends on the visual quality of language. In phonetic spelling this quality is often lost, but not in this case. One has only to make a brief list of *Q* words to realise what they gain in individuality from the removal of a single letter. Who would not prefer to be a Qaker; to sing or play in a Qartet; to indulge in Qibbles or Qips or Qirks; to receive a *Qid pro Qo*; to be a film Qeen, or take a dose of Qinine?

The Qestion of this salutary reform has been unconsciously raised by the interesting letter of Sir ARNOLD WILSON in *The Times* of the 22nd inst., on the antiquities of Henjam and the adjacent island of Qishm, so he spells it, in the Strait of Ormuz. The island, as I learn from the Gazetteer, is seventy miles long by about four-and-a-quarter miles wide, and is under Persian sovereignty, though the deserted settlement of Basidu at the western end is British territory. The soil is extremely arid, but would doubtless lend itself admirably to the construction of golf-courses. Novelists and playwrights in search of tropical colour could not wish for a happier habitat, and, if Mr. COMPTON MACKENZIE should ever weary of Herm, it is to be hoped that he will not neglect the chance of securing a lease of this sequestered paradise and stocking it with Qaggas and other delectable Qadrupeds.



MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.

XLI.—MR. ENOCH ARNOLD BENNETT.

AS various spots to HOMER'S birth laid claim,
Five Towns dispute this Great One's rise to fame;
But London crowns his work of riper years,
And there—where now our ENOCH walks with Peers—
Lord Raingo adds the latest laurel to
That top-knot worthy of a doodle-doo.



Boy (at his first chamber concert). "MUM, WHAT 'S THIS?"
Mother. "ANOTHER QUARTET, DEAR."
Boy. "WELL, IT LOOKS TO ME LIKE THE SAME OLD LOT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE letters and journals of *Mary Ponsonby* (MURRAY) cover much the same courtly Victorian ground as those of Lady AUGUSTA STANLEY, but are not on the whole such good reading. This is not due to any lack of character on the part of Lady PONSONBY; it is precisely her alert modernity that makes her less satisfactorily the mirror of her age. Her mind was never hampered by a crinoline, though there is at least one amusing record that her body was; and she carried into her rôle of maid of honour—undertaken in 1853 at the age of twenty-two—a blithe irreverence which would have horrified all but the family circle to whom it was strictly confided. Miss MAGDALEN PONSONBY's memoir of her mother lays stress on her skill in music and acting, and shows how "Miss BULTEEL'S" liberal education and taste for art rendered her (rather pathetically, I think) acceptable to a Queen who had neither. The maid of honour resigned on her marriage to her mistress's private secretary; but as a widow returned to Court as Extra Woman of the Bedchamber, and her subsequent life was divided between the intelligentsia and royalty, a circumstance which accounts, I feel, for her touch of superiority in dealing with both circles. Both contribute to the correspondence reprinted here. The EMPRESS FREDERICK'S tragic and revealing letters are the most interesting of the Court section; and GEORGE ELIOT'S, though very "late" and pontifical, the best of the others. Lady PONSONBY'S own letters have been bereft (perhaps regrettably) of their intimate pages to her children. But she is always stimulating when she discusses education and careers, and her regrets for the days when men ruled the professions, instead of letting the professions rule them, have a wider application than her own to soldiering and diplomacy.

I have no fault to find with Miss ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK (Mrs. BASIL DE SÉLINCOURT) for creating a not very Gallic type of saint and investing her with Gallic surroundings. After all, sanctity is the most cosmopolitan of qualities, and any national flavour a saint may possess is, from the point of view of his or her sanctity, accidental. I do feel, however, that *Marthe Ludérac*, the actual though not the titular heroine of *The Old Countess* (CONSTABLE), fails to live up to her creator's intentions; that her heroism is inadequately motived and illogically exerted, and that she and the story she dominates suffer from an undesirable access of the picturesque. The picturesque is not Miss SEDGWICK'S strong point, and it is disconcerting to find so deft a delineator of social characteristics letting her figures run into the background, as they do here. Yet it is a very good background: a village on the Dordogne; an inn in the village; a *manoir* in the woods—all exquisitely indicated. At the inn, an English couple; up at the *manoir* an old countess and her "landlady." *Graham*, the painter, encounters *Madame de Lamouderie*, and is asked to call. *Jill*, his wife,

a typical car-driving product of the squirearchy and a very able and vigorous portrait, is obviously of the old lady's *monde*; the artist is welcome for his own sake. The "landlady" puts into appearance a sad mysterious girl, about whom there are many stories; and the final legend that arises out of her relations to *Graham*, *Jill* and the *Countess* is handled more or less in the spirit of the *legenda aurea*. It is a trying vein, and, if Miss Sedgwick cannot be said to have wholly succeeded in it, not many of her contemporaries would probably have fared better.

Few children in a modern slum
  Escape beneficent attention,
But to their benefactors come
  Scant words of honourable mention;
So, if you'd learn the lives they lead
  To make him healthier, happier, brighter,
Then buy *The London Child* and read,
  And honour Evelyn Sharp, the writer.

She tells us of the old harsh days
  Whose record saddens us or sickens,
And generous homage rightly pays
  To the reforming zeal of Dickens;
Then wins our sympathy for the aim
  Of modern teachers who by mildness
Our young barbarians mould and tame,
  Yet see a virtue in their wildness.

The book, which issues from the Head
  Of Bodley, is a revelation
Of lives heroically led
  To save the rising generation;
And let me add, before I close
  A notice void of any strictures,
How much the gifted authoress owes
  Eve Garnett for her charming pictures.

Crazy Pavements (Cape) is written by that clever young man, Mr. Beverley Nichols; and the worst of these clever young men is that when they baffle you, as they so frequently do, you never quite know whether they are just being cleverer than usual or whether perhaps the armour of their mental equipment has its joints, like yours or mine. So when I found Mr. Nichols' young hero lighting a cigarette as though he were "incarcerating" a caterpillar I wondered whether it was time I went to bed or whether this was just one of the cracks in the crazy paving. I notice too that even the publishers treat this book a little gingerly; they describe it as "a series of light variations on a tragic theme," as though not too sure whether the author is moralist or wit. The "theme," I should explain, is "the moral and physical degeneration of a young man who finds himself suddenly taken up by a set of hectic pleasure-seeking people . . . and in the end turns in disgust from the hollowness which he perceives to underlie their whole existence." For myself I cannot take it so seriously. I prefer to regard *Crazy Pavements* as pure fun, and as such I enjoyed it greatly. Its humour is gay and crisp and sparkling, and its high spirits never flag. True, there is hardly a character in the book that is not definitely vicious, but they are all amusing first and vicious afterwards, and their viciousness is all part of the fun. Unless of course you like to take them seriously, in which case you will, in justice to the author, take note of the hero's final disgust and renunciation. (So Mr. Nichols is all right either way.) This book is certain to be widely read, and mostly, I suspect, by the wrong people.



Daughter (to parents who have taken refuge in shelter on sea-front). "Oh, do come along out! Don't stop fugging indoors all day."

I remember being told that Andrássy and Bismarck met once at Gastein to conclude a political bargain from which Bismarck hoped to benefit at Andrássy's expense. As was his wont, Bismarck tried to intimidate his opponent into submission by heavy threats of the results that were likely to attend a refusal to let him have his own way. Although inwardly quaking, Andrássy held his ground manfully. Then the Iron Chancellor roused himself for a final effort and exclaimed in stentorian tones, "Either you must give way or" (lowering his voice) "I must." To my mind that story reveals more of the inner selves of those two great men than anything that is to be found in the pages of

Count JULIUS ANDRÁSSY the Younger's ingenious apology for the policy pursued by *Bismarck, Andrássy and their Successors* (BENN) up to the outbreak of the Great War. When, however, he writes of the "successors," who were for the most part his own contemporaries and intimates, Count ANDRÁSSY is on surer ground than he is when dealing with the policy of his father and BISMARCK. His sketch of the KAISER'S character is masterly, and I fully sympathise with the sentiment underlying FRANCIS JOSEPH'S remark, "What a pity the German Emperor cannot hold his tongue! He talks too much and too often. It is better for us to be silent and let our Ministers make the speeches." If he is disposed to exaggerate the personal factor in European politics, Count ANDRÁSSY is undeniably right in ascribing the downfall of Germany to the overriding ambition and arrogance of her rulers. I regret, however, that he has not always given chapter and verse for his statements, which are often of a controversial nature, and I am surprised that the publishers should have allowed a book of this size and importance to appear without an index.

Mr. BOOTH TARKINGTON is America's most accomplished novelist. He neither labours humour nor pushes character-analysis to tedious extremes. He provides all the atmosphere that the situation seems to require and just enough plot to make the reader interested in the outcome of the story without wishing to hurry through the author's leisurely telling of it. *The Plutocrat* (HEINEMANN) concerns us with one *Tinker*, a vulgar, childish and withal forceful Middle West "big man." *Laurence Ogle*, the superficially intellectual and bumptious young New York playwright, finds himself, while crossing the Atlantic and thereafter at various spots in North Africa, thrown into the *Tinker* family's hateful company. Steadily he makes the unpleasant but corrective discovery that wherever they go and to everybody they encounter, but most of all to a certain charming but slightly mercenary French widow, *Tinker*, the crude super-Babbit, "amounts," as they say in America, while he, the polished young egotist, is merely tolerated. How it all comes out the reader must be allowed to discover for himself. There are some delightful descriptions, not at all "guide-booky,' of Africa, and one of the most amusingly forcible pictures of an Atlantic hurricane, as suffered by an unhappy landsman, that has ever been written. The great merit of *The Plutocrat*, however, lies in the subtlety with which Mr. BOOTH TARKINGTON compels you, almost as unwillingly as *Mr. Ogle*, to admire, though there is nothing in the least bit admirable about him, the incredibly crude *Tinker*.

At last a modern Saint GEORGE has arisen to smite the great dragon of the Air, the shadow of whose dark wings lies so heavily upon the hearts of the peoples of Europe. In *The Great Delusion* (BENN), "NEON," who, as I conjecture from internal evidence, is a distinguished Naval officer, brings a tremendous battery to bear upon the whole vaunted apparatus of airships and aeroplanes. The salvoes leave not a shred of airships; and no more than a few aeroplanes pottering about at great expense upon short point-to-point journeys. According to NEON, natural laws, the vast and uncontrollable powers ruling the incalculable ether, for ever debar the airship, except under conditions of frightful hazard, from the navigation of the heavens. He affirms that the aeroplane has already touched its highest development; that it is of small utility in war; and in peace alike commercially unprofitable and inherently dangerous. Assuming that NEON has proved his case, most people will be immensely relieved at the prospect of the ultimate disappearance of a fallacious system. NEON holds that aerial attacks upon the civilian population in time of war, instead of effecting a military advantage, irretrievably injure the cause of the assailant by rousing a just and implacable indignation against the perpetrator of the crime.

Mr. HILTON BROWN, I.C.S., is very modest about *Potter's Clay* (SIMPKIN, MARSHALL) and its companion tales—"mere passing comments," he calls them, "on one of the most puzzling peoples and one of the least classable countries for which Creation has ever been responsible." Nevertheless the friends were right who told him that his stories "deserved some more permanent home than the columns of a daily journal." He has a pretty knack for inventing a comic or a dramatic incident, and he writes with a vivacity which, if it sometimes slips into jauntiness, carries one easily along. Also he is evidently very well acquainted with his ground, which is Southern India, a less familiar region than the North to the novel-reader. Simla we know, and Peshawar we know, but where is Dongalcheruvu? Its inhabitants, at any rate, and those of other places with names as outlandish, well deserve to be called puzzling. Their ways are as dark and devious as those of the heathen Chinee himself and, in following them as far as it is permitted to a sahib to do, the author has found matter for a score of entertaining anecdotes, in which white men figure as well as brown, and some who are betwixt and between.



NOT AN ETON-CROP BURGLAR.

Householder. "WELL, YOU MUST THINK WE 'RE PRETTY MUCH BEHIND THE TIMES IN BORESLEY TO COME HERE WITH HAIR LIKE THAT."

From *Mrs. Newdigate's Window* (T. FISHER UNWIN) I caught pleasant glimpses of life around Greenways, a country-house of the present day. In addition to her wonderful window *Mrs. Newdigate* was the proud, and occasionally troubled, possessor of two god-daughters, *Mollie Delahaye*, a pretty and selfish minx, and *Mary Ripley*, a model of reliability. The contrast between these girls is skilfully traced without too much insistence on their distinguishing qualities. Novelists who can write successfully of country-house life are not easy to find, and if Mrs. LENANTON, whose story is sometimes witty and always easy to read, will learn to be a little less diffuse I predict for her an honourable place among that small and select band.

CHARIVARIA.

IT is satisfactory to note that, though the season has barely begun, several of our eminent cricketers are already writing at the top of their form.

* * *

In view of the recent prosecution of Italian Freemasons under the Fascist law that prohibits all secret societies, it is feared that Signor MUSSOLINI cannot consistently become an honorary Frothblower.

* * *

Mr. AUGUSTUS JOHN is reported as explaining that he has sent nothing to the Academy this year because he had nothing to send. In artistic circles some surprise is expressed that any artist should let such a trifle as that deter him.

* * *

There are only one or two problem-pictures in this year's Academy. There is, of course, always the problem of how some of the pictures came to be accepted.

* * *

Complaints in the Press seem to indicate that householders in London regard their gas bills for the March quarter as "thermological inexactitudes."

* * *

June is said to be the lucky month for brides. There is no lucky month for bridegrooms.

* * *

According to a scientist a new device will enable a ship to see miles ahead in the dark. Let's hope it can be fitted to the Ship of State.

* * *

We think it is only fair to point out that Aberdonians are not really mean. All that is wrong is that some of them have "one-way" pockets.

* * *

Writing to a contemporary a correspondent says that as a pedestrian he objects to continual pin-pricks. Owners of small two-seater cars will please note.

* * *

At Hull a horseshoe flew off a horse's hoof and struck a boy on the nose. He has no longer any superstition about the good luck commonly associated with this article.

* * *

A critic says that the "clean-limbed young Englishman" type is disappearing from English fiction. The only remedy is cheaper soap.

The British Museum has received a prehistoric flint saw embedded in a piece of wood. It is thought that the unfortunate operator made so much noise with it that he didn't hear the brontosaurus coming up behind.

* * *

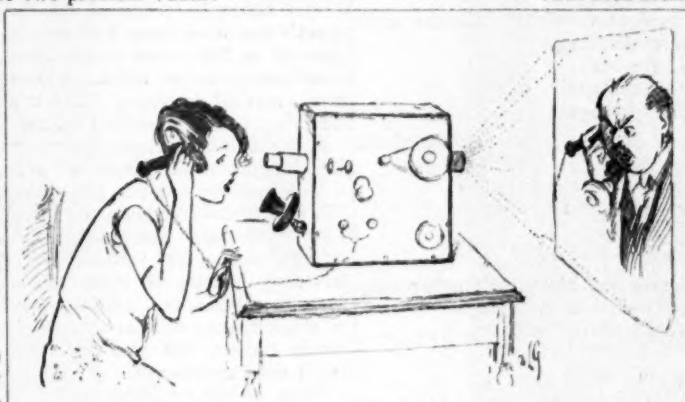
The other day a lady's hair while being dried was caught in a vacuum-cleaner. These relics of the past always suffer when they get in the way of progress.

* * *

The centenary of the egg-plum has just been celebrated. The first appearance of the apple, of course, has far too many painful recollections.

* * *

The Lithuanian Government has banned SHAKESPEARE. What has Mr. BERNARD SHAW done to annoy Lithuania?



[When we have Television shall we ever be given the wrong number to look at while listening to the right one?]

Voice over wire. "AND DOES HONEY-BUNCH LOVE BUNNY-BOY AS MUCH AS EVER?"

To judge by the way some subscribers swear on the telephone they seem to think there is safety in wrong numbers.

* * *

Suing through her father, a journalist, a baby aged seven months has had her nurse reprimanded by the Prague Court for calling her a beast. Among Prague nurses the feeling is that the child was too touchy.

* * *

A correspondent of a daily paper reports having seen a man at the Cup Final who scarcely ever took his eyes off a novel he was reading throughout the game. We are afraid that our contemporary's informant couldn't have seen much of the game himself.

* * *

In expressing his reluctance to become a magistrate Mr. A. H. OUGH, of Dawlish, said that he did not wish to share with Mr. GEORGE LANSBURY the right to add J.P. to his name. Still, we feel that it would be impolitic to allow Mr. LANSBURY a monopoly of the distinction.

* * *

Some of the clouds in a remarkable sunset seen in London recently were described as resembling the *Daily Mail* rose in colour. Only one newspaper mentioned this.

* * *

There is much to be said in favour of a return to faces, which is advocated in a daily paper, but our feeling is that discrimination should be exercised.

* * *

The recent cold-snap took people the more completely by surprise from its having been predicted in the Press.

* * *

As Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has not yet been to receive the Freedom of Nottingham, which was offered him in 1919, it has been decided to withdraw the offer. This seems to justify Lord BEAVERBROOK'S estimate of the EX-PREMIER as a man who has not made the fullest use of his opportunities.

* * *

A *Daily Express* reader's dog overtakes and stops buses for him. If your dog can't do this, change your newspaper.

* * *

A jack-hare is reported to have been seen feeding on the embankment of the Central London Railway between Acton and Ealing. We can only suggest that the C.L.R. should keep a beagle.

AN APOLOGY.

Mr. Punch regrets extremely that an article which appeared in his issue of April 20th, entitled "The Salamander," has given unintentional offence to The Salamandre Stove Co. Ltd. He ventures to point out to them that, though the English visitors who rented the *appartement* which contained The Salamander found that it was "too thorough-going" and gave out more heat than they desired, its owner, who presumably knew more about it, was represented as holding it in affectionate esteem; and that therefore the trouble may be reasonably interpreted as due to faulty manipulation on the part of his tenants. Nevertheless, if The Salamandre Stove Company consider that Mr. Punch has cast injurious reflections upon the excellence of their product, he begs, though innocent of any such design, to tender them his sincere apologies.

A PHASE OF THE MOON.

[Calculations for the forthcoming solar eclipse have brought to light the fact that the moon is out of place.]

In a time of chop and chatter, when the age is out of gear,
When the world 's employed in jumping through a hoop,
When our morals and our art
Are, they tell us, in the cart
And our politics and wedlock in the soup;

When the optimist declares that he does not know where he is,
And the pessimist that worse is coming soon,
At such moments we have turned
To the one thing unconcerned—
The remote and unimpressionable moon.

She at least was never jumpy; she, we knew, would never budge;
In that dignified though inexpressive face
There was something far too grave
To attempt to misbehave—
And they say that she herself is out of place.

Has she yielded to the prevalent disquiet? Who can say?
Can the aspect of an unreposeful age
Have infected even her
With a wish to make a stir
And indulge in a celestial rampage?

Has she watched our elders dancing in the manner of the blacks
Till the sight has so depressed her moral tone
As to start her on the trot
Like a woolly Hottentot
In a novel nigger-waggle of her own?

Can it be——? There was a scandal I 'm unwilling to recall,
But, for all her prim appearance to the eye,
There was once a Grecian youth
(Oh, Selene, was it truth?)
Whom they say she used to visit on the sly.

Does she feel those ancient promptings for a hero of to-day?
If it 's that, it seems a reasonable guess
That she 's stricken with a Star,
As our modern flappers are,
In the firmament of Hollywood—no less.

Get back, get back, Selene, that would never do at all,
For you 'd find the young Endymion of the screen
Would be anything but Greek,
With a far from vermeil cheek—
And he 'd probably address you as Seleen. DUM-DUM.

JUST THE REVERSE.

It was not I who gave Brenda the little motion-picture outfit, and I disclaim all responsibility for what followed.

Her first film, starring my mother-in-law, proved quite an artistic production. It was a short drama of suburban life, in which the heroine was seen to stroll sedately towards our standard rose, stoop gracefully and imbibe the fragrance of its single bloom. The whole thing was directed in the most masterly and convincing manner. When my wife later projected it on to a dust-sheet, her mother seemed very much gratified, remarking that it proved she still possessed some of her youthful agility. I think that was the only mistake Brenda made; the little handle should have been turned much slower.

Somehow Lady Bloggs must have learnt of my wife's acquisition, for we received a crested invitation to the marriage of her youngest daughter. It was arranged that Brenda should be granted the sole cinema rights of the wedding. Moreover, providing we could influence our local chemist to develop the film immediately, there was to be an exclusive *première* before the guests at the Hall the very same evening.

On the appointed day my wife and I took up our position at the bottom of the church steps.

"We must be inside when the bride comes," she said as she screwed the tiny camera on its tripod. "I think I 'll use half of the film on the bridegroom and the other half on the happy pair leaving after the ceremony."

We did not have long to wait for the arrival of young Rex Harrington. He was quite a nice harmless sort of chap, and it seemed a shame to make him face the lens at such a moment. He moved nervously up the path, a fixed vacuous smile marring his very passable features; then, stumbling slightly over the two stone steps, he pulled himself together and strode resolutely into the church.

"Got him beautifully," chirruped Brenda, who is insensible to the finer tragedies of life. We hid the camera behind a flying buttress and took our places inside the church.

Just before the close of the ceremony we slipped out quietly and once more took up our stand. Brenda turned steadily as the young couple emerged arm-in-arm. Both wore beatific smiles, making a perfect picture of (so far untried) marital harmony. A few moments later we were hurrying to the reception *viâ* the chemist.

The chemist was true to his promise, and at seven prompt all the guests were assembled in front of the screen.

The opening was not in accordance with expectations. We were first shown the couple arm-in-arm, smiling delightfully upon their numerous friends. It made rather an original scene, for, while they themselves were walking fearlessly backwards, confetti were streaming from their persons in cascades. Miraculously sorting themselves out in mid-air, they were caught in neat bunches by clutching hands thrown out just at the right moment. It was really most impressive.

None of the audience spoke. I think the unusual behaviour of these confetti rather took our breath away. Still smiling, the young couple bowed themselves backwards up the steps and vanished into the church. The bridegroom, however, quickly reappeared. Backing resolutely out again, a little fast perhaps, he stumbled, not unnaturally, over the two stone steps and moved nervously down the path. Since he was backing away from us we could see his face; a fixed vacuous smile marred his very passable features.

The hum of the machine ceased abruptly. The great film had been shown.

We took our leave of Lady Bloggs soon afterwards, my wife being anxious to get home. In view of her experience I must agree that the outlook scarcely seems encouraging for the all-British production.

"Flanders has rebuilt her White Chateaux as hopefully as the Sicilian rebuilds his hut at the foot of Vesuvius."—*Daily Paper.*

And without, of course, having to bring the material so far.

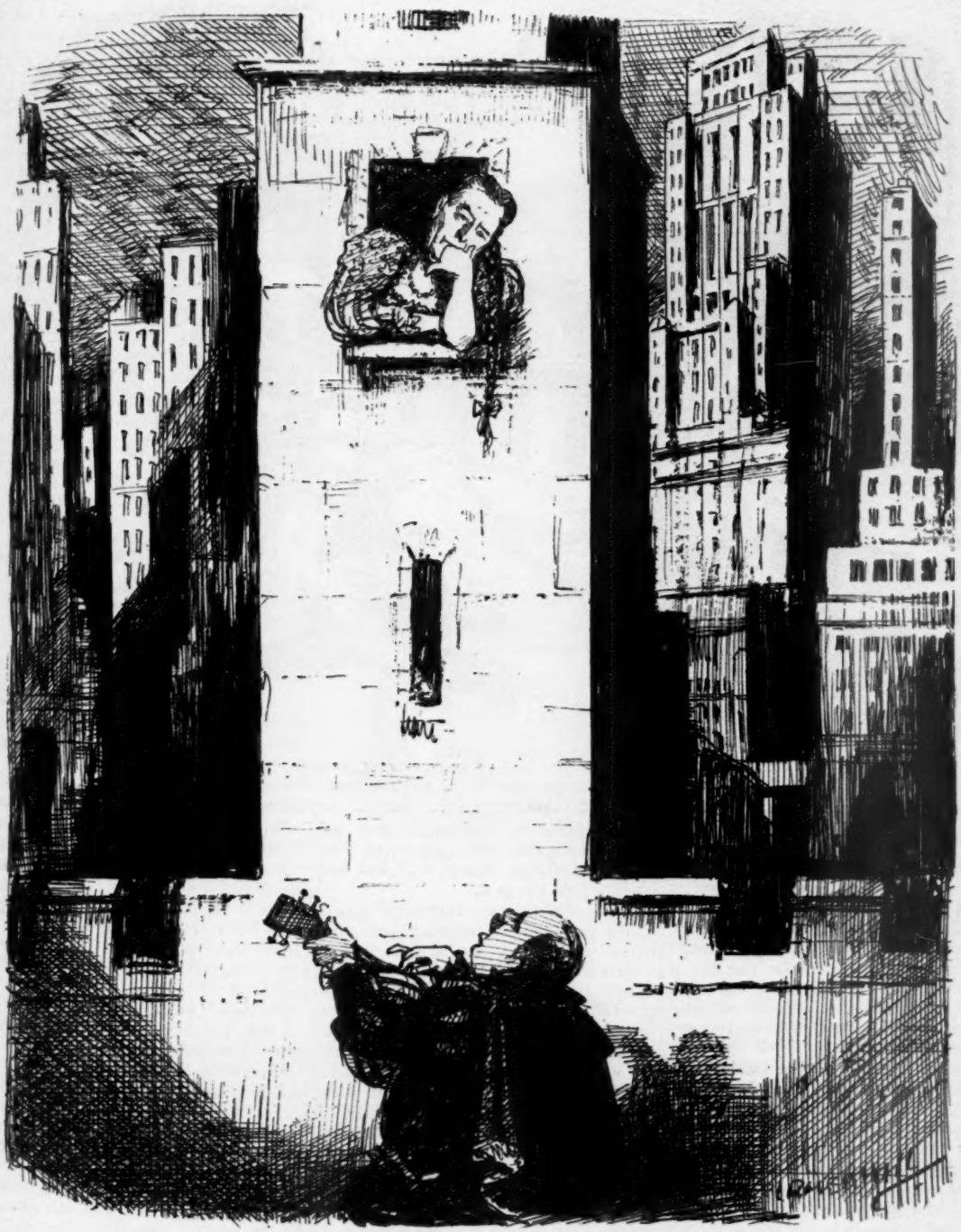
"100 yards Handicap for girls under 15 Frankie —— and Pixie —— dead beat."—*New Zealand Paper.*

A further argument against athletic sports for girls.

From a description of a voyage down Channel:—

"On past the brilliant glare of the North Foreland, the Goodwins guarded by their buoys and lightships, the South Foreland, until, turning south-west, past Dover and Folkestone and the great light at Cape Grisnez flashing away to starboard, we come to Dungeness."
Daily Paper.

When did Cape Grisnez swim the Channel?



A LANCASHIRE WOOING.

Lord Derby. "COME TO ME, BORAH!"
The Senatorina. "I HEAR YOU CALLING ME."

[Lord Derby has invited Senator Borah to visit him in order to have his anti-British prejudices corrected.]



Friend. "But surely, old man, you 're not comparing yourself to Rembrandt?"
Artist. "Yes, I am. He wiped his brushes on his trousers—and so do I."

A QUESTION OF EYES.

I stood on Wimley Street door-step and surveyed an imposing array of brass plates. Dr. Smith, Dr. Brown, Dr. Jones and Dr. Robinson all lived there, it seemed, yet they only possessed one bell between them for the use of their visitors. Dr. Night, on the other hand, had one all to himself, and even the servants had a bell of their own. It seemed unfair.

I asked for Dr. Brown and was shown into his waiting-room. I laid down my hat and stick and looked about me. I rarely visit doctors and certainly I had never before visited an oculist, but the waiting-room atmosphere was familiar and at once impressed me with the idea that I was at the dentist's. The result was that I eagerly looked round for my usual literature, a fine article in a *National Review* of early 1914 dealing with the possibility of a European war. I had much admired the writer's reasoning and deductions, though I could not help feeling that I knew more about certain aspects of his subject than he did. I failed to find it, however, so I consoled myself with a copy of *The Dioptric Bulletin*. Good stuff, but not much swing about it.

After a while the maid appeared again, aimed me at the consulting-room and loosed me off. I was shaken hands with and put into a chair, while Dr. Brown selected a powerful magnifying-glass and bent over me. Still under the false impression that I was at my tooth-hooker's, I threw my head back, shut my eyes tight and opened my mouth. As he was just getting the range with the magnifying-glass on my face, this action rather shook him. It took him a little time to recover. It took some while longer to correct my error, because I could not help thinking every time he looked into my eye that he was going to jab it with a prong-thing and say, "Does that hurt? Hm! Bad caries. If I can't put a filling in that cavity you 'll have to have it out."

When mutual confidence had been restored we got on famously. He said, "Has anyone told you that you have a little white spot in each eye?"

With an effort I forbore to be funny. I restrained myself from saying gaily, "Oh, yes, several young ladies have mentioned it during the last five years." After all, I didn't know him well enough. Even though he is only an oculist he might have power to certify for lunacy. One never knows. So I meekly answered "No."

He said, "Well, you have."

I didn't argue. He could see better from where he was than I could.

Then he took a strong searchlight and looked at me from different angles, while I, according to his direction, stared variously at a black spot on the ceiling, a neighbouring chimney-stack and the top corner of his left ear. He got a bit puzzled at one point, as an error appeared to have crept in somewhere. We traced it at last to the fact that the black spot on the ceiling turned out to be a fly putting in a little casual crawling work. We got on better with the chimney.

Next he showed me rows of different-sized letters on the wall at the far end of the room, held one eye shut for me

and made me read the letters down as far as I could. This he called an eye test. Then we changed eyes and I read them again with the other. This I called a memory test.

"Hm!" he said at last, in a sort of doctor voice. "Hm!"

"Shall I have to wear glasses?" I asked.

"Yes," he said.

"Oh, no," I said.

"Yes," he said.

"No," I said.

"We will now try some lenses," he retorted stiffly.

We did try some lenses. He put a box on my nose like a chameleon's pair of spectacles and fitted a lens into it, telling me meanwhile to read the writing on the wall. I did my best with the first lens, but it wasn't much good. I could only just get as far as "TEKEL" and couldn't make out "UPHARSIN" at all.

He took it off and substituted others, which confirmed me in my opinion that he was developing a latent sense of humour. He gave me glasses which must have been rejects from a White City Hall of Distorting Mirrors. They did things to my vision I should not have believed possible. One made all the letters double, the next raised them to four. Another suddenly took all the black out of them, leaving them empty shells, like a new shop-window. Others moved them to left and right, divided them up or turned them upside down. I think one marshalled them into platoons and did company drill with them, but I am not prepared to swear to this.

I began to think I must have lunched better than I knew.

When at last he gave me a lens that spilt the blackness from each letter in a diagonal streak at top and bottom like Chinese characters I gave up and broke down. My eyes filled with tears and as they did so for one brief moment I saw perfectly and read out "UPHARSIN" in clear bell-like tones.

Dr. Brown smiled triumphantly and wrote out a prescription which looked like a stiff problem in trigonometry. I took it with thanks and went out. He accompanied me to the front-door, where I said good-bye. He then accompanied me back to the waiting-room, where I retrieved my hat and stick: I am always caught by this one. Then we finally parted—the best of friends on the whole.

The chemist to whom, from force of habit, I took the prescription, tried hard for some time, sampling several bottles, and then was rude to me. I withdrew, with apologies, putting the blame on my eyesight.

A. A.



HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH STRAP-HANGING.

A POLITICAL ARGUMENT.

Bill, who for the last few days has been digging a trench in the road outside my house, stuffed his after-dinner pipe into his pocket and rose to his feet, towering above the little Communist with the red necktie. I was privileged to overhear his political views, general and personal.

"It's not a bit o' use your comin' round 'ere with such damfool talk as you've been spoutin'," said Bill in a tone which was not unkindly. "I'm an Englishman, I am, an' don't you fergit it, you swivel-eyed string-gutted little Bolshie! I believes in the British Constitootion, an' I believes in constitootional methods, an' I got no use for any bloody revylution. I don't say as 'ow some things don't want mendin', but get 'em mended in a constitootional way, says I. I puts my money on BALDWIN . . ."

"'E's a liar!" interjected the Communist hotly.

"Liar be damned!" replied Bill dispassionately. "'E's honest, is BALDWIN, an' you'd 'ear everyone say the same—them as knows what they're talking about—if you 'adn't got your ear-'oles bunged up with Moscow muck. All the blokes what counts for anything believes in the British Constitootion same as I do. Look at ASQUITH."

"'E's a liar!" said the Communist.

Bill spat solemnly and moved nearer his opponent, who faced him with undiminished bravado.

"Look at Asquith, I says!" shouted Bill. "'E's a scholard an' a statesman, an' e's got all his thatch on, 'e 'as. Does 'e 'old with revylution? No, 'e don't. An' I'll tell you somethin' else, me lad. There 's another bloke wot wants changes all round, but 'e knows darned well they can only be got by constitootional methods, *an'* 'e ain't afraid to say so either—Ramsay MacDonald."

"'E's a liar!" repeated the other, with, I thought, a shade less conviction.

"'E may be on some things," admitted Bill thoughtfully. "All of us is liars for that matter. Nobody can't go through life without tellin' a few odd lies 'ere 'an there, and that 's a fact. But, lumme, it 's no use blokes like me talkin' to blokes like you. It 's a waste o' time. You wants to 'ear somebody wot *can* spout, such as Winston Churchill——"

"'E's a liar!" yelled the Communist with suddenly-renewed vigour.

"Gorblimy!" replied Bill pityingly, "you makes me fair sick, you do. You ought to be an Eyetalian, you did, an' 'ave someone to shove a few good doses o' castor-oil into you. A good 'eavy-'anded Fassist is wot you wants."

For the first time the other seemed a little taken aback. He paused for a few moments to think out a suitable retort, while Bill pushed his cap to the back of his head and waited expectantly. At length the Communist spoke.

"You 're a liar," he said weakly.

Bill moved yet a few inches nearer and spoke slowly and impressively.

"Now look 'ere," he said—"you 've got a lot to say about liars, you 'ave. Wot would you say if I was to tell you somethin' about another man as you may 'ave 'eard of? Another man wot 'asn't been mentioned yet? George Washington."

"'E's a liar!" retorted the other promptly.

"Ho! 'e is, is 'e?" bellowed Bill, stooping down and shaking his forefinger under his adversary's nose, which wrinkled with apprehension. "Well, then, I tell you 'e ain't. An' why? 'Cos 'e 's dead."

He spat again and turned on his heel.

* * * * *

"A difficult chap to argue with," I remarked to Bill a little later.

"'Im?" said Bill lightly. "Oh, I don't pay no 'eed to 'im. 'E 's a liar!"

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That ought to settle it.

THE LURE OF BRAZIL.

The article that follows forms part of a lively series which I have had in contemplation for some time, dealing with various distant parts of the globe. Too often the narrative of tourists is ruined, in my opinion, by mere personal recollections of a trivial kind which prevent the reader from getting a grip of the subject as a whole. They neither elevate nor instruct. They merely amuse.

"Ha! ha!" cried the tripper to the Orient; but the mysterious East broods on.

In dealing with the lure of Brazil I have spared no pains in order to convey information to the serious student and at the same time to present him



Latest style in Brazilian neckwear.

with some notion of the country's incommunicable magic, not to say untranslatable charm.

And the illustrator has actually been to Brazil.

Nothing perhaps strikes an English traveller so forcibly on his first arrival in Brazil as its sheer unlikeness to England. A short while ago he was in Kent or Hampshire, and now behold! —Brazil. No sooner has he set foot on the quay than he becomes aware that he is not only in a different continent, but in a different hemisphere. England and all that England connotes has been left behind. It has gone, like a fabric of a dream. He is sundered from it by dividing leagues of ocean which, once navigated, cannot again be re-crossed until the date of his return.

Instead—Brazil.

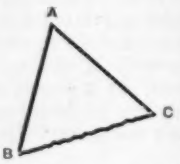
Snatches of old memory arise.

"Brazil, he murmurs to himself—Brazil, Brazil where the nuts come from. On the banks of the Amazon. Rolling down to Rio. Brazil."

And he sees instantly how true, and at the same time how misleading, how woefully inadequate, all these early impressions have been.

He has not been prepared for the climate of Brazil, so much more extensive than our own, so rich in all the alien characteristics that depend upon exotic skies.

He has not been prepared for the shape of Brazil, which is roughly triangular, as the following illustration shows:—



He has not been prepared for the immensity of Brazil. Only at the moment of disembarking does he realise with a sudden start that he is stepping straight out of the steamer into an area of three million two hundred and nineteen thousand, or it may even be three million two hundred and twenty thousand, square miles. 3,220,000. Only consider it. One may put the whole of European Russia, Poland, Lithuania, Czecho-Slovakia, Germany and France into Brazil, and there will yet be room left over. One may go further. One may put the whole of Italy and Spain into her as well. What then? There is still room. How are we to deal with this remaining space? It is a difficult question to answer. Some are for putting London or Lancashire or Shanghai into it, but even these will scarcely fill the gap. Others would leave it to the rolling tablelands, the lianas and the tiger-cats, to which it properly belongs. Suffice it to say that no rearrangement of geography can render Brazil other than terrifyingly vast or remove the sense of almost unspeakable spaciousness from the traveller's mind. Upon the top of this impression follows almost immediately another. All this spaciousness is not merely chaotic. Brazil has significance. She has poise.

And what is true of mere acreage is true also in a great measure of scenery and of animal life. There is more vegetation in Brazil than in England, and more animal life, from the humblest and most irritating order of creation to the highest. Yet these also, in their own environment, seem less alien from the mighty scheme and purpose of Providence than they would if we found them at home. Few Britishers but

would experience a sense of alarm if, in walking down Piccadilly or Regent Street or the Strand, they were to encounter suddenly a capybara, a tapir, a man-eating iguana, or a sloth. Yet there are parts of Brazil where such an encounter would occasion nothing but a mild annoyance, and even maybe a gesture of contempt. Creatures of whose existence we in this country are only aware through the medium of cross-word puzzles are in Brazil too easy and familiar to be set for competitions at all. In the trackless jungle roam jaguars and even caguars, nor are wanting the ocelot, the lively puma, the inevitable manana and the disagreeable ounce. Statisticians have reckoned that, if the number of pumas in Brazil were fairly divided up amongst the ratepayers in the towns, instead of being confined to the vegetation, they would work out at one to every square head.

Delightful to the voyager as are these symptoms of *fera natura*, he is perhaps even more attracted by the gaiety of the import and export trade, which is carried on in tropical exuberance as per invoice f.o.b., and by the vivacious features of the inhabitants, who number amongst them every variety of age, stature and sex.

Your Brazilian is a man of moods. Courteous and affable, he takes you to his heart if he likes you, but preserves a more distant demeanour towards those of whom he disapproves. Irate when angry, he smiles whenever he is amused, and is moved rapidly by indignation to scorn and by sorrow to tears. Those who meet him are at first apt to regard him as a stranger, but, after residing for a short time in the country, will discover in him an acquaintance or even, later on, a friend.

See him at carnival time, share with him the rough hospitality of his elevated plateaux, his largely alluvial swamps, his mountains composed almost entirely of gneiss and metamorphic schists. In every case you will find him the same—a Brazilian of Brazil.

Brazil, to put it briefly, is a Strong Man's country, kind to those who deal faithfully with it, but revengeful towards those who work it ill. It returns hospitality to the open-hearted, but looks askance upon the treacherous and the mean.

The language is Portuguese, with dialectical varieties, including many delightful oaths, and has been far too freely discussed by VASCONCELLOS in *O Dialecto Braziliero* (Oporto, 1883) for me to pursue the subject here; nor shall I say all that I might about the pericarp, in which are produced the seeds of the Sapucaya or Monkey Pot Tree.



THE POT AND THE KETTLE.

CARNIVAL TIME IN BRAZIL.

First staid Britisher (to second Ditto). "I SAY, YOU 'RE NOT A PLEASANT SIGHT, YOU KNOW, SMITH."

We leave fair Brazil with a sigh of regret. The visit is over which has forged so many unforgettable memories . . . The lianas recede astern . . . Gone are the rubber, maté, cocoa, medicinal plants, cabinet and dye woods, the first-named ranking third in importance as an article of export . . . In our wake lie the alligators, turtles, porpoises and manatees. . . . The sound of the humming-bird comes faintly on the trade-wind.

When shall we have time to explore the Amazon over again or track the shy La Plata to its secret source? Who knows? One last farewell to bronzed faces and laughing eyes . . . We wave our coloured handkerchiefs. Good-bye, Brazil! EVOE.

A FATAL WORD.

THE other day, when I was skimming through an early work of a well-known novelist, I repeatedly stumbled over the dreadful word, "serviette." For a reason that will presently appear, I then took the trouble to search in one of his later books, which I had read before, and there, as I was sure I should, I found the good word "napkin." I tried to conjecture at what stage of his development the higher knowledge had come to him, and how. I fancied some kind friend breaking it to him—very gently, I hope—that really nice people say "napkin." I imagined the poor fellow torn between a literary man's respect for the terms of correct usage and his fear of exposing the fact of his enlightenment. How truly OMAR doesn't say:—

"Bethink thee, brother, while the ink is wet;
It dries—and thou hast written '*serviette*'!
And then, though 'Napkin! Napkin!' thou shalt cry,
The Awful Reader marks thy sin with *stet*"!

The reason for my curiosity in this matter was that the novelist in question is inclined to specialise in the nuances of social distinctions and the subordination of class-consciousness to sex. A favourite theme of his is that of the lady of rank who loves a handsome animal far beneath her in station. He has unconsciously provided me with an idea for the psychological crisis of a romance of that very type:—

On the third day of the honeymoon Lady Clara and the foolish yeoman she has married in spite of the protests of his mother—who would have preferred a respectable daughter-in-law—are sitting at table. The husband stoops to pick up his napkin and lets fall the appalling word "serviette." In a flash Lady Clara realises that physical attraction has led her into the terrible mistake of an impossible marriage. For the rest of the meal she sits silent and abstracted, planning an immediate divorce. . . . I shall certainly elaborate the theme. It should have a great success in the more refined suburbs.

THE ALMOST INCREDIBLE COOK.

"It 's almost incredible, isn't it?" she said to me happily.

"It is indeed," I agreed.

"Just like," she mused, smiling a little, "something you read about in a book or see in a play."

"Exactly," I said, "exactly."

"Only it 's perfectly true," she added, fixing me with a severe eye to see if I really believed it.

"Oh, I believe you," I assured her, "because it would be rude not to. Only when, in London, in the year of Grace nineteen hundred and twenty-seven, someone looks you straight in the eye and tells you they have had the same cook since Christmas, and now it 's summer-time——"

"I quite understand," she told me graciously; "I know it does sound incredible; but still the most incredible things do happen, don't they? Look at the income-tax—who would believe it if they hadn't to pay it?"

"Personally," I said, "I don't believe it even when I do pay it."

"And I suppose," she went on, though more doubtfully, "someone does really win the Calcutta Sweepstake every year?"

"People say so," I admitted, "and they always put a photograph of the winner in the paper. But it has never sounded a likely story to me."

"Well, Tom 's never won it," she sighed; "though I remember one year he only just missed winning it by ever so little."

"Did he, though?" I cried, quite excited. "How was that?"

"The very same day," she said impressively, "that he bought a ticket for the Calcutta Sweepstake he bought another ticket for a raffle for a plum-cake at our church bazaar—*and he won that.* It might just as easily have been the ticket for the sweepstake that turned out the winner, mightn't it?"

"Every bit," I agreed.

"That 's what I said at the time," she cried, quite pleased.

"I hope, at any rate," I said, "it was a nice plum-cake."

"I made it myself," she explained, "the only one I ever did make, but I thought I would that time, because it was for such a good cause. You will never believe what happened, though?"

"Tom ate it," I suggested.

"He was going to eat it," she told me with a touch of dignity that became her well, "only that very night we had a burglary. I woke up, and there was Tom just slipping out of the room. He said there was a noise, and he was ever so brave and would go downstairs to see; and I was going to come too, but he said No, it might be a mouse. So I got back into bed. And Tom took a golf-club, and he was just in time to see the last of the burglars. And what do you think was the only single thing they had had time to take?"

"Your cake."

"How ever did you guess?" she asked, obviously disappointed. "Tom made me come down then to look at the window and it was ever so wide open—they must have been very big burglars to have it open so wide as that."

"Well, it was a great pity," I said.

"Wasn't it?" she agreed. "And Tom was ever so nice, and he asked me to promise never to make another cake for a raffle, because it would remind him so of his disappointment."

"Quite a natural feeling," I assured her. "Besides, when a man spends practically all his life winning things at church bazaars and his wife keeps the same cook all the time—well, if they had much more luck like that people would begin to talk. You know how it is at any really good club if a man 's always holding all four aces? Nothing can be proved, perhaps, but people notice it. In the same way people would talk about you and Tom."

"Oh, they do already," she confessed. "They tell each other about their cooks, and they count up how many they 've had that week, and then some one asks me, and I say as carelessly as I can, 'Oh, we 've had ours since Christmas. Oh, yes, she seems quite settled.' I try," she assured me earnestly, "to say it in an ordinary voice, but they all think I 'm boasting, and it 's not that at all."

"Of course not," I said.

"After all," she pointed out, "a cook 's not a secret."

"Not even," I agreed, "to the policeman on the beat."

"And if we can keep a cook, and other people can't," she went on heatedly, "why shouldn't we?"

"It is," I said emphatically, "almost your duty. Is she a good cook?"

"Well," she explained, "such a lot depends on what you call a good cook. Tom has been reading a book by somebody called EINSTEIN, only not the man who did the thing in Hyde Park, but another and much worse."

"No," I cried. "Incredible!"

"Yes," she said. "And Tom says he proves that what everything is depends on what something else isn't, in relation to each other, if you see what I mean. And Tom says cook is like that."

"I don't know that I do quite follow," I said cautiously, "but I don't think it sounds promising; and, anyhow, can she cook a potato?"

"She cannot," she admitted frankly; "but then everyone agrees only very extra good cooks can do that."

"Can she make an omelette?"

"Well, anyhow, she can break a dozen new-laid eggs before she gets them as far as the kitchen table; and you can't make omelettes without breaking eggs, can you?"

"I don't believe," I cried, "that your cook can cook at all."

"That has nothing to do with it," she said severely. "It 's not what you can do that counts, but what you are. To do is much less than to be—all the new teaching says that. And I think it does her great credit, because before she was a cook and came to us she was a charwoman."

"And what," I asked a little curiously, "does Tom say—I mean, have you noticed if he always appears perfectly happy?"

"I have noticed," she admitted, "that he seems a little thoughtful at times; business worries, most likely. And once he asked me if it wasn't a little ostentatious to keep the same cook so long, and oughtn't we to get another? As if one got rid of a cook these days! But there, men don't know what housekeeping is. And does he want me to be like everyone else and have to confess to a new cook every other day?"

"He might think," I mused, "that many different deaths are better than the same death each evening."

"Anyhow," she said, "I won't part with that woman, not if Tom has to keep on taking me out to dinner at the Gorgeous every night for the rest of our lives."

E. R. P.

THE PI-JAW.

The Manor House, Brinfield.

MY DEAR RICHARD,—Thank you for your letter. It is good of you to write to me just before you return to school each term, and as an uncle I appreciate it. I enclose a postal order for a sovereign.

I trust you will not think I am thrusting a "pi-jaw" on you if I add a few words of advice. You are at a public school for which I have the greatest affection and respect, and I do not forget that this is the summer term. Your father is expending a considerable yearly sum on your education there, and it is up to you to see that this sacrifice on his part is not wasted. Remember that this sum, were it spent selfishly on himself, would enable him to pay his subscription to two or three more golf clubs and to play for slightly higher stakes at bridge. He is smoking too at present—as I am acutely aware—a rather poor cigar.

I want you therefore, Richard, when you practise at the nets, to *concentrate.*



First Lady. "IS YOUR HUSBAND AS FOND OF DOGS AS YOU ARE?"
Second ditto. "OH, YES; IF ANOTHER DOG SO MUCH AS SNARLS AT TOODLES HE HALF KILLS IT."

Concentration is all-important in life, and faults which you allow yourself to develop at the nets will assuredly be reproduced in matches. I noticed a tendency in you last year to have a flick at balls just outside the off-stump, which should be sternly suppressed. Late cutting is all right, but let the ball be well clear of the wicket, get your right foot across and make sure that your bat is on top of the ball. Last season, when watching the House matches, I saw you in each innings get caught at second slip through being under the ball. This must not be, Richard.

Your leg-play is rather weak. I do not actually accuse you of drawing away from the ball—which, if I may say so, is an offence against morality—but you have not yet learned to pivot on your right foot and get the full face of the bat to the ball. You have a neat glide off your pads which you must develop.

As regards that off-drive of yours past extra-cover, see that your left foot gets to the pitch of the ball and then let go for all you are worth. I know no shot which gives a batsman more satisfaction or allows him a glow of more legitimate pride.

Practise your fielding, Richard, and none of that lunging out with one hand at third man to make spectacular saves. In nine cases out of ten you will have had time to move quickly and get your body and two hands in front of the ball—not so showy, perhaps, but infinitely sounder. And recall that in life the inward knowledge of work properly done is more gratifying than the plaudits of an ignorant crowd.

I trust that you will do satisfactorily at your Latin and other studies. Do not forget that, if you are to obtain your cricket blue at Cambridge, it is absolutely necessary for you first to pass your matriculation.

Yours affectionately, UNCLE BILL.

FAMILY FACES.

THE only card-games which it is worth while for a man of sense to waste his time on are those which are not played with cards at all. The noisy bicker between the Portland Club and *The Evening Standard* leaves me frozen in a bored neutrality; but the game which I invented in the smoking-room of the ss. *Coronado* is worth playing. It is played with the signed wine-cards which the steward returns to you on the last day of the voyage with the bill. The bills having been paid, two players take their respective packs and deal the cards out one by one, as in "Beggar my Neighbour." Whenever the word "Whisky" turns up each player cries "Snap!" and the one crying "Snap!" first wins. But a rum punch is joker and takes the pool always.

I played George, and George of course won. I had perhaps more voice, but he had more whisky-cards. And an old gentleman sent up from C Deck to ask if the community singing would be continued long, because if so he would like to join us.

"Family Faces" is just such a game. George and I often go down for the week-end to old Fothergill's. On our last visit we found Mr. Honeybubble there as well. Now Fothergill comes of a very old family and likes to talk about it after dinner. Normally George and I have not the smallest objection to Fothergill's ancestors. We sit snoozing comfortably over Fothergill's excellent cigars and brandy, while Fothergill climbs happily higher and higher up the family tree. He generally stops at about De Courcy Fothergill, who was a Lord Chief Justice in the reign of QUEEN ANNE. But on this occasion his ascent was frequently and foully interrupted by Honeybubble, who would keep butting in with his own detestable forbears in Lancashire.

Fothergill is not used to this sort of thing, and the atmosphere became uncomfortable and even subsultry. So much so that George and I, roused before our time, began to have fond memories of our own ancestors, and George mentioned his great-uncle, who was first Bishop of Umbobo, until unhappily eaten by a cannibal. I then spoke of my grandfather the Admiral, and the end of it was that George suggested that when we next met we should all bring photographs or miniatures of our respective families and see which had the best. This meant that Fothergill had to ask Honeybubble for another week-end, which I don't know that he was so terribly keen on; but he did it, and the evening concluded in a lethal hush, like Europe just before the Great War.

Well, we all met again last week-end, and after dinner on Saturday George sent us off to fetch our families. He himself had a packet of photographs the thickness of *Who's Who*.

The game of "Family Faces" you have probably played. But you have never played it with George. Don't. George, I think, would cheat at a Charity Spelling Bee. We sat down at the card-table, and George explained the rules of the game, which are that each player plays an ancestor or relation, and the plainest relation pays five shillings, which the handsomest receives. (Well, that is how George explained the rules.) Honeybubble protested that the whole thing was frivolous and not at all what he had expected; but Fothergill, who has always made a great point of the fine looks of his ancestors, over-ruled him, and the game began.

Fothergill played first; and he led his ace, the Lord Chief Justice in the reign of QUEEN ANNE. A fine-looking old fellow, though perhaps the tiniest bit dated by his whiskers. I played modestly my Admiral. Honeybubble with a tremendous air put down Joshua Honeybubble, J.P., and we all gazed at Joshua.

"That is my great-great uncle," he said, "first Mayor of Bootle, founded the Bootle Fire Brigade, fought in the Crimean War, was a friend of RICHARD COBDEN, Justice of the Peace——"

"But that's no good, old boy," said George; "he has a face like an onion."

Now I could not defend this utterance of George's in a Court of Law, much less a Court of Chivalry. As a matter of fact the face of Joshua Honeybubble bore no resemblance whatever to an onion. It was quite a good face, and I thought myself that it was a toss-up between Joshua and the Lord Chief Justice for the best-looker. But the awful thing is that I do not really care *what* outrage a man does to Honeybubble. So I was silent.

"An *onion?*" said Honeybubble indignantly, as if it would have been pardonable to liken Joshua to a potato or a mangold-wurzel.

"An onion," said George—"quite definitely an onion."

Honeybubble made an angry sound like the end of a soda-water bottle.

"It's your turn, George," I said, to ease the tension, as it were.

George then played an unmistakable photograph of Miss GLADYS COOPER.

"That is my mother," he said simply.

I opened my mouth, astounded (even I, who know George). I realised instantly that both Fothergill and Honeybubble were of that rare kind of men who would not know Miss GLADYS COOPER if they saw her, and indeed they were both goggling reverently at George's mother. I was just going to speak when George kicked me very viciously on the ankle. It then crossed my mind that, if George was disqualified for a foul, I should very likely have to pay Honeybubble five shillings, and this, I thought, was more than Joshua was worth. So, basely, I confess, I was silent again.

We then voted. George's remark about the onion must have prejudiced us against Joshua, for Joshua had to pay up and George's mother won.

"You to play, Honeybubble," said George good-humouredly.



Mother. "IF I'D SAID A THING LIKE THAT AT YOUR AGE I SHOULD HAVE BEEN SENT TO BED."
Child. "GOSH! HOW THAT DATES YOU!"



Our Local Builder and Decorator (after explanation by customer). "I FOLLOW YOU, MADAM. YOU WANT YOUR HUSBAND'S STUDY RE-PAPERED AS A BIT OF A SURPRISE TO 'IM WHEN 'E COMES 'OME. WELL, 'OW 'S THAT?"

Honeybubble then played an ancestor so appalling that I instantly played my good uncle James.

"My aunt Elizabeth," said Honeybubble. "A great woman; she gave all her life to the poor. Married three times, was presented to the QUEEN, founded the Primrose League—er——"

"But, man," shrieked George, "she 's in *bloomers*!"

It was true. She was wearing bloomers and standing beside a bicycle. It was awful.

"I did not understand," said Honeybubble stiffly, "that this was to be a Beauty Competition."

"Well, it is," said George, and coolly played a rather inferior chorus-girl as she appears in *Crinoline*.

"My grandmother," he said, "on her wedding-day."

The others loved her, and I bided my time.

The truth is that George had *finessed* too much, for the rest of us voted for Fothergill's father, a grand-looking fellow. Honeybubble paid, of course.

At this point, by a stupid piece of clumsiness, I knocked George's cards on to the floor. I helped him to pick them up, naturally, and was fortunate enough to secure the top dozen photographs in his pack. I put my ankles well over towards Fothergill's, and the game proceeded.

Proceeded? It became a procession. In the next round I played George's *fiancée* (for the time being), a lovely girl.

"My step-mother," I said, "as a bridesmaid."

George spluttered but said nothing. I won; Honeybubble lost with an ancestral alderman.

I then played in quick succession Miss HEATHER THATCHER, JUNE, Mr. OWEN NARES, Miss JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON, LOPOKOVA, Mr. NICHOLAS HANNEN, Miss ANGELA BADDELEY, Captain EDEN, M.P., and the Duchess of YORK. George had brought a wonderful family, but his second eleven were no match for his first. I played one of my own relations now and then to let Fothergill win a trick with his lawyers and big-game hunters and make him happy. Honeybubble continued to play aldermen and bishops and noted philanthropists and aunts and uncles of unimpeachable virtue but unspeakable appearance. He always paid; it was monstrous. After a few tricks even George began to put in a good word for Honeybubble's ancestors, but nothing could save them. I think in the end even Honeybubble voted against them.

And then—I suppose I was tired by the constant strain of invention—I turned up Miss EDNA BEST, and I simply could not think what relation she was. I had played seven aunts, I knew, and almost as many sisters, but I could *not* remember what other relatives I had exhibited.

"That is my mother," I said feebly at last. "Taken at the Boat-race."

"I beg your pardon?" said Fothergill suspiciously, and George kicked me again.

"You 've had one mother already, Sir," said Honeybubble rather rudely.

"Well, then," I said, all harassed, "that is my little daughter."

And then of course there were questions, and then there were explanations, and then there were harsh words, and, what with one thing and another, that week-end was quite difficult. But I do *not* think that Honeybubble will say quite so much about his ancestors in future.

A. P. H.

"A SÉANCE IN THE BIBLE.
SIR A. C. DOYLE ON SPIRITUALISM."
Indian Newspaper Headlines.

Watson: "Accustomed as I was to my friend's ingenious disguises, for a moment I could scarcely believe my eyes."

"While gathering daffodils in a wood on the hillside above their village, six or seven wild red stags suddenly appeared and moved down upon the girls in a threatening manner."
Lancashire Paper.

One should never disturb the wild red stag when he is gathering nosegays in the spring.



"AND HOW MUCH IS THIS PIECE OF MUSIC?"
"TWO SHILLINGS, MADAM."
"BUT THAT WON'T DO. THE CHILD MUST HAVE SOMETHING MORE ADVANCED THAN THAT. HER *LAST* PIECE COST HALF-A-CROWN."

TERMINOLOGICAL EXACTITUDE.

[Sir ROBERT ARMSTRONG-JONES, M.D., in a letter to *The Times* of April 25th, condemns the naive credulity shown by the recent letters on wolf-children. After enumerating various kinds of abnormalities in children, such as acromegaly, progeria and ateleiosis, "all due to some disequilibrium of internal secretions," he sums up by saying: "That such cases exist is well known to those who are familiar with our asylums to-day, but they are teratological specimens and not due to environmental changes."]

For weeks and weeks, with anguish and distress,
I 've read the painful stories in the Press
Describing the wolf-children of the East
Degraded to the level of the beast,
And, even when restored to normal ways,
Retaining to the end some lupine traits.
As the result of this prolonged immersion
In records of unnatural reversion
Uncomfortable dreams disturbed my rest
And gloomy thoughts my waking hours depressed—
If, as it seemed, the lordly human race
Might lapse into the brute and leave no trace.
Thank Heaven! this dismal and despondent mood
Has passed away and cannot be renewed;
The future's safe—I feel it in my bones
Since I have read Sir ROBERT ARMSTRONG-JONES,
Whose monumental and convincing screed
Restores my confidence in the human breed.
For here is science overthrowing fiction
With fact invested in sonorous diction,
Enlarging our vocabulary, when
Abnormal themes engage the tongue or pen,
With terms Mesopotamian in their beauty
Whose use is both a pleasure and a duty.

Hail Teratology, celestial maid!
Too long regardless of thy potent aid
Rash sciolists have let their fancies range
Deluded by "environmental change,"
Lured by an ætiology unsound
On to a dubious and precarious ground.
Too long, unversed in modern diagnosis,
They failed to recognize *ateleiosis*,
Or *acromegaly*, and, still reliant
On fable, talked of goblin, dwarf or giant.
To-day the strangest mysteries of Nature
Are solved by scientific nomenclature;
The mighty polysyllable prevails
Over the wizardry of travellers' tales;
And medicine, buttressed by the virtuosity
Of its profuse magnificent verbosity,
Demolishes all doubt (or amphibology)
By its sesquipedalian terminology.

"S.O.S. WITH CAPTAIN'S PANTS.

A pair of the captain's pants hoisted on a boat-hook as a distress signal led to the rescue of the crew of the Liverpool steamer *Beatty Rose* by the Norwegian steamer *Pan*.

The *Beatty Rose* (1119 tons) sprang a leak off the Casquets in very heavy weather, her steering gear broke down, and she became unmanageable, while the sea made clean breaches over her."—*Scots Paper.*

Why not have used the clean breaches instead of the captain's pants?

THE BRIGHTER LEG MOVEMENT.

A GOOD many women are said to be joining the B.L.M. or Brighter Leg Movement. It is felt that the keen interest formerly aroused by legs is sadly on the wane and that something must be done to revive it. Hitherto this has been achieved by the serial publication of fresh instalments, but the limit in this direction has nearly been reached and other means must be devised. Silk stockings of gossamer texture and shoes of coloured brocade and leather are now so common that they have ceased to attract any notice, while the display of anklets and of jewelled garters fails to produce any emotion distinguishable from a bored indifference even in such promising subjects as spinster aunts up from the country and delegates to conferences on Prayer Book revision. The matter is becoming urgent. If something is not done soon the knee will become as dull a joint as the elbow. The members of the B.L.M. are out to avert this calamity.

One of their ideas is to indicate their current interests and enthusiasms in the eligible advertising space between the ankle and the hem of the skirt, which, if the wearer happens to affect a slight return to the bashful styles of a few years ago, may be only two or three inches above the knee. The wife of a well-known best-selling novelist is having a list of his books on one leg, while the other is to be decorated with figures relating to his sales. A member of the more advanced set in Chelsea created something of a sensation recently at a studio party with a pair of stockings on which had been printed a considerable portion of Mr. JOYCE'S *Ulysses*.

But the principal object, naturally, is not so much to instruct as to awaken public interest in the wearer, and one of the leaders of the movement is ordering a dozen pairs of sports hose worked in a broken chain pattern, with the names of her four former husbands, in order not of priority but of merit.

If this fashion spreads it will save a good deal of trouble. It will no longer be necessary to start several topics at a dinner-party before discovering what one's partner wants to talk about. A glance at her legs through a magnifying-glass should suffice to show that she is addicted to crossword puzzles or the poetry of Miss SITWELL, and general inferences may be made in accordance. Those who choose to be symbolic must risk being misunderstood, but it should be obvious, for instance, that an intertwined design of poison-bottles, gibbets and masks points to a weakness for detective stories and a willingness to discuss the latest thing in crime. It follows that perfectly blank hose, so lacking in allure to-day, will acquire a charm of their own. They will indicate an open mind and a readiness to listen to anything.

In short, thanks to the B.L.M., legs may be reaching out to a new sphere and acquiring an importance hitherto denied them. Let us hope for the best.



AT THE ACADEMY.

Artist. "HAVE YOU SEEN MY PORTRAIT OF YOUR UNCLE?"

Visitor. "NO; AND I'VE BEEN ALL ROUND TOO. BUT THEN I'M SO SLACK ABOUT LOOKING AT THE CATALOGUE."

The Puff Callous.

"Mr. —— has added to his fleet of burial coaches one of the latest Nash sedans adapted to the requirements of his business, to which we unite with him in hoping for much expansion during the present year."

New Zealand Paper.

The Puff Cautious.

"On this page will be found one of the most comprehensive guarantees I have ever read. 'Guaranteed fadeless, throughout the world, as long as the colour lasts."—*Morning Paper.*

From a law report:—

"He came across prisoner and his car in a slight fog, which was standing on its proper side of the road."—*Daily Paper.*

Fog is often very partial.

"Mr. ——, of Brandon, Norfolk, wrote—'I have fed "S——" to practically all my stock, including goats, and results are really marvellous. I am getting more eggs than in the spring flush. What about that?"

Advt. in Trade Paper.

Well, words rather fail us.



Instructress. "B-BUT IF YOU 'VE NEVER DANCED IN YOUR LIFE HAD YOU BETTER *BEGIN* WITH THE CHARLESTON?"

Pupil. "I PROPOSE TO. THE FACT IS—AH—I 'M A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT, AND I 'M—AH—GIVEN TO UNDERSTAND THAT THAT DANCE IS MUCH FAVOURED AT THE—AH—*SOCIALS* ATTENDED BY THE YOUNGER RESIDENTS IN MY CONSTITUENCY. IN VIEW OF THE—AH—IMPENDING EXTENSION OF THE FRANCHISE I FEEL IT MIGHT BE ADVANTAGEOUS TO ME TO ACQUIRE SOME PROFICIENCY IN THAT—AH—EXERCISE."

THE MUSICAL CRITIC.

THE musical critic exists to ensure
That musicians are humble of heart;
In return for the noises he has to endure
His pen is exceedingly tart.

If a pianist ventures in public to play
Or a vocalist ventures to sing,
The critic comes late and then hurries away
To write a critique with a sting.

As often as not twenty minutes is quite
As long as he feels he can stay,
And that is the reason he 's able to write
A dozen critiques in a day.

Supposing a symphony has a success,
Being played in magnificent style,
The following morning one reads in the Press
That the critic considered it vile.

According to him the *Adagio* dragged,
The *Scherzo* was sluggish and slurred,
The *Rondo* was rough, the *Prestissimo* flagged,
The *Finale* was breathless and blurred;

The brass was too strident, the drums were too strong,
The squeak of the strings was a crime,
The horns missed a lead, so the oboes went wrong,
And the piccolos murdered the time.

When each individual instrument there
For its sins has been solemnly cursed,
The critic is finally moved to declare
That the whole has been under-rehearsed.

No wonder our musical world is disgraced;
So effective his strictures have been
That concerts have languished until we are faced
With the loss of the Hall of the Queen. G. B.

Mr. Punch herewith calls attention to the appeal of the Y.W.C.A. for funds to raise a new Central Building which shall serve as a Club and Recreation Centre for the working girls of London. It is to be designed on a scale worthy of London, and a site has been purchased within a hundred yards of Tottenham Court Road. Out of the £250,000 required for the building, its equipment and endowment, £90,000 has already been raised, largely amongst proprietors of big retail establishments. During Blue Triangle Week (May 9th to 14th) a special effort is to be made on behalf of this fund by various business houses which will make a window-display of the badge of the Y.W.C.A.—a Blue Triangle. The public is invited to do their shopping at these houses, where Blue Triangle stamps will be on sale at every cash-desk, or may be accepted in place of change.

Contributions to this good cause should be addressed to the Hon. Treasurer, Sir WILLIAM PLENDER, Bart., Y.W.C.A. Headquarters, 26, George Street, Hanover Square, W. 1.



THE NEW CHIVALRY.

THE LABOUR DAMSEL. "ISN'T THAT RATHER AN UGLY-LOOKING DRAGON?"
SIR CLYNES. "NOT AT ALL; IT'S QUITE A NICE DRAGON. ON THE BEST OF TERMS WITH ALL OUR KNIGHTHOOD."

[Mr. CLYNES has engaged to oppose those clauses in the Trades Union Bill which deal with the present system of picketing.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, April 26th.—Some brown faces and a sprinkling of summer suitings showed that the House had made the most of a sunny Easter. Prospects of stormy debates to come were tempered by the thought that a week of reporting on Ways and Means Resolutions would permit calm to precede the tempest.

Colonel ASHLEY, answering Mr. MORRISON, mentioned the places to which the London Traffic Advisory Committee had advised the application of the roundabout system. Mr. DAY asked if the Committee had considered that "particularly dangerous spot," the Elephant and Castle. Colonel ASHLEY thought not, and promised to bring it before the Committee's notice. Let us hope that, with the gallant mahout up, the Elephant will go quietly.



THE CHIEF OF THE WOLF-CHILDREN.
MR. THURTLE AND HIS FOSTER-PARENT, MR. LANSBURY.

Talking of mahouts, Mr. SNOWDEN subsequently noted that the CHANCELLOR had, as regards so important a matter as tobacco, put up Mr. MCNEILL to speak for the Government. "Well," said the CHANCELLOR, "he 's big enough, isn't he?"

Answering Mr. DAY, who is all for progress, the POSTMASTER-GENERAL said no application had been made for a licence to instal wireless on trains. This seems a pity. The savage breasts of Liverpool Street's eleven-a-side suburbanites could be soothed *en route* by a lecture on the civilization of the Mayas or the strains of "Ain't you Gonna Squeeze yo' Honey?" Better still, the passenger—let us say on the G.W.R.—might be allowed to follow a running account of the trip, after the manner of a football match.

"We are now passing Didcot . . . no, we are stopping . . . now we 're off again. The stoker has just heaved on more coal. What 's that? There 's a coal train on the line outside Oxford station . . . we 're slowing down again . . . we are coming to the cemetery . . . the driver is just betting the stoker a pint that we shall be held up outside the cemetery. We are going on . . . no . . . yes . . . we have passed the gas works . . . we are just reaching the goods yard. Now the signalman in Oxford south box is tearing at his levers . . . an empty milk train is coming up on our left . . . the signalman has seen it . . . our stoker has seen it too and is putting on another piece of coal . . . now we are at the cemetery . . . the milk-train is puffing desperately . . . the signalman is still tugging . . . there is something the matter . . . I think the signal-lever is caught in his whiskers. Now we are coming to the signal-box . . . we are stopping . . . no, we 're going on . . . the milk-train is gaining . . . no, we are . . . the stoker is just putting on another piece of coal . . . we shall do it . . . I can see the platform . . . one more puff . . . hurrah, we 're in!"

Mr. MORRISON asked the PRIME MINISTER if the three doomed Ministries would continue to function during the present session. The PRIME MINISTER was not to be drawn. Fixing the day of execution in the presence of the condemned is the sort of ruthless act that gentle Mr. BALDWIN would be incapable of. The information would be given, he said, when the necessary legislation was introduced. Mr. LOCKER-LAMPSON, in reply to Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY, gave a full, free and frank survey of the state of affairs in China. His use of the word "extremist" seemed to nettle Mr. THURTLE, who demanded to know what exactly he meant by it. This roused Mr. B. PETO, who wanted to know which of the various Chinese Nationalist forces were being backed by the Front Opposition Bench and which by the Back Opposition Bench.

Mr. MORRISON thought there ought to be an inquiry into the circumstances under which a Southern Railway contract had gone to Sweden for electrical plant. The PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY TO THE BOARD OF TRADE said the facts were substantially as had been stated in the Press and an inquiry would serve no useful purpose.

This left the House in that position of active disagreement that it thoroughly enjoys, the Labour Members convinced that a high-price-fixing combine of British electrical manufacturers is responsible for the loss of the contract, supporters of the Government being equally convinced that the Swedish firm was able to make a lower tender as the result of lower wages and longer hours.

The House proceeded to discuss the duties on tea, patent medicines, imported motor-tyres and wines. In connection with the last-named item, Mr. SNOWDEN, who has never even flirted with the daughter of the vine, much less taken her



Here is Agrippa BALDWIN, see,
Picking his victims, one, two, three.
He seizes ASHLEY, grasps LANE-FOX,
Takes SAMUEL by his curly locks,
Then dumps them in the melting-pot,
Remarking, "Now I 've scrapped the lot."
After "Struwwelpeter."

to spouse, asked the CHANCELLOR to explain what he meant by "degrees of proof spirit." Mr. CHURCHILL explained that his aim had been to raise the duty most notably on the heavy wines. A great deal more alcoholic emphasis could be obtained, he said, from a given quantity of heavily-loaded port than from a properly diluted equal quantity of whisky. Mr. SNOWDEN shuddered. When, a moment later, Mr. CHURCHILL stated that, while he had not yet tasted "sweets" (British wine), he was prosecuting his studies on the subject and hoped, by Committee stage, to give the House more authoritative information on the subject, Mr. SNOWDEN'S shudder turned to a sigh of relief. There are times when it is a privilege *not* to be Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Wednesday, April 27th.—Are Members growing less inquisitive? Question time was concluded to-day at the unprecedented hour of three minutes past three. The real explanation is that the twenty-eight Questions on the list were hold-overs from the adjourned session. To-morrow the first of the new batch will have had the necessary two days to mature.

It seems that the "voices across the sea" movement, at fifteen pounds a voice, is making progress. The P.M.G. said there had been 769 transatlantic calls, already enough to cover working costs.

The old motto, *Qui nihil expectant nunquam disappointabuntur* still commends itself in certain quarters. Asked by Mr. DAY if the Betting Tax yield for March had come up to his expectations, Mr. MCNEILL mildly replied that he had formed no expectations. Answering Sir JOHN GANZONI, who wished to know if the Government would leave the age at which the vote would be given under the new Franchise Bill to a free vote of the House, the PRIME MINISTER murmured that it would be premature to reply. Mr. GARRO-JONES insisted that it would be a breach of faith to leave it to a free vote of the House, but the PRIME MINISTER still thought it would be premature to reply.

The House discussed tobacco and matches. The substance of the Opposition argument was that the Tory Government was once again heaping the tax burden on to the backs of the poor. Mr. MCNEILL, defending, said the Government had to have the money and, anyway, most of the additional tax was not to be passed on to the public. There was much dispute on this latter point. Mr. MCNEILL read out advertisements in which the large cigarette-makers claimed that their cigarettes would remain in all respects, including price, unchanged. The Opposition derided the idea that an advertisement-writer was a gentleman worthy of explicit belief, and quoted the chairman of a big firm of cigarette-manufacturers to the effect that the extra duty would be passed on to the consumer as soon as possible.

Mr. SNOWDEN, who was in a singularly light-hearted vein, said the price of cigarettes in bulk had already been raised. He also produced from his case two cigarettes and invited the CHANCELLOR to observe that the post-Budget specimen was one-eighth of an inch shorter than its predecessor. The Tobacco Duty, he said, had now reached such a height that the working-man took three puffs for himself and seventeen for the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. He twitted Mr. CHURCHILL with having an "obsession" for taxing women, and drew a neat picture of the enfranchised flapper turning and rending the party which had piled on the cost of her silk stockings and cigarettes.

A debate on Mine Accidents followed. Labour Members deplored the proposal to abolish the Ministry of Mines, and Colonel LANE-FOX found himself in the curious position of having vigorously to defend, as it were, his own sentence of departmental death. He did it with what, under the circumstances, must be considered a high-minded and self-sacrificing sincerity.



THE EXCHEQUER ELEPHANT AND ITS MAHOUT.
MR. RONALD MCNEILL AND MR. CHURCHILL.

Thursday, April 28th.—The Upper Chamber gave the Indian Navy Bill a Second Reading. Lord HALDANE gave the Bill a much more unqualified approval than did his colleagues in the other place. India was an island, he said, for all practical purposes, and there might be cases like that of the *Emden* in the late war which would prevent our coming to her immediate assistance by sea.

Straying somewhat from the matter in hand, he asked Lord BIRKENHEAD to consider the question of locating permanently in India "some portion of the armed military forces of the Crown which we kept here at present in their entirety and had to pay for." One can think of better ways of making the Army popular.

In the House of Commons Sir W. JOYNSON-HICKS told Sir J. POWER that he did not think a case had yet been made out for putting the traffic police into white overalls. He is right. If we dress Robert up as an umpire he may think he is one. Far too many pedestrians are being given out "leg before" as it is.

The House discussed vitrified pottery. Mr. HARRIS did more than discuss it; he produced two plates, one vitrified and one earthenware, from his clothing and was with difficulty prevented from demonstrating that the vitrified plate would not break under certain conditions, while the other would. The PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE was only partially reassured when Mr. HARRIS said he was not going to throw the plates at *him*, and himself produced a couple of cups which, however, he did not get into action until later, when he challenged Sir JOHN SIMON to guess right six times in ten which cup was bone china and which felspar.

From China the House passed rapidly to the consideration of all the remaining Budget resolutions, the debate ending with a spirited defence by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER of his raid on the Road Fund, in which he picturesquely described himself as not fighting over again the battle about Road Fund pledges which had been fought last year, but as "pursuing and collecting some of the baggage that had been left behind."

OCCUPATION.

"THE glory of the garden," says Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING, "occupieth all who come." He also remarks that there isn't a hand so white or a heart so sick but can find some needful job that's crying to be done. Which is all true enough, I suppose, but he might have added that the white hand and the sick heart may have to wait ten years before they find the job best suited to them. And even then the finding of it may be purely a matter of chance, as in my own case.

Some years ago I acquired a garden and decided to become a gardener. On a friend's advice I bought a book of a most practical and helpful kind entitled *To-day's Work in the Garden* (or something like that), in which every day of the year was given its appropriate task. Deciding to begin next Monday I turned up that date in the book and found this (as nearly as I can remember):—

> "Sweep and brush avenues and pinch off the tops of oaks and elms to ensure lateral development. Cut out dead wood from shrubberies. Re-turf bare patches on tennis-lawns and prepare new asparagus beds in readiness for the spring. . . ."

That day's work, I noticed, occurred in what the book called one of the gardener's "idle months," and, as I cannot bear idleness—that kind of idleness—I threw the book away and decided to hire a one-day-a-week man for the rough work and let my wife look after the flowers.

The arrangement worked splendidly for several years, except upon two occasions when my eagerness to find the job that was crying for me led me to interfere, with rather disastrous results. On the first of these occasions I was led astray by the sight of a hoe. It was propped against a rose-bush, and if ever a hoe could be said to be crying it was that one. I seized it and worked diligently for some twenty minutes, and then my wife joined me and gently led me back to the deck-chair, which, it seems, I should never have left. For a woman suddenly deprived of about twenty-five shillings'-worth of begonias she was admirably calm. Nevertheless she did say that it was nonsense of me to talk of begonias "lurking beneath the surface," because begonias never "lurk," they just stay where they are put, and next time I needed exercise perhaps I would let her know and she would find me a corner where there was nothing of any value. Also she removed the hoe, which was really quite unnecessary as I had had all the hoeing I wanted for years.



Customer (inspecting Peke). "ARE YOU *quite* SURE THERE'S NO WOLF-STRAIN IN HIM?"

Not long afterwards it occurred to me that our man was not getting the direction he needed in the matter of vegetables. I found him rather difficult, but we got on well enough until one day I discovered a number of wooden pegs sticking out of the earth at the sides of the vegetable-plot and marked "Turnup." On his next appearance I asked him, perhaps too severely, why he had sown turnips all over our garden when he must have known that we didn't keep cattle, and he just went off home and didn't appear again for weeks. My wife said that personally she rather agreed with me, but I must remember that many of these hired gardeners practically live on turnips during the winter and they have their feelings like everyone else. Also that he had done the same thing for the last three years and nothing had ever come up, which showed that our garden was absolutely turnip-proof, so why cause a lot of bother when nothing is gained by it?

After this second frustration I gave up hope, and then, only a month ago and by the purest chance, my place in the garden was revealed to me. Our delphiniums have suffered cruelly this year from the attacks of slugs, the new shoots being eaten away as soon as they



Unobservant Golfer (looking for ball, to stranger). "DID YOU NOTICE WHERE MY BALL WENT?"
Stranger (controlling himself). "YES, THANK YOU."

appeared above-ground. In despair we consulted a gardening paper, and there, among the replies to correspondents, we found the following:—

"F. T. B. (Tulse Hill).—To effectually cope with slugs on borders place skins of half-oranges, round side up, near new shoots, when same will collect underneath and can be removed at nightfall."

We put down half an orange as a test and the result was remarkable. As soon as darkness fell the slugs approached from all points of the compass and gathered beneath the dome. Evidently they like being "together," or perhaps this is the slug equivalent of community-singing at the Albert Hall. (Not that it greatly matters.)

My wife decided to make this a nightly practice, and of course I saw at once how I could help. You can't go into a fruit-shop and buy the outsides of half-a-dozen oranges. You must buy them whole, and then some one must pull himself together and eat them. The slightest hesitancy at this point and the whole scheme is ruined. It is, in fact, a most responsible post, and it is also an arduous one. The plants to be protected are many. The slugs moreover like new paint on their public buildings, and so the domes must be constantly renewed.

I should like to tell you more about my work, but I have left it too long. I hear the delphiniums calling.

Pass the oranges, please!

THE S.T.C.S.

I CANNOT remember when I have been so pleased by the report of a new company as by that of this Society of Temporary Canine Solace of which everyone is talking. When I first heard about it I thought that the idea was amusing, but I didn't dream that it would be so popular. The original intention, it may be remembered, was to have depôts only at Calais and Boulogne, but such has been its success that there will soon be one at Dieppe and one at Havre—in fact in each port at which English visitors to France disembark.

For the benefit of those who may still not have heard of the Society let me quote from the prospectus:—

"The Society of Temporary Canine Solace was brought into being by the growth of the cult of the dog and the severe measures in force with regard to hydrophobia. Never has the affection of man for the dog been so deep as it now is; never have dogs been so carefully bred to the end of providing human beings with friends and devotees. From the massive Alsatian to the minute Yorkshire terrier, every dog has its attached owner. Money is no object whatever; dogs are necessary to the happiness of modern life. At the same time, never have the regulations regarding quarantine been so strict as now, so that no dog entering England from France can join its owner until it has been six months in a veterinary establishment under surveillance. This means that the old and delightful fashion of taking one's dog on one's travels abroad has become a dead letter, greatly to the grief of those to whom canine companionship means so much.

"It was in order to mitigate grief and to do something to ensure the continuance of this companionship that the Society of Temporary Canine Solace was formed, its purpose being to provide travellers on the Continent with dogs of whatever breed they desire, to be their friends as long as they are on their travels.

"For this purpose kennels have been established at Calais and Boulogne, stocked with dogs of every variety, which may be hired for any period at reasonable sums."

That is from the prospectus, and I confess that when I first read it I did not think it either good finance or very sound human nature. It did not seem to me likely that people with dogs in-

timately their own would be so facile as to let strangers take their place, at any rate so quickly. After a week's absence perhaps they might begin to find that to be without a dog was unbearable; but not immediately after a Channel crossing. I was, however, wrong. The power of the dog is greater than I knew. The Company is paying ten per cent.; new kennels will be opened; arrangements are pending to allow a kennel-van to be added to the "Golden Arrow" to give passengers more time to select their dogs. And here are some of the letters from delighted clients, addressed to the S.T.C.S.'s secretary:—

DEAR SIR,—I should be a churl if I did not write to thank you for the service which your Calais kennel has conferred. My wife's nerves, seldom strong, completely broke down on the crossing from Dover, and had it not been for the sight of one of your pekes I am sure that she might have had a serious collapse. As it is, the little creature has been her constant prop, and we shall now be as miserable not to be able to take him to England as we were to leave our Sealyham.

I am, Yours, etc.,
J. MUSTERHOUSE
(Lieut.-Col.)

DEAR SIR,—The cocker spaniel with which you provided me at Boulogne is so fascinating that I dare not return home. I am, Yours, etc.,
JOEL COWARD.

DEAR SIR,—I have always said that if I could not have my own darling Flossums with me I would travel alone, but the little substitute that you found for me has quite won my heart, and I was grieved indeed to leave her at Calais.

I am, Yours, etc.,
TABITHA FOND.

DEAR SIR,—I think you ought to know that when we left our home in Northamptonshire for a villa at Hyères we were broken-hearted not to be able to bring our pug with us. In fact, at one time we decided to give up the French trip altogether, solely on his account. You may judge then of our delight on finding at Boulogne his exact counterpart, whose merry ways, kindly thoughtfulness and sympathy have made our stay here one unbroken triumph. I am, etc.,
AMELIA FLINDERS.

DEAR SIR,—Just a line to give you an idea of the good work that you are doing. When I left England it was with relief to get rid of the perpetual society of my Skye terrier. But after a week of Paris I found myself so lonely that I took a train to Boulogne and brought back with me from your kennels an animal of the same breed, from whom I am never parted.

I am, etc., HILARY HERM.

DEAR SIR,—Please have an Alsatian wolf-hound waiting for me at the Blue Train on Monday next. As I am going to Monte Carlo I should like a fierce one.

I am, Yours, etc.,
HUGO KNAPP.

These letters tell their own story. One or two, which I suppress on account of their sadness, record the unhappiness of the old English dogs when their masters or mistresses return with hearts lost to the new pets; and this unhappiness is, I should say, the sole spot on the otherwise beneficently radiant sun represented by the S.T.C.S.'s activities. E. V. L.



KEEPING UP THE ACADEMIC TRADITION.

STUDENT OF CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE TAKES PART IN THE ANNUAL RAG.

"A duty of 28*s.* per cwt. is placed on tableware of a translucent character."
Liverpool Paper.

Meaning Disarmament debates?

On Thursday, May 5th, at 8 P.M., *Monsieur Beaucaire* (the romantic opera composed by ANDRÉ MESSAGER) will be presented by the Chiswick Operatic Society, at the New Scala Theatre, in aid of the funds of the Church House for Youth, which is to serve the London Division of the Church Lads' Brigade. Tickets may be obtained from the Box Office Manager, New Scala Theatre, Charlotte Street, Tottenham Court Road, W.1, and contributions should be addressed to the Hon. Treasurer, Church House for Youth Fund, St. Margaret's Rectory, Ironmonger Lane, Cheapside, E.C.2. This is the house that has already been secured.

"The monthly meeting of the —— Town Board to have been held on Monday evening lapsed for want of an acquarium."
New Zealand Paper.

There seems to be something fishy about this Town Board.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE TRANSIT OF VENUS" (AMBASSADORS).

WHEN *Captain Ronald Fairfax* fled from the advances of that rather over-ripe charmer, *Cynthia Telford*, to become A.D.C. to the High Commissioner at Kherivan (a mandated territory Somewhere in the Near East), distance only lent further enchantment to the chase, and, chaperoned by an indifferent husband, Venus pursued her Adonis to his asylum. *Ronald*, to whom, embarrassed and reluctant, falls the duty of entertaining the visitors, arranges an excursion for them into the adjacent desert. From this beano *Cynthia* easily persuades her husband to excuse himself, and in these palpably improbable conditions *Ronald* and she are to pass the night alone in a tent. With a view to stabilising the position she burns her boats—and *Ronald's* too—by leaving a note behind for her husband, telling him that she does not propose to return. She also relieves him of a hundred pounds in bank-notes for elopement expenses.

Greatly distressed by the disclosure of this news, *Ronald* eludes her shameless advances by sleeping out in the open, and subsequently arranges with his dragoman to get them kidnapped by a local sheikh, offering the lady's money as a bribe. The local sheikh obliges, and they are conducted by him to the headquarters of the *Khan Aghaba*. The *Khan*, of whose handsome figure and long thighs—she adores long thighs—*Cynthia* had already expressed approval, declines to utilise his advantage. For not only is he anxious to preserve an absolute correctitude in his relations with the British Government, but *Cynthia's* mature and tenuous charms leave him cold, his preference being for youth and fat. He therefore restores his captives to their host.

This *dénouement* relieves the situation for the *High Commissioner*, but is deeply resented by *Cynthia's* husband, whose satisfaction at his wife's disappearance receives a rude shock.

You might pardonably guess from this brief account of the plot that here we have a drama of action. But you would be wrong. The exciting incidents occur OFF; the play is practically all talk—excellent talk for the most part, but just talk. And a good deal of it consists of argumentative monologue. Either we had *Alexander Wesson*, head of an Anglo-American Development Syndicate, urging upon the *Khan* the desirability of a concession which would open out his country at no cost to himself, or it was the *Khan*, with an amazing command of the English tongue, extolling the conditions of life in an undeveloped country, or passing unfavourable reflections, very painful to our self-esteem, on the Occidental female. There would have been no end to it if the *High Commissioner* had not constantly used his authority to put a period to the talk by a courteous but abrupt dismissal.



A FALLING STAR.

Captain Ronald Fairfax . . MR. ARCHIBALD BATTY.
Cynthia Telford . . . . MISS ATHENE SEYLER.

We were invited to interest ourselves mainly in the methods of that inveterate nympholept, *Cynthia Telford*, and the bravado with which she carried them off. But there was a subtler interest to be found in the subordinate motive of *Wesson's* intrigues to secure concessions from the *Khan*. So long as this potentate behaved correctly the British Government could take no steps to modify his flat refusal, but, if an "incident" should occur that was "favourable to negotiation," then the British Government might find an excuse to intervene. Such an incident seemed to have occurred in this matter of the kidnapping, and it was suspected that the money for the bribe had come out of *Wesson's* own pocket. Certainly he took no pains to conceal his delight at the incident. In the end we were left to wonder whether the unexceptionable behaviour of the *Khan* would spoil his opportunity.



A MESSAGE FROM VENUS.

Sir Evelyn Markham . . . . . MR. ALLAN AYNESWORTH.
Hon. George Telford . . . . . MR. NIGEL PLAYFAIR.
Mark Dacre . . . . . MR. NICHOLAS HANNEN.

The whole concluded with a perfunctory love-passage between the *Political Secretary* and the *High Commissioner's* daughter, whose behaviour on both sides had hitherto been marked by an apparently total absence of sexual emotion.

Mr. HARWOOD'S dialogue, for all its persistence, was entertaining and often really witty. The best

mot came from the *Khan*, who observed that "easy communications corrupt good manners." Great minds often think alike by inadvertence, otherwise we might conclude, in further proof of his intelligence, that the *Khan* was a reader of Mr. Punch, who had forestalled him with this pleasant wheeze.

Miss ATHENE SEYLER, with that delightful manner which might, in a less talented actress, seem to verge on mannerism, played the part of *Cynthia* for all that it was worth, and a little more. If there was a limit to her scintillating transit it was no fault of hers. Even in eclipse—only temporary, you may be sure—her Venus remained unabashed.

Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH, who had less than his usual share of fun and more than his usual share of listening, made a very perfect *High Commissioner*. As his *Political Secretary*, Mr. NICHOLAS HANNEN, like the unobtrusive artist he is, was content to keep things going smoothly or just to sit out.

Mr. RAYMOND MASSEY'S *Khan*, a happy variation on the sheikh of romance, bore himself well in the part, not too flattering to British pride, of an Oriental with a fine contempt for the civilising virtues of exploitation. As *Cynthia's* complacent husband, Mr. NIGEL PLAYFAIR, on holiday from Hammersmith, brought a refreshing breath of the Far West to the Near East. The passive coldness of the *High Commissioner's* daughter, *Patsey*, who had no use for people who made sex look "silly," offered a healthy contrast to the torrid activities of *Cynthia;* but the contrast was perhaps rather too strongly emphasized by Miss BARBARA DILLON, who need not have sacrificed so much of her natural charm by being quite so hard.

Finally, Mr. ARCHIBALD BATTY, a little handicapped from the start by *Ronald's* reputation as a Lothario, seized a good chance with a story treating of two ladies whom he had taken (separately, of course) to their homes in a taxi after the play, and illustrating the inconvenience of a complete absence of rules for the direction of a man in his diagnosis of a modern woman's morals.

The Transit of Venus, as I have said, is too static for a play in which so much action is indicated; but its dialogue and the excellence of its cast make me hopeful that the success which it won on the first night will not prove too transitory. O. S.

"THE VAGABOND KING" (WINTER GARDEN).

The Vagabond King is a tale some way after JUSTIN MCCARTHY'S *If I were King*, and a long way after the meagre records of that disreputable romantic, FRANÇOIS VILLON. Set to music by the Viennese RUDOLPH FRIML, done into American by Messrs. W. H. POST and BRIAN HOOKER with lyrics (certainly not after VILLON) by the same, staged in an attractively flamboyant manner by RICHARD BOLESLAVSKY—it is a cheery, unlikely, cosmopolitan affair, a new art-form which might be fittingly labelled romantic pantomime, and won the suffrages of an enthusiastic house.



THE HEROINE AND THE VILLON.

Katherine de Vaucelles . . . . . MISS WINNIE MELVILLE.
François Villon . . . . . MR. DEREK OLDHAM.
Louis XI. . . . . . MR. H. A. SAINTSBURY.

We are told how Master *François Villon*, poet, thief, lecher and toper, is changed in the twinkling of the beautiful eyes of the noble lady, *Katherine de Vaucelles*, to a great gentleman and soldier; is made Marshal of France and King for a day-and-night's space; saves Paris from the traitor PHILIP OF BURGUNDY, with the aid of a rabble largely trained on the chief commodity of that genial province, and at the very gallows is rescued by the patriot *Katherine* and pardoned by the sardonic *Louis*.

Miss WINNIE MELVILLE (*Katherine*) sings charmingly and acts in a manner appropriate to the mood of the piece; Mr. DEREK OLDHAM (*Villon*) makes a likeable, tuneful, spirited *Villon*, a little hampered by the interpolation of slabs of the broad pantomime humour manipulated with sufficient skill by Mr. MARK LESTER (*Guy Taberie*, boon-companion of the poet), but I think a little too heavy for the due balance of the show. Mr. H. A. SAINTSBURY gave us a really clever and, in the arranged circumstances, plausible portrait of the *King*. Miss NORAH BLANEY was charming as *Huguette*, the faithful ardent little mistress of the poet.

But the principals will forgive me if I say that the outstanding merit of the performance was the fire and swing of the chorus-singing. (There is by the way a certain musical mystery to be unravelled. The spirited "Song of the Vagabonds," which runs as a refrain through the piece, has a theme which closely resembles that of the spirited chorus, "Swords and Sabres," sung also at frequent intervals by the Naval gentlemen in *Princess Charming*. What does Mr. ALBERT SZIRMAI say to Mr. RUDOLF FRIML about this?)

The producer, Mr. BOLESLAVSKY, who is of the restless school, with an eye for hot colour and a great idea of keeping everything moving, attained a certain beauty in the first, the Tavern, scene, which was not, I think, achieved in the more pretentious scenes of the King's garden and the square outside the cathedral; but the audience very properly hailed him a jolly good fellow in a burst of community song. T.

"MR. WHAT'S HIS NAME?" (WYNDHAM'S).

Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS, on whom the gods have bestowed the gift of perpetual youth, has taken the typically complicated and pleasantly abandoned farcical comedy of M. YVES MIRANDE and ANDRÉ MOUEZY-EON and incidentally remodelled for himself a part embroidered with all those audacious jests, gags and delicately naughty innuendoes which he invents so easily (sometimes perhaps just a little too easily) and reproduces with such vivacity and such superb technical skill.

Behold him as *Leopold Trebel*, the best shingler and waver in Paris, and evidently one of its most accomplished flirts, summoned to the house of *Juliette Corton* on the fifth anniversary of the death, in a railway accident, of her first husband, *Adolphe Noblet*, inventor of Noblet's famous sauce. But, says *Corinne*, the cook, as also *Chabonnais* the painter and *Baudin* the auto-

suggestionist, and finally *Madame Corton* herself, this is no other than our *Adolphe;* while *Marianne*, the maid, and *Sylvaine*, the betrothed of *Chabonnais*, evidently know him intimately as *Leopold*, tonsorial artist and breaker of hearts.

Baudin restores to him his lost personality—it was another man on whose grave *Juliette* has been punctually laying wreaths these five years—and the problem is to unravel the complexities woven by this awkward reappearance: the new husband of *Juliette* and the *Corton* infant; the new wife of *Adolphe, alias Leopold*, and four (twins, twice) beautiful boy *Trebels*; the apparently well-founded expectations of *Marianne* and the fair *Sylvaine*.

The solution, if it is too serious for the fabric of the piece and unplausible in itself, yet gives Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS the chance to show that he is master of something more than easy jesting. *Adolphe*, the faithful soul, coming back to find his adored wife embarrassed rather than relieved by his return, begs *Baudin* to pretend to restore him to his *Leopold* personality, and we get a glimpse, quite finely indicated, of his gradual realisation of the tragic situation, while he carries off the imposture, and defends his wounded heart with a gaiety which betrays him to none but his dull accomplice, *Baudin*.

It is certainly pleasant to be thus reminded of the range of this most accomplished actor's theatrical talent. The other players have necessarily to be content to serve as a foil, except that Mr. C. W. SOMERSET, a player evidently trained, and soundly, in an old-fashioned school, was given scope to build up the character of *Chabonnais*, the elderly deceived lover, who drowned his chagrin in what appeared to be port. Sober or maudlin-drunk, the odd little man was admirably conceived and presented. Miss MARGARET YARDE, as the hearty affectionate *Corinne* (*Adolphe's* old faithful cook); Miss FRANCES DOBLE as the beautiful incorrect *Sylvaine*; Miss BENITA HUME as the pert *Marianne*, and Miss MADELINE SEYMOUR as the devoted *Suzanne*, *Trebel's* fiercely-devoted spouse, kept the piece briskly moving. Mr. C. M. HALLARD (*M. Corton*) had merely to play an *obbligato* of explosive noises; Miss MARY MERRALL (*Juliette*) to be impossibly and unconvincingly embarrassed (not her fault this; the character simply couldn't stand up); and Mr. TRISTAN RAWSON (*Dr. Baudin*) to potter about and make pseudo-scientific passes at appropriate intervals.

A performance of which the parts were better than the whole. But I ask little better for an evening's entertainment than to watch Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS's incomparable resourcefulness of gesture, his exactly calculated emphasis, his diverting facial expression and his mischievous appreciation of unseemly situations, and am well content to leave my critical faculty in the cloakroom. T.

INVITATION TO SENATOR BORAH.

[It is now fairly well known that Lord DERBY is trying to induce Senator BORAH, the fundamentalist statesman and orator, to visit England during the autumn with the object of mitigating his extreme Anglophobia. It is not so well known that the invitation is being sent in the following remarkable form.]

WHITE-WINGED as the swan or the goose is,
Stretched taut as a living wire,
Whose voice is the voice of mooses,
Sunk deep in the heart of the mire;
Strong man from the open spaces,
From a world that knows not bars,
With the stripes about thee for braces,
And belted with stars!

Of the foam of the sea is our mother;
Oh, come to us over the brine,
Pale-faced, and thy spectacles, brother,
Horn-rimmed, and touching no wine;
Light-footed the lady Aurora
Shall lead thee to London, and thou
Mayst bless her or curse her, O BORAH,
But come, anyhow!

We are drunken with shame and with sorrow;
We are faint with the fume of unrest;
Come over, O BORAH, to-morrow,
Come over and stay as our guest!
We are sons of the night and the forest,
Sick-hearted and chattering shapes,
Our fathers were what thou abhorrest,
Our fathers were apes.

But a wonderful thing is pity,
And a lovelier thing than gold;
Be merciful, seeing our city
Is rotten and we are so old;
Come, fleet with the flush of a promise
To lift us in flames to the sky,
But don't be too hard on our Tommies
Sent out to Shanghai.

We shall feed thee on ices and peaches,
And the rose shall be strewn in thy path,
And a little respite from speeches
Shall come to thee during thy bath;
White-soul of the white may-blossom,
Bell-mouthed and feeding on gum,
With mercy, not hate, in thy bosom,
O Senator, come! EVOE.

"The following is the weather forecast for the next 24 years:—

LONDON, ENGLAND S.E., E., E. MID., and W. MID., IRELAND S.E. and S.W.—Cloudy; rain at times: visibility mainly moderate."
Provincial Paper.

A long shot; but, judging by experience, probably pretty accurate.

THE REFUGE OF SPRING.

(By our Traffic Expert.)

OF all the suggestions for reducing the number of accidents to pedestrians consequent on the introduction of one-way traffic in our streets, none is more arresting in its simplicity than that propounded by Sir FRANCIS SPRING in a recent issue of *The Times*. Sir FRANCIS's claims to a hearing are incontestable. Apart from his distinguished career as an engineer and administrator in India, he is a motorist with well over a hundred and fifty thousand miles to his credit, with only one collision, and has recently nearly been run over when in London.

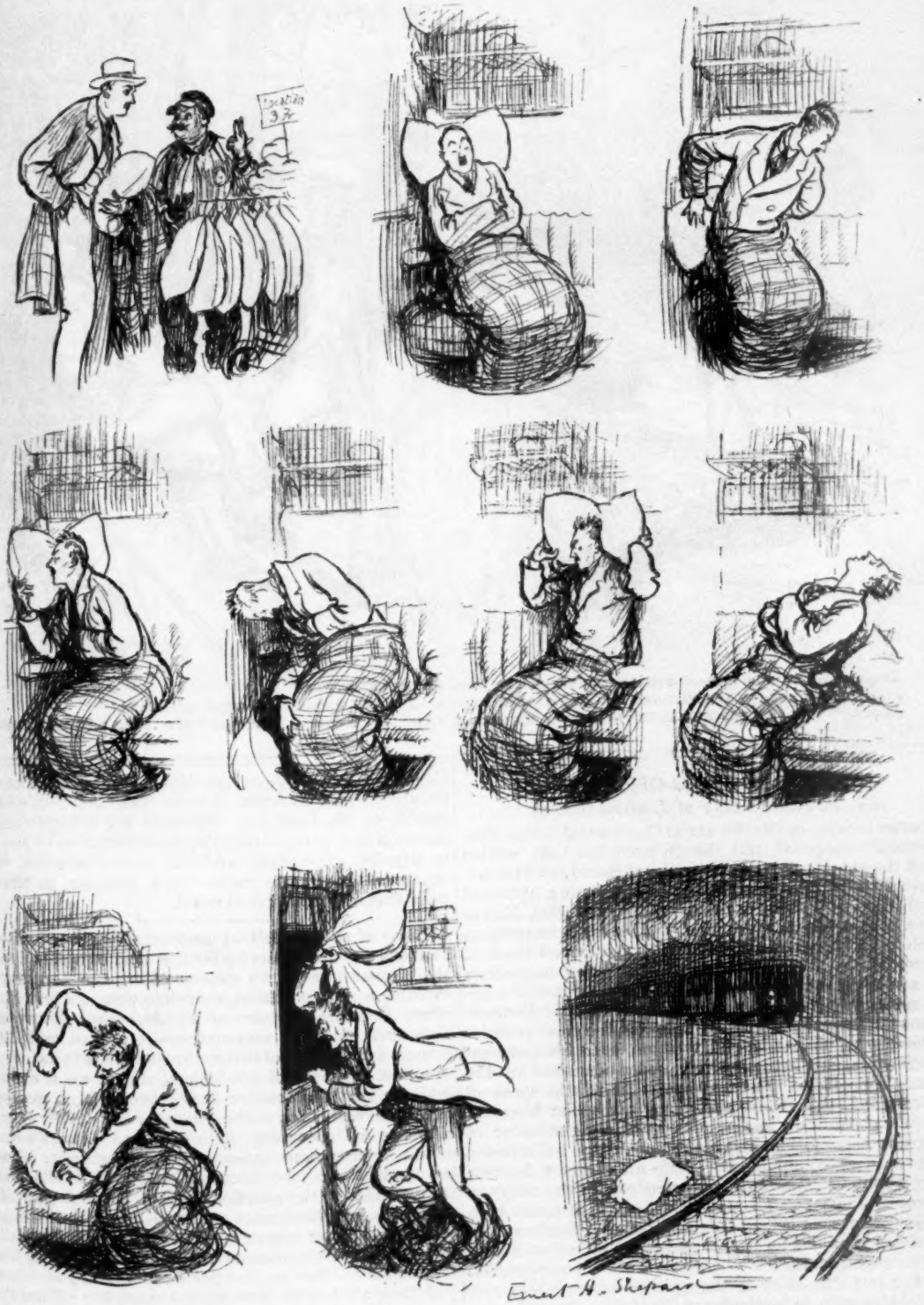
His suggestion is as follows: "Wherever the proper authorities think them to be needed in the one-way streets, let crossings 20 ft. or 30 ft. wide be marked out by the now familiar white lines. Half-way across each such crossing let a refuge, by preference roofed and painted a bright 'post-office red,' be erected."

On general grounds nothing could be better than this plan, which provides for the security of the pedestrian while adding to the number of "islands" which confer such a pleasing and archipelagic variety on the landscape of London. We are an "Island Race," and the scheme appeals at once to our humanity and to patriotic sentiment. But while the suggestion is to be welcomed, its limitations cannot be overlooked. The sketch of these refuges is forbidding in its bleak and unfurnished equipment. Why should a roof be optional? Why should they be constructed on the level of comfort of a waiting-room at a wayside railway-station? The harassed pedestrian needs more than a "refuge" where he can rest and collect his thoughts and regain his mental poise before completing his perilous transit. He should be provided with a seat, with facilities for obtaining light refreshment, with books of reference—including a cross-word dictionary—a wireless set and of course a telephone. But the amenities of the building should surpass those of a mere kiosk. It should have two or more storeys, and the upper floors might be profitably let as shops.

On one point, moreover, I find myself in acute divergence from Sir FRANCIS SPRING—his desire that the refuges should be painted a "bright post-office red." To give them a tendencious political pigmentation would be, I think, a deplorable mistake at the present juncture.

"UNIONIST LIVERPOOL.
REPLY TO REVOLTING M.P.'s."
Newspaper Headlines.

Come, come.



THE ELUSIVE PILLOW.



Keeper. "WASNA YON A GRAN' SERMON THE MEENISTER GIED US YESTERDAY, SIR?"
Fisher. "TOO MUCH ABOUT DOCTRINE AND DOGMA IN IT FOR ME. DID YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT HE MEANT?"
Keeper. "WEEL, HE WAS EXPLAININ' THAT WHAT HE THOCHT RICHT WAS DOCTRINE, AND WHAT THE ITHER YINS THOCHT RICHT WAS JUIST DOGMA."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE is more continuity about Continental fiction than is generally supposed, and, though much has been written about the epoch-making peculiarities of Herr LION FEUCHTWANGER'S *Jew Süss* (SECKER), this interesting historical novel, now very ably translated by Mr. and Mrs. EDWIN MUIR, strikes me as little more (and in some respects as much less) than a scion of the sturdy and fecund stock of VICTOR HUGO. As has been pointed out before, naturalism is a sort of deficiency disease of romanticism, and, though the romantic HUGO and the mainly naturalistic FEUCHTWANGER have easily discernible affinities, the great qualities of the former, his passion, his lyricism, even his technical effectiveness, are comparatively under-nourished in the latter. Like HUGO, FEUCHTWANGER has little sense of humour, and, though an alert irony saves him from the master's absurdities, it also acts as a non-conductor of sympathy between him and his readers. One enthusiasm, however, does communicate itself—an abstract fervour, never wholly or satisfactorily incarnated, for the religious essence of Judaism. To read *Jew Süss* is to listen to a carillon of cracked bells. One bell alone is flawless, and you strain your ears for the single perfect note that in the book's magnificent close tolls like a knell unaccompanied. For the rest, the story is the epic of every showy and cynical renegade, in particular of *Josef Süss Oppenheimer*, financial monitor and pandar to an eighteenth-century German princeling. Three communities, the Court, the Commons and the Jews, are depicted in their actions and reactions, with a dozen figures from the first and last classes in the limelight. Allowing for idiosyncracies of selection and perspective, the documentation of the book is signally convincing, and its characterisation, where expressed in attitude rather than analysis, in the best traditions of the historical novel.

Those of us who felt—I undoubtedly did myself—that FRANCES TROLLOPE was by far the most engaging figure in Mr. MICHAEL SADLEIR'S memoir of her son ANTHONY will welcome a reprint of that invincible woman's first literary effort, *Domestic Manners of the Americans* (ROUTLEDGE). This once notorious masterpiece—it excited in 1832 the interest and obloquy of two continents—was in its inception the most innocent of pot-boilers; and there is abundant evidence that the *bouillon* that provoked such queasy reactions on both sides of the Atlantic was carefully skimmed of malice and inaccuracy. It is of course MARTHA'S version of the American *ménage*—a consciously superior MARTHA, too cumbered with much serving in a sordid Middle-West to see two sides of the question. From her first view of the mudbanks, giant bulrushes and crocodiles of the Mississippi to her last bitter invective against American "equality" Mrs. TROLLOPE'S comments are an advance echo of *Martin Chuzzlewit's*. She too has her colonels and generals who pick their teeth with their clasp-knives, her "Eden City" populated by dupes and depopulated by ague. In Cincinnati itself (whither her husband had sent her as the pioneer of English commerce) prudery rendered it impossible to

mention a shirt; plays were forbidden and cards unlawful. Yet "the republican indulgence for fancy religions" was responsible for orgies so sensational that "the coarsest comedy ever written would be a less detestable exhibition." Although Mrs. TROLLOPE's methods are amusingly those of the modern publicist, and the success she met with was comically of the same quality, her sole avowed object was to increase her countrymen's satisfaction in the blessings of their own constitution. Her book well deserves its second lease of life, and more than fulfils the expectations aroused by Mr. SADLEIR's admirable introduction.

Sir Pompey and Madame Juno (CAPE)
Provides a nondescript collection
Of tales of rather sketchy shape
And rather lacking in direction;
They deal with varied human traits,
Bizarre, pedestrian, distressing,
And do it, on the whole, in ways
That leave you in the throes of guessing.

We find among them ultra-bold
And ultra-dull and ultra-shy men,
And folk who cavil at the old
Conventionalities of Hymen;
They're skilfully conceived, though some
Are slightly difficult to swallow,
And some strike notes of hum and drum
Which ring at best a trifle hollow.

But all on close acquaintance prove
Somewhat unreal and elusive
Because the tales in which they move
Are not sufficiently conclusive;
And MARTIN ARMSTRONG ought, I feel,
To find his offspring situations
Which give them chances to reveal
That they are flesh-and-blood creations.



Charlady. "YOU *don't* SAY THE ACADEMY 'S TAKEN YOUR PICKCHER OF ME, SIR?"
Artist. "RATHER—AND HUNG IT VERY WELL TOO."
Charlady. "FANCY THAT, NOW! I DIDN'T THINK I 'AD IT IN ME."

A Man Beset (CAPE) is Mr. JOHN CARRUTHERS' third novel, and "admirers of Mr. Carruthers' work," says his publisher, "will not be disappointed." But disappointment depends upon expectation, and I expected much of an author whose second novel, *Adam's Daughter*, was so much better than his first. Up to a point my expectations were realised. *Andrew Cardonald*, the son of a Scottish farmer, is admirably presented in the early chapters of the book as a morbidly introspective youth with a bad ancestry in the matter of sensuality and drink. So ill-balanced was he that his years of adolescence were a series of oscillations between lapses, real and imaginary, and long repentances. So far, good; but then the young *Andrew* went to Glasgow to study for the ministry and there met *Mrs. Swan-Cameron*, with results as unfortunate, I think, for Mr. CARRUTHERS' admirers as for *Andrew* himself. Caught momentarily in the toils of a scheming woman twelve years his senior, *Andrew* felt bound in honour to offer her marriage. Not only that, but, being refused, he informed her that he would always regard himself as married to her. *Andrew* was by no means a young innocent; he knew far more of the "world" than most men of his years, and I refuse to believe that he could have acted so preposterously. For me it was the turning-point of the book. From Glasgow *Andrew* went to Oxford, an event so little regarded by the author as to be dismissed in a single paragraph. After that came schoolmastering, a term of imprisonment following a drunken bout, and finally rehabilitation under an assumed name in China, where he marries the daughter of a missionary. Perhaps I expected too much of Mr. CARRUTHERS; certainly I was disappointed.

It is not the fault of Miss ADELAIDE EDEN PHILLPOTTS, talented daughter of a gifted sire, if the Czech people whom she depicts in *Tomek the Sculptor* (THORNTON BUTTERWORTH) are an inconclusive and fatalistic race, at once obstinate and impulsive, and never getting anywhere; but these qualities are difficult to mould into a satisfactory novel. Although *Josef Tomek*, born of a family rooted in the land, so far outshone his rather disagreeable relatives as to become a sculptor of some renown, he was so perpetually subject to caprice and so helplessly swayed by passion that he fell over himself, so to speak, at every turn. The story of *Tomek* is indeed the

story of the drifting of a Bohemian peasant lad into one gloomy entanglement after another. He failed to win the aristocratic maiden upon whom he set his youthful affections; he deserted his mistress, and he married another lady, upon which occasion "it surprised him that he could love two women with all his heart at the same time," as perhaps it may surprise the reader. Presented with the uncompromising realism associated with the Russian novelists is the half-Russian, half-Polish fanatic, *Nicolay Polikowsky*, who adds the touch of hopelessness which is apparently inseparable from the Slav temperament, and to which the English reader is apt to be antipathetic. Nevertheless Miss PHILLPOTTS' readers will recognise that she has what *Tomek's* master in the art of sculpture called "the idea," and that her treatment of it manifests an ability which promises a higher accomplishment.

Chandu (FISHER UNWIN) means opium, and is the title that Mr. OWEN RUTTER has chosen for his second novel dealing, as the publisher says, with the East as it really is. Whether this vision of the East is imaginary or real, it is at any rate very readable. The story begins with the appointment of one *Simon Baird* to the snug billet of Commissioner of the Opium Monopoly in Port Malaya, an appointment that is received at the Club with a good deal of grousing from the older men who have been passed over. But *Baird* has a loyal and stalwart friend in the person of *Jack Penruddock*, Inspector of Customs, commonly known as *Penn*, who is exceptionally skilful at flicking the ends of his cigarettes out of the window and possesses a quiet voice and level eyebrows and a vain, fluffy little wife called *Dulcie*. To *Penn's* household comes out from home one *Judith Rushbrooke*, recently escaped from a drunken husband. She was tall, slender and completely graceful, "with the natural grace of moving water or of a drifting cloud." Also she had great grey eyes and thin lips, that seemed to *Penn*, that trained observer, as if they showed weakness. It was his whim to study faces, and he was seldom wrong—except perhaps in the unfortunate case of his Chinese boy, *Wang*, who had been "planted" in his house for the express purpose of assisting the opium-smugglers of the colony. *Wang* is employed by *Judith* to procure opium, for she is an "addict," and on the strength of this he presumes and is cast out. Then *Judith* is driven to *Simon*, who helps her unwittingly at first, and later discovers her secret and nobly sacrifices himself to cure the craving. I dare say the East is rather like this—sometimes.



Little Girl (catching sight of electrician at work). "MUMMY, ISN'T THAT GENTLEMAN RATHER OLD TO HAVE A PLAY-PEN?"

Dr. Thorndyke maintains his form in the book of short stories which Mr. R. AUSTIN FREEMAN has called *The Magic Casket* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). Here the celebrated sleuth has nine problems to solve, and he not only solves them but maintains in the process his attitude of lenient consideration towards those who work with him. I am inclined to emphasize this latter point, because the famous detectives of fiction are apt to become provokingly condescending to their friends and subordinates. But *Thorndyke* gives himself no airs, and that is at any rate partly the reason why I take delight to follow him in his amazing researches. Perhaps one or two of these stories, notably "Gleanings from the Wreckage," are unnecessarily gruesome, but taken as a collection they offer good entertainment. And in one of them I was able to anticipate the solution, an act of grace on the part of Mr. FREEMAN which left me with an exalted (and quite unjustifiable) opinion of my own intelligence. I commend this flattering device to all writers of detective fiction.

Miss BEATRICE GRIMSHAW'S island romance, *The Wreck of the "Redwing"* (HURST AND BLACKETT), is marked by a refreshing disregard of the usually accepted conventions of South Sea fiction, a quality which manifests itself not only in such features as local colour—for which Miss GRIMSHAW is able to draw with admirable effect upon her own store of first-hand observation—but also in her excellently-contrived plot and, with one exception, the characters concerned in its development. The exception—incidentally by far the least convincing figure in the whole story—is the arch-villain of the piece, a personage for whom, despite his extremely unpleasing habits, I cannot help feeling a certain degree of sneaking sympathy. Anyone whose godfathers and godmothers have been so unfeeling as to label him with such a name as *Herod* can, after all, hardly be blamed if he does his best, when the time comes, to live up to it.

The Slip-Coach (ARNOLD) is my first introduction to Mr. C. E. BAINES as a writer of sensational fiction, and I hail his promise to become a master of his craft. He contrives a murder neatly, and the web of mystery that he weaves about it entangled me inextricably in its meshes. And I was attracted by the man on whose shoulders fell the onus of defeating the criminals—a pleasant fellow with a mind and methods of his own. But as the plot developed I found that Mr. BAINES had overcrowded his stage with villains; also that he had laid himself out to dope his readers with draughts of coincidence so potent that I suspected him of wearing his tongue in his cheek. Having stated my complaint and suspicion, I will add that as soon as Mr. BAINES writes his next thriller I propose to seek in it an anodyne for the cares of this world.

Notes on Spring Cleaning.

"SIR,—In a district like this, in which feudalism still reigns, there is nothing remarkable in its chairman trying to whitewash things by the old dodge of drawing a red herring across the trail."
Daily Paper.

CHARIVARIA.

MR. CHURCHILL, at the Academy Banquet, remarked on the good fortune of artists in having their daily work associated with graceful forms. Surely he wasn't referring to Schedule D.

* * *

Now that it is officially reported that kippers are often dyed, we shall carefully examine our salmon in future for traces of lipstick.

* * *

Fewer meals were served in the House of Commons' refreshment-rooms last year than during the previous year. We trust that our legislators are not going off their feed.

* * *

Discussing British Parliamentary procedure, Mr. V. J. PATEL, the Speaker of the Indian Legislative Council, said that in India they had no JACK JONES. Well, they can't have ours, as we want to keep him as a pet.

* * *

Mr. JACK JONES, by the way, is the Member for Silvertown, not Silvertongue.

* * *

Mr. G. B. SHAW declares that he needs the prayers of all the Churches. It is hoped that the date of SHAW Sunday will shortly be agreed upon.

* * *

Although a *Daily Mail* reader has complained of being awakened early in the morning by cuckoos, it is not thought that a campaign of extermination will be waged against a bird that has been so useful to the Press.

* * *

Mr. Justice SWIFT commented in the courts last week on the risks run by spectators on golf-courses. A very good safeguard is to stuff cotton-wool in the ears.

* * *

A man is reported to have spent a thousand pounds in one night in a New York night-club. Many Americans start in a small way like that and then work up.

* * *

Mr. BINGLEY, the Marylebone magistrate, has pointed out that the husband is the head of the house. So now you know why so many women were smiling last week.

* * *

The film-star who has married a handsome prince is believed to have been influenced by the movies.

* * *

During the debate on the Trade Union Bill in the House of Commons, Mr. T. GRIFFITHS is reported to have said the Conservatives were "wasters, thieves, robbers, rotters, liars and blackguards." Do we understand that the Honourable Member for Pontypool is hinting that there is something about the Conservative Party he doesn't like?

* * *

A manufacturer has announced the invention of an indestructible collar. It is not known what laundry workers will say about this unwarrantable reflection upon their capability and determination.

* * *

An American lawyer states that So-



Maid. "BUT I THOUGHT YOU WAS QUITE COMFY HERE?"
Cook. "I AM. BUT I THINK THERE 'S SOME CURSE ON THE PLACE. EVERY 'ORSE I 'VE BACKED SINCE I CAME 'ERE 'AS GONE DOWN."

CRATES was wrongfully accused, and suggests an investigation. It is satisfactory to know that no blame whatever attaches to Scotland Yard.

* * *

A gentleman from Athens was recently awarded £6,750 damages because his wife was enticed away by her parents. When Greek joins Greek it costs a good deal to separate them.

* * *

Mr. STACEY AUMONIER says he would rather be a cricketer who scored centuries than the author of a best-seller. Naturally. The former gets ever so much more per thousand words.

* * *

"Is the Wembley stadium to be used for nothing except one football match a year?" asks a writer. We suppose there's no possibility of holding the final of the Chinese war there.

* * *

A portable school for two hundred children is to be built at Romford. Many small boys bitterly complain that the thing will probably follow them about.

* * *

The wives of the New South Wales Rugby team that is to visit this country next winter will not be allowed to accompany them. But we suppose there's nothing to prevent the ladies from forming a team of their own to tour the London drapery stores and meet English shoppers in more or less friendly scrums.

* * *

There is stated to have been a great increase in the newspaper-reading habit since the War. The War gets blamed for everything.

* * *

A record for the Divorce Court was created the other day when cases were disposed of at the rate of six minutes apiece, and it is thought that a speeding-up of wedding ceremonies will be necessary to keep pace.

* * *

A large number of motorists took part in the pursuit of an escaped monkey in Kent. Until motor-cars are better able to climb, however, it is not likely that the ordinary type of pedestrian will be superseded.

* * *

At Geneva a violin contest has been held in the dark. Violinists of the old school believe in not drawing bow till they can see the whites of their opponents' eyes.

* * *

The fire that destroyed two railway-vans full of newspapers, among which were numbers of copies of *The Daily Herald*, is ascribed to some inflammatory matter in the body of our red contemporary.

* * *

Now that a letter has appeared in *The Times* advocating that the height of the stumps should be raised, the cricket season may be said to be in full swing.

* * *

Mount Lassen, which has been in eruption, is described as the only volcano in the United States. It may be remembered that a Chicago millionaire's offer to purchase Vesuvius for removal to his lake-side estate was not entertained.

LABOUR'S SELF-DENYING ORDINANCE.

[It is reported that, by way of repartee to the Trade Unions Bill, members of the Labour Party are to conspire to take a six-months' vow of abstinence from alcohol and tobacco, with the idea of reducing the revenue derived from these luxuries.]

If ever—and I see no such
  Intention lurking in my soul—
I should forbid myself to touch
  Tobacco and the flowing bowl,
I would not take this vow of pain
  For Labour's reasons (oh, how odd
    it is
That they should thus *en bloc* abstain
  For six full moons from these com-
    modities!);—

Not to annoy my natural foes
  Such abstinence would I embrace;
I 'd never mutilate my nose
  To spite another party's face;
Let others choose this way to slake
  A lust for furthering silly quarrels,
I 'd do it for my health's pure sake
  Or to ameliorate my morals.

Some satisfaction, I confess,
  Might incidentally accrue
Out of the thought of paying less
  Tribute to WINSTON's revenue;
But, if he found the source run dry
  From which the penalties of sin come,
This slump would soon be balanced by
  A heavier raid upon my income.

Meanwhile his best self might be moved
  (Waiving his coffer's loss of cash)
With joy to see me so improved
  In point of general tone and dash;
Or, at his worst, if he espied
  A purpose open to suspicion,
His ribald laughter would deride
  The pangs of home-made Prohibition.

O. S.

PERSEUS THE PEDOMETER.

[NOTE.—The author denies all knowledge of any pedometer on the market bearing this name, which is his own brilliant invention.]

WHEN I first saw Perseus in a shop window he had with him a ticket which said, "Do you want to know how far you walk in a day?" I didn't in the least want to be told anything so fatiguing as that, but, having just had a very good lunch at someone else's expense, I felt genial and matey towards all the world. So I went into the shop, just to ask the man how it was all done, and to bring a little happiness into his life by showing him that people were thinking of him.

The shopman seemed quite pleased at my purely academical interest in the subject and explained all about Perseus. I forgot most of it as soon as he 'd finished, with the exception of the fact that you apparently put Perseus in your pocket or hung him on the turn-up of your trousers, and at the end of the day he told you how many miles you had walked. I thanked the man very much and again made it quite clear that I hadn't come to buy Perseus, only to learn about him. The man bowed, expressed a complete understanding of my motives and sold Perseus to me.

I went out and walked up and down Bond Street for over an hour to give Perseus a trial trip. My walking, however, had but little effect on him. He scoffed at it, and made it a bare quarter-of-a-mile. "Call that a *walk*?" he said, as clearly as I have ever heard a pedometer speak. "I call that a turn round the backyard."

I took him back and explained to the man that Perseus had probably come from some nomadic tribe and had ideas on walking that were rather above me. The man merely laughed. He told me I hadn't adjusted Perseus to my pace. Perseus worked by means of a little device in his inside which clicked every time one took a step, and so he had to be set in tune with his owner. One had to walk a measured mile, it seemed, at one's ordinary pace and adjust Perseus till he made it a mile too. Heaven knows whose pace Perseus had previously been set to, a lady of the hobble-skirt period, I should think.

Setting Perseus was a long business. In the first place there are very few measured miles in London, and certainly none that one is able to do at a steady pace throughout. One meets friends and gets tied up with shop-window-gazing parties or caught in the traffic and so on. Once it came on to rain and I took a taxi, about which Perseus was frightfully scornful.

Eventually I took a train out to where I was told by a friend who has been in the country that there are milestones. I selected two nice ones and started training Perseus up to his job by walking back and forth at a regular pace between them and adjusting him to "Fast" or "Slow," each time according to his reading. My results were as follows:—

First mile . . Perseus reads 400 yards.
NOTE.—*Hobble-skirt influence still strong.*
Second mile . Perseus reads 1⅔ miles.
NOTE.—*The adjusting lever is apparently more powerful than I thought.*
Third mile . . Perseus reads ⅔ mile.
Fourth mile . Perseus reads 1¼ miles.
NOTE.—*A good bracket now established.*
Fifth mile . . Perseus reads 1 mile.
NOTE.—*Unprintable.*

because at this point I discovered that I had been using not *two* milestones but *one* milestone and *one* county boundary-stone, the second milestone being a good three hundred yards further on round the corner. The above therefore should be termed false miles and, while useful from the point of view of healthy exercise, general interest and practice in adjusting Perseus, are of no practical value whatever. My next readings were as under:—

First true mile . Perseus reads 1¼ miles.
NOTE.—*False mile reading.*
Second true mile Perseus reads 1¼ miles.
NOTE.—*Stupid error in working adjusting lever owing to fatigue.*
Third true mile . Reading incredible and unreliable owing to a combination of the lunch-hour and the Chequers Inn, which happened to lie between my two milestones.
Fourth true mile Perseus reads 2¼ miles.
NOTE.—*Effect of lunch?*
Fifth true mile . Perseus reads 1 mile.
NOTE.—*Triumph!*

After Perseus' day in the country I did not use him for a good while. I seemed somehow to have lost my taste for walking. At the end of a week, however, Perseus was regarding me so cynically from my dressing-table that I had to do something, and so I started to wear him regularly.

I wore him regularly for twelve days, and he told me exactly how many miles I had done each day. I kept a record of it, and it was very interesting. I found, though, that mileage varied so much that I had to keep a remarks column as well. Here is my record:—

Day.	*Mileage.*	*Remarks.*
Tuesday .	5½	Normal.
Wednesday .	½	Rain.
Thursday .	10¼	Dance at Duchess Rooms.
Friday . .	19¾	Do. do. (with Charleston).
Saturday .	¼	Country walk.
Sunday .	¼	Sunday.
Monday .	25	Search for friend in War Office.
Tuesday .	0	Forgot to wear him.
Wednesday	37	Unaccountable.
Thursday .	42	High mileage discovered to be due to bad cold. Every time I sneeze or blow my nose I find Perseus makes over 200 yards out of it.
Friday . .	57½	Cold worse.
Saturday .	52	Spent day in bed, but cold still bad.

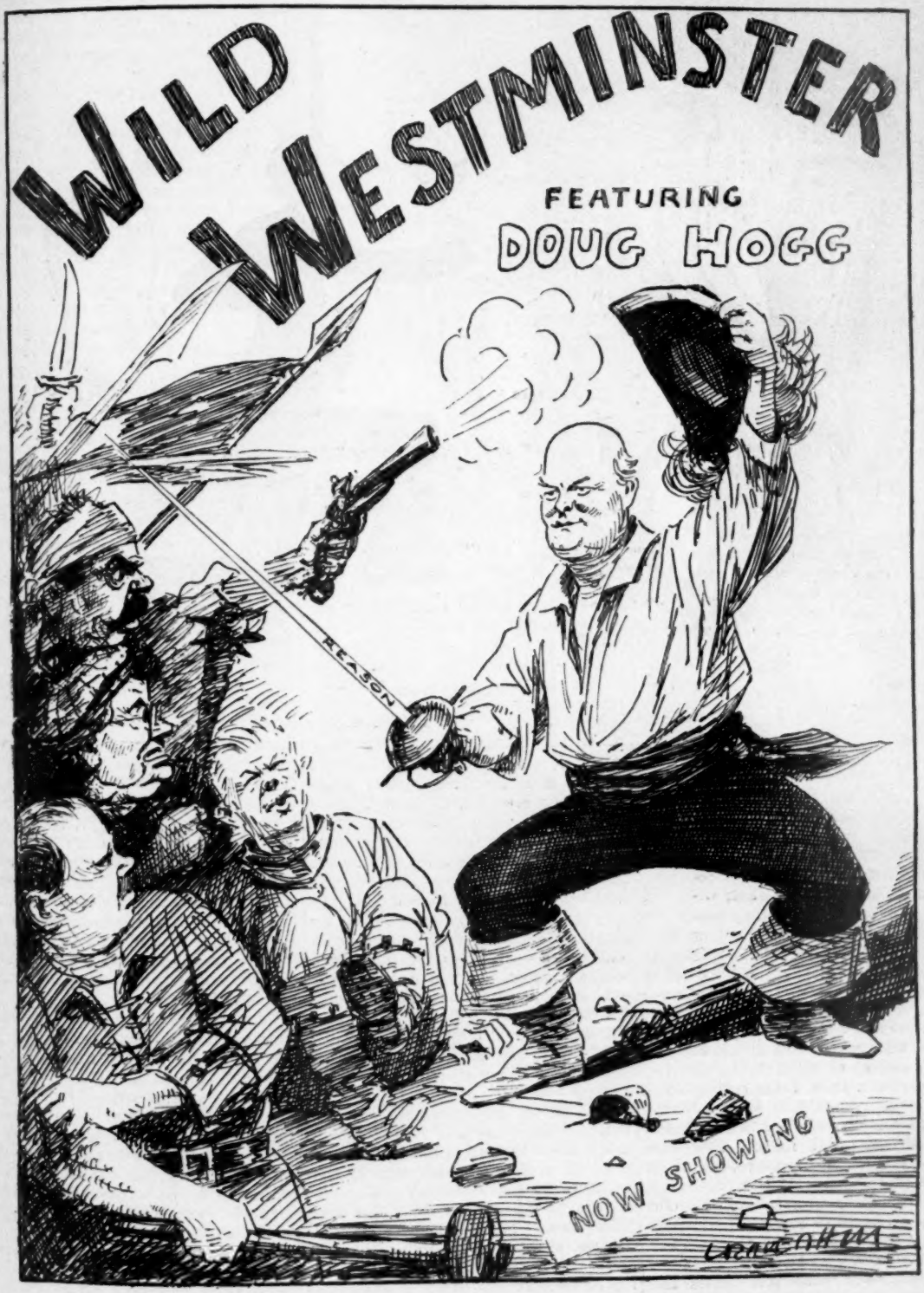
This last entry shook me so much that I felt I could not cope with Perseus any longer. After all, if one can lie in bed and yet do fifty-two miles, the foundations of one's whole life are being struck at. So I have given Perseus away. On the occasion of the next London-Brighton walk he is to be Consolation Prize for the last man in.

A. A.

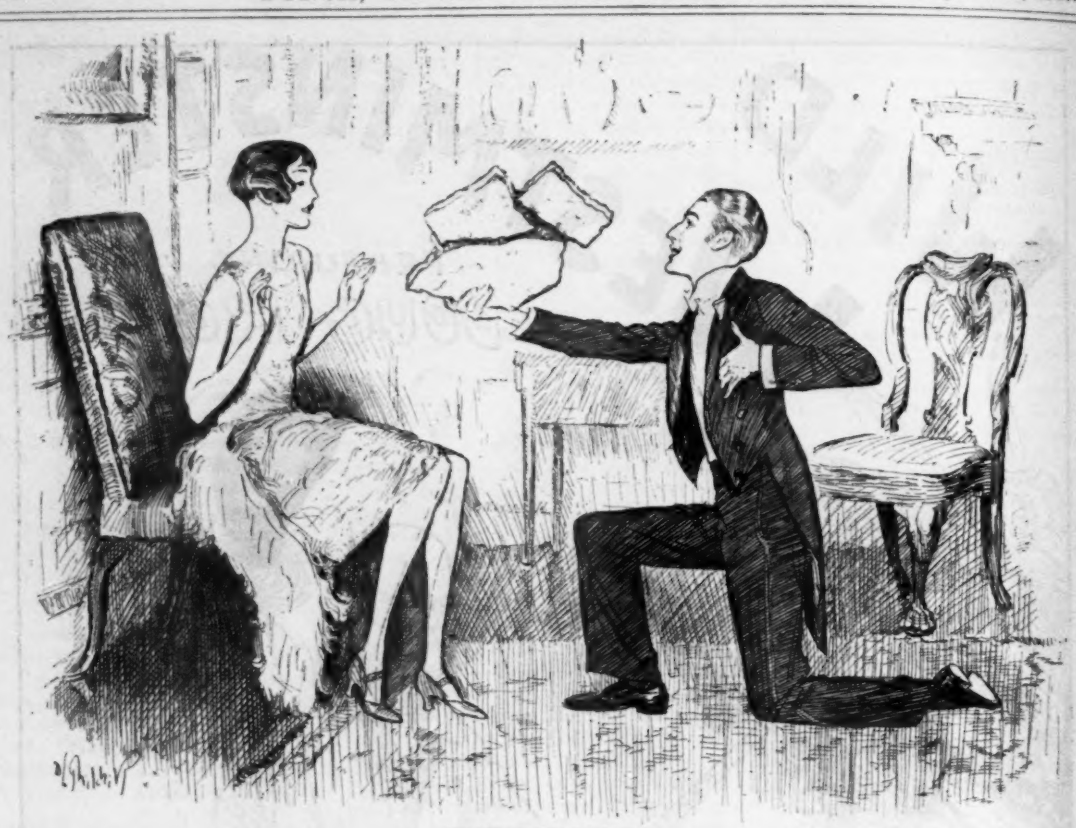
Popular Amusements in Scotland.

"Lochend is the left wing of Portobello, and until its transplanted population can rise above the parish pump it will go on helping the Socialists to shout for the moon."
Scotch Paper.

"Wanted, Gobbler, at once.—Fox, —— Farm."—*Advt. in East Anglian Paper.*
The gobbler: "Thank you, Mr. Fox, but in vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird."



THE INVULNERABLE CHERUB.



THE BOUQUET.

CURIOUS EFFECT OF THE CULT OF THE ALL-STONE GARDEN.

LITTLE TALKS.

THE LECTURE.

"WELL, Dad, what is it, Mum said you wanted me, I suppose I'm in for another lecture,—is that it?—you're looking like a low note on the saxophone, darling, that's a sure sign, well, out with it, Dad, and be matey about it, do, I'll sit on your knee, then you can give it me between the eyes, can't you, darling, well, what's the Great War about? Tommy's party, I suppose, I thought there might be words about that, but don't you turn on the Modern Girl, Dad, because I shall just dissolve into a swamp of girlish tears, and you know what a sight I am crying, don't you, that record's a dud, anyhow, the Modern Girl, my dear, it's *mildewed*, the Modern Girl indeed, how dare you sit there and lecture me about the Modern Girl? I know one thing, if Mum hadn't been a Modern Girl you'd never have married her, would you, old rip? There wasn't much JANE AUSTEN about you two, I know you, you and your shrubberies and masks and things, I call it indecent, so don't say another word about that, will you, darling, because I couldn't bear it, what's all the *agitato* about this party, anyhow, I know I came home with 'now the rosy dawn appearing,' but what's the matter with the dawn, darling, I always thought the dawn was absolutely It with an intellectual like you, Dad, the only two bits of poitry I know are all about the mouldy dawn, didn't you and Mum get up and see the dawn, Dad, well, we sit up and see it, that's the only difference, but it's the old story, if a man sees the dawn it's poitry, and if a woman sees it it's the Modern Girl, but if you'd ever seen Ludgate Hill at dawn you'd have stayed up yourself, darling—so that's enough of that.

"As for the party, well of course we went to the Colts and Fillies, where else is there to go to, and how was I to know it would be raided, who in the world would *think* of raiding such a club, my dear, it's like the British Museum, they *simply* talk of nothing but the Drama, and not so much as a cup of cocoa after eleven o'clock, well, then the raid began, and really it was quite a relief, because my head was simply splitting with IBSEN and SHAW and all those perfectly *contagious* people in Czecko-Slo-what-is-it, of course half the policemen had been there for hours, behaving *too* disgustingly, and if you call that English I don't, I mean, crawling into a perfectly highbrow club in sheep's clothing and dickies and everything, and ordering vodka after hours, just *goading* people into sin, that's all it is, and, if you ask me, they ought to be prosecuted. so don't you stand up for them, darling, or I shall just cut you out of my life.

"And it's not true that Tommy knocked the Inspector down, all he did was to make a gesture of absolute loathing, and the man fell down—simply a gesture, darling, that was all, and I know what I'm talking about, because at the time I was blowing a squeaker at the beetle and saw everything—the beetle, dear, the detective, you know, yes, I just wanted to make *that* clear before you say any more, well, then the toads took our names and addresses, but you don't suppose I gave them your address, really, darling, you don't trust me at all, I just said, 'Megan Lloyd George, Wales,' and after that I had the man crawling, positively *genuflected*,

so you needn't worry about *that*, need you, darling, I mean, *whenever* I have the smallest trouble with the police I always tell everyone 'Father's a judge of the High Court, and you *must* keep his name out of the papers,' so that was all right.

"Well, that was really all—only of course Toots was rather tiresome—Toots, darling, Toots Fortescue, because he would insist on being arrested, and it took the whole of Scotland Yard to prevent him, a great pity he wasn't arrested, I thought, because he totally *devastated* the rest of the night, you see. After that we were so utterly *saturated* with everything that we simply had to take an airing in Tommy's bus, and of course Toots *would* bring all the balloons and all the streamers and simply snowed them over Fleet Street at about sixty miles an hour, which was too much on a Sunday morning, as I told Tommy—wasn't I right, darling?—so I daresay, if you were to go down Fleet Street now, you'd find the *Daily Telegraph* simply *inundated* with balloons and streamers, and Hermione sang 'Brown Girl, I love you' all the way up Ludgate Hill, well, that sort of thing takes all the pleasure out of a party, don't you think, Dad, though I must say St. Paul's looks utterly *captivating* when there are no foul City men about, not that I got much pleasure out of the party, I shouldn't have gone only I took a bad knock—yesterday—a knock, darling—perhaps you don't know about that, no, I haven't told anyone, well, Harry Freemantle has picked another doe—he's clicked elsewhere, he's connected, O Lord, darling, he's engaged, he's plighted—now do you get me? No, it's all right, Dad, there's nothing in it, my own fault, I expect, but still I *had* sort of, well, expectations, so to speak, silly of me, I'm not squealing, but you do see, don't you, how I simply had to go out and detonate somewhere after that, if only to show I didn't care two hoots, and, after all, it's much better than exploding in the home, isn't it, darling?

"So you see, darling, that's why I got Tommy to throw a party, and there you are, Tommy's a lamb, don't think I'm blaming you, Dad, but perhaps, if you'd known that, you wouldn't have dragged me up here and lectured me on a Sunday morning, I'm late for church as it is, and I've nothing for the plate, have you a sixpence, darling, I never have a sou, and that reminds me—everybody agrees that my allowance is absolutely *penurious*, darling, I daresay you've noticed I haven't a *fragment* of anything to wear, and what I have got is *centuries* old, all my hats ought to be in a mausoleum, really, darling, I might be a spinster or married or something, don't think I mind for myself, Dad, I'd just as soon go about like A Present from Surbiton, but it's you I'm thinking of. I do hate not doing you credit, see, darling, you being a Judge and all that, and of course, if I hadn't looked like the very first Ford, perhaps Harry Freemantle—no, never mind that, but, if you *could* manage the *flimsiest* little extra, say another fifty pounds, darling—— Well, that's too flower-like of you, Dad, there's a kiss for you, and perhaps a tiny cheque on account, do you think, Dad, you're an archangel, there's another, well, now you're not to say another word or I know I shall miss some simply *pulverising* sermon, good-bye, darling, be good, oh, you'll have the cheque ready, won't you, because if it's at all possible we've promised to bail Toots out some time to-day, O gosh, I forgot to tell you Toots *was* arrested after all, you're not shocked, are you, darling, because deep down we've all got hearts of precious gold, and as for me, I'm a perfect pansy of a girl! Ta-ta!"

A. P. H.



Wife. "HARRY, HAVE THE BROWNS BOUGHT A CAR—OR A DOG? I CAN'T QUITE MAKE OUT WHETHER THEY'RE PUTTING UP A GARAGE OR A KENNEL."

THE NEWEST VINTAGE:

OR, GOOD WINE NEEDS NO PUSH.

IT has fallen to me to write the preliminary puff for a *feuilleton*, and I feel I cannot do better than to take a leaf out of Lord BEAVERBROOK's sprightly little brochure which drew attention in advance to Miss ETHEL M. DELL's serial in *The Evening Standard*.

* * * * *

Beginning by a bold use of some of Lord BEAVERBROOK's asterisks, I will proceed like him to make it quite clear (in case you didn't know) that a serial is actually a real novel published persistently in parts day after day, week after week, in a newspaper until in the end it comes to a finish.

* * * * *

The Editor of *The Evening Burgee* told me that he had given the largest price ever paid for a serial. The author is a consummate artist, Miss Gertrude Splurge, and the price is five thousand pounds. That is to say, if we regard the punctuation as free, this price works out at about a shilling a word. The point I am trying to make, of course, is not that Miss Splurge saw my editor coming, but that, when *The Evening Burgee* provides a treat for its readers, it does so "regardless." Besides, Miss Splurge will probably get double this amount from some American editor, for, I repeat, she is a consummate artist. In one way and another her total receipt should be ten shillings a word, an interesting payment which overwhelms any delicacy about discussing a lady's income in public.

Before commencing publicity operations I read Miss Splurge's work personally. It made an indelible impression upon me, and the steady flow of her golden sentences aroused indescribable emotions. I see no reason why she should not be compared with WILKIE COLLINS, except that his word-value was the mere equivalent of the rate for inland telegrams. I think that everybody ought to read Miss Splurge's novel in *The Evening Burgee*, and I can truthfully recommend it as a clean wholesome story which no modern girl need fear to place in the hands of her father.

NO FLOWERS, BY REQUEST.

By

GERTRUDE SPLURGE.

Meggy Cusgrave, at eighteen, realises that the future is uncertain, and that only by great circumspection can she go straight on.

Sir James Cusgrave, her father, has won great renown in India in the Permanent-Way Department. But laurels are baubles to him. He works to forget, for he has an inward sorrow and his heart is an aching void.

Ned Hattrick at forty-five is as full of energy as when he was "The Shield" in *The Sure and Certain Shield*. His face is now more like granite than ever, his hair has almost disappeared, his arm completely so.

Joel Mundham—*Joel the Paladin*—used to help *Meggy* with her algebra in an earlier novel.

AN OCEAN OF TROUBLES.

The great ship was beginning to move. There was a throb of unseen power under Meggy's feet. They were casting off the last gangway.

NO FLOWERS, BY REQUEST, is prefaced by this dedication:

I dedicate this book as a token of my gratitude to those who are about to read it.

There was a lightning embrace from Ned.

"You're off, darling," he said—"you're off now. Good-bye."

As the ship moved away the distance from the shore widened. The gulf became a sheet of water. The figures on the quay grew smaller to Meggy.

Excluding translations, the sales of Miss GERTRUDE SPLURGE's books in her original English versions amount to 9,112,007 copies.

At last, blinded by tears and feeling dizzy, Meggy drew back from the rail. Someone standing close to her touched her arm. It was Willie Douglas, the kindly Willie Douglas, who had been there all the time.

MILESTONES TO FORTUNE.

GERTRUDE SPLURGE, whose sales are in the region of 10,000,000 copies, published her first best-seller, *The Sure and Certain Shield*, in 1908. Since then she has done it again every year, and her sensations could best be appreciated by anyone who has drawn the winning ticket in the Calcutta Sweep for several years in succession.

"I see you have been waving them good-bye," he said gaily.

She took his protecting arm without a word. She liked the look of him and his round boyish face.

OLD FAVOURITES.

Pleasurable anticipation will be heightened by the knowledge that many of the characters in this absorbing story have brightened the pages of GERTRUDE SPLURGE's earlier works.

Meggy Cusgrave herself was the little girl with the doll in *The Whirligig of Fate*. She ran away from home in *The Courage of Despair*, was thrashed by her stepmother in *Fetters*, by her aunt in the sequel, *The Perfect Gentle Knight*, and dog-whipped by a nodding acquaintance in *Every Little Helps*. She is now eighteen in this new serial, and appears as a heroine for the first time.

Joel Mundham, whose dumb and unnoticed passion burned in *Love's Patient Sacrifice*, proposed too late in *'Twixt Cup and Lip*, and was cut out by his brother Hilary in the next book but three, *The Perfect Gentle Knight*. But Meggy's "Never mind, Joel the Paladin," in this last book may hint at luckier romance in store for him now.

Alice Maynard hitherto has sat paralysed in Miss SPLURGE's books, "watching life go by." She is cured now, and immensely active in this new serial.

Ned Hattrick, with a face like granite, was "The Shield" in *The Sure and Certain Shield*. He has figured in the greatest of Miss SPLURGE's triumphs, and appeared without a break in all her works from 1910–19 inclusive. He is the doyen of her characters, and his reappearance will be acclaimed by her habitual readers as an augury that Miss SPLURGE is about to surpass herself again.

After a somewhat protracted search, Meggy and Willie came across Mrs. Willie on the promenade-deck. It was foreign to Meggy's frank nature to distrust anyone, but she felt intuitively that Mrs. Willie did not like her. She would have liked the floor to open and swallow her up. Such escape, however, was out of the question. That being so, she tactfully disguised her suspicions.

THIS MAGNIFICENT STORY WILL APPEAR IN *THE EVENING BURGEE*, AND GO ON APPEARING TILL IT STOPS.

Note.—*The Evening Burgee* is not to be confused with *Punch*.—ED. of the latter.

A SONG OF JOY.

WITH smiles too ecstatic to number
My radiant features are spread;
I hum as I wake from my slumber,
I sing as I 'm going to bed;
To show how delightful my lot is
I 'd jodel some jocund refrain
Were I certain my frail epiglottis
Would weather the strain.

From the start of the day to the finish
My jubilant pathway I take
With a joy that no cold can diminish,
No cosmic upheaval could shake;
And even on days when the damp posts
A screen 'twixt the sun and the earth
I swing on convenient lamp-posts
To register mirth.

It isn't my fortune's expansion
(If anything that 's on the ebb),
But I found a desirable mansion
And moved in the middle of Feb.,
And I won by this fortunate flitting
A boon that I hadn't foreseen:
This springtide my Joan is omitting
Her usual clean.

ROYAL ACADEMY—FIRST DEPRESSIONS.



Paolo (embracing what he thinks is Francesca's waist). "DARLING, ISN'T YOUR WAISTLINE RATHER NEO-GEORGIAN?"



Boatman (to his mate). "I'VE ALWAYS NOTICED, BILL, WHEN THE HORIZON GOES OFF THE LEVEL THAT WE GITS SOME DIRTY WEATHER."



THE WOMAN WITH THE DYBBUK (IN TWO PLACES).
(See the play at the Royalty.)



MAY MORNING.

"WELL, THERE'S ONE ADVANTAGE IN NOT BEING ELECTED QUEEN OF THE MAY; I NEEDN'T GET UP FOR ANOTHER HOUR."



The Dog (exhausted with laughter). "DON'T THEY LOOK QUAINT IN THEIR MUZZLES!"



Chorus. "AIN'T IT NICE TO BE BACK IN THE DEAR OLD ACADEMY ONCE MORE? IT FEELS QUITE LIKE 'OME."



AT THE FIRST GLANCE WE THOUGHT THAT THE IRREPRESSIBLE G. B. S. *had* GOT IN AFTER ALL.

A LITTLE RUBBISH ON THE LINE.

"IN my new novel, called *Dank Mould*——" began Antony.

"Must it be called that?" I inquired.

"In my rather strikingly named new novel, *Dank Mould*——" went on Antony.

"Which I am sorry to say I haven't had time to read."

"——which you will certainly read as soon as it is published, and be unable to set down until you have turned the final page, owing to the curious fascination which it exercises over the mind," said Antony, "a very beautiful incident occurs. The hero, Ludovic, writing autobiographically, encounters the heroine, Laura, after many years, in a train. They have become estranged, accusing each other of **infidelity**. Ludovic meanwhile has written a novel in which he has poured out the story of his life and the poignant agony of his remorse, and it is this very novel which Laura is reading in the train."

"How can she read it," I inquired, "if it is not published yet?"

"I am not talking about my book, but Ludovic's book. Laura is reading Ludovic's book in the train."

"What train?" I asked.

"A Great Western train," he said impatiently.

"Up or down?"

"Down, if you want to know."

"Express?"

"Yes."

"First-class?"

"Oh, yes."

"Where did he get in?"

"Reading Junction."

"I know!" I said. "He slipped a poisoned petit-beurre into her vanity-bag."

Antony sighed.

"Ludovic watched her pale beauty as she sat turning the pages," he continued, "and never looking up, so engrossed was she in her book——"

"Whose book?" I said.

"Her book."

"I thought you said it was Ludovic's book," I said. "Why do you say now that it was Laura's book all the time?"

"Ludovic wrote it, you imbecile. *Yellow Fever* it was called. Now in *Yellow Fever* almost exactly the same situation was envisaged. Ludovic had imagined himself getting into a train and finding Laura there, only of course in *Yellow Fever* Ludovic wasn't called Ludovic but Lancelot, and Laura wasn't called Laura, but Caroline."

"Why?" I said.

"Fool!" said Antony. "Lancelot was the name Ludovic gave himself in the autobiographical novel he had written, and Caroline was the name he gave Laura."

"And what were they all doing at Reading Junction?" I said.

"Oh, do let me go on!" he cried. "With bated breath Ludovic watched Laura coming to the very place in *Yellow Fever* at which Caroline had looked up and seen Lancelot——"

"What did Caroline look up from?" I asked.

"Oh, a book, I suppose," said Antony.



Tearful Wife (*to cause of disaster*). "YOU T-T-TOLD ME YOU KNEW ALL ABOUT A B-B-BOAT."

Husband. "WELL, SO I DO. FOR INSTANCE, THIS SHARP EDGE WE 'RE SITTING ON IS CALLED THE KEEL."

"Wait a minute, Antony," I cried. "That's three books already. Let's try to straighten the thing out. The down train is at Reading Junction, on the main line. All is ready for departure. The guard is about to blow his whistle and wave his flag. Hurrying up the platform at the last moment come Ludovic, Lancelot and Caroline, with their little lending library——"

"No, no, you unspeakable owl! Only Ludovic comes hurrying along the platform. Lancelot and Caroline were in Ludovic's novel."

"And not in a train at all?"

"Yes, but quite a different train."

"What train?"

"A Great Western train."

"At what station?"

"Oh, Reading, Reading. But a different train, at a different time."

"Then they couldn't have met each other," I cried triumphantly.

"My poor idiot," said Antony with the cold calm of despair. "Caroline and Lancelot were characters in the book that Laura was reading when Ludovic got into the train. The point to remember is that they were doing exactly the same thing as Laura and Ludovic. Can't you see how romantic that is?"

I meditated for a while.

"And did she?" I said at last.

"Did who?"

"Did Laura?"

"Do what?"

"Look up when what's-his-name thing-um-abobbed."

"Of course. And then it was like *Tristram and Iseult*, you see. Both of them were older, saddened by the years. Their faces were blanched and hollow. Both of them had changed."

"Where?" I said.

"Changed in appearance, you puma; but yet their love had not died. Laura had married and lived for some years unhappily with a husband who had left her, just as Caroline's husband had in Ludovic's book, *Yellow Fever*. And Ludovic had had many adventures, too. His wife had left him; and both of them thought their hearts were seared——"

"Where was this train going to?" I inquired. "Penzance or Bath?"

"What does that matter?" said Antony. "The point I want you to see is——"

"Steady again," I cried. "I've just thought of something else. Didn't you say that Caroline looked up from a book, just as Laura had done?"

"I did."

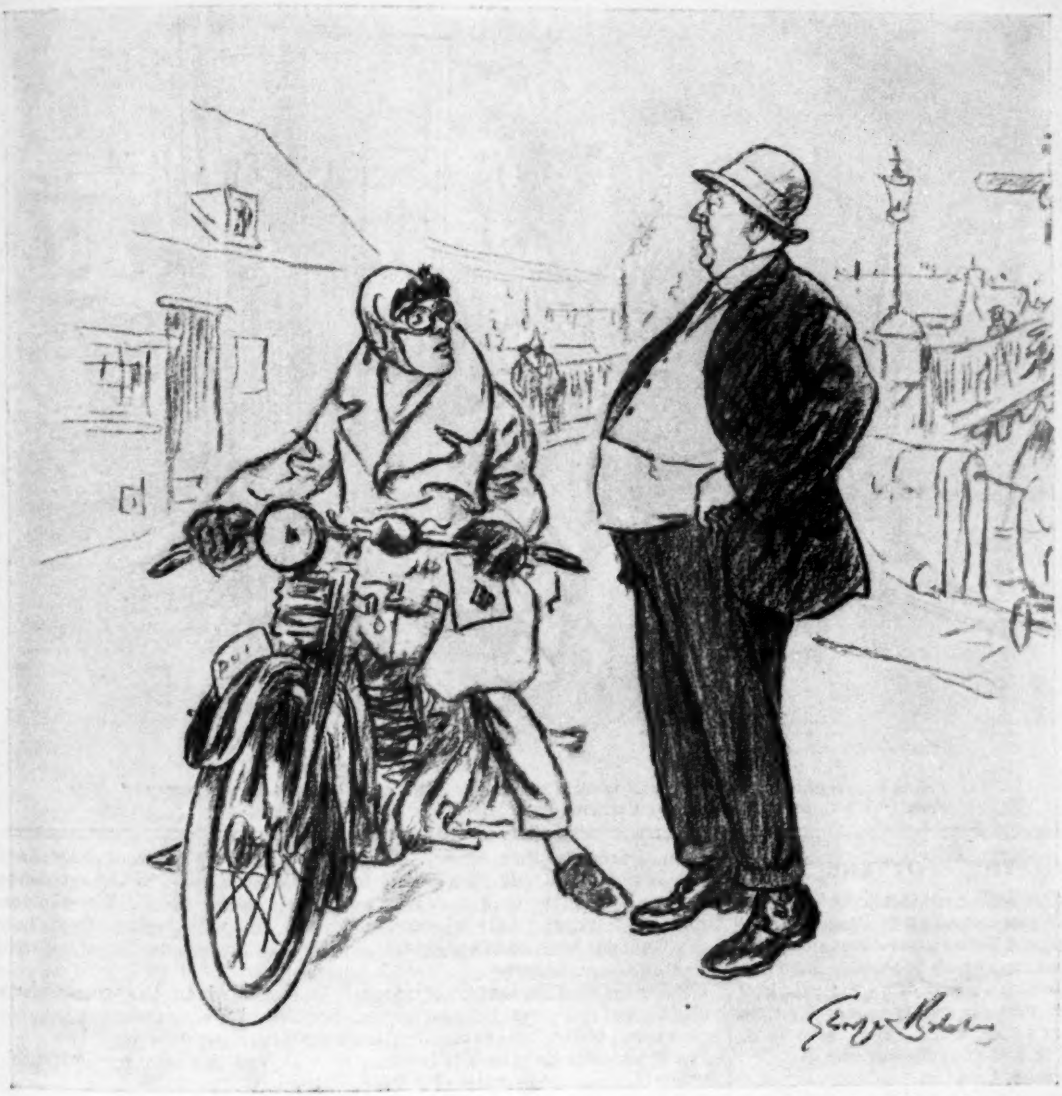
"What book?"

"Any old book."

"What point did she look up at?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"Of course somebody may have given her a bat over the head in getting down his golf-clubs," I said thoughtfully, "or the guard may have come in to ask for tickets. But I'm inclined to doubt it. I think what happened was this. Just as Laura looked up to see Ludovic in *Dank Mould*, in the same way that Caroline looked up to see Lancelot in *Yellow Fever*, so the heroine of the book Caroline was reading was really Caroline under another name, and it was written by Lancelot calling himself something else. And precisely the same situation had been envisaged in



North-Countryman (to motor-cyclist who has inquired the way). "YE COOM FROM LUNNON, DON'T YE?"
Motor-Cyclist. "YES."
North-Countryman. "A THOWT SO; YE TALK LIKE T' MAN ON T' WIRELESS."

that book, whatever its title was, as in *Yellow Fever*. The fact is, Antony, old boy, you've been cribbing."

He looked murderously at me.

"What on earth do you mean?" he bellowed.

"You cribbed the plot of *Dank Mould* from Ludovic's book, *Yellow Fever*, and Ludovic cribbed the plot of *Yellow Fever* from Lancelot's book."

"How could I crib anything from *Yellow Fever* when I invented it?" he tensed.

"Ah, but you didn't invent Lancelot's book. I invented that."

Antony took up a heavy putter that stood in the corner of the room.

"I shall expose you to the Society of Authors," I said, getting to the other side of the table. "You go hanging round Reading Junction looking for seared souls with novels in their hands——"

"Will you shut up or not?" he hissed between clenched teeth.

"Tell me one thing more. Did dear Ludovic marry Laura in the end?"

"He didn't. She wasted away almost immediately and died."

"Where? In the train?"

"No, no. At home."

"Was there an inquest?"

"No."

"And what happened to Caroline? Did she die too?"

"I daresay."

"Who killed her? Lancelot?"

"No."

"I believe he did," I said. "And left the body in the cloak-room at Swindon. You ought to get *Yellow Fever* out of the library and read it carefully again."

Antony threw the heavy putter on the floor and groaned aloud. EVOE.



Patron (viewing his portrait). "HOW IS IT THAT ONE OF MY EARS IS THICKER THAN THE OTHER?"
Artist. "WELL, REALLY, I 'VE NEVER LIKED TO ASK YOU."

THE SPOTTERS.

IT has long been recognised that one of the most amusing of the subsidiary pleasures of foreign travel is conjecturing the nationality of the other people in hotels and restaurants—the people, I mean, who are too far away for their voices to be heard. But there is no need to lose your temper over it.

It used, I may say, to be much easier to be right than it now is. There was a time when Frenchmen, Americans, Germans and Italians were Frenchmen, Americans, Germans and Italians. A Frenchman took short steps, walked fast and wore his son's bowler. An American had large round spectacles with horn rims and wore a boater with a dinner-jacket. A German wore a baggy coat, highly-magnifying glasses and smoked a drop pipe. An Italian perched a black felt hat with a wide brim on a cushion of curls. But now everything is changed, and you will be wise to guess American first time, partly because Americans now travel more than any other people and are to be found everywhere on the Continent, and partly because America is so largely a nation of very recent foreigners. Why, there is no Italian left who is half so near the ancient type of that race as CHARLIE CHAPLIN; no German so Teutonic as the American upholders of CHARLIE'S great industry.

Certain bearded Frenchmen of mature years are not likely ever to be influenced from abroad, but the internationalisation of sport and of male garments has completely changed the youths of France, who now can supply tennis open champions, who the other day beat England at Rugby and who are adding cricket to their repertory. Meanwhile the PRINCE OF WALES and PRINCE GEORGE, we read, have by their example completely revolutionised the costume of young Spain. But clothes are not all. Clothes do not affect the face. The most critical and tragic moment for the confident nationality-spotter arrived when tortoise-shell and horn-rimmed spectacles became generally fashionable. For quite a number of years he had been having it all his own way. Seeing these articles on no matter what shaped nose and beneath no matter what form of hat, he would say with confidence, "That 's an American." But to-day, when these spectacles are everywere, concealing the most tell-tale part of the countenance, there is trouble ahead. The whole game is fraught with peril. Even honeymooners are in danger of quarrelling over it.

"That man in the corner, darling, just lighting a cigar—what is he?"

"With the pretty girl?"

"Do you think her pretty? Look at her mouth."

"Well, she 's not my style, of course, but I thought there was something rather attractive about her."

"How odd men are! I shall never understand them. But never mind. What is he, anyway?"

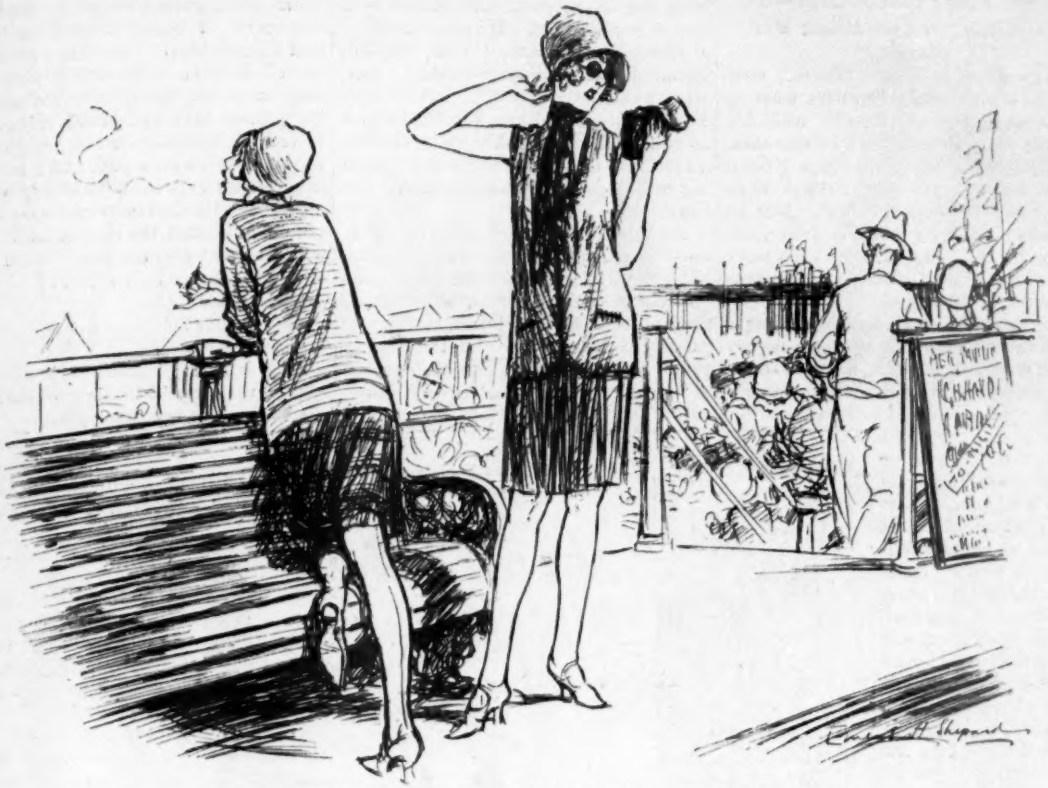
"I 've been wondering. Judging by his spectacles, American. But then his clothes aren't American; they 're not skimped enough. He 's not French; he never makes any gestures. He 's too fair for a Spaniard. Very likely he 's a Scandinavian."

"Oh, no, surely not."

"Why not, pray?"

"Why, his eyes are dark. They 're as dark as yours, darling."

"Indeed? You 're very observant. I hadn't noticed them."



"THE WORST OF THESE DARK GLASSES IS THAT NOBODY CAN SEE ONE'S EYES."
"OH, BUT, DARLING, THAT'S JUST WHY THEY SUIT YOU SO WELL."

"How funny! Why, I always look at men's eyes first. Then their hands. He has good sensitive hands. Talk about him some more, darling. Mightn't he be a Russian? Russians are everywhere now."

"Of course he might be anything, except a decent Englishman. Some kind of Dago, anyway. Let's go into the lounge and try for *The Times*."

The man in question turned out to be a Cambridge don, but that is neither here nor there.

In the general fusing of idiosyncracy the English are losing definition too. Once when abroad how sure we could be that our countrymen were about us! I remember a provincial legal luminary's story of himself and his party in one of the galleries at Versailles. As they passed down the florid apartment they saw advancing upon them from the far end a party similar in number and also bent upon tearing the secret from the sumptuousness of the Sun-King.

"Look," said my friend, "here comes the British tripper with a vengeance, and his compatriots with him. I ask you—did you ever see such tweeds and such a cap?" (this was in the days when an Englishman always went to the Continent in a cap). "Arry in Parry if I ever saw one."

And behold the end of the room was all mirror, and it was himself and his friends that were reflected in it.

E. V. L.

THE MAGIC OF MOZART.

[The fiftieth performance of MOZART'S *Così fan Tutte; or, The School for Lovers*, was held at the Court Theatre on Friday, May 6th.]

HERE 's to an opera's fiftieth night!
Here 's to its welcome longevity!
Here 's to the company merry and bright
Linked in beneficent levity!
Let the prig snort; here 's to the sport
Furnished by Love and MOZART at the "Court!"

Here 's to the ladies whose volatile ways
(No one to-day carries on so!)
Tangled them up in the amorous maze
Woven by sly *Don Alfonso!*
Let the world wag, Love's lucky bag
Proves an excuse for a classical "rag."

Here 's to DAPONTE, who, though his renown
Mainly was built on audacity,
Thanks to the Reverend MARMADUKE BROWNE *
Gains a Gilbertian vivacity!
Let the long run, gaily begun,
End as it started in innocent fun.

Here 's to the cast, who, enjoying their fling,
Spread the infection of jollity,
Lending each word the appropriate sting
Needed to point its frivolity!
Let the rule stand, singers, though grand,
Ought, if they mumble their words, to be banned.

Here 's to the melody, purest of gold,
Rich in enchanting disguises,
More than a hundred-and-thirty years old,
Fresh in its lovely surprises!
Jazz shall depart; Time with his dart
Never shall puncture the fame of MOZART.

* The author of the English version of DAPONTE'S libretto used at the Court Theatre.

THE FORTY HOODLUMS.

(An Extract from the Middle West Classics.)

Way down in Shiraz (Persh.) were located the two Baba brothers, wearing the first names of Cassim and Ali. Cassim was a downtown business-man, handling dry goods and a kinda general store; he was a mean crabbed little runt, shy at skinning his wad. But Ali was one he-man, believe me, some cocktail-mixer and a regular guy; only work didn't suit him any. Ali would just loaf around, doing nix.

One day Ali was hoboing along a forest trail when he hit against a cavern closed with a frame-door, a hoodoo door with nary a bolt or latch—no handle either. Ali stood right there, tickling his think-box over that crazy door. Then he heard foot-noises of quite a bunch. There were plug-uglies in that section, so he faded out behind a hickory bush. Soon the party swung up, forty of them, all toughs, sure thing, and each toting along a sack of boodle, except the chief, who hiked light.

When the chief of the hoodlums came to the door he just raised a hand and spieled, "Open, Sesame!" and, bless me, that cute lil door opened wide and in they marched, the whole outfit, sacks and all. By-and-by out they trailed empty-handed into the wings.

Then Ali upped and faced the door and raised his mitt and said, "Open, Sesame!" and, bless me, that cute lil door opened wide and in he marched. It was a cavern, yessir, loaded to the flies with bullion and pearls and cases of hootch. "Waal," said Ali, "there's something coming to me when I bring a freight-car along." So he took some samples of each brand in his pocket and beat it.

He went through to Cassim's office and put him wise.

"Keep your trap shut," said Cassim, "and go easy on that hootch sample. Lemme see, just where is this warehouse?" And Ali gave him the good word.

"Fifty-fifty?" said Ali.

"You betcha life," said Cassim.

So Cassim hit the trail for the cavern, carrying a good-sized grip. He found Ali's pointers pretty accurate and soon he heeled up before the door. He lifted his paw and slapped out the slogan, and, bless me, that cute lil door opened wide and in he marched. He gave the stock a once-over and said, "Waal, this has Marshal Field whipped blocks! Say, what a range they carry! Put it there, Mister Chief Hoodlum, I gotta hand it to you." And he packed up samples of a few lines in his grip and was proceeding to beat it when bump he came onto the door.

He raised his fin and orated, "Open, ——" and then the bonehead mutt forgot the word. He disremembered the particular kind of cereal, so he tried them all over, saying, "Open, Hominy!" "Open, Sweet-corn!" and that kinda guff. Nothing doing. So he went on to "Open, Horse!" and "Open, Shape-nuts!" and "Open, Most Roasties!" and all the advertised breakfast foods he could recall. Not a punch in the lot. That door simply wasn't listening.

So right there he had to camp till the hoodlums came back and caught him and deaded him and hung up his dissected corp outside, like our hicks does with wolverines.

In a while Ali came out with a truck and saw them bits of Cassim hanging around. "Say," he let loose, "I had a hunch Cassim was a real go-getter; he sure went got this time. He better kept to peddling oranges and not go playing Big Business."

So Ali shipped the whole consignment out of the cavern and traded off the stuff at cut rates to the Department Sales. Then he moved into a big house with a ferro-concrete garage and a Colonial porch.

Week or two later in came a stranger. "Listen," said the stranger; "you know how United Oil stands, shares way down, and I gotta nice block. See here, the scrip. I wanta scare them bears and I gotta idee. Likewise I got forty barrel oil down at the central deepo. I ship them forty barrel onto your siding, lorry them back to Central and re-ship to you. I reckon to work through that programme twice a day, and I garntee them bears gets to know eighty barrel oil leaving Central daily under my tabs. Up shoot United, the sky the limit. We lay back and clip coupons for the rest of our lil lives. Is it a deal?"

"It is," said Ali.

"Fifty-fifty?"

"You betcha life."

And before gloaming the stranger opened up a barrel to show Ali the high grade of oil he was handling.



Wife of distinguished but orthodox Artist. "What on earth are you doing, Cyril?"

Distinguished but orthodox Artist. "Well, if I've got to dine with the Extreme Left in Chelsea I don't intend to look too fearfully Right, so I'm unkemping my beard."

Later on Morgey Anna, Ali's hired girl, came up to Ali. "Say, boss, who's that cheap sport?"

"Claims he's Oil King."

"Nix on that. He's a four-flusher."

"Ain't he got forty barrel oil on my siding?"

"Poor fish, you gulp his say-so."

"Wadja mean?"

"Listen, boss. Your siding carries one barrel oil and thirty-nine barrel hoodlums."

"Gee!"

"What say I boil up that oil and pour it in other barrels?"

"Yep, by heck!"

"Maybe it'll cramp them hoodlums' style."

"Attaboy."

So Morgey Anna pickled the lot according to skedule.

When the stranger called again Morgey Anna said, "Aw, step in, bo," and lead-piped him on the mat. Then Ali separated the United scrip from the stranger's pocket-book, and he wrote a testimonial for United Oil, claiming that, besides gloom- and chill-chasing, it was the real Peruvian doughnuts for concealed yeggmen. And, my, how them shares rose!

Then Ali said, "Say, Morgey Anna, how about marrying my son?"

"Put it there," replied Morgey Anna. "He's a poor simp, but I gotta business head."

E. P. W.

"At midnight the See of Winchester was divided in two, and the new dioceses of Guildford and Portsmouth came into being."
Daily Paper.

Very sensational. Sounds like Exodus.

TROUSERS FOR WOMEN ARE NOT NECESSARILY UNATTRACTIVE. THEY CAN BE QUITE BECOMING IN THE FORM OF—



A SMOKING SUIT—



AND FOR SPORTS WEAR THEY ARE NOT UNREASONABLE;



BUT SHOULD THEY BE ADOPTED IN THE CITY—



IN THE DOMESTIC CIRCLE—



AT ASCOT—



FOR DINNER-PARTIES—



OR IN THE BALLROOM—



OLD-FASHIONED PEOPLE MAY REGRET THE MORE MAIDENLY FASHIONS OF TO-DAY—



OR EVEN THOSE OF A DOZEN YEARS AGO.



STUDY OF AN OLD CRICKETER GLANCING A SMALL CAR TO LEG.

THE STORY OF HO AND HI.

THERE comes on occasion a time of despair
When something sinks into the brain
By some means or other and, when it 's got there,
Declines to be fished up again.
To take an example, a short time ago
A story attracted my eye
Which had something to do with a Chinaman, Ho,
And his friend and compatriot, Hi.

It came, I could swear, in a paper (or book)
And seemed at the moment (no doubt)
Deserving perhaps of a casual look,
But nothing to bother about;
But somehow of late I 've been aching to know,
Though goodness alone could say why,
Some accurate facts in the matter of Ho,
And reliable data on Hi.

I have an idea—I can't be exact—
They met with a tragical doom;
I think they were scragged, which of course, as a fact,
Is what one might safely assume;
This opens a truth, if it really were so,
On which one at last could rely,
That this would be highly distasteful to Ho,
And gravely unwelcome to Hi.

They may have been persons of lofty degree—
Say, mandarins maybe or not;
Their time, I imagine, was something B.C.,
And that doesn't tell us a lot;
While if in their lives they were pure as the snow
Or fellows of ruffianly dye
Remains an insoluble problem of Ho
And a sleepless conundrum of Hi.

My mental condition is all of a jig;
My gills are as yellow as theirs;
I jump at a sound; but I shake like a twig
To think of what happened upstairs
Last night, when I woke to a shuddery glow,
Through which I was pained to descry
An inscrutable visage that said, "*I am Ho,*"
And another that breathed, "*This is Hi.*"

DUM-DUM.

How to Advertise.

"May God give long life to Hakim Saheb so that the rich and the poor of such popular town like Bombay may constantly benefit by his extremely efficacious medicines."—*Indian Paper.*

"There was a 'maiden' Police Court at Aberdeen yesterday—the first for over three years. The custom of presenting the Magistrate with a pair of white gloves to mark the occasion was discontinued in Aberdeen several years ago."—*Glasgow Paper.*

Please note that this reference to economy in Aberdeen comes from a Scottish paper and not from *Punch.*

From an obituary notice:—

"Friends and relatives did all they could to effect a cure, but the impartial foot of death stepped into the little family, and snatched its head with a relentless hand."—*West African Paper.*

We suspect this to have emanated from the same brilliant writer who reported the death of his wife as follows:—"Honoured Sir, the hand that rocked the cradle has kicked the bucket."



THE DÉBUTANTE.

MISS CANBERRA "COMES OUT."

[With Mr. Punch's compliments to Australia on the inauguration of her new Capital by the Duke and Duchess of York.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, May 2nd.—The House of Commons presented this afternoon what the reporters call a scene of animation, with the Labour Party supplying the animus. But to say that there were "ugly scenes" would be to exaggerate. The only Member whose feelings seemed thoroughly lacerated was Mr. GRIFFITHS, who dashed from the House shouting, "You wasters! you blackguards! you rotters! you thieves!"

The keynote of the Socialist attitude was a sort of jocular ferocity, both jocularity and ferocity being a trifle forced. Under the psychological stimulus of mass emotionalism even the genteel Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY became the gamin and shouted an offensive question at the ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Sir DOUGLAS HOGG congratulated the honourable and gallant gentleman on his sally and a faint blush of contrition mantled to the nearly noble cheek.

Considering the vehemence with which the Socialists had assailed the Bill outside the House the commencement of the Second Reading in the House passed off, as the Society editresses say, comparatively smoothly. It is true there passed off with it Mr. JACK JONES, but this has occurred before at the SPEAKER'S invitation.

An uneventful Question time was occupied almost entirely with foreign affairs. There were a number of Questions about China, one of which might well have precipitated a scene. Lieut.-Colonel HEADLAM had explained that British war vessels in the Yangtze had received orders to return any fire directed against them by the Chinese. "Is the Minister aware," asked Mr. LOOKER, "that the return of the fire has not had the slightest effect?" A dozen stalwart champions of British gunnery sprang to their feet eager to deal with the Navy's traducer, but the SPEAKER hastily called the next question.



ENTER THE LION OF SCOTLAND.
MR. JOHN BUCHAN.



"PICKWICKIAN AMIABILITY."
SIR DOUGLAS HOGG.

Sir DOUGLAS HOGG moved the Second Reading of the Trade Disputes Bill. Through a hurricane of provocative jabber hurled at him from the Socialist benches he remained a picture of benevolent determination. Ploughing unhurriedly and just a little stodgily through the matter in hand, he confined himself to explaining the Bill and attempted no dialectics or special pleading. About every third sentence or so Members opposite would commence to sputter like firecrackers, whereupon Sir DOUGLAS, with an expression of Pickwickian amiability, would wait until the row subsided and then continue.

The difficult task was the SPEAKER'S. He could not and apparently never will be able to explain to the Labour Members that they cannot on a point of order object to something in an opponent's speech with which they disagree.

Mr. CLYNES moved the rejection of the Bill in a speech that had very little sting in it. Mr. HARNEY was more vehement. Sir HENRY SLESSER made a legal speech, in which he more or less committed himself to the view that a general strike is not illegal and declared that the Bill "reduced the workman to a legal position of statutory servitude."

Captain MACMILLAN gave the Bill the blessing of the progressive Conservatives. Then Mr. SPENCER, the Member for Broxtowe, but better known as the leader of the seceding Notts miners, spoke for the Bill. He delivered his attack from the far end of the Liberal benches, which was perhaps just as well, because when in the course of his speech he referred to "his friends above the Gangway" an indignant voice from that neighbourhood cried, "What friends? You have no friends here." He was still speaking when the House adjourned.

Tuesday, May 3rd.—Sublimely undisturbed by that other

> ". . . place where meteors shoot, clouds form,
> Lightnings are loosened,
> Stars come and go,"

the House of Lords bends its decorous energies to the devastating problem of superfluous rooks and rabbits. With a few kind words for the rook, but none for the little bunny that hops in the lane, the Rabbits and Rooks Bill was read a second time and referred to a Select Committee.

Stylists aweary of painting the lily and gilding refined gold can now substitute for these outworn metaphors that of colouring the equally refined kipper. It was Mr. TOM JOHNSTON who wrung from the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE the admission that his attention had been called to a case where a box of dyed kippers had been sold to a Colchester fishmonger for 2*s.* 4*d.* and retailed by him for 12*s.* 10*d.* What denizen of the deep is so humble that it pays to palm it off as kipper



A BIG HIT.
NOTTS PROFESSIONAL PUNISHES THE BOWLING.
MR. G. A. SPENCER.

was not revealed, but the Minister admitted that the difference between penny plain and nearly sixpence coloured suggested something approaching fraud.

Mr. JOHN BUCHAN took his seat as Member for the Scottish Universities. His mien as he negotiated the thirty-nine steps between the Bar and the Table lacked something of the heroic cast that might be looked for in the father of so many heroes and adventurers.

The event of the day's continued debate on the Trade Disputes Bill was the speech of Mr. SPENCER, commenced on the previous evening and resumed this afternoon. It was one of the most impressive speeches that has been heard in the House for many a year. With much eloquence and deep sincerity Mr. SPENCER marshalled the facts of his own case in support of the Bill and urged the necessity of strengthening trade unionism by entirely dissociating it from politics. He warned the Liberal Party that they would not win a single vote by betraying their fundamental principle of individual liberty.

"Uncle" ARTHUR HENDERSON said the purpose of the Bill was to "punish" the trade unions. Under it a complicated organisation like the Transport Workers Union would never be able to know whether it was acting legally or not. Sir L. WORTHINGTON EVANS then took up the defence of the Bill for the Government, meeting with a good deal of interruption. Sir ROBERT HORNE got a better hearing. He insisted that the illegality of a general strike should be made clear, if for no other reason, on the Shakespearean principle that often

> ". . . the sight of means to do ill deeds
> Makes ill deeds done."

Mr. ROSE, the Labour Member for Aberdeen, N., opposed the Bill as "utterly unconstructive and useless," but also found the attitude of his own party "based on crude denunciation and nothing else." The object of the Bill was partisan and political, but it was absurd to say that it would push the trade unions into the arms of Communism. This was the best speech against the Bill to date.

Wednesday, May 4th.—Keeping Lord PARMOOR informed about the League of Nations is one of Lord BALFOUR'S best accomplishments. There is a sort of ritual about the thing. Lord PARMOOR moves for papers, asks a few questions and offers a few criticisms. Lord BALFOUR answers the questions and wipes the floor with the criticisms. Lord PARMOOR then thanks the noble Lord, expresses himself completely satisfied and withdraws his motion for papers. To-day, Lord BALFOUR found the task of obliterating Lord PARMOOR so easy that he was positively flippant.



SIR JOHN SIMON. "UNDOUBTEDLY MY OFFSPRING, BUT NOT QUITE SO LIKE HIS FATHER AS I COULD WISH."

Referring to the Economic Conference, he confided to their scandalized Lordships that he did not know which he disliked most, being called a Free-trader or being called a Protectionist. He regarded both as terms of abuse. Protesting that the League of Nations could not cope with such a state of things as prevailed in China, he insisted that, in dealing with vast and unorganised populations with no governments, we had yet to discover a better method than "the old and barbarous method of using one's force to defend oneself against wrong."

In the Commons Mr. PETHICK-LAWRENCE asked the PRIME MINISTER if he would make arrangements to enable Members to witness the total eclipse of the sun on June 29th. The PRIME MINISTER said that the question of the relative importance of matters celestial and terrestrial must be settled through the usual channels.

The third instalment of the Trade Disputes Bill debate was also the best, presumably on the sound theatrical principle that you must always have a strong Third Act. Sir JOHN SIMON delivered the speech of the evening. He cited first the PRIME MINISTER in proof of the contention that to be guided by expediency was not necessarily to act from a low motive. He did not, however, attack the Bill on the ground of expediency, but argued that, while the responsibility of introducing it was the Government's, the task of the House should be to shape it so that it really lays down the law clearly on the four main points it is intended to cover.

The PRIME MINISTER devoted himself mainly to explaining the circumstances which had made it necessary to bring in the Bill. A reference to certain trade unions being controlled by members of the Minority Movement stung the Labour back benches to another exhibition of heroic frenzy, in the course of which Mr. BECKETT was suspended. As he was understood to have previously expressed the view that a suspension a day was the best way of keeping a Second Reading away, his disappearance was accepted philosophically by his Front Bench, whom, *en passant*, he was heard to apostrophise collectively as "traitors."

Mr. TOM SHAW assailed the Bill with sturdy ferocity, confining himself chiefly to arguments supporting his contention that it had "been deliberately cooked to find work for lawyers." (The obvious answer was that it had been lawyered to find unemployment for COOK.) He asked if, in the case of the mineowners making "savage reductions" in wages, it would be illegal for the railway-men to refuse to carry blackleg coal, and dramatically sat down as though to wait for an answer. There was no



THE RETURN OF THE MIGRANT
(HIRUNDO LONDINIENSIS.)



THE MEETING OF EXTREMES.

"That little man wearing an aspidistra at the next table seems to be popular, but he looks rather ordinary."

"Don't you know who he is? He's the very latest success. He's the founder of the Hands-off-the-Albert Memorial League."

answer forthcoming, but the spectacle of a Labour Member superfluously resuming his seat was impressive.

Thursday, May 5th.—The Prime Minister did not see his way to accede to Mr. Clynes's request that a further day, Monday, should be given to debating the Second Reading of the Trade Disputes Bill. The wisdom of his decision was proved by subsequent events. The "pep" had by this time gone out of the debate. Mr. Snowden set about the task, none too congenial, of locking horns with Sir John Simon. His long speech was quite the best made against the Bill, and the next best was that of Mr. Lloyd George, who addressed himself solely but with great effect to the question of the expediency of the Bill and the results it would, in his opinion, be likely to have. Mr. J. H. Thomas fired the last big gun for Labour, and Sir Thomas Inskip for the Bill. As the division drew near there was something of an anti-climax, at least as far as noise was concerned, and just before 11 o'clock the Closure was moved. The Second Reading of the Bill was thereupon carried by 215 votes.

"Commercial Traveller and wife (quiet) require Unfurnished Flat."—*Local Paper.*

But when she read the above advertisement did she stay quiet?

WIRELESS *v.* THE PRESS.

I had a wireless-set installed
To keep me up to date,
And for a fortnight sat enthralled
From four o'clock till late;
It sang me songs, it told me news
Of every latest craze;
It gave me very highbrow views
On operas and plays;
It had a very varied store
Of knowledge to impart,
It told me Hobbs's latest score,
It lectured me on Art;
It gave me facts about the stars
And literary tips,
It told me full particulars
About the next eclipse;
And, when the General Strike broke out,
It took the greatest pains
To tell me everything about
Arrangements for the trains.

One day an expert came to stay,
A learnéd midshipmite,
Who viewed my wireless with dismay
And said he'd put it right;
It seemed he'd only got to move
Some little handle round
And it would instantly improve
The volume of the sound.
He moved the handle, but, alack!
It made so loud a boom
That as he could not turn it back
We had to leave the room.
When he'd improved the wretched thing
For something like a week,
It wouldn't play or talk or sing,
But only howl and shriek.

The expert left us yesterday;
With infinite delight
I had the wireless put away
Securely out of sight;
And after I had dined I spread
My daily paper wide
And snugly till I went to bed
Buried myself inside.
I skipped the many notes and views
On things which left me cold
And concentrated on the news
I wanted to be told.
Though wireless is a wondrous art,
The paper has my vote;
I like my news served *à la carte*
Rather than *table d'hôte*. G. B.

"On Jan. 25, 1759, in a humble clay cottage on the banks of Bonnie Doon, Scotland, a happy mother cradled in her heart and arms a little piece of immorality—a tiny baby destined to become one of the greatest of all poets. And 'they ca'd him Robin.'"

American Paper.

This of course is the doctrine of "original sin." Ourselves we incline to the "trailing clouds of glory" idea.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE WHITE CHÂTEAU" (ST. MARTIN'S).

MESSRS. REANDEAN have done us a signal service in transferring Captain REGINALD BERKELEY'S *White Château* from the intellectual village of Hampstead to thoughtless Central London. No former man-at-arms or stay-at-home, and no woman old or young can fail to be deeply moved by this sincerely felt, fair-minded, emotional but unhysterical presentation of a tragic theme which it is not well for us to forget. And we do forget, less than we appear to, no doubt, but much more than is fitting if we are not to see the bad business play itself again to an even worse end in the lifetimes of our children.

The author arranges his six scenes about this *White Château*, an historic house in Flanders, rebuilt again and again after the successive wars of the centuries. All is peace. An Archduke has been murdered. But what of it? The Balkans are like that. And the pleasantly pompous old aristocrat, *Van Eysen*, pooh-poohs the rumours of war between the great nations which the scaremongers of the Press are busy reporting. The words are scarcely out of his mouth when an advance patrol of the invaders rides into his park; the house is commandeered, and the son of the house, who has killed a trooper in defending his sister against insult, is condemned by court-martial and shot.

In the second scene the Château is the headquarters of the enemy commander, who, on the news of the great check to the furious advance of his armies, dictates his new dispositions and explains the doctrine of war to a Chancellor babbling about the political necessity of a great and successful battle with light casualties.

In the third scene the Château is half in ruins, the British first line within machine-gun range of it; the regimental humourist helps to pass the waiting hours; a comfortable colonel grants special leave to a charming subaltern, who, peeping over the parapet to locate a machine-gun nest, takes a sniper's bullet through the brain. The heavies demolish before our eyes the few remaining walls of the Château, leaving but a single gaunt arch standing; and (Scene IV.) the same trench is ordered, just before dawn, for the attack. This scene was the *chef d'œuvre* of an admirable production by Mr. RAYMOND MASSEY. The sombre gloom; the stray "crump" with its toll of dead; the alert foreboding company-commander; the repeated instructions, man by man, to the platoon; the tense waiting, second by counted second, for the zero hour and the crack of doom; barrage and counter barrage; the grim scramble over the top; the falling figures—I don't think any one of the audience so much as drew a breath for those last twenty seconds. As an emotional thrill, unspoilt by any touch of false heroics, I don't think anything has been better done on the stage or could be better done.

Thereafter is essentially and inevitably anti-climax. Scene V.: a young officer in hospital on the site of the White Château; a nurse who is no other than the daughter of the house, *Diane van Eysen*; the engagement of these two. Their rebuilding (Scene VI.) of the Château, and the dream of *Diane*, in which a spirit in workman's blouse says the things Captain BERKELEY wants to say about war.

But all had been said, and well said, in the first four scenes. Yet there are (the author may wish to remind us) happy as well as unhappy endings even to war. And there are fine qualities, he is fair-minded enough to say, born of its agony: high comradeship, the levelling of classes, incredible courage, self-forgetfulness and self-control; but nothing sufficient to pay for the suffering and for the lies and hates manufactured by men with tongue and pen safe behind the lines.

The scene between *V-n M-lke* and *B-thm-nn H-llw-g* did not impress me. The latter had unlikely things to say, and, touching the Staff Office routine, I was interested to hear the comment of a youngish soldier near me: "Old Bungo didn't do it a bit like that!" But on balance here is a live pamphlet with the most genuinely exciting and moving paragraphs.

Of a long cast honourable mention must be made of Mr. HENRY OSCAR'S *Chronicler*, declaiming admirably the author's not very poetical (but soundly argued!) verses; of Mr. AUSTIN TREVOR'S German billeting officer and the same player's company-commander; of Mr. IVOR BARNARD'S cheerily ghoulish private; of Mr. H. R. HIGNETT'S *Charles van Eysen*; of Mr. DOUGLAS JEFFERIES' *Captain Braithwaite*; of Mr. ALLAN WADE'S German *Deputy-Chief of Staff* and English *Colonel*; of Mr. LAWRENCE ANDERSON'S *Lieut. Luttrell*; of Mr. CECIL CALVERT'S *Sergeant-Major*; of Miss NORAH ROBINSON'S *Diane*—an all too perfunctory tribute, I am very conscious, to much excellent work. T.



First Shipwrecked Mariner. "WOT IS IT, BILL. A SAIL?"
Second Ditto. "NO—BLINKIN' MOSQUITO."

"LADY LUCK" (CARLTON).

In London's new theatre, the Carlton, in the Haymarket, the architect, Mr. FRANK VERITY, F.R.I.B.A., already distinguished for work in this field, has skilfully used the developments in new material and engineering methods of construction to provide a well-planned, roomy, comfortable, well-ventilated, tactfully decorated house of entertainment. I understand that it was originally destined for a film-palace; but the excellent planning of the seating to give uninterrupted view of the stage seems to suggest that the architect had in mind the possibility of its use for this ancient three-dimensioned art.

Mr. GILBERT MILLER and his associates are to be congratulated not only on their courage and enterprise but on the discretion with which they have chosen precisely the right type of show for the new house. *Lady Luck* is a quite brilliant affair, if judged by the canon of fitness for environment. As musical comedies go, it is outstanding for a quite intelligible and plausible plot, for balance of design and for genuine humour; and it is quite adequate from the

THE TERROR.

IN NORMAL CIRCUMSTANCES I THINK OUR ROAD—



CAN SHOW AS BRIGHT A LOT OF HUSBANDS AS ANY OTHER.



SO IT IS—



ALL THE MORE—



PAINFUL—



TO SEE THEM—



NOW—



SPRING CLEANING IS ON.

musical point of view. But the chief triumph is that it is pre-eminently a dancing comedy.

The attractive "souvenir" presented by the management claims wonderful acoustic properties for the building. I do not think this claim can be entirely substantiated. Mr. LESLIE HENSON, it is true, not only presents a supremely comic and admirably contrived exterior but has a precision of enunciation which carries every jest of his—and the most of them were more than ordinarily diverting—to every corner of the immense house. But Mr. LADDIE CLIFF and Mr. CYRIL RITCHARD and Miss PHYLLIS MONKMAN are not so easy to hear; though Mr. RITCHARD dances with such an admirable grace, Mr. LADDIE CLIFF with so grotesque a gaiety and resourcefulness (he is also an excellent mime), Miss PHYLLIS MONKMAN with such technical skill and spirit, that the eye is consoled for what the ear may miss.

I propose to return to this important business of dancing. Let me meanwhile indicate the light-hearted theme of *Lady Luck*. Three friends and partners, *Wyndham Bleugh* (Mr. HENSON), *Biff Morton* (Mr. LADDIE CLIFF) and *Tommy Lester* (Mr. RITCHARD) are dead broke in New York. Enter a large Mormon from Salt Lake City with (naturally) chorus of lesser Mormons to announce a legacy of six million dollars for *Wyndham*. Conditions: to take over the six widows of the deceased uncle. Charming *midinette* (Miss MONKMAN), stranded and offered star part by *entrepreneur* and billed to play in Salt Lake City; reluctance of *Wyndham* to carry out terms of will; preference for *midinette*; resolve of the two partners that their friend shall do the right thing by the uncle and them. Anybody with the right kind of brain can make a tolerable shot at the rest, which does not anyway much matter. What does matter is the charm, pace, gaiety and wholesomeness of it all.

And to return to dancing. The principals already named were but the *hors d'œuvres*. There were the six widows (Miss JOSE MELVILLE, Miss KATHLEEN AMAMI, Miss VERA BRYER, Miss PEGGY BEATY, Miss BERYL HARRISON and Miss MADGE ELLIOTT), who all danced most charmingly, in particular Miss MADGE ELLIOTT, a beautiful, exquisitely-made, long-limbed athlete of a girl, who, with Mr. CYRIL RITCHARD, danced the house into an ecstasy of appreciation.

There was also a team of a picked ten of the TILLER Girls—all adequate but these ten outstanding—who danced



THE HEIR TO SIX WIDOWS REFLECTS UPON HIS HERITAGE.

Wyndham Bleugh . . MR. LESLIE HENSON.

with a precision and spirit beyond praise, and a technical accomplishment which only clever coaching and physical training to a fine point could have made possible. (Incidentally I am thereby straightway converted to the flappers' vote.)

May I beg Mr. GILBERT MILLER, who will grow rich out of this adventure, to devote his well-gotten gains to establishing this house as a home of the new dancing comedy, as an arena in which these graceful athletes, our young countrywomen, may develop the talent which, on hints given by Russians, Scandinavians, Americans and other persons of foreign birth, they have so notably developed. One has only to think of a chorus at the Empire twenty years ago and less to realise what has been accomplished. Queer too, yet not so queer on reflection, how the trained skill, the health, the spirit, the candour of these modern sylphs alters the whole tone of this chorus business. No sensible Bishop should miss this show. And no "mean sensual man." An entirely satisfactory and heartening affair.

T.



A LIKELY RECRUIT FOR SALT LAKE CITY.

Ezra Pettyjohn (a Mormon Elder) MR. JOHN KIRBY.

Jane Juste . . . . . MISS PHYLLIS MONKMAN

A Ball, to take place at Eresby House, Rutland Gate, S.W., on Thursday, May 19th, has been organised by the Marchioness of CARISBROOKE in aid of The Friends of the Poor. Tickets (£2 2*s*.) can be obtained from the Hon. Sec., 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1. Funds being urgently needed, it is hoped that those who are unable to take tickets will be kind enough to send a contribution.

FOR THE HATE OF "MIKE."

THE BITTER CRY OF THE MUSIC-HALL ARTIST.

(*In Broadcasting circles the microphone is now familiarly known as "the Mike."*)

LET vulgar folk who push the bike,
With those who tramp and trudge and "hike,"
Denounce the motor if they like;
Let rivers burst each dam and dyke,
And let there be a general strike—
I care not if I can but spike
The guns of this infernal "Mike."

The N.Z. Cricket Team.

They come from the land of the Maori,
These cricketers captained by LAORI;
Here's luck to them all
With the bat and the ball,
Be the summertime sultry or shaori.



First Girl. "I 'VE A GOOD MIND TO CHUCK COCKTAILS, STOP SMOKING, WEAR LONGER SKIRTS, GROW MY HAIR AND STAY AT HOME TO HELP MOTHER."
Second Girl. "HEAVEN ONLY KNOWS WHERE THIS CRAZE FOR ORIGINALITY WILL LEAD YOU!"

A JUNGLE EPISODE.

THE account which recently appeared in the daily Press of a whale that jumped over the moon is a cool yarn of the sea, and by way of contrast it should not be forgotten that strange things happen at the other extreme—in the heart of the baking jungle. While that yarn may be doubted, mine cannot, for it contains an unmistakable description of the exact spot, which will be recognised by those who know.

Try to imagine a really shimmering heat, with the thermometer boiling steadily in a bucket of ice brought two hundred miles from the coast to a solitary tent in the heart of the Bhlinkin jungle. Inside the tent sat McGranite of Aberdeen.

Suddenly nothing happened, but immediately afterwards a native rushed into the tent shouting "Tiger! Tiger!" In his excitement he fell over the ice-bucket and the thermometer smashed on the hard mud floor. The heat, being thus released from all restraint, rose from Fahrenheit to Centigrade and then jammed hopelessly.

At that moment the tiger bounded into the tent, seized the native by the cummerbund and disappeared with him into the jungle.

"Hoots! toots! This winna do at a' the nicht the morn ava," cried McGranite, and, pausing only to snatch up a machete, he started off after the tiger. For hours he hacked his way through the jungle until he reached the brute's lair. Let me describe the spot as promised, for it was a wonderful one. Everywhere was an incredible wealth of tropical blossom. Here were poisonous orchids with antidotes of castor-oil plant growing up their stems, and over there, a little to the left, were bright outcrops of spotted meesel, gophered among the jhab-jhab or spear-grass all in the latest shades, while angry voodoos haunted the intervening chasms, cactus-clotted, fungus-fluted, yet daintily festooned with long loving tendrils of nettle. Swamps, dotted with brilliant bilgeweed, sparkled deliriously amid the kaleidoscopic panorama. It was a rotten show.

A blood-curdling growl sent the timid gorillas headlong into their warm cocoons. McGranite regretted bitterly that some time previously, in stepping over a fritter of newly-fangled vipers, he had dropped the machete into a pool that looked as if something had interfered permanently with its good-nature. He had thus nothing left but a large monkey-wrench which he habitually carried in his hip-pocket. Seizing it in his huge right hand he advanced without security for once.

* * * * *

A few weeks later McGranite was back at the coast, accompanied by the native "boy," who followed him with such dog-like devotion that, when McGranite met his employer, the latter inquired the reason for the native's attachment, which McGranite was obliged to explain modestly.

"And how did you dispose of the tiger with only your monkey-wrench?" inquired his chief.

"Aweel," answered McGranite, "yon 's a graund wrench. *I just screwed off the tiger's nut.*" Then he added, "But mind ye this, I 'm a marine engineer, not a jungle-tracker, an', if ye canna keep to the kind o' story I 'm used to, ye must put up wi' queer happenings."

"The gathering then broke into songs of a patriotic nature, 'Rude Britannia' being given full voice."—*Overseas Paper.*
It sounds rather red.

METROPOLITAN LIVES.

I.—ELIZABETH SMITH.

Elizabeth Smith
Was brought up with
Such delicate care
And is grown so fair
That the world is put
Underneath her foot,
And she writes her name
Without any shame
At the bottom of puffs
Of toilet stuffs,
Which is always a lucrative game.

II.—ABIMELECH BANN.

Abimelech Bann
Is a Labour man
With a swivel eye
Who shouts, "*You lie!*"
And without any doubt
He would get thrown out
Of Parliament
On account of this hint
If the SPEAKER knew
Whom he said it to,
But he doesn't, because of the squint.

III.—SENNACHERIB COOK.

Sennacherib Cook
Has written a book
Which is worse by far
Than most books are,
Being fairly ripe
In the way of tripe
And extremely warm;
If he keeps this form
And cuts the drink
His publishers think
He will take the Town by storm.

IV.—AHITOPHEL ROPS.

Ahitophel Rops
Owns all the shops
For a hundred miles
Containing styles
In gentleman's wear:
He has marvellous *flair*,
So the Town is dressed
From east to west
In a thousand grades
Of distinctive shades,
All stamped with Ahitophel's crest.

V.—MELPOMENE CARR.

Melpomene Carr
Is a movie star
On account of her face,
Which is often the case.
They say she can act,
Which is not a fact,
But it worries me less
Than her soulfulness
And her hints on meals
Which she writes in reels
For the Morning and Evening Press.

VI.—ABRAHAM COARSE.

Abraham Coarse
Possesses a horse
Of elegant breed
And enormous speed
Which is easily held;
But it once rebelled,
Having quite forgot
That the odds were hot,
And managed to snitch
The Cesarewitch,
So that Abraham lost a lot.

VII.—METHUSELAH BINN.

Methuselah Binn
Kept cutting in
On the Great North Road;
He was quite a toad.
I can call to mind
How he came behind
And the speed that he went
Before the event,
But I did not see
How he hit the tree
(He is buried at Catford, Kent).

VIII.—ROSEMARY BOWERS.

Rosemary Bowers
Likes birds and flowers
And guns and dogs
And walking through bogs;
She is simply sweet
From her head to her feet;
She feels no itch
For the stage or sich,
Nor the carryings-on
Of our Babylon—
But Rosemary Bowers is rich.

EVOE.

THE NEW POODLE.

(*By our Kennel Expert.*)

THE introduction of the Keeshonds or Dutch Barge dogs at the Ladies' Kennel Association at Olympia last week reminds us that other novel and interesting canine varieties are likely to imperil the popularity of the Alsatian and Pekingese.

I met the famous explorer, Mrs. Mariquita Crump, at dinner a few nights ago, on her return from a protracted sojourn in the interior of New Guinea. Mrs. Crump, who is a very beautiful woman and connected, through her husband, with the famous Peruvian millionaire who cornered the sago market in 1891 and was subsequently killed in a duel with a Bolivian filibuster, adopts the Papuan coiffure and cuisine, both extremely seductive and salubrious. But what chiefly interested me during dinner was the appearance and behaviour of the dog she had brought back with her from the Solomon Islands, a perfect specimen of the Pin-eyed Polynesian poodle, probably the most remarkable quadruped at present existing on this planet. The cantilever formation of its hind-legs arrests attention at once; but its physical peculiarities do not end here. Its eyes, with the stigma of the corolla occupying the mouth of the Eustachian tube, give the animal an utterly unprecedented expression. The muzzle is bulbiform, the tongue of a bright saffron colour, and the skull has been pronounced by Sir ARTHUR KEITH to present the strangest synthesis of types—Nordic, Jurassic, Goliardic and Panotropic—ever recorded in the annals of craniology. Its coat, which grows with astonishing rapidity, requires to be clipped and shampoodled once a fortnight.

The French poodle, as is well known, is or used to be employed to search and dig for truffles; the Polynesian variety is amphibious and is employed by the Solomon Islanders to dive for pearls, *bêche de mer*, copra, carborundum and other subaqueous and succedaneous comestibles. The intelligence of the animal is only equalled by that of the elephant. Mrs. Crump has trained her pet to count up to four, to answer the bell and to sing duets with her, to the accompaniment of the cherimoya or Papuan nose-flute, in a rich and fruity baritone. Its table manners are perfect, it bears no animosity to postmen or cats and is a safe playmate for children.

On the whole the introduction of this unique creature, provided it can accommodate itself to the vagaries of our climate, is to be welcomed as one of the most sensational events of 1927. Writing in 1839, PRAED, in "The Belle of the Season," remarks, "Her poodle dog was quite adored." It is pleasant to think that after eighty-eight years the idolatry of this breed is in a fair way to be renewed, thanks to the indomitable enterprise of Mrs. Mariquita Crump.

The Entente Cordiale.

From the Catalogue of the Paris Salon (1927):—

"Femme nue lisant . . .	Uncovered reading woman.
L'heure de l'office . . .	Offices hour.
Le canot aux vivres . .	Ship's goat with subsists.
Jeunes veaux	Young veals.
Pour 5 heures	For 5 clocks.
La baigneuse	The bath-keeper.
Nu couché dans un paysage.	Lying down nudity in a landscape."

The Right Hon. C. F. G. MASTERMAN, writing for the Sunday Press:—

"I could endorse the old Latin saying, *Hominibus impossibile est: Deo possibile omnia est* (To man it is impossible: to God all things are possible)."

No wonder Mr. MASTERMAN dislikes the Public Schools.



George Belcher.

MR ALEC TAYLOR.

Because there's none more apt at training horses
To do a sprint or stay the stiffest courses;
And none has earned a fairer name than he has
For a clean stable (so unlike Augeas);
When in the Great Stakes he shall pass the post,
Soft lie the Turf above his honoured ghost.

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—XLII.



Policeman. "HI! WHAT YOU DOING? GET BACK, YOU——"
Urchin. "SORRY, SIR. WE DIDN'T NOTICE YOU 'AD YOUR 'AND AHT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT is delightful in these days of pompous bookmaking to find a modest volume packed tight with the fruit of a genuine literary enthusiasm, and such a volume is *Francis Thompson* (FABER AND GWYER), by Mr. R. L. MÉGROZ. I am not sure that I wholly approve of its highly original plan; I will not say that I followed every twist and double of its writer's interest with equal relish; but, taken as a whole, I am deeply his debtor for a book which, having been lived before it was written, imposes its experience with an almost magic efficacy on the mind of the reader. Rightly discerning in THOMPSON the confluence of many great traditions both philosophical and æsthetic, Mr. MÉGROZ, being first and foremost a THOMPSON enthusiast, has approached these traditions by way of THOMPSON. He puts up, so to speak, at THOMPSON, and trains or tramps it to PATMORE, SHELLEY, CRASHAW, DONNE, the Spanish mystics, mediæval chivalry, ST. AUGUSTINE, MELEAGER, Arab love-poetry and the remotest Christian and Pagan origins. There is of course no imperative limit to the completeness of these explorations, save the self-imposed necessity of getting back to THOMPSON for the night; but this naturally leaves the explorer less time for a thorough reconnaissance as the goals become remoter. Accordingly, while Mr. MÉGROZ' study of THOMPSON himself, his life and circumstances, poetry and prose, seems to me admirably proportioned and finished, his handling of far more impressive figures than THOMPSON is bound to be partial and cursory. Even so, he never writes an uninfluential page; and his happiness in such aspects of his theme as the mystical poet's use of nature, and the kinship of the mystic and the child, is sufficient justification, if justification is needed, for the eclecticism of his method.

I note that "snappy" is one of the epithets bestowed on Miss ELSWYTH THANE'S first novel by a press-notice quoted on the jacket of her second; and, though I did not hit on the adjective myself in reviewing *Riders of the Wind*, I can heartily endorse it in the case of *Echo Answers* (MURRAY). *Echo Answers* is extremely snappy; yet, though the circle of a pre-War Royal Academician and his old-world daughter would seem to demand mellower treatment, I do not suppose the discrepancy will worry any reader who has managed to get fairly under way with the fortunes of *Timothy Cole*, the lovely *Maida* and the lovely *Maida's* two swains, *Cyl* and *Stuart*. *Cole* is described as "England's most popular portrait artist, despite the fact that his likenesses were often cruelly *like*." *Maida*, who is given to black velvet, Cavalier collars and ingenuousness, is a sort of feminine *Lord Fauntleroy*. *Cyl*, though "born to a Tudor gem in Surrey and a town house in Eaton Square," is devoted to *belles lettres* and *Maida*. *Stuart*, a painter of no particular expectations or distinction, is beloved by *Maida* herself. Unluckily an exquisite harpy, *Lady Evelyn Lorne*, before she married *Lorne* for his money, had loved *Stuart* for himself, and had retained through a chequered spell of matrimony a locket which, sent as a token, would recall her original flame to her side. *Cyl*, refused by *Maida*, is heroically endeavouring to bring about his ladylove's happiness

with *Stuart*, when *Lorme* dies, the locket returns and *Stuart* is reclaimed by his boyhood's enchantress. The uneasy reactions of their engagement are as plausibly indicated as anything in the book; but it is difficult to take much interest in a tangle whose *dénouement* is a foregone conclusion.

Clara Barron (from JONATHAN CAPE)
Is the tale of a person in feminine shape,
But in most things else, apart from that,
A curious mixture of flint and cat.

As a tiny girl she contrives to see
That her father 's not all that he claims to be;
And later, when she 's had time to grow,
She pretty effectively tells him so.

Then cutting completely adrift she departs
From Canada (where the story starts)
And lands in New York with a definite view
Of moulding this rotten old world anew.

She doesn't progress very far with the game,
But here the author I think 's to blame,
For HARVEY O'HIGGINS, whenever she tries,
Keeps flooding the action with hows and whys.

Young Men in Love (HUTCHINSON) is by Mr. MICHAEL ARLEN and that leaves very little to be said about it. You know that if there are young men in love there must be young women in love, and if there is to be a story at all they must all love the wrong people. You know too, the author being who he is, that everything must happen within a crowded square mile, where life is mostly cocktails and bath-salts and where the women don't believe in hell but always have the name of it on their pretty red lips. So much you gather from the title-page. But you cannot know, and it is for me to tell you, that Mr. ARLEN's young folk are not now so nobly born as they used to be; once Mayfair by birth, they are now Mayfair only by arrival. This is certainly an improvement. They have all the gaiety and glitter of the "charming people" we knew, with the added advantage that when their lack of manners repels us we realise that the blame is neither theirs nor Mr. ARLEN's; it is now on grandfather. I also record with much pleasure that the author has purged his English of the mannerisms which once disfigured it; there is nothing in this book for the parodist. But along with the mannerisms there has gone unfortunately a certain ultimate reticence about things, a practice known to our fathers as "drawing the line somewhere." Mr. ARLEN did once draw the line somewhere; he now draws it almost nowhere. But there is every excuse for him. In the bath-salts school of fiction competition is keen and reticence is a terrible handicap.



Lady. "I 'VE NOT SEEN YOUR PICTURE. WHERE DOES IT HANG?"
Very modest Artist. "WELL, YOU *pass* IT JUST AS YOU COME IN."

Admiral MARK KERR asks us to believe—and of course we do believe—that when, once upon a time, he handed up a packet of cigarettes to the driver of a loaded camel which was carrying precisely its scheduled two-hundred-and-fifty pounds weight the animal decided that this was the last straw and promptly sat down, as did the forty-nine other camels of the Admiral's caravan. Such a yarn is worthy of one in whom may actually be descried that fabulous monster the veritable horse-marine, or even, to round off the title, the flying horse-marine. In *Land, Sea and Air* (LONGMANS) he tells of a career of successes in all three "elements" that is surely unparalleled for versatility. Whether he has been winning races as a gentleman-jockey—a hundred-and-one firsts on two-hundred-and-eighty-six mounts—or putting his ship at the head of the Fleet in games and gunnery, or becoming a leading air-pilot at an age when most persons are content to study aeronautics from the ground level, he has always shown a most cheerful capacity for getting things done. He has ridden, sailed or flown the wide world over, has commanded the Greek Navy, has hunted U-boats in the Adriatic, and wherever he has gone he has met and made friends with all manner of good fellows whose names he is perhaps just a little too fond of immortalising in print. He has even, before 1914, exchanged frivolous telegrams with the EX-KAISER. Through all his varied experiences he has retained an innocent capacity for believing what he is told—a gift very proper to a horse-marine. His book contains some of the best yarns going, accompanied, if the truth must be whispered, by some definitely second-best verses.

Hardy Stopford and *Bridget Haydon* both suffered from the same complex, which, after alternately drawing them together and pushing them apart, was dissolved by indulgence in passion. According to the Freudian doctrine, which evidently inspired Mr. PATRICK MILLER in writing *The Deep End* (CAPE), complexes are like that. In the pre-Freudian and, as some people obstinately continue to believe, the more moral era, the theme of Mr. MILLER's work would have been described as the usual mutual attraction of the sexes, which, at first unwillingly subjected to the voice of conscience, ultimately defied that monitor. Mr. MILLER gives it to be understood that, by the mysterious inversion now fashionable, the surrender to impulse was not the defeat but the triumph of virtue. *Bridget Haydon* had but the one trouble. Her luckless lover had two; for, besides his preoccupation with *Bridget*, *Hardy Stopford* was possessed by an inferiority complex which compelled him to knuckle under to the bullying of a disagreeable old gentleman who pompously interfered with *Stopford's* antiquarian researches in the East. Here again it is only the terminology which is novel. Lack of self-confidence is not a rare failing; and in plain terms *Hardy Stopford* was a weakling. His incorrigible vacillations and confused mental processes are delineated in detail with a skill which, if I may say so, is worthy of a better subject.

The Entertainment (HUTCHINSON) offered by Miss E. M. DELAFIELD's sixteen short stories, collected under that title, is varied enough, but all of it good. If none of these side-dishes is quite as cleverly thought-out or original in flavour as some of her more important confections have been, none has been spoiled by that dash of bitterness with which she has sometimes seemed too lavish. The stories come somewhere between the magazine and the high-brow varieties; and Miss DELAFIELD's quick eye for character stands her in good stead, particularly in such a story as "Holiday Group," in which a clergyman, his wife and children spend a fortnight at the seaside, convinced that they must be enjoying themselves and deriving any amount of benefit, when they are really tasting the dregs of weariness and discomfort. "... And Never They Twain Shall Meet," which turns on the difference between the aristocratic Italian view of love and its English equivalent, is in an entirely different vein, but a good vivid piece of work; and so is "Reparation," in which a girl who has told a lie takes it back as a penance before a boarding-house drawing-room full of staring visitors. Finally, I may say that I found myself eager for the next story and the next, in spite of all that an attack of flu could do to make me captious. Since the flu patient is notoriously hard to please, I mention the fact as a tribute to Miss DELAFIELD's good entertainment.

Mr. HUGH DE SELINCOURT essays in *Young 'Un* (METHUEN) an autobiographical record of his childhood and of his boyhood till the last days of his preparatory school-time, the point of view and the idiom chosen being that of a boy of fourteen or so. It is ingenious enough, though thoughts and phrases of a later stage of development inevitably betray him on occasion. This naive record of very ordinary happenings, the little joys and miseries which seem so big, of generous and meaner deeds (apparent frankness about these last being qualified by suitably veiled excuses), of the friends, heroes (not forgetting the heroines), pets and enemies of a sensitive boy, may serve to remind the adult reader of his own mild adventures. I doubt not it would infuriate any ordinary human boy—for whom I hope it was not intended. "I do hope I shall enjoy things. People who can't enjoy things are such dead rotters"—that is the keynote of this ingenuous prelude.



Injured Cricketer. "WHAT DOES THE PAPER SAY ABOUT MY ACCIDENT?"
Friend (reading). "'DOBBS, WHO WAS BADLY MISSED BY SMITH (THE LATTER HAD TWO TEETH KNOCKED OUT) WENT ON TO SCORE TWO HUNDRED RUNS.'"

The majority of the nine stories in *The Saving Clause* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) are from the mould that has gained so much popularity for "SAPPER." "Cynthia Delmorton's Mistake" and "Rout of the Oliver Samuelsons" are, for instance, stamped indelibly with a bound-to-please guarantee. For myself I rejoice to find symptoms in this collection that "SAPPER" is inclined to break this mould and be more ambitious. "The Impassive Footman," by far the longest tale in the book, is evidence of this. The subject that it deals with—a man, supposed to be a *malade imaginaire*, who is found to be suffering from virulent cancer—is not too pleasant, but the author's treatment of it shows distinct signs of qualities greater than mere dexterity. In spite of some jars his latest volume makes me think of "SAPPER" as he was when I thanked the powers that be for him.

Mr. PETER BLUNDELL's *Morals for Matilda* (LANE) is another of those sprightly and, be it added, appropriately spicy amphibian comedies of the Far East which have established for their author something of a reputation as a sort of Malayan W. W. JACOBS, with the waterfront of Singapore for his Wapping Wall, the waters of the Malacca Strait for those of Gravesend Reach and Lower Pool, and Chinese coasting steamers in place of Thames barges. The story in this case turns upon the arrival in Singapore of a young and attractive Dutch lady who, in accordance with Dutch custom, has been married by wireless to an unpleasant and bibulous compatriot who already has a dusky wife and several dusky children on his tobacco plantation; and the havoc wrought by her charms upon the hearts of the owner, captain and chief engineer of that preposterous vessel, the *Sea Jay*, during the passage from Singapore to Borneo, affords the author ample scope for the exercise of his rather boisterous humour, as well as for one or two situations of the kind sometimes described as French.

"WISH WYNNE RETURNS TO THE LEGITIMATE STAGE ON SATURDAY AFTER FOURTEEN YEARS IN EDGAR WALLACE'S NEW PLAY."
Newspaper Headline.

Fourteen years is a very long run for a new play.

CHARIVARIA.

THE "Heebie-Jeebies," according to an evening paper, is a dance, not a complaint. But that's what they said about the Charleston at first.

* * *

A woman has been telling a magistrate that her husband was very good to her, but he hadn't had a bath for a year. He is evidently a white man—but not very.

* * *

"Henry Ford has made the cheap motor-car what it is to-day," declares a contemporary. It seems hardly fair to lay all the blame on one man.

* * *

"Soon," remarks a Nature writer, "nuts will be showering lavishly on the ground." Does this mean that the cheap American aeroplane is coming?

* * *

According to a weekly paper there are five million illiterates in America. We should have thought they had more song-writers than that in the United States.

* * *

A certain actress is reported to have engineered a publicity stunt which was not taken up by the newspapers. A case of casting pearls before swine, as she put it.

* * *

By a novel device it is claimed that stage scenery will be revolutionised. Amongst other new features the heroine can slam the door when going out in a temper and the walls will remain unmoved.

* * *

Old gramophone records are being collected for charity. It's a very charitable idea.

* * *

The Press report the case of a man with a mania for stealing milk. This is your true cat-burglar.

* * *

Eighty-three girls in a nut-food factory have gone on strike, but Hampstead is bearing up bravely.

* * *

Among the presents at a recent wedding was an ostrich. The happy couple propose to feed it with surplus toast-racks.

* * *

A contemporary reminds us that the wood-wasp does not sting, but can bore through metal. This is the sort of wasp one would welcome at a picnic to take the place of the tin-opener (mislaid as usual).

* * *

It's all very well to engage one of these new servants who can drive a car, but what if she goes to crank it up and then explains that the engine came off in her hand?

* * *

The reason why night-clubs are losing their popularity (if they are) is that people are going to bed so late that it's yesterday's bedtime when these places open.

* * *

At West London a man who was prosecuted for offering his poetry from door to door without a pedlar's certificate was discharged with a caution. It is hoped that the publicity given to this case will correct the popular impression that in order to sell verses only a poetic licence is necessary.

* * *

The cannon-ball service of TILDEN and HUNTER is reported to have startled Germany. It is believed, however, that the Fatherland has large reserves of tennis-fodder.

* * *

The Channel is reported to be swarming with dog-fish, and prospective swimmers anticipate that the annoyance of having these creatures yapping at their heels will be worse than ever.

* * *

A gossip-writer has been informed that the sallow complexions of the inhabitants of the village of Harlech is due to the fact that they never eat vegetables. An "Eat More Leeks" campaign is indicated.

* * *

In a Sunday paper HOBBS invites boys to write to him for advice. We wonder how many youngsters have asked him which is the best kind of fountain-pen to use.

* * *

It is pointed out that the portrait of a young Society lady represents her as having red hair, whereas it is really golden. The discrepancy is ascribed to the artist's over-anxiety to put some ginger into his work.

* * *

It is believed that the Electricity Commissioners, in their scheme for Scotland, have in view the possibility of harnessing the haggis.

* * *

Continued reports of Spanish successes in Morocco seem to indicate that Spain is getting the upper hand in the peace.

* * *

Women Candidates to contest every constituency in England are advertised for. Still, that won't dispose of all the surplus two millions.

* * *

A Swedish agricultural worker has confessed to four hundred burglaries. He will have to be more careful in the future or that sort of thing will become a habit.

* * *

Out of 7,902 girl telephone operators, according to *The Telegraph and Telephone Journal*, 350 get married every year. We can only hope that this is the right number.

* * *

Ornithologists report that the nightingale is singing on a slightly shorter wave-length this year.

* * *

Weather-experts are not yet quite certain whether we have just had our summer or whether it was some warm weather left over from last year.

* * *

A Yorkshire musician has invented a silencer which when placed on a saxophone makes it sound like a distant echo. This appears to be a move in the right direction.

* * *

It is remarked that ordinary conversation is much more interesting than it used to be. Naturally. Look at all the new diseases doctors invent.

* * *

A correspondent writing to an evening paper complains that the ink-wells in his local post-office are full of mud. Well, what did he expect to find in them? Ink?



Absent-minded Maid (an ex-waitress). "WOT DO WE RUSH 'EM FOR EGGS HERE?"

THE MORAL OF "MORNING."

[Mrs. Dod Procter's Academy picture, "Morning," has been purchased for the nation by *The Daily Mail*. See cartoon on the opposite page.]

O when, without the slightest warning,
On issuing from the land of Nod,
She heard *The Mail* announce her name
As having leaped to sudden fame,
It must have been a lovely morning
For Mrs. Procter (Dod).

I don't suppose she deemed that journal
To be an expert judge of Art;
Rather she felt that in her work
Some lesson had been found to lurk,
Some verity, divine, eternal,
That hit the common heart.

And she was right; it adumbrated
A truth as old as natural sin:
This woman who declines to stir
At daylight's call, we have in her
That moral weakness indicated
Which makes the whole world kin.

I too have known these matin dramas;
And, though (I hope) I'm not so fat,
Nor have the same bucolic air,
Nor yet her taste in slumber-wear
(My preference being for pyjamas),
I often feel like that.

To lethargy I lie a martyr
Like her—it is the same with both,—
Deaf to the sounds of life that drum
Upon my torpid tympanum;
All that is best in me I barter
For one more hour of sloth.

Ah! what a sermon for a nation
Whose bed will soon become her bier,
Except she slacks a little less!
Well may the Associated Press
Pronounce this oil, with acclamation,
The Picture of the Year.

So, for the teaching here intended,
This call to Duty's early rounds,
I say (and thank *The Mail* whose zeal
Purchased it for the public weal),
It 's amply worth the sum expended,
Namely, £300.

O. S.

THE PAVEMENT ACADEMY.

The opening of the Spring Exhibition of the Pavement Academy is always an interesting event to artists and the general public alike, and, as it almost exactly synchronises with the Burlington House exhibition, enables us to compare the different angles and standpoints from which the eternal art problem may be attacked.

In this preliminary review it is impossible to give more than a general impression of the whole, but it may be said that the standard of work is commendably high and, we think, will bear comparison with that of any previous year. Most of the old academicians are exhibiting, though we notice with regret the absence of the work of Mr. Len Gregowski. He is at present resting for a short period at Pentonville, where, as we are given to understand, his undoubted gifts are being utilised for the decoration, in fresco, of one of the spacious galleries.

It is difficult to name a definite Picture of the Year, though we noticed a large crowd assembled in front of "Evening" and heard appreciative comments on it. It is by Jud Dyson, and is in Gallery IV. (corner of Aldwych and Kingsway), and depicts a tired workman lying on the pavement outside a block of tenement buildings, while his wife (doubtless) is leaning out of an upper window and calling to him. The light from an adjacent street-lamp shines full on his face, and there is a directness and certainty about the draughtsmanship which is very invigorating. This picture, we hear, has been purchased by *The Evening Herald* as a gift to the nation, though a slight difficulty has arisen with the L.C.C. in connection with the removal of the paving-stone on which it is painted.

The landscapes and seascapes are somewhat disappointing. There is a curious similarity of subject—we counted no fewer than seven "Stormy Skies" and six "Launching of the Lifeboats"; but Jim Murkin, Gallery II. (top of Tottenham Court Road), has a pleasing purple-and-green composition entitled "Harvest-Time," and Lake Spence, Gallery VIII. (junction of Edgware and Harrow Roads), shows an interesting study of "Hampstead Heath by Moonlight," dominated by the moon, the Heath itself being suggested rather than expressed by a wide expanse of muddy-grey. Bill Roper, Gallery VI. (Putney Bridge), reveals a distinct leaning towards the primitives with his studied neglect of a middle distance.

There are some admirable still-life pictures, many of them exhibited by the Pavement Artists' Hiring-Out Society, Limited, and therefore unattributable to any individual; but Ernie Vance, Gallery I. (Cambridge Circus), has repeated his success of last year with his "Wish I May Get 'Em," in which a sirloin of beef, somewhat underdone, balances precariously on a small plate and is accompanied by a tankard of stout with the creamiest of froth on it. The striking realism of the appeal is enhanced by the two (real) copper coins deposited on the edge of the picture. The same artist shows some flowers in a vase with the explanatory title "Crisanfemums" under it.

There is no portrait of Mr. A. J. Cook this year, but the Navy is represented as usual by Admirals Beatty and Jellicoe, the Army by "An Old Contemptible" (portrait of the artist), and politics by Mr. Baldwin and Comrade Mosley, the latter in a rather badly-fitting morning-coat.

Finally, for those who care for such things, Dick Cross has in Gallery VII. (Leicester Square) an obvious problem picture with the title, "The Flapper's Vote." Here is shown a young girl with a voting-card facing three figures, patently intended to represent Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. All three are stretching out eager hands, and the question is: To whom will she give it? The wink in the girl's eye and the artificial silk of the flesh-coloured stockings are cleverly painted, but, though a bright sun is shining from a cloudless sky, it is casting no shadows. We suggest that this is modernism run riot.

"The Professional Touch.

One cannot begrudge admiration for fine technique in any art. Hobbs at the wicket, Corot at the piano, an Andrea del Sarto, all these things that typify power perfectly applied to an assured end thrill the mind."—*Morning Paper.*

Old Andrea was best at the ocarina, we think.

"Mr. ——, of —— Road, Blackpool, was impressed by the hand-cut filigree work, and found that the maker was Stafford Fecit, of Nottinghamshire, who died in 1720.—*Trade Paper.*"

A member of a very hard-working family now, alas, nearly extinct.



SOME OTHER MORNING.

(With acknowledgments to Mrs. Dod Procter's "Morning" in the R.A.)

London. "I KNOW I OUGHT TO GET UP AND DO THE BRIDGES." [*Doesn't.*]



"LONGEST DRIVE OF MY LIFE TO-DAY, OLD BOY. DROVE NEARLY TWO HUNDRED YARDS."
"GOOD. SHE'S RUNNING BETTER THEN?"

THE CHILDREN'S PARADISE.

[Mr. H. W. HOUSEHOLD, the Education Secretary for Gloucestershire, addressing the Parents' National Educational Conference at Cirencester on May 10th, severely criticised the faulty training and "terribly wrong" ideals of teachers who talked too much and sought to mould children's minds on the model of their own. The result was that the child was lost in the class, and the bright child wasted time while the slower ones were making good. But in two-hundred-and-seventy out of four-hundred-and-twenty-two schools in Gloucestershire where the "CHARLOTTE MASON" methods and Parents' Union programme had been adopted, the child was the unit and not the class; was treated as one having rights, and not everlastingly lectured to, explained to and questioned, became a great lover of books and made such amazing progress as has never been seen in any type of school before.]

O happy Gloucestershire, where men are sane,
Where plums are plentiful and cheese is double,
And where, undeviatingly humane,
Enlightened teachers now have ceased to trouble
Their charges, or convert the ripening grain
Into a wilderness of straw and stubble
By overtaxing delicate digestions
With endless and unnecessary questions!

O happy county, foremost in the van
Of culture, where two-thirds of all its schools
Are now conducted on the kindly plan
Laid down by CHARLOTTE MASON in her rules,
And no pedantic or repressive ban
The infant's self-expression checks or cools,
But the long-needed change has come to pass
Which makes the child the unit, not the class—

Where teachers, though originally taught
Wrongly, in schools and colleges, to aim
At suffocating independent thought
In pupils, treating them as all the same,
Have now at last been gradually brought
To recognise the individual's claim,
Abandon arid text-books, black-board chalking,
And cease as far as possible from talking!

"The roots of learning," quoth an ancient sage,
"Are bitter, but the fruits thereof are sweet."
In our alert emancipated age
These ancient saws, outworn and obsolete,
The earnest educationist enrage;
We strike such fetters from our children's feet;
Learning is turned to joy and school to play
By the wise teachers of a happier day.

Alas! as to these "HOUSEHOLD" words I hark
How deeply I deplore my stunted youth
When the old regimen, severe and stark,
Denied the natural craving of my tooth
For sweetness, ere all lessons were a lark,
And Public Bodies recognised the truth
That then, and then alone, will Progress hum
When children rule and dominies are dumb.

AN IVORY-HANDED DAUGHTER OF TOIL.

THIS, as all travellers about England by road, and not a few by rail, must be aware, is the age of chicken-farming. What becomes of the chickens thus farmed I have never been able to discover, for they are no more numerous on the table and no cheaper in the markets, nor are omelettes (perhaps mercifully) on the increase in this country; but chicken-culture is an established fact, visible to the eye, troublesome to the chauffeur and the cyclist, audible extremely to the ear.

I speak at the moment of the big chicken-farms, but no one is now too poor to keep a few birds, while among the well-to-do a poultry annexe has become an essential. There is, however, a difference; for where the poor speak of their "fowls" the rich refer only to their Barneveldes or Buff Orpingtons, their Wyandottes or Light Sussex, their Rhode Island or La Bresse (whose legs, as you perhaps know, were made by Providence infinitesimal in order that more emphasis might be laid on their white meat).

Among the well-to-do who have succumbed to the chicken-culture fashion is my friend, little Mrs. Flutterleigh. As she is an intense follower of the mode, whatever it is, I was not surprised, when I went to her country place to lunch the other day, to find that half of the paddock, where we used to play cricket, is now wired off and filled with coops, about which were browsing and pecking numberless birds, all of them I am sure of impeccable ancestry.

"Yes," said Mrs. Flutterleigh at lunch, "I am going in for poultry very seriously. It is not only a very amusing hobby, but I intend to make it pay me handsomely too."

"Amusing?" I replied. "How can you possibly call anything to do with those brainless creatures amusing?"

"Of course it is," she said. "It is always amusing to feed things, incubate them, bring them up."

Her sister (a very charming woman) laughed. "As though Anita had anything to do with their care," she said. "It's all done for her."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed little Mrs. Flutterleigh. "I am all round the pens every morning. There's one special lot I am going to feed directly after lunch. That's what I've been keeping these potatoes for." And she drew our attention to three white and waxy new potatoes cooling on a plate beside her; some of the first new English potatoes I have had this year; delicious; dug from her own garden by a gardener who, if he had had his way, would not have disturbed them for six weeks. You know how his kind hates anything "early."

"Of course, I look after them," she continued. "Honoria always makes me out to be such a rotter. Directly lunch is over I 'll show you."

* * * * *

Lunch being finished we strolled to the enclosure and made our way as best we could through a mob of greedy birds to the netted space where Mrs. Flutterleigh's special favourites were kept apart. About a dozen dazzling La Bresse (of whose special merits I have already spoken) charged at us.

"There!" said Mrs. Flutterleigh; "aren't they beauties? I never reared a finer brood."

I agreed. "I don't wonder you like to keep the feeding of them in your own hands," I said. "Where are the potatoes?"

In reply she uttered a little cry of panic. "Good heavens!" she exclaimed. "It's most extraordinary, but I 'm afraid I ate them on the way here."

E. V. L.



Small Boy (who has been sent upstairs to wash his face). "MUMMY, ARE YOUR EARS PART OF YOUR FACE OR PART OF YOUR NECK?"

"THE DESSERT SONG."

From List of Phonograph Records.

Can this be Mr. AMERY'S popular "Ballad of Empire Fruit"?

LIVESTOCK IN BARRACKS.

I.—HEPHZIBAH THE HEN.

THE Officers' Mess has been severely shaken at several times in its career by the irruption of unexpected fauna, notably on the occasion when Balbus the Bat came in and played with us for the evening; but most previous records were beaten yesterday by Hephzibah.

Hephzibah was one of the mess-caterer's hens and supposed to live at the back of the Mess, existing on crumbs from our table and providing the Colonel's fried bacon with a companion each morning. Actually, I think, the climate at the back of the Mess didn't suit her. She thought the front was much nicer. "Why, my dear," I overheard her saying to a bosom-companion outside the mess-secretary's office-window, "they've got a tennis-court with the most delicious worms, to be had by only the slightest of scratching—not more than a couple of inches depth, I assure you. And flower-beds—quite too divine. And a verandah! . . ."

What she thought of the inside of the Mess on her one brief visit no one has ever heard; and now no one ever will.

She walked in at breakfast, to begin with, at the moment when the junior subaltern, Lieutenant Swordfrog, was hurriedly gulping porridge preparatory to going and standing on the parade-ground and looking important while a sergeant and thirty men did some work. Now Hephzibah appreciated rapid feeding—"With so many people about, one simply can't be too quick"—and so she clucked approvingly as each spoonful of porridge went home. Lieutenant Swordfrog, who had not observed her, was much worried at the strange noise which synchronised with each mouthful. He began eventually to think that there was something wrong with his intake-pipe and resolved to consult the Medical Officer. A little later he finished his porridge, and then a new noise commenced which really frightened him. He even thought that perhaps the place was bewitched. The noise, of course, was merely Hephzibah gleaning fragments under the table and occasionally stropping her beak on the chair-legs; but Lieutenant Swordfrog, a young and credulous youth, spent a lot of the morning telling people that he thought the Mess was creaking rather strangely and asking brother-officers if there was any ghost-story connected with the building.

Of course you can't ask our officers that sort of thing without getting full-value answers. Lieutenant James informed him that it was a missing mess-waiter of the early 'fifties who had got buried by an accident to the roof of the pantry and was still supposed to be trying to get out and serve a major of that period with a sherry. Lieutenant Holster swore that it must be the "White Mess Sergeant," who only appeared when some great misfortune was impending, such as a death, a General Inspection or a transfer to India; while Captain Bayonet merely said it was the ghost of the last junior subaltern who asked his senior officers silly questions.



"SHE VOLPLANED LIGHTLY DOWN THE LENGTH OF THE TABLE."

The real cause was not suspected till evening, as Hephzibah was taking a nap high up on a shelf inside a large silver cup, won by Lance-Corporal Scabbard of the battalion for high jumping and on loan to the Mess.

It was about half-an-hour before Mess, and several officers were assembled in the ante-room, when a scared mess-waiter came in and said to Captain Bayonet that "beggin' your pardon, Sir, there 's a sort of noise in the dinin'-room and me and Trigger can't find out what it is." Captain Bayonet bravely went to investigate, followed by the other officers—all except Lieutenant Swordfrog, who, trembling slightly, stayed behind and finished up Lieutenant James's gin-and-bitters.

There *was* a sort of noise. At one time it was like a man trying to write on a tin can with a rusty needle; at another it was a species of subdued chuckling, like the back rows of a battalion concert when the padre is reciting "Gunga Din."

It was at last quite definitely traced to the big silver high-jump cup on the shelf, and Captain Bayonet set up an assault-party, consisting of Private Trigger (who was acting that month as mess-waiter) mounted on a chair to investigate. The arrival of Private Trigger's head on a level with the edge of the cup coincided exactly with the appearance of Hephzibah's head as she popped up to survey the neighbourhood. They each stared at one another for two seconds in terrified surprise and then there was a sensation. Hephzibah let out a wild squawk, on hearing which Swordfrog, in the next room, definitely collapsed into a chair and finished Lieutenant Holster's *apéritif* as well, while Private Trigger achieved a leap of his own which, if only it had been produced at the right time and place and with proper judges, would have won him Lance-Corporal Scabbard's silver cup by about seven inches.

Lieutenant James said "A hen, by Jove!" and rushed forward in time to receive Private Trigger on his foot and then the cup on his forehead, as Hephzibah got out of bed and scuttled down the shelf among the trophies.

Hephzibah advanced to the end, surveyed the dining-room for a moment and then decided on flight. She launched herself into space and flew.

I didn't think hens could fly very well, but Hephzibah was a winner. She did the length of the mess-room in three-fifths of a second and, finding no place for the sole of her foot, brought off a fine Immelmann turn at the end and repeated. She was talking incessantly to herself about it the whole time in a high-pitched voice.

There was a renewed sensation. Captain Bayonet tried to catch her, but she looped the loop twice and brought down a picture on his shoulder. The rest of us were too surprised to do anything—except James, who was too stunned, and Swordfrog in the next room, who was too frightened and too full of gin and bitters. I don't think we had ever seen a hen fly as Hephzibah did. Personally, I distinctly saw her hover for quite an appreciable time in the manner of a dragon-fly.

Finally, she volplaned lightly down the length of the table, upsetting all the glasses and flower-vases, zoomed up at the end, and made a forced landing on Private Trigger's head.



"WHICH END OF THE TRAIN IS THE ENGINE, PORTER?"
"FRONT, MISS."

Captain Bayonet yelled to Trigger to keep still; and Private Trigger, on being spoken to by an officer, at once stood to attention, though Hephzibah rather spoiled the look of it. We then stalked her slowly. She left just before we arrived. I got Trigger's ear and James got a fine selection of feathers. Hephzibah, still talking about it all, would have flown straight out of the window but that it was shut and she wasn't good at glass. Holster caught her on the rebound, and she was returned upside-down and emitting throaty gurgles to the scared mess-caterer, who was by then expecting court-martial.

Dinner was half-an-hour late and we shall have a big bill for crockery this month. Also the mess-caterer now keeps ducks. Also we are going to have chicken for lunch to-day. Also we found an egg in the High Jump Cup; but I understand that both Private Trigger and Lance-Corporal Scabbard, the owner of the cup, are claiming that. A. A.

"NEW-FOUND RIGHT.

The life of our times has opened avenues of freedom to women and in ever increasing numbers she is exulting in her new-found right to stand on her own two feet and pay her own 'bus fare."—*Sunday Paper.*

So long as she doesn't stand on ours.

"1920 EGGS UNBROKEN IN ROAD SMASH.

A woman motorist, in whose car was 160 dozen of eggs, crashed into a lamp-post while proceeding along one of the streets in North Berwick. She fully expected that this large parcel of eggs would be converted into an omelet, but on examination it was found that not one was broken."—*Scots Paper.*

1920 seems to have been a stout vintage.

From "Answers to Correspondents":

"'TISHY.'—I should show your hands to a doctor, my dear, and ask him to remove them. It will only take a week or so, and will not cost you as much as all these patent things you have been trying."—*Weekly Paper.*

An even cheaper way is to take a chopper and chop them off oneself.

BLUEBELLS.

THE Call of the Wild came to me about two weeks ago.

"We will go to Barley Wood," I said, "and gather handfuls of wild bluebells there."

"All right," they said; "you get the car."

"No, no, no!" I said. "Be fair-minded. I thought of the idea; you ought to get the car."

For the car lives at a garage more than three hundred yards away.

However in the end I went.

It was a wonderfully sweet and sunny afternoon. About a hundred yards down the road on the right I noticed the hinder part of James Fothergill. His head was buried in the open bonnet of his powerful Nevill 14.

"Hullo!" I said.

He resumed the upright position and turned round. There was a slight smear of lubricating oil on his left cheek.

"Going for a spin?" I said.

"Yes," he replied; "the Lure of the Open came to me this morning, and I thought we would take a run out to Barley Wood and gather some wild bluebells there."

"Splendid!" I told him. "Quite possibly we shall meet."

About two hundred yards down the road on the right I noticed the powerful Rossetti 11·9 of William Smith. It was making a loud roaring noise, and William Smith was seated inside at the wheel.

"Hullo!" I shouted. "Going out for a run?"

"Yes," he shouted back. "Spring seemed to cry aloud to us all this morning, and we decided to obey her call."

"Ah, the *Wanderlust*," I said, shaking my finger at him. "Where do you think of going to?"

"Barley Wood," he said; "to gather wild bluebells there."

"Perhaps we shall foregather," I murmured, and went on.

I found the garage proprietor meditatively chewing a straw. He used to keep horses long ago, and tries to keep in touch as far as possible with his old life. The garage was very empty indeed.

"Almost everybody seems to have gone for a spin," I said as we started her up.

"Yes, Sir," he replied. "It 's the Spell of the Open Spaces, most like, as the newspapers say."

"I suppose it must be," I said, chugging out.

At the point where our road touches it, one can see the great main road running like a ribbon (or streak) for nearly two miles. One can see it, that is to say, in winter or on wet afternoons. On this particular afternoon one could not see it running like anything at all. It was completely obliterated by small cars, the owners of which had heard the Call of the Wild, and were being lured by it to Barley Wood. Those who had already been lured were coming back again, carrying their bluebells with them.

Merely regarded as a colour scheme, the effect was peculiar enough, for every outgoing car showed a red triangle behind, indicating the presence of four-wheel brakes, and every incoming car carried a beautiful sapphire blaze which betokened the Shout of Spring. Barley Wood, in fact, appeared to be coming to Kensington.

We merged ourselves in the creeping tide. It went considerably faster than a human walk, but rather slower than a human run. This was owing to the fact that, about fourteen miles ahead, a portion of the road had been taken up, which created a bottle-neck. No car overtook any other car, for there was no space where this could be done.

It was not certain, of course, that every outgoing car was going out to Barley Wood. It was merely probable. Somewhere in the solemn procession at 8 m.p.h. there may have been a dark man eloping with somebody else's golden-haired wife, followed at a few cars' interval by the furious husband foaming at the wheel. Somewhere there may have been a man wanted for murder or for a theft of jewellery, fleeing from justice and hunted further down the line by the stern-faced minions of the law. It did not matter much. There was no possibility that the culprits would be caught for the next fifteen or twenty miles, at any rate. And certainly a great part of the travellers was going to Barley Wood. One could tell it by the set of their shoulders. The spring was in their blood.

Even eternity comes to an end.

I ran my boiled car on to the trampled turf, and a rough-looking man came forward to speak to me.

"Who are you?" I said.

"I'm the Keeper of the Wild," he said (or words to that effect). "You can't park your car here. You must take it right up to the end of the row."

Very meekly I crawled on.

We got out and entered the wood. It consists in the main of deciduous, but in some parts of coniferous, trees. We were just about to disport ourselves, laughing and holla-ing wildly in answer to the holla of spring, when a man like a game-keeper appeared and touched his cap.

"What is the matter?" I inquired.

"I am the Warder of the Open," he said. At least, I think that is what he said. "You can't go walking about all over here anyhow, you know. If you want bluebells you must take your place in the queue."

He pointed out to us the path in which those who were being lured by the Open had lined up in single file. It was a most impressive ceremony. Nothing was really lacking, save Community Song. A little way ahead of us we could see the Fothergills and the Smiths.

Suddenly a cuckoo called.

"Did you hear the cuckoo call?" said Mrs. Smith to her husband.

"Yes," he said.

Further ahead in the line I could hear Mr. Fothergill ask Mrs. Fothergill whether she had heard the cuckoo. She replied that she had.

The cuckoo called again.

"Cuckoo!" cried one of the young Fothergills.

"Tuttoo!" squeaked the youngest of the Smiths.

"Cuckoo!" said the cuckoo again. "Cuckoo!"

There were still some bluebells left, and we filled our hands and filed out along another path to the parking ground.

"Pity we have to get back so soon," I said to Mrs. Smith as we butted out together into the home-going stream.

"Yes," she answered, changing gear loudly with a regretful sigh, "I should have liked to stay out communing with Nature for another hour or two; but of course there is the children's bedtime to think of."

The Keeper of the Wild came trotting up after me in sore distress. "You forgot your shilling, Sir," he said.

I apologised and paid him.

* * * * *

"Have a nice run, Sir?" inquired the garage proprietor when I returned. He was still chewing his straw.

"Excellent," I said. "I 'm afraid I've boiled her up a bit, though."

"Ah," he said, "I expect they've most of them done that this afternoon."

"Wonderful spin," I cried to Fothergill as I came back down the road. "Get plenty of bluebells?"

"Yes," he answered, "quite a lot. Did you hear the cuckoo?"

"Quite plainly," I replied.

"So did we," he said.

Smith was peering into the engine of his powerful Rossetti 11·9, but I did not stop to talk to him. I was feeling the Call of Civilisation again. EVOE.

"CHOICE WINES,

being the Property of a Lady removed from a cellar in London."—*Advertisement Column.*

It is no place for a lady.

ROYAL ACADEMY—SECOND DEPRESSIONS.



Hermes. "NOW THEN, YOUNG BACCHUS, MY LAD, EASY WITH THAT OFF FRONT WING; I'VE ALREADY LOST BOTH MY HIND ONES."



The Lover (seen reflected in the mirror). "DEAREST, I AM FORTUNATE IN FINDING YOU ALONE."

The Monkey. "WELL, I'M DASHED! DOESN'T COUNT ME AS ANYBODY, I SUPPOSE."



CLEVER BORZOI GIVES AN IMPERSONATION OF A HEARTH-RUG.



AN ENTHUSIASTIC ANTI-SHINGLER.



THE SPREAD OF CIVILISATION.

EASTERN CANDIDATES QUALIFYING FOR MEMBERSHIP OF THE FROTHBLOWERS' ORDER.



Diana. "I MUST GO HUNTING SOMEWHERE ELSE; THESE DAY-TRIPPERS ARE MAKING THIS PLACE IMPOSSIBLE."



YOUNG LADY HAVING HER PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY FRIEND IN THE ROYAL AIR FORCE.



Cupid. "PERSONALLY I DON'T CARE ABOUT ANY OF THEM, BUT THAT ONE SEEMS THE LEAST UNPLEASING."



PUTTING THE APPLE.

Old Gentleman (centre). "YOU'RE FREE TO DISLIKE THIS LADY'S CHARLESTON LEGS, BUT THAT'S NO EXCUSE FOR CHUCKING APPLES ABOUT AMONG OUR CROCKERY."

MISLEADING CASES.

XIV.—PLEASANT SUNDAY MORNINGS.

Rex v. *Williams, Johnston, Thomas, Robinson, Beetle, Pullborough and Others.*

THE hearing of this case was concluded to-day in the Court of Criminal Appeal.

The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, delivering judgment, said: In this painful case the defendants are the proprietors and editors of certain Sunday newspapers. They were charged at the Old Bailey, on an information laid by the Sunday Society, with certain offences under the Sunday Observance Act, 1677—an Act of the reign of CHARLES II., which has never been repealed. All the defendants were found guilty, and they were sentenced to fines ranging from five hundred thousand to two million pounds, or in the alternative to imprisonment for a very long time; and they have now appealed on the ground that these sentences are excessive.

That the offences were committed is not seriously disputed. By the Act it is laid down that

> "*No tradesmen, artificers, workmen, labourers or other person whatsoever shall do or exercise any worldly labour, business or work of their ordinary callings upon the Lord's Day, or any part thereof.*"

It was proved to the satisfaction of the judge and jury that the accused persons have for many years distributed, sold and in some cases printed their newspapers upon the Lord's Day, or some part thereof. And it is only necessary for this Court to consider the facts of the case so far as they may affect the measure of punishment.

It was urged in evidence by the very able Secretary of the informing Society, Mr. Haddock, that the dissemination of what is called "news" is always an anti-social and disturbing act; that "news" consists, as to ninety per cent., of the records of human misfortune, unhappiness and wrong-doing, as to nine per cent. of personal advertisement, and as to one per cent. of instructive or improving matter; that the study of the newspapers is harmful to the citizen, because (*a*) by their insistence upon railway accidents, floods, divorces, murders, fires, successful robberies, the rates of taxation and other evils, and (*b*) by the prominence which they give to exceptionally good fortune, the winners of large sweepstakes, the salaries and faces of beautiful actresses, and the occasional success of what are known, it appears, as "outsiders," he is led to the conclusion that industry, thrift and virtue are not worth pursuing in a world so much governed by incalculable chances; and, in general, that the conditions of mind most fostered by the news of the day are curiosity, cupidity, envy, indignation, horror and fear.

Whatever may be desirable or permitted upon a week-day, it is argued by Mr. Haddock that to influence great numbers of the citizens in this way for pecuniary gain on the morning of the Sabbath is clearly contrary to the intention of the Act. But evidence was called to show that there are large masses of the population who because of the existence of the defendants' journals ignore the news of the world throughout the week and only begin to consider it at about that time on Sunday morning when the bells are summoning them to Mattins, from which hour until the mid-day meal they remain, as one witness put it, "embedded" in the news. And numerous divines swore that they expect their largest congregations upon Christmas Day, which is one of the only two holy days in the year on which no newspapers appear to seduce their flock with the activities of race-horses or the contents of trunks.

These are grave charges. And it is necessary to consider the particular character of the various journals in question. The defendant GARVIN, who appears to possess an unusual command of language, maintained that his paper, *The Observer*, was in a class by itself and deliberately designed for the special needs of the Sabbath-reader; but this defence was put forward by several others, though on different grounds. He was asked to say whether, in his opinion, a man of average powers could in the same morning give proper attention to bodily cleanliness, to Divine Service and to one of his leading articles. The witness replied that his leading articles were half-way between a cold bath and a religious exercise, and that this was the place which they occupied very fitly in the life of the nation. I have here four or five columns extracted from one of these articles (Exhibit A). It is headed THE CATACLYSM—SANITY OR SURRENDER?—DISRAELI, THE DIE-HARD, AND THE DELUGE. It begins:—

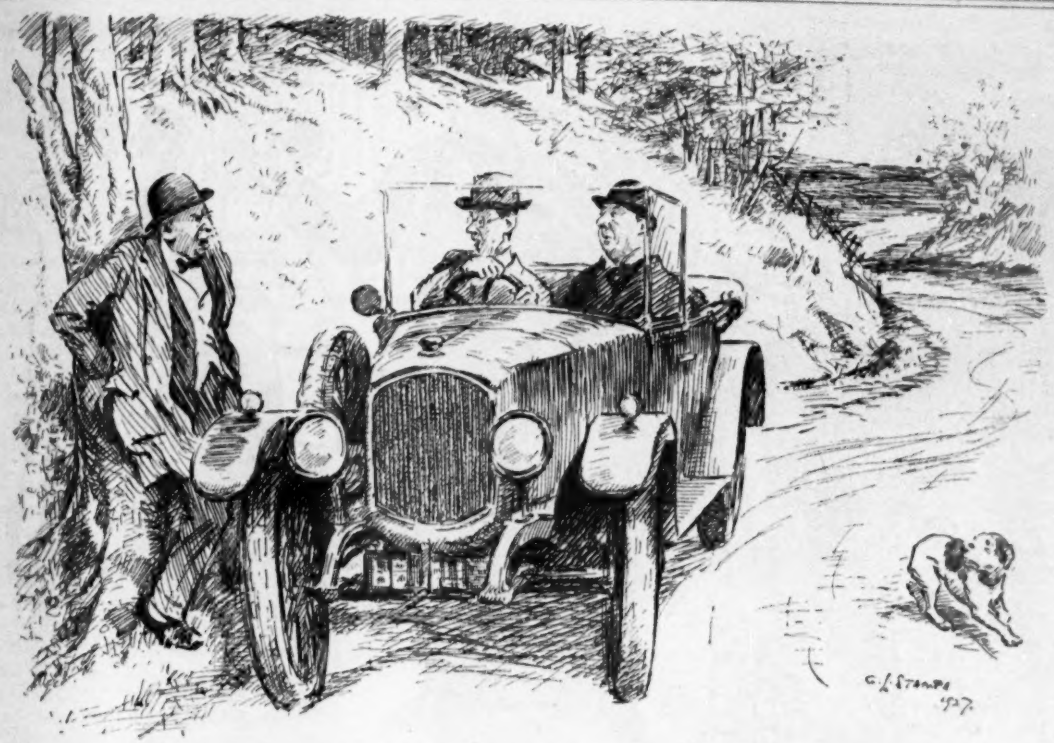
"This week the chiaroscuro of human affairs is coloured full-blooded in the tones of madness. After Mesopotamia—Manchester. After Clynes—Catastrophe. After Baldwin—what? In this journal we have never concealed our opinion," etc.

It was argued by Mr. Haddock, I think with some force, that on Sunday morning at eleven o'clock no Christian Englishman should be thinking about Mesopotamia or chiaroscuro. Yet this writer has at least the intention of elevating, however depressing his messages in fact may be. But what is to be said of the witnesses ERVINE and AGATE, who have admitted in evidence that every Sunday morning, in two columns or more, they direct the attention of their numerous followers to the performance of stage-plays, the personal appearance of actresses, the material rewards of playwrights and managers, the problems of sex and other matters which are without doubt "worldly" within the meaning of the Act?

And these unfortunately are not the worst. There are other papers represented in that dock which devote a considerable space to accounts of crime and criminal proceedings, the past conduct of pugilists and the future behaviour of horses; and it was argued for the prosecution that the same law which forbids the subject to witness a play by the poet SHAKESPEARE on Sunday evening should, *a fortiori*, protect him in the morning from the more sensational dramas of the under-world. There are



Nephew. "THEY'RE PUTTING ROBINSON ON TO BOWL. WATCH HIS LEG-BREAK."
Auntie. "HOW HORRIBLE! IT'S AS BAD AS A SPANISH BULL-FIGHT."



"W-WHAT D' YOU THINK YOU 'RE DOING WITH THAT CURSED THING?"
"WELL, I NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT IT; BUT, NOW YOU ASK ME, I THINK I MUST BE DRIVING."

papers published on Sunday morning, it appears, which many Britons are compelled to conceal from their wives; while in other households two copies are purchased in order that the reading of neither spouse may be interrupted. In these papers an importance is attached to crimes of passion which neither their number nor their moral teaching would seem to justify; and no governess is unwillingly caressed but some representative will be at hand to report the proceedings. I am satisfied that the purveying of these reports for money has not the educational or religious purpose which might excuse it; and that it is a "worldly business" within the meaning of the Act.

I see no reason why any of the sentences should be reduced. These papers are not poor papers. On the contrary they make no secret of their large circulation and extensive influence; and many of them go so far as to publish statistical records of their sales, glorying in the fact that every Sabbath they distract greater numbers of His Majesty's subjects from holy thoughts than this or that other paper. It is in the power of this Court to vary sentences either in a downward or an upward direction, and the sentences of certain of the defendants will be increased to penal servitude for terms of years calculated *pro rata* according to circulation. The defendant claiming the largest circulation will be boiled alive, and an order will be made to that effect.

These papers must not be printed again. It has been urged that this order will deprive many citizens of their weekly entertainment; but I am satisfied that the needs of the people are amply supplied by certain papers which are published during the week and especially on Wednesdays. The appeal must be dismissed.

FROG, J., and BATTER, J., concurred.

A. P. H.

From contents list of *National Geographic Magazine*:—

"AMERICA'S DEBT TO THE HEN."

Featuring COLUMBUS and the egg?

"In *Dido and Æneas*, 'When I am Lady Nurse' was very beautifully rendered by Miss ——."—*Provincial Paper.*

All the same we don't think much of her enunciation of "laid in earth."

"The bride had a pink ribbon sash a small chopped onion, and serve cold showing through the embroidered holes on her silver frock."
Evening Paper.

We had often wondered what made the bridesmaids weep.

SIX AND OUT.

(A Street Impression.)

THE pitch was only smooth in parts;
It sank at either crease;
And motor-vans and bakers' carts
At times disturbed the peace.

The bowlers found it hard to hit
The lamp-post's slender stem;
The broader wicket opposite
Was cleared at 6 P.M.

It was a keen determined school,
Unorthodox and free;
Harsh circumstance oft made the rule,
And not the M.C.C.

The scorer, seated by the wall,
Kept up a fire of talk;
He was both umpires, crowd and all,
And plied a busy chalk.

So, standing, musing on the scene,
I let the moments pass;
How well he drove it to the screen....
And then—the crash of glass!

I watched the players as they ran,
And heard, while yet they fled,
The loud voice of an angry man,
The law's majestic tread.



Artist (entering Exhibition). "I'LL TAKE YOU STRAIGHT TO THE BEST PICTURE IN THE SHOW."
Friend (anxious to please). "OH, BUT I WANTED TO SEE YOURS FIRST."

THE LOST DIMPLE.

["The dimple is disappearing."—*Daily Paper.*]

WHEN maidens were tender and gentle
And modest and soft in their ways,
Which perhaps to the more sentimental
Are held as desirable traits,
When they shyly looked up through long lashes
Or down on the ground when they spoke,
When they hadn't learnt overhead smashes
Or, hardly, to smoke,

Their skirts were extensive (and frumpish),
They moved with a delicate grace
Which developed by nature a plumpish
Condition of figure and face;
That, in short, was the age of the simple,
The placid, the tame and the meek;
It was also the day when the dimple
Embellished the cheek.

O damsels so fairily pitted
With charms of that earlier day,
Your expression, it must be admitted,
Was mild in a general way;
You were short, it may be, in the keenness
Your present-day sisters have got,
But in spite of that seasonal greenness
You knew what was what.

The girl of to-day is delightful,
A creature of infinite charm,
Though persons inclined to be spiteful
Regard her, they say, with alarm;
From Victorian modes and Edvardian
She has passed, be it owned, with a jump
That allows for the parent or guardian
Some grounds for the hump.

The limbs that were sacred from mention
And only were crossed at the feet
She displays to an earnest attention
That finds them remarkably neat;
She plays and she works with a vigour
That fills her admirers with joy,
And she's got herself down to a figure
As slim as a boy.

But, fair though she is and entrancing
To calm and unprejudiced eyes
That observe her when lepping or dancing,
I doubt, on the whole, if she's wise;
For her features, I'm told, have got thinner;
The dimple, the chief and the pearl
Of attractions—and always a winner—
Is leaving the girl.

I wouldn't go back to long dresses
On frames that suggest the balloon;
I have no sort of taste for long tresses
Or faces resembling a spoon;
The allurement of snood and of wimple
I firmly and utterly bar;
But to start running risks with the dimple
Is going too far.

DUM-DUM.

CHARACTER AND INTELLIGENCE.

"HAVE you noticed," she asked me thoughtfully, "that when someone has made a huge success in life, through packing fewer matches in a match-box than anyone ever did before, or something like that, he always says that his success has been due more to character than to intelligence?"

"I should think it 's very likely true," I said even more thoughtfully; "a bad character is often more of a help than even a limited intelligence. The combination of course is irresistible."

"I 've just made a great success too," she observed with an abstracted air.

"And was it," I inquired, "due to character or to intelligence?"

"Oh, character," she answered at once. "Intelligence is no use at all with husbands—simply thrown away on them."

"It was Tom, then?" I asked sympathetically. "I heard he had been observed standing up to the office-boy this morning, so I thought something must have happened. What was it?"

"The Charleston," she said simply. "Ever so long ago he promised me ever so faithfully he would go and learn it, and yesterday I really got him to go."

"No wonder," I said admiringly, "he felt equal to the office-boy; soon he 'll be ready to talk back to the haughtiest typist, such is the confidence that a knowledge of the Charleston gives even to the humblest. I suppose he 'll often dance it now?"

"He can't dance it more often than he has," she sighed. "That 's why I made him promise to go and learn it."

"Didn't he want to?"

"Well, almost every time I asked him he promised quite readily. The difficulty was to get him actually to go."

"But character won through in the end?"

"I suppose perhaps," she confessed, "that what won in the end was more bribery. I told him if he would go that very day I would let him off buying me a new hat for the smart matinée he was taking me to the next afternoon."

"Very self-denying. I suppose he rather jumped at that?"

"He did indeed—nearly out of his chair."

"Ah," I said cunningly, "perhaps he hadn't known before about that new hat?"

"It was the matinée he hadn't known about, otherwise he wouldn't have been surprised about the hat, because of course you can't go to a rather smart matinée in any old thing that 's been out of fashion for days and days, can you? Even Tom would admit that. And of course it 's not a bit of good having a new hat if you haven't simply anywhere at all to go to in it, is it? Even Tom admitted he could see that. Anyway," she persisted, "I think it was very nice of me to offer to give up a new hat I wanted ever so badly and a matinée I know I should have enjoyed simply so that Tom should have a chance to go and learn the Charleston."

"It was," I agreed. "And he really went?"

"Oh, yes, really and truly. I went with him."

"A wise precaution."

"It wasn't that at all," she said indignantly. "I can always trust Tom when he really promises—I mean, not just when he wants to go on reading the paper."

"And was the lesson a success?"

"The lesson? Oh, you see, on the way we happened to pass a hat-shop, where they really do have the newest, loveliest hats you ever saw, and ever so cheap."

"Yes?"

"At least we didn't actually pass it . . ."

"No?"

"Tom says it was the cheapest hat he ever bought me, if you count what he saved on the Charleston lesson, because of course there wasn't time to go on there. Do you think it suits me?"

"Admirably," I declared; "and I 've always held that, if Tom hasn't got much character even for a motorist, at least he has lots of intelligence."

E. R. P.



Angry Traveller. "WHAT! TWO HOURS TO WAIT FOR THE NEXT TRAIN? WHERE'S YOUR WAITING-ROOM?"

Station Official. "US AIN'T GOT ONE OF OUR OWN, ZUR. US SHARES WI' PUDLEIGH, THE NEXT STATION."

"Mr. and Mrs. —— left by car for Princes Risborough en route for the Isle of Man, where the honeymoon will be spent amid further showers of confetti."—*Daily Paper.*

There is no accounting for tastes.

"It is certain that there will be much weeding out before the industry finds its legs again."—*Weekly Paper.*

It seems to have been letting the grass grow over them.



PLUS AND MINUS FOURS.

A PARIS CROSSING.

THERE are two ways of crossing a Paris street in safety. One is to take a taxi from one side to the other. This is an inexpensive method costing about fourpence, including a generous tip to the driver, and is not likely to lead one into trouble.

The other method requires the spirit of adventure and some tact and may cost you your life.

Dorothy and I were taking the most wonderful child in the world and the most wonderful man of the future (these being one and the same) for his daily outing in the Luxembourg Gardens.

"I hope there is a policeman at the crossing, otherwise it's impossible," said Dorothy.

The French look to the future. The present generation gets run over; but one baby in a perambulator will hold up fifty cars if there is a policeman present.

There was a crowd of people waiting to cross, and one irresponsive gendarme in the middle of the road. Suddenly a sinister-looking stranger with pointed beard and broad-brimmed black felt hat made a dart for the pram, seized it from Dorothy's grasp and wheeled it quickly from the pavement into the road.

Up went the gendarme's baton; a tram, three auto-buses, and seven or eight taxis apparently turned to stone, and a stream of pedestrians poured from each side-pavement.

Dorothy gave one British yell. I gave another. We pushed and fought our way through the crowd. Panting and hysterical we reached the Luxembourg side as the stranger briskly pushed the perambulator on to the pavement, and once more the traffic closed in and continued its devastating way.

He turned to Dorothy, lifted his broad-brimmed hat, described a graceful semi-circle with it as he deeply bowed, and in careful English made his apology.

"Pardon me, Madame, but I have an appointment of importance at this hour. It was necessary that I should cross the road."

He had chosen the alternative. Of course a taxi would be more than fourpence to him, as no doubt his income is in francs.

GARDEN PESTS.

I.—THE GARDENER.

Of pests by which the garden's curst
The Gardener is the very worst.
The humble worms can scarce abide
The man's intolerable pride,
For no one in the place but he
Assumes infallibility.
"I 'm always right and you are wrong"
Is still the burden of his song.

The vegetables I like best
He blights with hate. Those I detest,
The parsnip and the kidney-bean,
He fosters and keeps ever green;
While gooseberries to boil for jam
Are thrust on me *ad nauseam*.
But "I can grow the things you can't"
Is still the *motif* of his chant.

He grudges me the flowers I pick,
His gloomy visage makes me sick;
He treats me like a trespasser
And watches to make sure I err,
To note my failings in a book
And pierce me with a scornful look;
For "I grow wiser every day"
Is still his constant roundelay.

Some day I'll slay the man, I know,
With rake or spade I 'll lay him low;
Amidst the stems of artichoke
I 'll make his grave, and for a joke,
When he is buried there unseen,
I 'll plant on him a kidney-bean;
Then joyfully I 'll lift my song—
"Now, Gardener, who is in the wrong?"

W. M. L.

The Growth of Rhapsody in the Mercantile World.

"For him also there is waiting among these shoes one which will be a shoe to his mind, a shoe also to his eye."—*Shoemaker's Advt.*

"Social Life of Scotland in the 18th Century, 2 vols., 1899-1900, 8vo, *a trifle loose.*"
Bookseller's Catalogue.

We fear so.

"Locum Tenens, July 19th to July 24, or part. Comfortable house, Garage. Garden produce; coal; light; fishing and golf near. Delightful country party: two only."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

Much the best number.



THE RED PLANET.

JOHN BULL. "WELL, ARE YOU GOING TO ANSWER THE MESSAGE FROM MARS?"
SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN. "WE ARE NOT; IT IS IN ECLIPSE. WE ARE WAITING FOR A NEW CELESTIAL BODY OF THE FIRST MAGNITUDE TO SWIM INTO OUR KEN."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, May 9th.—Sir AUSTEN speaks with an added dignity nowadays that may inoffensively be ascribed to the imposing appearance of his portrait in the Royal Academy. Remembering the decorative quality of the apparel in which he there figures, he very naturally finds it difficult to accommodate his style to the ordinary standards of a trousered and ungartered House.

In answer to a question by Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY about British policy in China, the FOREIGN SECRETARY declared that "within four days after the date of Mr. CHEN'S reply the united Nationalist Government in South China no longer existed, and Mr. CHEN and his notes represented little more than himself and his personal opinions. He no longer spoke for Nationalist China or for the Kuomintang party."

Pointing out that the question of reparations would be left in abeyance until there was a stable Government to deal with, Sir AUSTEN added dramatically, "So far as punishment is concerned, those in high places responsible for the Nanking outrages have been punished with a promptitude and a completeness unusual in human affairs."

Colonel DAY'S motto, like that of *Rikki Tikki*, is "Go and find out!" *Rikki Tikki*, you remember, searched bath-rooms and melon-patches, but Colonel DAY just pops down to the House of Commons, where they will tell him almost anything he wants to know. To-day Mr. GUINNESS told him there had only been twenty-three cases of foot-and-mouth disease since the beginning of the year, and the HOME SECRETARY informed him that devices for making traffic-policemen luminous at night had not been found satisfactory. As we are a progressive lot the difficulties will no doubt be overcome and we shall have a Bill in Parliament requiring all traffic-policemen to be lit half-an-hour after sunset.

Having disposed of these momentous questions, the House disposed itself to discuss Scottish Estimates. That is to say, the Sassenachs took themselves off and the Gaels girded themselves for the wordy fray. Mr. MACPHERSON, who opened the attack, charged the Government with failing to "maintain a contented and virile peasantry in the glens and straths of Scotland." This was a bitter charge to hurl at any Government, but it was tempered by some uncertainty as to what exactly had occurred. Had the peasantry merely become fretful and effete, or had it, while remaining contented and virile,



"LUMINOUS CONSTABULARY."
SIR W. JOYNSON-HICKS

migrated to the more productive glens and straths of Whitehall, Fleet Street and Cornhill? One caught a hint from the further statement that, as one stood amid the aforesaid glens and straths of Scotland and looked about one, the only things not affected by decay were the salaries and expenditure of the Scottish Board of Agriculture.

Mr. TOM JOHNSTON made it clear that in his view the scandal of the century was that there was no inducement for the Scots to stay in Scotland. One is always in some doubt whether this is a real grievance or whether the wily Scot is trying to make the Saxon believe that he does not like leaving his glens and straths to become an editor or a bank manager elsewhere. Mr. HARDIE complained that even Scottish oats now migrated to Germany to be milled before being sold in London. Mr. WEIR announced, not without a ring of pride in his voice, that Highlanders did not believe in the existing Land Laws and had no respect for them. Sir JOHN GILMOUR replied to the numerous points raised, and proved to his own satisfaction, if to nobody else's, that everything is for the better, if not actually for the best, in the most virile and contented of all possible Scotlands.

Tuesday, May 10th.—Next to befriending (or attacking) plovers, rooks, rabbits and other small deer, the best thing the House of Lords does is beseeching the Government to practise economy. The Government's champions in the Upper Chamber are less impressive in their efforts to paint the Administration as the apotheosis of higgling parsimony. Let them hear no more of economy from the Labour Party! exclaimed Lord SALISBURY rather petulantly. It was not however from the Labour Party, but from Lord MIDLETON, that he had heard it. Lord ARNOLD, it is true, had gone and thrust his oar in, declaring that Lord MIDLETON'S proposals (which Lord SALISBURY found "interesting") would only save a few hundred thousand paltry pounds, whereas the Bank of England was charging the Government for its services more than the total cost of the Treasury, the Home Office, the Colonial Office and the Foreign Office all put together. In 1918, on the protest of a sub-committee of the National Expenditure Committee, the Bank had high-mindedly reduced its charges by about fifty per cent. Now they were up again about a quarter of a million, so why not have another sub-committee and try for another reduction?

Lord SALISBURY did not rush to the rescue of the Bank of England. Neither did any other noble Lord.



THE PESSIMIST AND THE OPTIMIST (SCOTTISH STYLE).
MR. IAN MACPHERSON AND SIR JOHN GILMOUR.

Lord ARNOLD was told, rather testily, that the Labour Party does not care twopence for economy, so why (one inferred) should Lord ARNOLD worry whether the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street overcharges or not? Lord BUXTON said the Government had promised to reduce expenditure by ten millions a year and had not done it. Lord SALISBURY said it was not a definite promise, but a hope which had been falsified. Their lordships went on hoping until six o'clock and then gave it up.

In the House of Commons Mr. THURTLE asked if the STEVENSON rubber restriction scheme had not "enabled the Dutch rubber producers to expand." The MINISTER replied in effect that it had enabled our own producers to expand from a position of complete deflation.

Public business found the House discussing in Committee on Civil Estimates the various activities of the MINISTER OF TRANSPORT. Colonel ASHLEY, in asking for the vote, seemed to be taking a sad farewell of the House on behalf of the about-to-be-deceased Ministry, and touched lightly but with deep appreciation upon its manifold triumphs.

The task of congratulating the Minister on his swan-song was appropriately undertaken by Mr. GOSLING. Lieut.-Col. HOWARD BURY spoke of trees, like SOLOMON, but not with the same botanical insight. Major CRAWFURD said it was a crime to have allowed Oxford Circus to be rebuilt on exactly the same site. His idea, one gathered, is that a Circus that does not keep moving is unworthy of the name.

Wednesday, May 11th.—This day saw the Government handsomely defeated in the House of Lords on the question of whether a pledge had been given to Southern Irish loyalists in connection with Irish Land Purchase. It also saw the Government treating the vote with complete indifference.

Only a few mild splutterings from the Labour Benches marred the even tenor of one of the most tedious debates in history, in which the Opposition, led by Sir HENRY SLESSER, sought to establish that Clause 1 of the Trade Disputes Bill substantially changes the existing law, and the Government supporters, rallied by Sir DOUGLAS HOGG, stoutly maintained that it merely restated unambiguously what the law was already. Sir JOHN SIMON said that whether it changed the law or not, and not everybody agreed with him that it did not, the Amendment, which proposed to preface Clause 1 with the words, "For the purpose of removing doubts," seemed pretty harmless.

Harmless or not, it was defeated, after the Closure had been moved, just before 8.15, when Mr. ADAMSON called attention to the possibilities of the scientific treatment of coal. His motion advocated, at the tail end of it, the "unification



"HOPE" (DEFERRED)
(*After G. F. WATTS*).
LORD SALISBURY.

of coal ownership under public ownership"—"a dose of good red pepper," the MINISTER OF MINES called it—and was heartily defeated, but not until the Duchess of ATHOLL had given an illuminating account of what the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research was



ANOTHER HOMING BIRD.
SIR SYDNEY HERN (BLACKBURN ROVER) RETURNS TO THE ROOST.

doing in this connection, and especially in regard to experiments in the liquefaction of coal.

The House then proceeded to resume its deliberations on the Trade Disputes Bill, and made some progress with a Unionist amendment to the effect that only the instigators of a general strike, and not the participating rank and file, should incur criminal liability.

Thursday, May 12th.—It looked this afternoon as if the House was beginning to get really interested in the Trade Disputes Bill. If interest ripens into affection, as lady-novelists say, the two years or so which it will take to get the Bill through the Committee stage, if the present rate of progress is maintained, may easily become ten.

It all arises out of the question as to how, if at all, a general strike is to be defined. To that problem the House threatens to return again and again. It returned to it yesterday afternoon on Captain O'CONNOR'S Amendment, which is designed to omit the rank and file—the men who come out on strike when ordered, but take no further part in the proceedings—from the penal provisions of the Bill. The Amendment was defeated, but not until Captain O'CONNOR had offered to withdraw it, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL having agreed to insert a proviso which would achieve the object sought by the Amendment.

Now came Sir JOHN SIMON'S Amendment, which sought to substitute *his* definition of a general strike for that contained in the Bill, and the House hurled itself into the legal fray with unabated abandon. All, that is to say, except Mr. SEXTON, who thanked God he had not a legal mind, and hoped that, as the lawyers seemed to be falling out, honest people would come into their own.

At about half-past eleven the Opposition made an effort to Report Progress, but the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER said they must really make some progress. If in the course of the next few hours. . . .

Friday, May 13th.—So on they went. Something like three hundred Members stayed on to the bitter end, and the Strangers' Gallery was brightened by some fair women and brave men who had apparently asked the taximan to take them to a night club, without specifying which. The vexed question of what was or was not or would or would not or should or should not be a general strike continued to occupy all present; but a lighter *motif* was supplied by Mr. JACK JONES, who entered the House with Mr. STORRY DEANS' top hat, but, on the latter protesting, made the *amende honorable* with an ample grace. At twenty minutes to four the House went home to bed, having in the course of some eighteen hours' debate removed the word "besides" from sub-section 1. About half-a-dozen Amendments were wiped from the head of the Order Paper, but a still larger number had in the meanwhile attached themselves to the tail-end.



UNKNOWN LONDON.

RURAL AND SUBURBAN POSTMEN RECEIVING INSTRUCTION AT ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND IN METHODS OF DEALING WITH OVER-ZEALOUS HOUSE-DOGS.

HELLAS AT HOME.

Henry, your greetings have reached me to-day from the *Argo*,
Brought me a whiff of the wonder and magic of Greece,
Whither you 're bound, with your party of pundits for cargo,
Seeking like Jason a Gold (but less perilous) Fleece.

Well, I am with you in spirit; in fancy I follow
Daily your doings in Hellas (and probably Crete);
Dream of you tracing the footprints of Phœbus Apollo,
Tracking the goat-footed god to his sylvan retreat.

Tempe you talk of? But here is our Epping to vie with it;
Mark through this lattice of leafage the sun-god aglow;
Listen to Pan at his piping, and Zephyr to sigh with it,
Down by the reeds of the rill where they toss to and fro.

Enna? Than these can its posies be possibly sweeter,
Pale forest blooms with the shimmer of Orient pearls?
See, there 's a smile once again on the face of Demeter;
Laughing Persephone 's back with her garlanded girls.

Naxos? So too we 've the Frothblowers' Anthem to rack us—
Hark to those Bassarids chanting its strains in the wood;
No Ariadne I see, but I guess this is Bacchus
Putting the finishing-touch to my classical mood.

So, while you revel afar in Arcadian rapture,
Though I 'm unable to share in your scholarly fling,
Something akin to your gladness I too may recapture
Here mid the pageant and glory of England in Spring.

THE LITTLE CHILDREN OF CHAILEY.

THE Festival Dinner and Dance in aid of the Heritage Craft Schools and Homes for Cripples at Chailey, in Sussex, will take place on Wednesday, May 25th, at the Savoy Hotel; Chairman, the Bishop of LONDON. Last year the same Chairman announced two anonymous gifts, one for a building, now just completed, to provide a new workshop and a remedial gymnasium, and one for the purchase of the land on which stand the "Kitchener Huts," and of the famous windmill that marks the centre of Sussex. Apart from these specific gifts, the proceeds of the Dinner amounted to some £1,500, and it is hoped that more will be raised this year, to meet a new need arising from the special provision that is now being made for tiny crippled children under five—a development authorised by the Ministry of Health. Some of the little white cots have already come and their cheery occupants are being cared for.

In face of a heavy debt the good work of looking after crippled children, of healing them by the latest methods of heliotherapy, of teaching them useful crafts and sending them out to suitable employment in all parts of the world, is being bravely carried on.

Chailey, as Mr. Punch's readers know well by now, is one of his favourite charities, and he takes leave to make a personal appeal for this most attractive of causes. Contributions to the Chairman's List will be gratefully welcomed by Mrs. C. W. KIMMINS, the Founder, or by Miss A. C. RENNIE, the Hon. Treasurer, at the Heritage Craft Schools, Chailey, Sussex.

"Anthony Trollope lived in Ireland more or less continuously for the ten years from 1841 to 1851 as a post-office inspector. There his liking for the people grew into a stable love."—*Canadian Paper.*

This often happens to Englishmen in Ireland.



THIS MECHANICAL AGE.

The Woman. "OH, 'ENERY, I CAN'T STEER, AND IT'S RUNNIN' AWAY WITH ME INTO THE SEA!"
The Man. "USE YOUR LEFT STRAP, SAME AS A 'ANDLE-BAR."

VERY MOVING PICTURES.

[According to the Press "It is proposed to introduce films into the curriculum of certain schools."]

THEN I was born too soon; my schooling's finished;
Dull and abused I trod the weary track;
Each term my interest in Greek diminished,
My Latin grew more slack.

Less likely would my work have been to bore me
And more approving my reports had been,
If they had had the sense to flick before me
The Classics on the screen.

Picture Andromeda, most sad of ladies,
Chained to the rock, the dragon drawing near,
And how the dragon would be sent to Hades
By DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS' spear.

Think of Bucephalus, who would refuse a
Saddle and bridle with such vicious kicks,
Or Pegasus, winged offspring of Medusa,
Mastered by TOMMY MIX.

Imagine CHARLIE CHAPLIN slyly crawling
From Polyphemus' cave beneath the ram,
And think how, when he heard the Sirens calling,
He would not care a damn.

Fancy the Greeks, when Troy at last was captured,
Making a conflagration of the place
All because Paris had been so enraptured
By GLORIA SWANSON'S face.

Imagine Troy in flames and the devotion
With which JOHN BARRYMORE would save his sire,
And MARY PICKFORD regist'ring emotion
On Dido's funeral pyre.

Picture how CORIOLANUS, when entreated
By little MARCIUS to stay his arm
And not to march on Rome, would be defeated
By JACKIE COOGAN'S charm.

Think of the Capitol aroused to tackle
The stealthy Gauls ascending to break in,
Not by the sacred geese's warning cackle
But barks of RIN-TIN-TIN.

Not only might my tasks have been more pleasant
If taught upon this admirable plan,
But, sated young, I should not be at present
A spendthrift movie fan.

G. B.

How to Attract a Congregation.

"An Address will be Delivered by Mr. —— (of London). Subject—'Let not Your Heart be troubled.' No collection."—*Provincial Paper.*

Of a recent business merger:—

"'The two stores,' said Mr. ——, 'are in effect complimentary, and the one will give publicity to the other.'"—*City Paper.*

The right spirit in which to approach the question of mutual publicity.

"Helen of Troy plays are rare, and if there are better lines in the new one than the line Marlowe puts into Helen's mouth in 'Dr. Faustus'—'was this the face which launched a thousand ships?'—Mr. Dean's author is a poet."—*Evening Paper.*

Helen (powdering her nose): "It 's not the face it used to be. I seem to have lost that school-girl complexion."

THE FASCINATION OF NICARAGUA.

CONTINUING my series of travel sketches calling attention to lovely but little-known lands, I now turn to the Republic of Nicaragua.

It has been calculated that the volume of English ignorance about Nicaragua is only rivalled by that about Costa Rica, Guatemala, Honduras and Ecuador, and is almost equal to the volume of water that hurls itself momently over the Nicaragua Falls.

The bitterness engendered by Nicaragua's war with Great Britain in 1848 has long since been soothed by Time the great healer and swept away from our minds, but much harm has been done of late to this plucky little republic by the decision of the Royal Literary Society, taken in 1897, that *Nicaragua* and *jaguar* constitute a Cockney rhyme inadmissible to the better-class magazines and the more expensive periodicals.

The case of Thomas Wappitt, who was expelled both from the Athenæum and from Boodle's in 1902 for breaking this rule will be fresh in our readers' minds, and, although in *The Aztec Maid*, which ran for fourteen months at Daly's in 1911–12, a choir of thirty-five local damsels, standing on one leg and pointing one finger at the hero, gave vent to the remarkable lines:—

"Why did you pounce on my heart
In the forests of old Nicaragua?
Kindly depart!
A deceiver thou art,
Jimmy, the gentleman jaguar,"

the precedent of pre-war musical comedy is of no value beside the considered verdict of literature.

Those who would cite against me the decision of *The Sunday Record* to grant a prize in its fifty-first Limerick competition to the verse:—

"There was a young lady of Nicaragua
Who went for a ride on a jaguar,
And dolefully cried
As she came back inside,
'Oh lor! What a meat-eating nag you are!'"

must remember that a public protest against the award, not only on the ground of plagiarism, but also of cacophony, was signed by Sir HARRY LAUDER, Mr. GORDON SELFRIDGE and Senator W. B. YEATS.

For good or ill, however, smiling little Nicaragua, the staple food of whose people is maize, has formed a part of the Central American Republic since 1895, is divided from Honduras by the River Wanks, abounds with terrific beetles, and returns representatives to the League of Nations at Geneva. None, if any, are more popular in that international haven of goodwill, and far from unimportant is the fertile though irregularly-shaped country they represent. What traveller who has visited the longitudinal depression filled by Nicaragua's principal lakes (stretching for a distance of a hundred-and-fifteen miles) can fail to have been struck by the possibilities of aquatic transport latent in these tremendous water-ways as well as by their more immediate use in alleviating the fiery *aguardiente* of the mid-day meal?

Nicaragua in the morning! Nicaragua at noon! Nicaragua in the eventide! Nicaragua, home of the mosquito! Nicaragua whose principal mountains attain elevations of four thousand and five thousand feet above sea-level! Nicaragua, overrun by the Spaniards in 1522 and by lava in 1835! Charming playful Nicaragua! . . .

What are the main impressions that stamp thee, little Nicaragua, on the traveller's imagination as he tours through thy pleasant hills and plains? Coffee, cocoa, sugar, cotton, rice, indigo and a great variety of tropical fruits? All these, yet something more. The richness of thy mountain spurs in minerals, including coal, copper, antimony, quicksilver, zinc and lead? These too. A vista of thy large herds of cattle, bred and reared on the extensive plains of the centre and east? Undoubtedly yes. The long panorama of thy forests of mahogany, rosewood, logwood, bogwood, dogwood and numerous other trees? Ay verily. Yet over and above these something surely more. Gentle little Nicar-



Blissfully unconscious Lady (showing caller over new house). "AND THIS IS OUR JOLLY LITTLE BATHROOM. MY HUSBAND SIMPLY LIVES HERE!"

agua, once the scene of so many quiet domestic revolutions, is at peace no longer. She cannot conduct her politics without the interference of the American marine.

Gone are the days when the Nicaraguan, meditating proudly on the immense output of Ometepec, could charge his gun for the next change of Government untroubled by fears of that great Sister Republic to the north. The jaguar still wanders in the jungle. The tarantula sings as of yore. But there is something lost from Nicaragua.

The low coast-belt, lined with salt lagoons, seems to the casual eye of the tourist unaltered. Indeed it actually is. The public revenue, derived principally from spirits, tobacco and gunpowder, remains, so far as he can discover, much as erst. But the independence of Nicaragua has fled. The sinister paw of financial concessions has irreparably twined itself round her neck, like the tendril of some poisonous tropical plant. Hegemony in a Central American federation is rapidly giving place to agrimony in a pan-American league — I meant to say to alimony in a pan-American alliance. How comes this about? What is President COOLIDGE doing in the Caribbean Sea? Is Mexico involved? Has Costa Rica spoken? Is Guatemala mute? What Laocoon-like nexus of mercantile interests is swamping these Latin republics in its alluvial grip? That is what I want to know.

The answer no doubt is exceedingly complicated. The Nitrate and Rubber Treaty of 1916 was confirmed by the Vitamin and Crisp-Bread Treaty of 1923. But does this confer upon President DIAZ the right to win a revolution with outside assistance after having been manifestly beaten in the first round?

These are questions which the tourist merely staying in Nicaragua for the sake of the tapir-shooting may ask innocently yet pertinently enough. But he receives no answer save the low sigh of the alligator in the swamp and the distant bowl of the sarsaparilla in the fustic woods. Much water will have to flow between the banks of the Wanks before these and many other problems connected with the future of gallant little Nicaragua have been satisfactorily solved. EVOE.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE BLUE TRAIN" (PRINCE OF WALES').

I THINK that *The Blue Train* (book by Mr. REGINALD ARKELL and Mr. DION TITHERADGE, after Mr. ALFRED GRUNWALD and Mr. WALTER STEIN—and lively enough; music, with a memorable catchy tune or two, by Mr. ROBERT STOLZ; production by Mr. JACK HULBERT; alps, châlets, Cresta runs, train and Côte d'Azur by Messrs. BRUNSKILL and LYNDHURST) will be chiefly remarkable for the fact that it brings charming Miss LILY ELSIE back to her spiritual home. Her beauty has been enriched by time and life and makes the last cry type look just a little pinchbecky. Her grace of movement is still a lovely thing to watch, and, if her voice hasn't quite the same confident ring and range, it is still sweet, and sweetness is much to the point, for *The Blue Train* positively drips with honey. *Eileen* (Miss ELSIE) and *Lord Antony Stowe* (Mr. ARTHUR MARGETSON) have parted in anger three years before. *Lord Antony* is proud—which is to say pig-headed. *Eileen*, being a little old-fashioned, cannot exactly come and propose. But she can invent a characteristic musical-comedy situation by begging the chivalrous and dull young nobleman to go through a form of marriage to prevent a non-existent uncle of hers from finding out that she has been taking five thousand pounds a year from him under the false pretences that she is married and happy. It became a little monotonous to see *Lord Antony* pretending that the obviously adoring *Eileen* was not for him, but he did it very charmingly and sang with an easy tact and mournfulness; while, as I have said, it was always jolly to see, and almost as jolly to hear, Miss ELSIE.

There were plenty of diversions adapted for cruder, less sentimental souls (like mine). Mr. BOBBY HOWES is a comedian of something like genius, working with facial grimace, bodily contortion and agile eccentric step rather than words. His demonstration of the fundamental perversities of the ski attached to the feet of a novice would have made a tortoise laugh. He may need the attentions of Sir HERBERT BARKER before *The Blue Train* reaches the terminus.

Miss CICELY DEBENHAM, who is an engaging droll, put the best of her into a gravity-removing exhibition of a conductor of community singing. The young ladies of the Chorus stepped bravely and carried off the business of looking likely in *Lord Antony's* company more successfully than their opposite numbers the gentlemen of the same. Mr. JACK RAINE grinned affably throughout the piece as the *Hon. Harold Green*. He had little else to do.

Miss BESSIE HAY, a vivacious young lady, with limbs of steel and joints of india-rubber, danced like an incarnate marionette, and was swung about the stage by her gymnast of a partner, Mr. SID TRACEY, in a most inhuman and awesome manner.

As a bell-voiced young lady said behind me, "I shouldn't like to be one of those highbrows who can't enjoy this kind of thing." All the flowers of SOLOMON'S in all their glory were heaped upon the stage to welcome the heroine of the evening—a very characteristic London greeting to a remembered favourite. T.



WINTER SPORTS DEPARTMENT.

Lord Antony Stowe	MR. ARTHUR MARGETSON.
Josephine Jones	MISS CICELY DEBENHAM.
Freddy Royce	MR. BOBBY HOWES.
Eileen Mayne	MISS LILY ELSIE.

"THE TERROR" (LYCEUM).

Mr. EDGAR WALLACE has certainly mastered the art of mass-production of novels, plays, criticisms, articles of virtue and whatnot. One cannot but suspect him of having capably organised a factory where skilled artisans of

the Amalgamated Society of Ghosts put in a hectic eight-hour day. Which reminds me to ask H.M.'s ATTORNEY-GENERAL: If the A.S.G. struck at the same time as the Associated Devils, would this be an illegal strike? Surely if half one hears is true such a concerted movement would be a desperate blow at the Government and the Law, to say nothing of the Fourth Estate.

This by the way. *The Terror*—as my artist colleague aptly suggested, it might as well have been called "The Neck-Wringer," the principal villain being a specialist in strangling—is well up to sample and is adapted with a nice judgment to the theatre in which it is presented. At the Lyceum we like to run lightly up and down the scale of emotion, laughing at a joke this minute, holding our breath against an impending horror the next, swiftly recovering to sympathise with the heroine in love, cheerfully suspecting everybody in turn, happy when virtue is rewarded and villainy punished.

The Terror is in fact a cruder business than *The Ringer*, but not crude in any sense that implies incompetence. On the contrary, Mr. WALLACE knows his *genre*. His invention does not fail him, his jokes induce laughter, his characterisation is more plausible than is usual. Perhaps he is just a little too arbitrary in his handling of disguises. If he wants the characters to recognise each other they do so; if he doesn't they just don't; which makes it a little too easy for him and a little too difficult for us. His passion for underground chambers is unabated.

That tender thought for others which is the badge of all my tribe prevents me from giving away our author's recipe for this particular dish. But here are some of the ingredients: a mysterious priory with the ghost of a hooded monk; a "monk's tomb" in the grounds, a "monk's door" in the drawing-room; an organ that plays weirdly in the night; stealthy steps, shrieks, shots, strangulations and stabbings at frequent intervals; an exceedingly worried Colonel who runs the priory as a (rather unlikely) boarding-house; an amiable old gentleman-boarder who is probably the master-criminal; a drunken young man who is probably the master-criminal; a sinister butler who, on third thoughts, is probably the master-criminal; the Colonel's pretty daughter; an elderly lady, a pert young daughter, blunt men from "The Yard" to photograph and remove corpses; two ex-convicts who are hot on the track of the dirty dog



THE HOLY TERROR.

William Goodman . . MR. FELIX AYLMER.
Mary Redmayne . . . MISS MARY GLYNNE.

who, sharing their crime in scooping three hundred thousand pounds from the *Megantic*, had sold them to the police ten years ago. They want his blood and the balance. This heartening sum (Mr. WALLACE is never stingy in these little matters) is in specie, not bullion, so that it may pour cheerfully through the chink in the wall when the dagger of the villain at bay misses the hero's breast and hits the chapel.

An engaging affair. Mr. DENNIS NEILSON-TERRY, the producer, is to be congratulated on a very slick and plausible piece of work. He was also extremely entertaining as the drunken young man. The acting was uniformly sound. It found the right compromise between an improbable fidelity to life and a too obvious crudity—a balance not so easy to maintain. Mr. JOHN R. TURNBULL'S *Supt. Hallick* seemed to me particularly a very good piece of work. Mr. FELIX AYLMER'S odd old gentleman, Mr. FRANKLYN BELLAMY'S *Colonel*, Mr. HENRY CARLISLE'S *Butler*, Mr. TARVER PENNA'S soapy, and Mr. JACK BLIGH'S surly, convict, Mr. ROY LANGFORD'S *Det.-Sergt.*, Miss LENA MAITLAND'S elderly lady, connoisseur of murder, Miss GWEN WYNDHAM'S *Veronica* (her pert daughter), and Miss MARY GLYNNE'S *Mary* (the appealing heroine) — all these characters were alive and likely enough in their queer medium. And we simply ate the thing up.

T.



THE BUTLER WHO HAD THE DOOR OPENED FOR HIM.

Cotton . . . . . MR. HENRY CARLISLE.
Ferdinand Fane . . . . MR. DENNIS NEILSON-TERRY.

How to Apply for a Job.

Extract from letter to a Government department in India:—

"MOST HONOURED SIR,—Understanding that there are several hands wanted in your Honour's Department, I beg to offer you my hand. As to my adjustments I appeared for the Matriculation examination at Ooty but failed, the reason for which I shall describe. To begin with my writing was illegible, this was due to climatic season, for, I having come from a warm in a cold climate, found my fingers stiff and very disobedient to my wishes. Further I had received a great shock to my menial system in the shape of the death of my only fond brother. Besides, most Honoured Sir, I beg to state that I am in very uncomfortable circumstances being the sole means of support of my fond brother's seven issues, the latter being the bain of my existence owing to my having to support two of my own wives as well as their issues of which by God's misfortunes the feminine gender predominates."

"Fear that a plot or story will be stolen is absurd in the extreme. If it is good enough to be pirated it is good enough to be accepted—Mary to cover them in a bin with dry threshed oats."—*Canadian Paper.*

Mary's plan is ingenious; but what's the matter with the wastepaper-basket?

SHOULD NOVELISTS TRAVEL?

AN EPOCH-MAKING SYMPOSIUM.

As a result of the report of the Authors' Board of the Lyceum Club, to the effect that first-hand knowledge of a subject is superfluous, a meeting of novelists was hastily convened and held last week at the Authors' Club, to discuss the question whether local knowledge was necessary for the laying on of local colour.

Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT, who presided, in opening the discussion observed that colour was a vital factor in modern life, though personally he had never nailed it to his mast and had found his best inspiration in the Black Country.

Sir THOMAS HALL CAINE in an eloquent speech declared that the most chameleonic and kaleidoscopic types of humanity might be found within the narrowest compass by those who had the seeing eye. He himself had found a perfect microcosm in the Isle of Man; but none the less had deemed it advisable, before writing *The White Prophet*, to visit Khartoum for a few days for the purpose of getting at the back of the Arab mind, undeterred by the confession of Sir RUDOLF SLATIN that he had failed to do so in thirty years. He had also visited Poland, Russia and Canada. Travel was not only desirable for the novelist, as enriching his store of experiences; it was his duty to make himself known to his foreign readers and thus promote the comity of nations by personal contact. The humblest fellah, the most obscure Polish peasant, the struggling backwoodsman would die happier if he could say, "I have seen the greatest writer of the time."

Mr. COMPTON MACKENZIE said that, while insularity was to be deprecated, there was great virtue in an island residence. As GIBBON remarked, conversation might enrich the intellect but solitude was the true school for genius. Indeed it might be said that "the less we flock together the brainier we shall be." But the island should not be too large or populous. New Guinea was not conducive to longevity; the Falkland Islands, though modest in extent, were demnition damp and foggy, and Capri, though immortalised by the memory of TIBERIUS, had become vulgarised by popularity. He appreciated warmth and colour, but they were not indispensable for the composition of theological romances.

Mr. P. G. WODEHOUSE observed that he agreed with RUSKIN in his remark that the purest and most thoughtful minds are those that love colour most. But the colour which counted most to the novelist was not that of description, but of dialogue, which grew out of a mastery of the colloquial diction of the leisured dwellers in London or the great American cities. Without this mastery it was impossible to penetrate the heart of a Goof. Prolonged alternative residence on both sides of the Atlantic was thus imperatively indicated as the surest passport to success.

Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE said that in his youth he had travelled in the Arctic regions and on the West Coast of Africa. Travel was a refreshment and recreation, but it was rendered unnecessary by the boundless extension of spirit converse, to say nothing of the imminent advent of television. He was no enemy of colour. Had he not written *The White Company*, *The Green Flag*, *Round the Red Lamp*, and *A Study in Scarlet*? But to-day all the colours of the spectrum were at his disposal without leaving his fireside.

Mr. W. J. TURNER regretted that in the course of the debate colour had been exclusively considered to the neglect of the claims of odour, which he had so conclusively established in his play *The Man who Ate the Popomack*.

A letter from Mr. MAX BEERBOHM was read, in which he said that the English climate was fatal to the free play of fancy, and until this defect was remedied by the efforts of science he could not consider the possibility of returning to England.

Mr. ALFRED NOYES, in the course of a speech frequently interrupted by vehement protests, was understood to say that he was entirely in favour of the vast majority of our novelists travelling in the search of local knowledge and local colour as far and as freely as possible, in parts of the world infested by dangerous animals, poisonous insects, savage and preferably cannibalistic natives. He therefore urged the formation of a League of Readers, on the basis of that founded under the title of "Clear out the Reds," for the express purpose of deporting all novelists who based their plots on the manners and morals prevailing in decadent cities or tropical climates.

When order had been restored a resolution was moved by the Chairman, and passed by a large majority, to the effect that, while residence on the Riviera for several months each year was recommended to promote the circulation and stimulate the invention of best-selling novelists, their permanent self-expatriation was to be deprecated in the interests of patriotic solidarity.

"The American airship Shenandoah contains 20 gas cells of cotton cloth, each lined with the skin of a goldbeater, a small American quadruped."—*Irish Paper.*

Small but exceedingly precious.

INNOCENT INTOXICATION.

[Science has now detected the presence of alcohol in bread.]

WHILE several surviving
Pedestrians averred
'Twas through his drunken driving
The accident occurred,
He faced the Court contritely,
But claimed that commonsense
Could not but value rightly
His adequate defence.

Correctly their bucolic
Constabulary swore
To prove the alcoholic
Demeanour that he wore;
But none the less a blunder
(He pleaded) made them think
That he was acting under
The influence of drink.

His lunch, he claimed with eager
And pardonable pride,
Had been distinctly meagre
Upon the liquid side;
But, while he deemed it fitting
To shun the flowing bowl,
He did not mind admitting
He 'd had a second roll.

Their anger they must soften
And let the charges drop;
The staff of life was often
A stimulating prop;
And, though from true sobriety
Admittedly he 'd sunk,
One could not with propriety
Consider him as drunk.

His tale gained small reliance;
The Bench, austere and grim,
Had no belief in science
And rather less in him;
To urge him to repentance
They sent him where, they said,
He 'd get throughout his sentence
More water with his bread.

"Sound Pony Flat and Harness for Sale."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

Too many flats are sold with nothing but a motor-car nowadays.

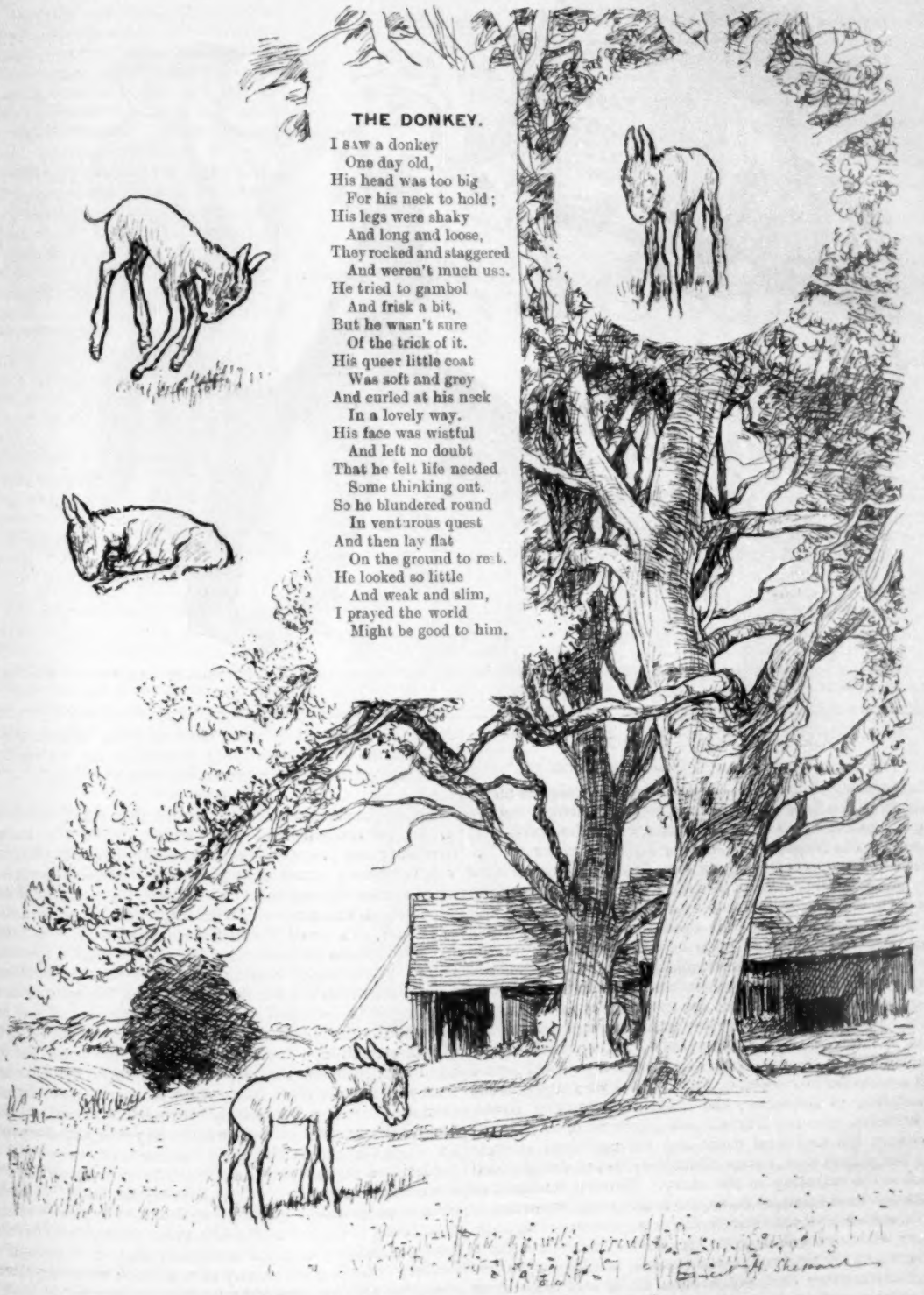
From an article on Auction Bridge:—

"It is possible to admire what is good in America—as Browning wrote, 'We needs must love the highest when we see it'—without ill-judged and ill-balanced attacks on the Portland Club."—*Sunday Paper.*

And without depriving TENNYSON of his honours.

"A few weeks ago Sir Austen Chamberlain took the correct line, diplomatically speaking, when he addressed a communication to the Soviet protesting against its persistent propaganda and threatening a diplomatic rupture if it were continued. He received a reply couched in insolvent terms."—*Indian Paper.*

This sounds bad for the Russian Trade Agreement.



THE DONKEY.

I saw a donkey
One day old,
His head was too big
For his neck to hold;
His legs were shaky
And long and loose,
They rocked and staggered
And weren't much use.
He tried to gambol
And frisk a bit,
But he wasn't sure
Of the trick of it.
His queer little coat
Was soft and grey
And curled at his neck
In a lovely way.
His face was wistful
And left no doubt
That he felt life needed
Some thinking out.
So he blundered round
In venturous quest
And then lay flat
On the ground to rest.
He looked so little
And weak and slim,
I prayed the world
Might be good to him.



Labour Exchange Habitué. "LOOK 'ERE, GUV'NOR—I'VE BIN ON THE DOLE MORE OR LESS REGLER NAH FEE OVER A YEAR; 'OW ABAHT A LITTLE RISE?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE newest of Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON'S novels has many qualities of the best old ones, but rather, it strikes me, by way of reminiscence than reincarnation. The spirit that animated *The Napoleon of Notting Hill* reappears in *The Return of Don Quixote* (CHATTO AND WINDUS); but you have only to compare the *Adam Wayne* and *Auberon Quin* of the one with the *Michael Herne* and *Douglas Murrel* of the other to realise that post-war conditions are on the whole unfavourable to Chestertonian evocations. *Herne* is the new *Quixote*, *Murrel* the inevitable *Sancho*, "our desperate dignity and beauty" and its shadow of caricature. When their story opens, theatricals are in progress at a country house. The aristocratic company is put through its haughty paces in the best DISRAELI-MALLOCK manner, with vulgar comments from the *Hon. Douglas Murrel*, a political failure with a taste for low society. It is *Murrel* who suggests the importation of *Braintree*, the trade unionist, and *Herne*, the librarian, into the drama; and *Herne* who, by refusing to change his mediæval dress and his mediæval attitude after the play is over, brings about the great social upheaval which is the mainstay of the story. *Baintree* declines, as I suppose he is intended to do, from his initial importance; but *Sancho-Murrel* and *Quixote-Herne* pursue their romantic course with unchecked gusto, to a characteristic accompaniment of physical rough-and-tumble, mental acrobatics, delightful scenery (but not enough of it) and meditative passages of insight. To *Murrel* falls the most amusing adventure of all, the rescue of a harmless down-at-heels doctor on the point of being shut up for a lunatic, and the substitution of the certifying physician for his victim, to the entire satisfaction of an ex-medical magistrate.

The short stories in *Flies* (MILLS AND BOON) are mostly in the pocket-feuilleton vein, which, while she lends it humanity and grace, does not commonly evoke the Baroness VON HUTTEN'S rarest qualities. The formula, however, is in abeyance throughout "MacMoses," a study, almost in Mrs. EWING'S manner and with fully Mrs. EWING'S measure of pathos, of a small Yiddish slum-dweller with a passion for kilts. Save for a thought too sentimental a symmetry shown in its happy ending, I should rate "MacMoses" among its writer's masterpieces. "Flies," in spite of its unpleasant title—which I cannot help wishing had not been allowed to misrepresent the whole book—is a beguiling tale of impersonation. A dying woman, parted from her husband and resolved that he shall not have the chance of marrying her old rival, takes steps to ensure a posthumous existence. "The Tablecloth" presents a lovable likeness of an Italian waiter as well as a cleverly-compound mystery. In "The Christmas Butterfly," a crook drama, one of the predestined pigeons is far more astute and interesting than the crooks themselves. "The Borderland Lady" is the tale of a typical *crime passionel* rather too typically related. "At Links Cottage" treats of a great actress who involuntarily entertains a great criminal; and in "Anonymous Letters" the English colony of a French watering-place—observed with praiseworthy malice—is brought to book by a super-scandalmonger. "The Spider" relates a grisly aspect of a life of cosmopolitan incontinence; "The Jesuit's

Story" is a tale of Voodoo magic practised by an American girl in Rome, with characteristic comments by an Anglican bishop and a Christian Scientist. "Middle-aged Woman Eating an Orange" gives us a credible *coda* to a murder-trial; and "Miss Larch's Cat" a mad adventure with a conventional victim.

THEODORE DREISER'S *Sister Carrie*,
Issued first in the U.S.A.
And hailed as out of the ordinary,
CONSTABLE'S hand to us here to-day.
In Chicago, a fair newcomer,
Caroline 's no more tasteful than
To fall forthwith to a dry-goods drummer
And then to a top-lot publican.

Hurstwood he. Having spent his dollars
(He 's robbed the till and he 's left his wife)
Caroline takes to the boards and collars
Swift success and the blameless life;
Hurstwood's fall, and there 's naught that checks it,
Goes drearily down to all deeps there are
Till, swallowing gas, he achieves his exit,
While *Carrie* 's hailed as a risen star.

And that 's the book—should you ever begin it.
Strong? You can say that it 's such maybe,
But there 's never a pleasing person in it,
And never a joy, that *I* can see;
But you (if you take your pleasures sadly)
May find a merit that I have missed,
For this I own, and I own it gladly,
That THEODORE DREISER'S a novelist.

Dusty Answer (CHATTO AND WINDUS), by Miss ROSAMOND LEHMANN, is the story of an introspective passionate nature cursed with the faculty of dreaming a future which makes reality perpetually disappoint her as she comes up with it; and, in love, imagining a response from the beloved which he never makes. *Judith Earle*, to whose lonely youth the "next-door children" were compact of romance and wonder, so that, with *Jennifer*, her college friend, they were for years the only thing in life, is a pathetic figure. Miss LEHMANN makes her beauty of body and mind equally clear, and the type of reader who would as soon explore a personality as unravel a murder mystery will delight in this exquisite telling of her unhappy history. *Mariella*, the girl next-door, her four boy cousins (rather too easy to confuse at first but clear-cut later on), and *Jennifer* are all shown as *Judith* sees them; so are the cherry-tree in her father's garden, a waterfall in the hills beyond Vichy, the cowslip meadows around Cambridge, and the nightingale-haunted trees of her college gardens. Everything is tinged with her own feelings, and, at the end, when a life so intense and brooding has shaped her, as it too often must, you can do nothing but pity her, the people who failed her and, through them—this is the book's strength—all the confused ill-fitting creatures of reality. Miss LEHMANN has, I think, made *Judith* a little



Long-suffering Vicar (to teller of plausible tale). "I'D NO IDEA THAT THE LACK OF THE TRAIN-FARE TO LEIGHTON BUZZARD COULD HAVE SUCH AN EXTRAORDINARY EFFECT UPON THE NOSE."

too young for her memories at the beginning of the book, and a little too free, even in her peculiar family, from parental influence; but these are small matters. It seemed to me, as I read shivering on a chilly April day, much more improbable that everybody should have gone bathing in cold rivers quite so often and quite so horribly early in the year.

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According to a woman gossip-writer, Lady OXFORD has a way of interrupting rambling conversationalists with the words, "Yes, yes, yes; make it snappy!" It doesn't seem to have affected Lord OXFORD'S oratorical style.

* * *

The Duchess of BEDFORD, who has been studying bird-life from an aeroplane, relates that when she flew in and out of a flight of eagles over the Pyrenees the birds were obviously frightened. They are not, of course, at their ease in the society of duchesses.

* * *

In view of the growing popularity of the coursing of the electric hare, it is interesting to hear that a prominent sportsman is willing to back an electric tortoise against it.

* * *

The formation of a club for fat men in Milan is regarded as an open defiance of Signor MUSSOLINI, who has expressed his dislike of obesity. In Fascist circles it is felt that the situation calls for strong castor-oil measures.

* * *

In the opinion of the Chief Constable of Boston, Lincolnshire, little attention is nowadays paid to policemen's feet. Motorists, however, are still expected to drive round the traffic-constable's feet and not over them.

* * *

The Soviet Government describe the police raid on Arcos, Ltd., as a "flagrant breach of agreement." And of course they know a breach of agreement when they see one.

* * *

Mr. HENRY FORD is to receive the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. But surely all those motor-car stories which he has inspired entitle him to the degree of Doctor of Literature.

* * *

A dyspeptic who has undergone a twenty-one days' fast says he can now eat anything. Very well. He shall have all our used safety-razor blades.

* * *

Following upon the offer made to Miss EVELYN COLYER comes the rumour, which we are asked to deny, that Mr. C. B. COCHRAN has offered a Surrey dominoes player a two-years' contract if he will turn professional.

We gather from a beauty specialist that women are once more crying out for prominent eyebrows. Mr. GEORGE ROBEY is taking no risks; he is having his insured.

* * *

A new dance something like the Charleston is to be tried in London. A new dance something like a dance would, we fear, be too much to expect.

* * *

Many towns are placing strainers over the drains in the main streets. Owners of miniature two-seaters will now be able to pull up near the kerb in safety.

* * *

According to a paragraphist a soft black hat used formerly to denote one who hoped to be mistaken for an artist or an actor. Nowadays those who hope to be mistaken for artists or actors paint pictures or go on the stage.

* * *

The chicken with four legs that is reported to have been hatched near Chelmsford may be said to approximate to the *restaurateur's* ideal fowl.

* * *

Privileged convicts in one of our prisons are now allowed to play table-tennis. This is great news for ping-pong enthusiasts with criminal tendencies.

* * *

A *Daily Mail* reader states that all her family have dimples. Can a reader of any other newspaper say this?

* * *

Mr. C. F. G. MASTERMAN, writing in an evening paper, suggests the possibility that in years to come Lord BIRKENHEAD may be remembered only among lawyers. We deplore this tendency of journalists to disparage one another.

At the close of the annual conference of the Union of Post-Office Workers, at Great Yarmouth, the first woman president, Miss MARY HERRING, received an ovation. Her surname, of course, has strong local associations.

* * *

Lecturing to a party of waitresses, Sir WILLIAM ARBUTHNOT LANE told them that among the natives of Benin, in Africa, girls are kept in a "fatting-house," where they receive the best of everything, for three months before marriage. Curiosity is felt as to which firm of English caterers will be the first to make this provision for its staff.

* * *

An ostrich has died from swallowing a tin-opener. It is thought that he had absent-mindedly lunched off a tin of sardines without opening it first, and wanted to repair the omission.

* * *

It is suggested that members of the Stock Exchange are superstitious. This must be the reason they don't extend their week-ends by closing the place on Friday.

* * *

A doctor has recently said that senility is infectious. And now, when a girl wants to insult her dearest friend, she sprays herself with an antiseptic after they've kissed.

* * *

"I am myself a great lover of idleness," says Lord BALFOUR. It takes a great man to dare to say a thing like that. Our gardener would never do it.

* * *

The latest reports indicate that this artificial silk war is to be waged to the last ladder.

* * *

The forthcoming revolution about which Mr. A. J. COOK has been talking, is it to be a private affair; or will the Press be admitted?

* * *

It is anticipated that several insurance offices will ask motorists to pay heavier premiums. This is no doubt due to the fact that pedestrians are becoming more expensive.

* * *

Chelsea has a naturalists' club, but the strange creature with a shaggy head and legs that was brought along one evening turned out to be a resident with a penchant for art.



Student of Railway Advertising. "AS AN ARDENT LOVER OF THE PICTURESQUE I DESIRE TO EXPERIENCE THE PROMISED THRILL OF A HAPPY RAMBLE MIDST A RIOT OF LOVELY BLOSSOMS ON THE GREEN CLIFFS WHICH RISE HIGH AGAINST AN ALMOST ITALIAN SKY, AND TO GAZE DOWN ON THE FAIR EXPANSE OF AZURE AND JADE AND SILVER-GREY. CHEAP RETURN SOUTHCOVE, PLEASE."

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ACCORDING to a woman gossip-writer, Lady OXFORD has a way of interrupting rambling conversationalists with the words, "Yes, yes, yes; make it snappy!" It doesn't seem to have affected Lord OXFORD's oratorical style.

* * *

The Duchess of BEDFORD, who has been studying bird-life from an aeroplane, relates that when she flew in and out of a flight of eagles over the Pyrenees the birds were obviously frightened. They are not, of course, at their ease in the society of duchesses.

* * *

In view of the growing popularity of the coursing of the electric hare, it is interesting to hear that a prominent sportsman is willing to back an electric tortoise against it.

* * *

The formation of a club for fat men in Milan is regarded as an open defiance of Signor MUSSOLINI, who has expressed his dislike of obesity. In Fascist circles it is felt that the situation calls for strong castor-oil measures.

* * *

In the opinion of the Chief Constable of Boston, Lincolnshire, little attention is nowadays paid to policemen's feet. Motorists, however, are still expected to drive round the traffic-constable's feet and not over them.

* * *

The Soviet Government describe the police raid on Arcos, Ltd., as a "flagrant breach of agreement." And of course they know a breach of agreement when they see one.

* * *

Mr. HENRY FORD is to receive the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. But surely all those motor-car stories which he has inspired entitle him to the degree of Doctor of Literature.

* * *

A dyspeptic who has undergone a twenty-one days' fast says he can now eat anything. Very well. He shall have all our used safety-razor blades.

* * *

Following upon the offer made to Miss EVELYN COLYER comes the rumour, which we are asked to deny, that Mr. C. B. COCHRAN has offered a Surrey dominoes player a two-years' contract if he will turn professional.

We gather from a beauty specialist that women are once more crying out for prominent eyebrows. Mr. GEORGE ROBEY is taking no risks; he is having his insured.

* * *

A new dance something like the Charleston is to be tried in London. A new dance something like a dance would, we fear, be too much to expect.

* * *

Many towns are placing strainers over the drains in the main streets. Owners of miniature two-seaters will now be able to pull up near the kerb in safety.

* * *

According to a paragraphist a soft black hat used formerly to denote one who hoped to be mistaken for an artist or an actor. Nowadays those who hope to be mistaken for artists or actors paint pictures or go on the stage.

* * *

The chicken with four legs that is reported to have been hatched near Chelmsford may be said to approximate to the *restaurateur's* ideal fowl.

* * *

Privileged convicts in one of our prisons are now allowed to play table-tennis. This is great news for ping-pong enthusiasts with criminal tendencies.

* * *

A *Daily Mail* reader states that all her family have dimples. Can a reader of any other newspaper say this?

* * *

Mr. C. F. G. MASTERMAN, writing in an evening paper, suggests the possibility that in years to come Lord BIRKENHEAD may be remembered only among lawyers. We deplore this tendency of journalists to disparage one another.

At the close of the annual conference of the Union of Post-Office Workers, at Great Yarmouth, the first woman president, Miss MARY HERRING, received an ovation. Her surname, of course, has strong local associations.

* * *

Lecturing to a party of waitresses, Sir WILLIAM ARBUTHNOT LANE told them that among the natives of Benin, in Africa, girls are kept in a "fatting-house," where they receive the best of everything, for three months before marriage. Curiosity is felt as to which firm of English caterers will be the first to make this provision for its staff.

* * *

An ostrich has died from swallowing a tin-opener. It is thought that he had absent-mindedly lunched off a tin of sardines without opening it first, and wanted to repair the omission.

* * *

It is suggested that members of the Stock Exchange are superstitious. This must be the reason they don't extend their week-ends by closing the place on Friday.

* * *

A doctor has recently said that senility is infectious. And now, when a girl wants to insult her dearest friend, she sprays herself with an antiseptic after they've kissed.

* * *

"I am myself a great lover of idleness," says Lord BALFOUR. It takes a great man to dare to say a thing like that. Our gardener would never do it.

* * *

The latest reports indicate that this artificial silk war is to be waged to the last ladder.

* * *

The forthcoming revolution about which Mr. A. J. COOK has been talking, is it to be a private affair; or will the Press be admitted?

* * *

It is anticipated that several insurance offices will ask motorists to pay heavier premiums. This is no doubt due to the fact that pedestrians are becoming more expensive.

* * *

Chelsea has a naturalists' club, but the strange creature with a shaggy head and legs that was brought along one evening turned out to be a resident with a penchant for art.



Student of Railway Advertising. "AS AN ARDENT LOVER OF THE PICTURESQUE I DESIRE TO EXPERIENCE THE PROMISED THRILL OF A HAPPY RAMBLE MIDST A RIOT OF LOVELY BLOSSOMS ON THE GREEN CLIFFS WHICH RISE HIGH AGAINST AN ALMOST ITALIAN SKY, AND TO GAZE DOWN ON THE FAIR EXPANSE OF AZURE AND JADE AND SILVER-GREY. CHEAP RETURN SOUTHCOVE, PLEASE."

THE "HOT CROSS BUN" FLAG.

[This is the nick-name given to the South African Government's design for an independent flag—a red cross, bordered with white, on a green ground, quartered—in which the Union Jack is not embodied. The following lines are suggested as a Community Anthem for the Nationalist Dutch.]

Too long we've borne with this Imperial rag,
Symbol of servitude now over and done;
We mean to have our own peculiar Flag,
Our private Hot Cross Bun.

Let others urge that just the Union Jack
Would serve to keep our two white races one
In case of ructions with the local black—
Give us our Hot Cross Bun.

"BOTHA was Dutch," they cry, and "BOTHA led
British and Dutch to war against the Hun;"
We answer, "Why rake up a past that 's dead?
Long live our Hot Cross Bun!"

Under that sign, the badge of freedom's birth,
We 'll tell the world how liberty is won,
While staggered nations all across the earth
Gape at our Hot Cross Bun.

Great navies, built with money of our own
(No help from England, thank you—keel or gun),
Shall bear this challenge to the utmost zone—
"Hail to our Hot Cross Bun!"

Rise, then, ye Boers, in Heaven's and KRÜGER's name,
Pledged to pursue the glorious path begun!
Down with the token of a buried shame!
Up with our Hot Cross Bun! O. S.

TEMPERAMENTAL TOGGERY.

[The correct fashion, according to a recent article on the psychology of clothes, is for frocks to be "wayward and temperamental, impish or frivolous or serious;" they "must be worn on the right occasion and in the right mood." The following episode, modelled upon those stories that deal exclusively with the emotions of the titled, may serve to illustrate this development.]

Lady Cineraria Fitzboodle was lying on a divan in her black-and-salmon boudoir. That her mood was one of feverish suspense could be seen by the horse-hair question-marks worked on her stockings and by the single string of sequins that held in place her tangerine jumper-suit of finest *appliqué* net embroidered with cut-glass godets. One tiny foot, shod in lemon-yellow golosh kid, tapped the floor impatiently as, glancing at the miniature alarum-watch on her wrist, she murmured, "If the Count delays much longer my husband will be back; and if they meet——"

The door was flung open and in burst, unannounced, the Count Macaroni di Vermicelli, wearing in his button-hole a bunch of wild oats.

"Cineraria," he cried, "I have been living for this moment all the day. I burn with love for you!" With these words he flung off his fur-lined coat and appeared before her in a cerise university bathing-costume and beach-shoes.

"My dearest," she faltered, "I see you are prepared to take the plunge. Now that I am assured of your intentions I too in a brief minute shall be ready to elope." So saying, she hurried from the room and quickly returned, wearing a neat and serviceable travelling-dress of dark glacé serge, with an airman's helmet hiding her golden shingle.

"My lover!" she cried, and, bursting into tears of joy, laid her head upon the shoulder of the Count. The latter at once slipped into a pea-green mackintosh and opened a jade-handled umbrella.

As soon as Cineraria's emotions were under control the Count urged their immediate departure.

"My autogiro is outside, beloved," he said, and blew his nose triumphantly on a huge tartan bandana.

Scarcely had the echo died away when the door opened and Sir Adrian Fitzboodle entered. At sight of the Count di Vermicelli his brow grew dark and, striding to a Louis Quinze chest of drawers hidden in an alcove, he exchanged his pale-blue lounge-suit for a black-and-yellow striped coat and scarlet trousers. Presenting a terrible picture of rage he advanced upon the Count, seeing red through a crimson monocle, and hissed, "What are you doing here after my warning? How dare you intrude yourself upon my wife in my absence?"

The Count gave a baffled snarl and opened the portmanteau he had brought with him. Producing from it a portable folding-screen he placed it round himself and, glaring over the top at Sir Adrian, struggled into black tights and a magenta tunic, with collar and cuffs of artificial cactus.

"He is about to fly with me," cried Cineraria, who had meanwhile retired to her dressing-room and now emerged in a robe of emerald-green *soufflé*.

"Never!" shouted Sir Adrian. "Rather than that I will shoot him like a sitting grouse!" and, withdrawing again to the alcove, he reappeared in a gents' autumn suiting for the moors, complete with shooting-stick, flask and repeating-rifle.

There was a tense silence, broken by the telephone-bell. Cineraria, tying a yellow bandeau round her forehead, answered it. "Hallo!" she said. "Oh, is it you, Frida dearest? What? . . . Yes, he 's here. . . No, I don't think so, but I'll ask him. Ethelfrida Popinjay says you have an appointment with her to-day, Macaroni."

"I think not," said the Count, producing his engagement-book. "To-day, Thurs., elope with Lady Cineraria Fitzboodle, 4.10 P.M.; to-morrow, Fri., carry off Ethelfrida, Lady Popinjay, 3.45. No, she 's got the date wrong. I'll speak to her." He advanced towards the telephone, at the same time placing a second bunch of wild oats in the buttonhole of his dexter lapel.

But Cineraria, swathing herself indignantly in the folds of a purple velvet cloak, barred the way.

"How dare you?" she shrieked. "What do you mean by promising to fly with both of us?"

"It would have been quite simple," the Count expostulated, drawing on a woolly waistcoat with a piebald design in Prussian blue and burnt ochre. "You to-day, Ethelfrida to-morrow. Neither of you need have known about the other one. And now she has ruined my arrangements."

"Go away," sobbed Cineraria. "My eyes are opened and I can no longer bear the sight of you!" and she drew a heavy black silk veil across her face.

"Adrian," she continued, "kindly remove this villain. I love you only. Henceforth I will devote myself to you and live a quiet homely life!" and she flung the hearthrug round her shoulders.

Sir Adrian, having retired to the alcove and assumed a red shirt, shorts and football boots, sent the Count flying with a drop-kick through the window; then, changing into a blue quilted smoking-jacket, he clasped to his heart the willowy form of Cineraria, repentant in a heliotrope *peignoir* with puce lining.

The Pacifist.

"Lord Glanusk, Chief Commissioner of Boy Scouts, who is 63, offers to box three rounds with anyone who says there is militarism in the Boy Scout movement."—*Evening Paper.*

"Debate: 'Is Amusement a Bore'?—London School of £Economics."—*Morning Paper.*

If they had to have an extra initial, £ seems the best one.



THE LURE OF THE SCAFFOLD.

Messrs. Clynes, Thomas, Henderson, Sir H. Slesser, Messrs. Jack Jones, Wheatley and others (*each in the manner of Sydney Carton*). "THIS IS A FAR, FAR BETTER THING THAN WALKING AWAY."



OUR PRECOCIOUS AUTHORESSES.

Very old-fashioned Uncle (to his Sister). "I FOUND THIS AWFUL BOOK IN MY ROOM. HOW ON EARTH CAN YOU LEAVE IT ABOUT? ANYHOW I'VE BROUGHT IT DOWN FOR YOU TO PUT AWAY IN CASE PAMELA GETS HOLD OF IT."

Sister. "TOO LATE, MY DEAR—SHE WROTE IT."

POSTUMUS CONSOLES HIMSELF.

THE city, Postumus declares,
With its new-fangled modes and airs,
  Inconstant, vague and floating—
The city puts a doleful strain
Upon his antiquated brain
And adds a note to that refrain
  Which he 's so fond of quoting.

For when he sees bewildering ranks
Of scanty skirts and long pink shanks,
  New shingles, crops and faces,
There, where the old *Life* disappears,
He finds, with puzzled eyes and ears,
That other things besides the years
  Are rightly termed *fugaces*.

Wherefore, afar from square and street,
In happy exile let him greet
  The jocund Spring advancing—
Advancing on familiar lines,
Between the poplars and the pines,
With all the friendly scents and signs
  That set his memory dancing.

Why, there 's the thrush he always knew
Still seeking breakfast in the dew
  And then, a thankful feaster,
Singing its gratitude away
Full-throated on the lilac spray,
Just as it did that April day
  When he came home for Easter!

The lambs that bleated bleat again;
The plover flaps above the lane,
  As is the plover's habit;
The rabbit on the viola bed,
Accursed yet not discomforted,
Looks, as it lifts its nibbling head,
  Exactly like a rabbit.

Here surely is the world of Truth,
Bright with the daffodils of Youth—
  No fear of it, no doubt of it;
Here, where the things of earth stand fast,
Linking the present with the past,
Old-fashioned hearts may feel at last
  Less lonely and less out of it. A. C.

"The Magistrate: Do you mean to say that a physical wreck such as your husband is gave you that black eye?

The Lady: 'E wasn't a physical wreck till 'e give me that black eye!"—*Local Paper.*

Probably it was the same lady who to a similar question replied, "The answer is in the infirmary."

CHAOS IN THE ATMOSPHERE.

IT is high time, it seems to me, that attention was called to some of the inconveniences of the European air routes.

I do not speak as a *Bradshaw* maniac or an *A.B.C.* fiend, but merely as an ordinary business man, who, if he happens to have affairs to settle in foreign countries, is desirous of settling them with the maximum of comfort and despatch. Frankly there are not enough through 'plane services. There is too much hanging about at junctions. I have been studying the International Aerial Time Table, issued, not indeed under the responsibility of the Air Ministry, but at least with its approval and blessing. The result is to inspire in me, as a member of the travelling public, a feeling of profound dismay.

It would scarcely seem as if the meaning of the words "promptitude" and "efficiency" were properly understood by the directors of European flying companies. Still less do they seem to have any regard for the strong distaste for early rising experienced by most business men.

Take, for instance, Weliki Luki.

A business man, say a button-broker, flying from London to Weliki Luki is actually obliged, if this time-table is to be trusted, to change three times, at Brussels, Berlin and Königsberg.

But the matter is even worse than this. Granted that the connection from Brussels is good, a halt being made of not more than three-quarters-of-an-hour, between 10.15 and 11, yet arrival is so timed at Berlin that it is impossible for the traveller to proceed with his journey until the next day; and departure from the German capital takes place at the absurd hour—I shall perhaps be scarcely believed when I mention it—of 3 A.M. The amenities of the bath, the night's rest and the early cup of tea appear to mean nothing whatever to European flying companies.

And then, when the passenger is just attempting to recapture some of the slumber of which he has been robbed, he is turned out again at dreary Königsberg at 7.20, and obliged to change, a brief forty minutes being allowed for this purpose and for obtaining breakfast as well. Small wonder if, on arrival at Weliki Luki at 1.20 P.M., he is little better than a wreck of his former self.

Lwow is a thousand times worse. In fact, the whole London–Poland air service needs thorough reorganisation. To reach Lwow, using the same service from London as in the case of Weliki Luki, it is necessary to change at Danzig at the hour of 4 A.M., kick one's heels there until three in the afternoon, and then proceed to Warsaw, which is not reached until 6 P.M. Arrived there, the passenger discovers to his intense chagrin that he has missed the last connection for Lwow by no fewer than four hours, and is obliged to wait till 2 P.M. on the following day before the necessary 'plane puts in its appearance. A scandal of this kind in international travel should surely be rectified at once, or what, one feels inclined to ask, is the assembly of the League of Nations doing at Geneva?

Corsica is another bad connection. Small wonder that the vendetta trade is nothing like what it used to be. On arrival at Marseilles one is obliged to take the train to Antibes, and no business man who has negotiations at Ajaccio can fail to be harassed by the delay, although there is a very good 'plane service on to Tunis, should he desire to avail himself of it.

Constantinople has to be reached by changing at Zürich, waiting the night and then going on either to Vienna or Buda-Pest. In each case one has to wait a further night. The start from Buda-Pest is made at the reasonable time of 10.15, enabling the passenger to obtain a substantial breakfast before catching his 'plane; whereas departure from Vienna is timed for the dismal and comfortless hour of 7.30 A.M.

One turns with relief to the Imperial London–Karachi air route, which, except for the absurd loaf by steamer along the Mediterranean from Marseilles to Cairo, is conducted on the whole in accordance with a reasonable and well-arranged schedule, the tiresome wait of an hour at Ratbar being compensated for by the fact that only twenty minutes are allowed for loitering in Baghdad, which I understand to be a dim moon city of delight, and as such of very little use to the ordinary business man. The early starts from Basra and Bunder-Abbas made at 6 A.M. are annoying, and there is a further break of an hour at Bushire and another of the same period at Charbar. But these no doubt enable the traveller to consume an adequate tiffin at the station refreshment-rooms, and Karachi is finally reached in plenty of time for a much-needed afternoon tea.

I cannot help feeling surprised at the limitation of free luggage to thirty pounds per passenger on this line, since it affords little scope to the business man who would like to include some leopard- or buffalo-shooting in his trip. But rifles, howitzers, etc., can, it appears, be carried by arrangement with the Company at excess-luggage rate.

I do not cavil at the regulation where-



Polite Host (retrieving ball knocked off the table by American guest). "I EXPECT YOU PLAY A GOOD DEAL OF BASE-BALL, DON'T YOU?"

by a return-ticket is made only available for one month from the date of issue; but there is of course the usual preposterous claim that tickets must be produced and given up whenever demanded by the Company's officials. But we are so accustomed to submit to this exaction with a good grace every morning in travelling to the City that we must be prepared to yield the point also in the case of the Cairo–Karachi 'planes.

Little is said about the possibility of obtaining luncheon-baskets on most of the lines, though I note the advertisement of a well-tried remedy against the total loss of such refreshments as may be consumed *en route*.

In conclusion I would point out the remarkable absence of special notes for the passenger's guidance in this time-table. No hint is given as to whether Sunday's 'planes are slower than week-days'; what, if any, excursion 'planes are being flown; or whether reduced rates for week-end tickets can be secured. I should welcome also a statement of the fare for dogs, parrots, tortoises or other pets. Infants in arms, I observe, are carried free, and children up to the age of seven at half-fare. But a Londoner intending to fly to Lwow or Weliki Luki or even to Karachi with a Cairn terrier or a tame marmoset is left under a disadvantage owing to the complete lack of information placed at his disposal by the authorities. EVOE.

PASSING SHOWS.

The Royal Tournament.

The national fever for communal music has infected even the hardy



"Baby Face," by the R.A.F. Community Singers.

breasts of the Services. The new note of the Royal Tournament this year is the note of the nightingale (Mark I.). Not that music is new to the Tournament; the Cavalry and the Artillery have always had their musical turns, which this year are performed as brilliantly and thoroughly as ever by the Royal Horse Guards (The Blues) and "M" Battery of the Royal Horse Artillery. But never before to my recollection have the Poor Blessed Infantry been allowed to be officially musical. This year not only the infantrymen, but even the airmen (for whom, as an ex-infantryman, I have the greatest contempt, admiration and gratitude) startle us continually by bursting into song at the close or in the middle of the manliest feats of arms.

The band was employed in (to me) a new, perhaps a little theatrical, but certainly an effective, manner to accompany and stimulate the admirable Physical Exercises of the Royal Air Force. When these troops, Bending the Knees, Keeping the Head Well Back and Breathing Through the Nose, sank upon their haunches in the Indian style, there was a melodramatic roll of the drums, such as is commonly associated with the arrival of the hero or the discomfiture of the villain; and had I ever been indulged with such musical honours I might have enjoyed more purely the salutary fatigues of P.T.I.

As for the songs, I do not mind what strange native ditty the Scottish soldiery may sing, but it was a shock, I own, to hear the beefy Britons of the Royal Air Force break out without warning into a



Lowlanders' ration-wagon gets mixed up in a scrap at Killiecrankie.

song about "Baby Face," in which, so far as I could gather, attention was drawn to "The cutest little baby-face of all." Surely there is some English song with English words with which our Royal bird-men could enchant the public on an official occasion?

His Majesty's Marines, second not even to the Guards in rifle-drill, gave a superb display, a little "esoteric," perhaps, for the general public, but thrilling to anyone who has memories of fixing bayonets and forming platoon or something on the left. They were like so many clock-work soldiers, and ticked in a miraculous unison. And how I pitied the solitary man whose bayonet fell to the ground as he sloped arms! Pitied? No. For the way in which he ignored the incident was as perfect as the rest of the show. The funeral drill was a wonder; and I know about that, for I remember, as a soldier at H.M.S. *Crystal Palace*, being hauled out of my hammock on board H.M.S. *Crystal Palace* to learn funeral drill in the frosty dawn for the funeral of Lord ROBERTS; and I remember how we paraded in Northumberland Avenue, next-door to the Guards; and one of the Guards dropped his rifle, and a corporal and a file of men marched the unfortunate away, and I suppose he was shot in the Tower; and so much impressed was I that I nearly dropped my own darned icy and detestable firearm . . . But enough of that.

Perhaps I am growing old, but from what I saw of the Dress Rehearsal it seemed to me to be a better show than ever. Certainly the Comic Cavalry turn (the 16/5th Lancers this year) was better than usual. The riding, freak-jumping, tent-pegging, handkerchief-snatching-at-the-gallop, etc., are always as good as they were, but the humour sometimes is both prolonged and painful. This year it is brief and, in a suitably broad style, effective. The horse which has to be anchored pleased me especially, for any horse which I ever tied up has always by some devilish device untied itself and roamed at large. And we all agreed that the coster's donkey was perfectly sweet.

But is it not time that the Royal Army Service Corps did something new? I take off my admiring hat to the skill and daring of the performers, but we have seen this tandem-jumping over and over again; it cannot hope to compete with the trick-riding of the Lancers, and it is not in the least what we expect of the Army Service Corps. Let us see them bringing up the rations over a road which is all holes and shells, and every ex-service stomach will beat as one.

In the Grand Pageant (Scotland) the historical play-acting is this year reduced to one reasonable scene. Perhaps the dramatic critics would say that the producers must make up their minds whether they are out for tragedy or comedy after the death of BONNY DUNDEE; for if it is tragedy the funny troops must stop fighting and being funny while the piper is playing his lament for the poor gentleman. The reels (thirty-twosomes) are a good sight, but the entrance, march past, unity and endurance of the Hundred Pipers are terrific. They must stir the heart of the most English and fanatical pacificist (is that the word?); and these moments alone are worth a visit to Olympia. Almost I was persuaded to wish myself a Scotsman.

And I thought, as I always think at this show, in that solemn mood which is the fundamental Haddock, how absurd it is to think of the Services in terms of attacking and defending only! They may cost money, but, if some magical power were to guarantee us against foreign wars and civil turbulence, I believe it would still be worth our while to keep them in being. Disband them and save your coppers, but how much will you lose? A single British battleship in port makes people perk up, smile and square their shoulders for miles around. And how should we achieve without the Forces such a concentration of nerve and muscle, such physique and skill and discipline and character as are here displayed? Our bank-balance might be the better, but would the breed? And it might be argued that we round-shouldered discontented civilians cost not much less in the long run than the soldier.

But I must not go on in this strain or some Socialist will hit me. Go, however, to Olympia and try to see what the lunatic means. Proceeds to Service Charities; and wigs, you will be amazed to hear, by CLARKSON.

A. P. H.



"KNOCKED 'EM IN THE OLD KENT ROAD."

Commercial Candour.

"Wanted, wood pips for mixing with fruit jams."
Weekly Paper.

"At the close of the service, the Vicar pronounced the Benediction, after which the large congregation sang the Doxology nouced that the first business was the house and the tall needle-like steeple. The child unhappily took a drink and building of the Barmby New InIn is Lakes."—*Yorkshire Local Paper.*

It is quite a mistake to suppose that the best mystery-stories come from London.

"CHALONS-SUR-MARNE, Wednesday.
While workmen were replacing a derailed engine, known as No. 41,001, the most powerful locomotive in France, the boiler burst suddenly."—*Evening Paper.*

Even in England very few boilers are considerate enough to burst gradually.

"Briefly the idea is to have a flat-rate premium to cover third-party risks—which are calculated to be much the same whether the motor-car is one of twelve or forty house-power."—*Daily Paper.*

But if "house-power" why a "flat-rate"?

DID SHAKESPEARE PLAY GOLF?

IN a recent issue of *Punch* the above question was answered in the negative, but it is impossible for a discerning reader of *The Tempest* to come to any other conclusion than that the immortal WILLIAM was at least familiar with the fine points of the game. Indeed we are inclined to the view that, after his retirement to Stratford, his declining years were solaced with many a joyous round on the municipal links. JAMES I. undoubtedly introduced the game from Scotland, and what is more natural than that the courtly poet should take the opportunity of paying a delicate compliment to his sovereign by hinting that the chief character in his play was a golfer?

It is generally admitted that in *Prospero* we see SHAKESPEARE himself, and there are many lines in the play suggesting that the magician had, possibly with the assistance of *Ariel*, laid out a private course on the island. Thus, in the masque, *Iris* is sent by *Juno* to bid *Ceres*—

"Here on this grass plot, in this very place,
To come and sport."

Ceres, in answer, says:—

"Why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither to this short-grass'd green?"

Then there is ample evidence that *Caliban* had an occasional round with his master, whose canny methods he appears to resent as unfair.

"And here you sty me,"

he indignantly exclaims.

It would appear that *Caliban* was also frequently employed as caddy, and found that *Prospero* was no better than other golfers are said to be, for in the same scene he remarks:—

"You taught me language; and my profit on 't
Is, I know how to curse."

Nevertheless we can readily sympathise with the unfortunate master's indignation when *Caliban* proposes to transfer his services to a more even-tempered player (*Stephano*):—

"I 'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man."

The previous scene abounds in references to the Royal and Ancient game. Indeed, when *Antonio*, *Francisco* and *Sebastian* are teasing poor old *Gonzalo*, one could easily imagine oneself listening to the comments of some unsympathetic onlookers at the trials of an enthusiastic beginner:—

Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks! How green!
Fran. With his good arms in lusty stroke—
Ant. What a blow was there given!
Seb. An it had not fallen flatlong!

Our old friend has evidently decided not to hand in his card, which he hides away:—

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?
Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Again, *Sebastian*, as if encouraging a partner who has got into the rough, says:—

"One stroke shall free thee."

Stephano, however, who is evidently a player of little resource, replies (oddly enough, not till the next scene):—

"I will leave him; I have no long spoon."

Passing over *Gonzalo's* somewhat cryptic remark in Act III., Sc. 3:—

"Each putter-out of five for one,"

we are compelled to the conclusion that *all* of the lines quoted in support of our contention cannot be mere coincidences.

A SONG WITH SOLOMON.

OLD HIRAM brought the golden dust
To SOLOMON the Wise;
The golden dust, oh! it was just
The merest merchandise;
"'Twill serve," said he, "when SHEBA sups;"
But we to-day, my dear—
We walked through gold of buttercups
To Mapledurham Weir.

KING HIRAM fetched the peacock bird
To SOLOMON the Great—
Oh, 'twas a cargo that occurred,
Oh, 'twas a usual freight!
"He 's proud as SHEBA's self," he said;
But, through the T.C.'s rails,
To-day our sun-kissed waters sped
As green as peacocks' tails.

With wonders for his royal wants
Old HIRAM served the King,
And ivory of elephants
Was no uncommon thing;
"'Tis smooth as SHEBA's arms!" he 'd shout;
But, each a milk-white Jill,
To-day the ivory mays were out
And climbing Purley Hill.

KING HIRAM shipped the monkey-folk,
The little wrinkled apes,
For SOLOMON's delight, and spoke:
"Each Master Jackanapes,
Like SHEBA's smile, is Mischief born;"
But through Sir John's tree-trunks
Your terriers were worse this morn
Than waggon-loads of "monks."

Old kings, and all your mighty kith,
We 've walked with you this day
And matched your pomps and peacocks with
The pageantry of May;
But bid us not when SHEBA sups—
We 're loth to dim her gems
With golden dust of buttercups
And golden gleams of Thames.

P. R. C.

THE THIN RED ROUTE.

I.—TROOPING EAST.

I REMEMBER learning that the route Southampton-Gibraltar-Suez is a "high road of Empire." I wish to record from personal observation that it is in urgent need of repair. The surface is in a disgraceful condition. One's impression is that of travelling with one wheel permanently in the gutter while the other is continually falling into deep pot-holes. It is not a high road to be proud of and it is most certainly not fit for the passage of troops.

The matter is doubtless attracting the attention of the authorities at the School of Amphibious Warfare which has recently been instituted for the purpose of studying Combined Operations, in other words, those which require the co-operation of the Navy with the Army. I am told that the question of how to load fifteen hundred soldiers into a ship built to carry nine hundred is to be reviewed in all its aspects. Another important problem which is attracting a considerable amount of expert attention is that of landing troops from a ship on to a beach. There are several sub-divisions of this subject, such as opposed landings, unopposed landings, landings in the face of an active enemy, landings in the face of a retiring enemy, landings by swimming, surf-riding, wading or paddling, and landings effected with the assistance of water-wings. I have studied the matter closely, but in the light of recent personal experience I have come to the conclusion that it is futile to pursue it any further.

The recipe is too simple. To land any number of British officers and men anywhere, on any known kind of beach, open or shut, rocky or sandy, opposed or unopposed, put them into a troopship two sizes too small, spin them round for a week in the Bay of Biscay and/or the Gulf of Lyons, point to the objective on terra-firma and say, "Go!" In less time than it takes to write any operation orders every sane individual will be ashore, boats or no boats, enemy or no enemy.

The ship's officers are most considerate. They have dealt with mere soldiers before and realise that we are only too ready to swallow anything. I mean that, as a class, we are credulous. As we passed the Isle of Wight one of them told me that he was always glad when Southampton Water was left safely behind. This filled me with a quiet confidence which was, if anything, increased when another told me that he was quite glad we were in for heavy rain in the Bay, since a full sea is so much calmer than an empty one.



The Vicar. "IT MUST BE WONDERFUL HAVING THIS GLORIOUS WORK OF ART TO GAZE UPON DAY BY DAY."
The Host. "WELL, IT OUGHT TO BE. WORKING OUT THE INTEREST ON CAPITAL, I RECKON IT COSTS ME ABOUT FIFTY POUND A WEEK TO LOOK AT IT."

The British soldier is not designed for service on board ship. He has become accustomed to living and moving and carrying out the various evolutions peculiar to his profession securely weighted down by a pair of heavy ammunition boots. Take these away from him, remove his socks, and make him wear his trousers at half-mast, and he finds himself in a state of unstable equilibrium. He becomes top-heavy. The very slightest motion of the ship, taking him at such a disadvantage, causes him to fall heavily.

At the same time his peculiar adaptability enables him to appear in other respects to be thoroughly at home. Even the officers quickly affect a new language which they consider to be highly nautical. The cook's mates are now "galley stewards"; we know where to find the poop, the poppets and the painter; we frown at the possessors of bilged barrels and barnacled backsights, and we think nothing of ordering the platoon to "move to the port in fours." The right guide may be heard addressing the company as follows: "Backwater a bit, two . . . carry it on . . . jump to it in the for'd rank! . . . give way you with the face there abaft the blank file . . . easy all . . . belay!" Finally, we know exactly what we mean by half-past four bells, though some more experienced mariners might not.

(To be continued.)

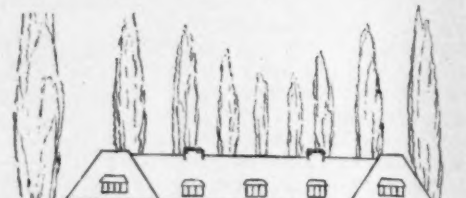
"SWANSEA RATE DEMAND NOTES OUT.
'Pay, pay, pay!'—(Kingsley.)"
Welsh Paper.

To the compiler of the headlines, who seems to be an absent-minded beggar, we would say, "What do they know of KIPLING who only KINGSLEY know?"

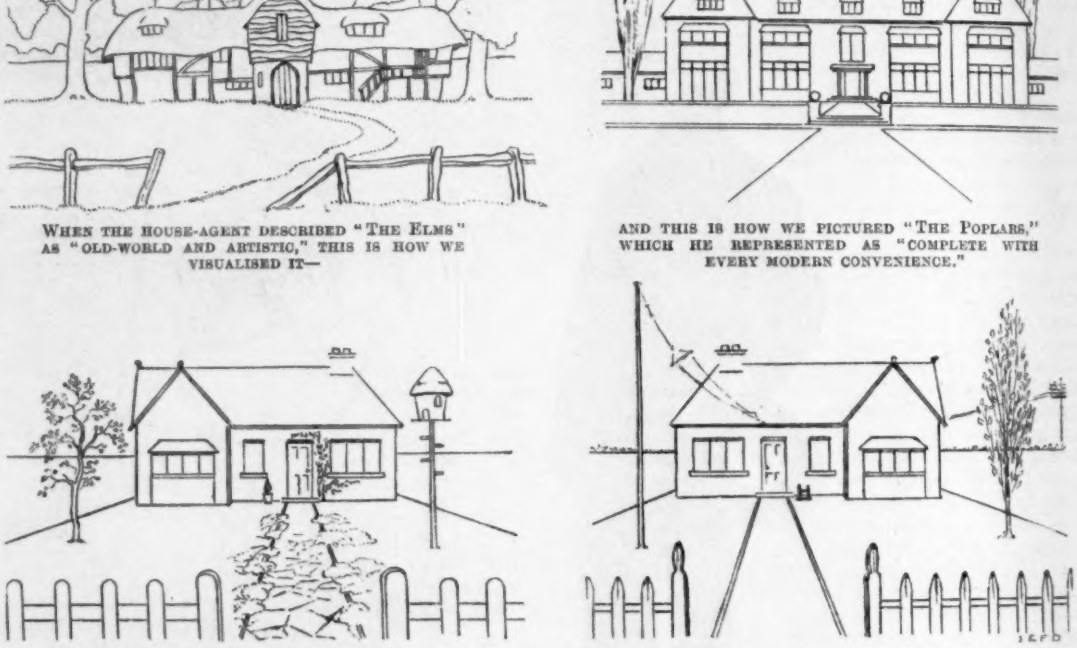
THE DISTINCTIVE LANGUAGE OF THE HOUSE-AGENT.



WHEN THE HOUSE-AGENT DESCRIBED "THE ELMS" AS "OLD-WORLD AND ARTISTIC," THIS IS HOW WE VISUALISED IT—



AND THIS IS HOW WE PICTURED "THE POPLARS," WHICH HE REPRESENTED AS "COMPLETE WITH EVERY MODERN CONVENIENCE."



WE HAD NO IDEA THEY WOULD PROVE ON INSPECTION TO RESEMBLE ONE ANOTHER QUITE SO CLOSELY.

TO PARK LANE.

AVE ATQUE VALE!

WESTWARD the course of Commerce takes its way,
Claiming half Piccadilly as its prey,
And now Park Lane is threatened with decay.

Swift motor-buses roar along the road
Past mansions where the arbiters of Mode
And princely patrons of the Arts abode—

Where odious HERTFORD revelled; where he died;
And where the fateful nuptial knot was tied
Between the PRINCE and his unblushing bride—*

Where the custodians of the Social Ark
Saw BEALES's riotous followers leave their mark
Upon the sacred railings of Hyde Park—

Where still those quaint bow-windowed houses stand,
Survivals of the Regency, ill-planned
To stay the speculator's ruthless hand.

* * * * *

The excavator works his wicked will;
The merry housebreaker's ear-shattering drill
From dawn to dewy dusk is seldom still.

And towering blocks of sumptuous flats replace
Mansions that added dignity to grace
(Although they failed in utilizing space).

New temples of gastronomy or trade
The choicest quarters of Mayfair invade—
The haunts immortalized by MACKWORTH PRAED.

The spacious colonnade, the marble hall,
Are doomed to be "converted," or to fall,
And join the sum of things beyond recall.

Tout passe, tout casse, tout lasse: the aftermath
Of local grandeur—tell it not in Gath!—
Falls to the dentist and the osteopath.*

Urged by resistless economic need
Ancestral owners, an expiring breed,
Depart, and only syndicates succeed.

Strange irony, that, having learned, though late,
That London is both beautiful and great,
We seek her beauties to obliterate.

What must be, must; and yet I can't refrain
From paying tribute in this doggerel strain
To the departing glories of Park Lane.

* The PRINCE OF WALES (afterwards GEORGE IV.) was married to Mrs. FITZHERBERT in the drawing-room of her house in Park Lane on December 21, 1785.

* Four representatives of each of these most valuable callings are to be found in *The London Directory for 1927* in the list of the residents in Park Lane.

THE HYPOCRITES.

A TRIAL scene was enacting in my sitting-room. I was counsel for the prosecution (and judge), and my Irish terrier, Mike, the prisoner at the bar.

"Perhaps," I said coldly, "you will explain what you mean by rolling Miss Westmacott's spaniel in the mud and leaving him foundered before her very house?"

The prisoner, failing utterly to realise the seriousness of his position, wagged his tail.

"Don't you know that Miss Westmacott has the bluest eyes and the goldenest ways and the sweetest—— I mean, in short, that Miss Westmacott *is* Miss Westmacott?" I demanded sternly.

The prisoner sat up and begged.

"What do you think she says in her note, you scamp? 'Dogs who have neither manners nor mercy are surely a reflection on their trainers.' That's a nice thing to have hurled at a fellow by Miss Westmacott, isn't it?"

The prisoner cocked both ears and beamed affectionately.

"The fact is," I continued, "you're a thorough-paced hypocrite. Not only do you scrap with every dog you come across, but you have the audacity to *look* mild and amiable. I have never seen a dog on whose face meekness and piety shone so convincingly. Anyone meeting you in the street would swear you were looking for a quiet church porch wherein to sit and meditate on the loveliness of life, whereas of course you are really on a scrapping tour."

The prisoner put his paws together and lowered his nose between them (an exhibition popularly supposed to represent the saying of grace).

"None of your pious subterfuges with me, my lad; you're a genuine hypocrite, and I hate hypocrisy. Now listen to the sentence of the Court: No bone to-night and no ratting with me next Saturday. Stand down."

Five minutes later I put on my hat and ordered him to accompany me; it was *my* turn for the high jumps.

I must say I did not think Miss Westmacott *could* be quite so distant; her drawing-room might have been two miles across, so remote did she seem.

"My sweet Peter has had to have one paw bound up and both ears dressed," she said, speaking evenly across the Arctic void.

"I—I'm sorry," I murmured. Even in the ordinary way I am rather tongue-tied with Miss Westmacott; she is so lovely, you see.

"He is not a fighter; he has been trained to civilized ways," she continued with icy emphasis.



"I SEE HENDREN'S MADE ANOTHER HUNDRED."
"REALLY—AND ALL DONE WITH THE PENDULUM STROKE, IS IT NOT?"

"He has been trained by an ange——" I was going to say something silly, so I checked myself and coughed instead.

"By a what?" she demanded.

"By—by the League of Nations, perhaps," I said, smiling feebly.

"That," she said, "is merely silly. If you encourage a dog to fight at every opportunity"—I raised my head in mild protest—"by never checking him when he does fight"—I dropped it again—"you cannot be surprised if he turns into a perfect savage. Personally I have no wish even to *know* the owner of such an animal." (I bowed it still lower; this was the end, then.)

Frankly, I had not expected anything quite so overwhelming; mere contrition seemed quite futile to meet the storm.

At this dark moment I glanced casually at Mike. He had now taken it into his brown head to relieve the tedium by once more saying grace.

There he stood in the middle of the hearthrug, his fore-paws together, his nose dropped between them, his honest brown eyes fixed contritely on Miss Westmacott's silk stockings. I defy anyone to produce from any part of the world a dog who could look more meek, more affectionate, more utterly peace-loving than Mike did then.

We are told that temptations come to us in subtlest forms and on occasions the least expected. Who would have thought that in the radiant presence of Miss Westmacott an awful temptation would have assailed me? It did, though. And alas and alas——!

"You—you must be just," I said.

"Of course. Have I been unjust?"

"And before you spurn Mike's master from your door you must be sure that it *was* Mike who did this deed."

"Good gracious! I saw him myself."

"But the butcher has a dog very like

Mike—almost his twin in fact." There must have been pathos in my voice, because she seemed somehow to soften.

"I know; but——"

"And Mike is really a kindly soul—a gentleman. Look at him and say he is not." With a dramatic gesture I pointed my finger at the grace-saying culprit.

Of course it was a cowardly suggestion. No one could have looked at Mike then and believed wrong of him. Certainly not Miss Westmacott, whose heart was of the tenderest. She glanced at Mike, then at me (though in an odd questioning sort of way), then back at Mike again. The next moment she was on her knees beside him.

"Oh, you darling!" she cried. "Perhaps it was the nasty butcher's dog, after all. What a dear, perfect, kindly gentleman he does look, to be sure. Shake hands, old boy."

I could scarcely listen to the endearments, scarcely look at the graceless Mike's saint-like face and wagging tail. The scamp had now led me astray, and into his own particular detestable vice. I too was a hypocrite.

"I'm sorry I was so unfair to you," she said. "Will you stay to tea?"

It was a joyous tea, of course; but ever in the background lurked the spectre of my own hypocrisy. I had deceived a—well, an angel.

"Miss Westmacott," I said with sudden resolution as I rose to go, "I have a confession to make, and I shall not be happy until I have made it. I think it *was* Mike who knocked Peter about this afternoon."

"But of course." There was genuine surprise in her accents.

I was staggered. "I—I thought that you——" I tailed off idiotically.

"And that reminds me," she said gaily, making for the door. "I must give you Mike's collar back. It came off when I was pulling him away from Peter."

I walked out into the night—or it may have been the afternoon; I could not tell which. The collar was in my hand and I didn't care where I walked. I simply do *not* understand girls.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

From a scientific lecture:—

"It is one of the established rules among seismologists that the further you are from your last earthquake the nearer you are to the next one."—*New Zealand Paper.*

LIVESTOCK IN BARRACKS.

II.—The Brabbits.

The Brabbits lived at the side of the Officers' Mess tennis-court. Their names were Barabbas and Briseis, and the Mess secretary bought them one day by accident. When I say "by accident," I mean that he went into the town in his car, at the Colonel's instigation, to consult with a stationer about some invitation-cards for a dance and came back with a pair of black-and-white rabbits. We all thought at first he had had some sort of a stroke. What I mean to say is, there's a lot of difference between invitation-cards for a dance and a pair of black-and-white rabbits.



Barabbas and Briseis.

The Mess secretary was very reticent about it all. I think he was afraid of being laughed at. However, Captain Bayonet that evening expended several chits in port and got the story out of him.

Apparently just as he was getting out of his car to go into the stationer's shop he had met a man with a barrowful of rabbits. The man was a persuasive sort of fellow. He pointed out that breeding rabbits was the easiest way in the world of making money. He added that for five bob the gent could have a nice young pair.

The gent tried to brush him aside, and said that he did not *want* rabbits. The man explained that they were charming little animals. The gent said he did not *like* rabbits. The man was persistent. At last the Mess secretary hurriedly dived into his pocket, thrust twopence into the outstretched hand by way of purchasing immunity, and escaped into the shop. Later on, when the man had gone, he came out cautiously and drove away.

Later still he discovered that he was apparently five bob short.

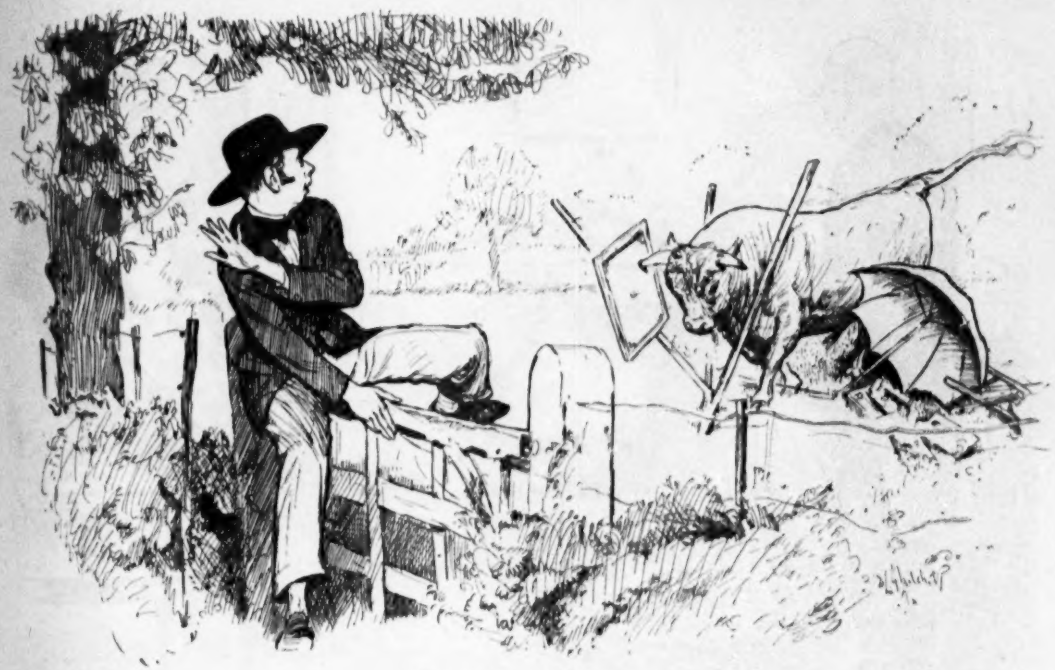
Later on still he found in the back of the car a cage with Barabbas and Briseis, where the vendor, honest as well as persuasive, had placed it on being given two half-crowns.

The Mess of course took the matter up. They had never done any rabbit-breeding before, but they were all for it now. The Brabbits became the staple topic of conversation and were shown to every visitor on every occasion. Even Somebody Very Senior, a guest of the Colonel's on a guest-night, was taken out on to the lawn at about one A.M. by a horde of excited subalterns and formally introduced. As the rabbits were exactly similar in colour, size and shape he was at first quite shaken till he realised there really *were* two; after which he was understood to say he was not insensible of the honour done him.

Every day we calculated out, after the optimistic manner of chicken farmers, what the Brabbits would bring us in, assuming that they had a family of so many ever so often and that each youngster would fetch so much. It was an inspiring yearly total, I remember, enough to float the Mess in champagne or even to buy a Quarter-Master Sergeant out of the Service. We decided eventually at a Very Extraordinary General Meeting of the Mess that the profits from the Brabbits should be placed on the credit side of the Mess Wine Fund. That is why you will find to this day in our cellar-book, after Port and before Rum, the following entry:—

Rabbits, matured in cage, Château Barabbas	1
Rabbits, matured in cage, Château Briseis	1

It was Lieutenant Holster who was eventually appointed O.C. Brabbits. He had criticised everything to do with them so scathingly that, following our usual custom, we unanimously elected him to sole charge of the rabbit stables. After that he changed round completely, and nobody could so much as mention that Briseis was looking a bit



HOLIDAY HAZARDS.

ONE OF OUR CHELSEA TOREADORS FALLS SOMEWHAT BELOW ACCEPTED BULL-RING FORM.

off colour or that Barabbas's ears needed shingling, without his taking it as a personal insult. He at once enclosed a bit of tennis-lawn for them as a *manège*, and a bit of shrubbery as a home-park, and a bit of flower-bed as a pleasaunce, and altogether lushed them up to the good things of this world in no mean fashion. He bought two or three handbooks on the *Care and Maintenance of Rabbits* and *Livestock in the Home* and used to drag us out at all hours to show us how Briseis had learnt to scratch herself in quite a new place and how Barabbas could now do twenty yards at the double without once treading on his ears.

And then one morning some while later Lieutenant Holster came in from the garden with a proud and solemn expression on his face. He cleared his throat to attract the attention of all officers, ordered Lieutenant Swordfrog, our junior subaltern, out of the Mess because he was too young, and informed us that he was expecting shortly that the Brabbits would have a family.

Intense excitement reigned in the Mess at this announcement, and Lieutenant Holster, quite the man of the moment, had a wonderful red-and-blue cage made for Briseis. He said it was most important that Barabbas and Briseis should be separated. Father rabbits, he quoted from the book, were not high-principled; they had, he admitted it with shame, been known to kill off their progeny if allowed to get at them while young.

So Barabbas and Briseis were separated, and Briseis became the pet of the Mess. Nothing, said Lieutenant Holster, was too good for her, and she must be well fed. Gifts of food and dainties of all kinds were showered on her and she ate and ate. Even the Sergeants' Mess sent up a lettuce from their garden with compliments. Meanwhile poor Barabbas was rather neglected and didn't have much of a time. People just threw a few old cabbage-stalks and tin-tacks and other refuse into his cage for him to eat, if they happened to think of it. Being a mere man, a little neglect seemed to do him a power of good; he even appeared to thrive on it . . .

This is a sad thing I have to relate. The great day came upon us suddenly, and we were called into the garden one morning by a staggered Lieutenant Holster. Briseis, in her lovely blue-and-red cage, surrounded by odds and ends of dainties, was still alone. Barabbas in his neglected corner was proudly displaying a large family.

That night an Even More Extraordinary General Meeting of the Mess court-martialled Lieutenant Holster for gross dereliction of duty. His defence, that the Brabbits were exactly alike, and that anyway he hadn't bought the beastly things, was treated as frivolous, and he was sentenced to be discharged from the appointment of O. C. Brabbits with any amount of ignominy. A. A.

A Wireless Problem.

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory,
But where on earth does music go
When I switch off 2 LO?

"Two cycles belonging to girls that had been left leaning against the lamp-post were badly damaged."—*Scots Paper.*

Whoever was responsible for leaving the girls in this precarious situation should at least pay for the damage.

"ARCOS SEARCH CONTINUED.
SOUND OF THE TEARING UP OF FLOOR-BOARDS.
INTERPRETERS AT WORK."
Headlines in Evening Paper.

Russian is admittedly a difficult language to pronounce.

"Among E. Omar Carrington's receipts for long levity is a glass of cold water and a cold bath every morning. He is 91."
American Paper.

This may be all very well in a dry country, but for protracted hilarity people in Europe mostly prefer the other OMAR'S prescription of a jug of wine.



Flapper. "I SAY, SMITHERS, HAVE YOU GOT AN ALARUM CLOCK?"
Butler. "I HAVE, MISS JOAN."
Flapper. "WELL, JUST BRING IT HERE AND SET IT TO COCKTAIL TIME, WILL YOU?"

REBUILDING THE STREET.

(*A Reverie.*)

I LIKE to see them breaking up the houses
Over the way upon a morn of Spring,
While far from here the green of England drowses
And the small birds do sing;
I like to see manipulating crowbars
Or something of the sort with right good will,
And drifting off at noontide into low bars,
Alf and his playmate Bill.

Not set to work at piling edifices
That shame the world and blot the indignant light,
And make good architects give vent to hisses
And groan with pains all night;
But hard, straightforward, honest demolition,
Barging and banging bricks and concrete down
Till the fair day at last obtains admission
Into the secret town.

There was no beauty here and, once rebuilded,
The want of beauty doubtless will remain,
Advertisements with eight-feet letters (gilded)
Garnish the walls again;
But why to-day take thought about the morrow?
This is the morn of Art; and round our ears
Echoes the havoc of war without the sorrow,
Triumph devoid of tears.

And even Alfred, as he turns to scoff his
Inevitable bitter in the pub
Is murmuring proudly, "So much for the office
Of Messrs. Thump and Tubb!"

He has no care for Art, for Art is rummy,
Yet all the same he cries at set of sun,
"To-day we busted up a bank. Lor lummy,
That was a piece of fun!"

Philosophy is less in his than my line,
Yet both of us are pleased when—there it falls!—
The Weekly Terrible deserts the sky-line
And opens up St. Paul's.
That may be tumbling too, I have no notion,
The Canons say so, and the Dean says not,
But anyhow "The Schoolgirls' Toilet Lotion"
Has lost its chimney-pot.

Yes, Alfred also, as he flakes the mortar,
Feels with a feeling scarcely understood
That this deserves an extra pint of porter
Because the deed was good;
That is his point, I think, far more than whether
New structures on the ancient sites shall gleam,
Where Capital and Labour, linked together,
Are merged as in a dream.

The light returns. The reign of terror ceases.
Old Mammon falls away like melted glue,
And all the shaggy brick, lopped off by pieces,
Lets in the marching blue.
There goes another chunk! Apollo, lenient,
Smiles on the task, and I—I wish them luck—
Though some men say they find it inconvenient,
What with the noise and muck.

EVOE.



UNDER TWO FLAGS.

EMPIRE DAY AS IT MAY BE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

[If it is so decided by referendum, the proposed National Flag of the Union of South Africa—as above—will be for everyday use, and the Union Jack will be officially flown on three or four days only in the year.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, May 16th.—If reading maketh a full man, as BACON declares, raiding maketh a full House. The HOME SECRETARY, however, when asked by Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON to make a statement about the raid on ARCOS, LTD., confined himself to promising a fuller statement on Thursday. He explained that the raid had been undertaken to recover a certain Government document which he was entirely satisfied had found its way from the War Office into the offices of ARCOS, LTD. The document in question had not so far been found (derisive howls from the Socialist benches), but much else had. There was some discussion as to how the Minister's promised statement should be debated, but Mr. LLOYD GEORGE said that point could be settled when the further statement was made. Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY drew from the Minister an assurance that no women had been searched in the course of the raid. Only their handbags had been examined as they left the building. "Does not the hon. gentleman see that they could take out a hundred documents in their clothes?" suggested the Member for Central Hull brightly. Sir WILLIAM is possibly unwilling to admit that the modern Eve's costume offers such generous opportunities of concealment. He replied non-committally that the police were invariably courteous to women.

Neque semper Arcos tendit Apollo. The HOME SECRETARY having temporarily unstrung his bow (his long bow, in the Opposition view), the PRIME MINISTER moved a resolution setting out a time-table for the remaining stages of the Trade Disputes Bill.

Reviewing the history of the "guillotine," he pointed out that any number of distinguished statesmen, including Lord BALFOUR, Lord OXFORD, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE and Mr. BONAR LAW, had all come to the reluctant conclusion in the last thirty years that the use of the grizzly instrument was unavoidable. Neither the present Government nor its predecessor had used it, but before that the Coalition Government had used it five times, while "in the great days of the Liberal Government from 1906 onwards" it had been used on something like thirty occasions. Having insisted on the necessity of polishing off the Trade Disputes Bill in order that the House might rise in the first week in August and resume its labours early in November, Mr. BALDWIN added that the guillotine had at least the merit of enabling Members to get home to bed at a reasonable hour.



THE INFANT HERCULES
(*After Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS*).
SIR DOUGLAS HOGG.

It fell to Mr. CLYNES to launch the customary thunders and lightnings in vehement defence of the Opposition's threatened privileges, and he began quite well, charging the PRIME MINISTER with "cool, unexampled audacity." "What rights had the Opposition now?" he continued, in tearful complaint that they had been given no time in which to table amendments to this iniquitous motion. Approaching his peroration, Mr. CLYNES managed to work himself up to a further pitch of declamatory indignation. The Government had grossly abused the power of numbers. Parliamentary government was made a mockery. Rather than truckle to this policy of gag and bullying the Labour Party would leave the House, but before long they would come back with a majority that they would use more fairly and reasonably than the Government.

Taking a deep breath and nodding the word of command to his followers to take their time from the left, Mr. CLYNES clumped out of the House, his army of temporarily unemployed striding sturdily in his wake.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE then rose. Eyeing the empty benches about him, he remarked that such scenes never did any Party any good. It would be idle for him to pretend that he disapproved of the guillotine. Was it thirty-five times the PRIME MINISTER had said he had used it? Well, well; he did not think it was quite so many, but he was still convinced that the guillotine was a painful necessity. He noticed too that no Opposition ever made use of its time allowance to try to make the best of the Bill thus expedited. He would have liked more time to be given for Clause 1.

Mr. BALDWIN, replying briefly, said they could do no more in the way of allotting time than they had done, and the motion was then put and carried by 259 votes to 13. It was only a quarter-past-five, and the House found itself in the happy position of being able to go home to tea.

Tuesday, May 17th.—Question-time found the Labour Party back some ten years sooner than Mr. CLYNES in his valedictory speech had threatened. They were not only back. They were replete with decorum, confining their manifestations of disapproval to occasional outbursts of somewhat artificial mirth.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL was partly responsible for inciting the Opposition to noises indicative of incredulous hilarity, for he read a long addition



CENSURING THE CENSOR OF FILMS.
The Melancholy Danesfort (to Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR)—
"Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee."

to Clause 1 of the Bill, beginning "Without prejudice to the generality of the expression 'trade or industry,'" the purpose of which was to define the words "a dispute within the trade or industry" in Clause 1 sub-section 1 of the Bill. "This Amendment makes it clear——" he went on, and the Opposition laughed loud and long. Three times more he attempted to say that the Amendment would make it clear, but each time the Opposition laughed more loudly than before, and he finally abandoned the attempt.

Later he explained that, as the Bill would finally stand, a strike would be illegal only if two conditions were fulfilled. It must have some object *other than or in addition to* the furtherance of a dispute in the industry, *and* it must be calculated to coerce the Government *or* inflict hardship on the community.

Sir HENRY SLESSER said this would make every strike illegal. Sir JOHN SIMON thought Sir HENRY was indulging in rhetorical exaggeration but doubted if the Government had yet found the proper form of words for which they were seeking.

Other speakers approved or condemned the intention of Clause 1, but none had the temerity to declare that he found it entirely lucid. Opponents confined themselves for the most part to propounding hypothetical cases to the ATTORNEY-GENERAL and asking, "Would *that* be a legal strike?" Captain CROOKSHANK raised a novel point by declaring that constitutionally there was no such thing as a "Government" and the word should not therefore be introduced into a Bill.

Sir DOUGLAS HOGG, replying, made confusion still worse confounded by introducing the term "essential services" into the argument. "If a (sympathetic) strike took place in an essential service on such a scale as to inflict hardship on the community to an extent which would coerce the Government, that would be prohibited," he explained, and added, in reply to Mr. MITCHELL, that an essential service was a service the stoppage of which inflicted such hardship on the community as to coerce the Government.

The House was so engrossed in puzzling this out that it showed no resentment when the guillotine fell bang on poor Mr. GARRO-JONES. Just by way of showing that though it might not exist constitutionally it still cut some ice in fact, the Government thereupon passed six amendments one after another.

Wednesday, May 18th.—Lord DANESFORT is not the sort of man who would intentionally get the House of Lords talked about, but he came near to doing it to-day when he launched a vehement attack on the film censorship. Pointing out that while last year 361 out of 1,885 films submitted had been passed after alteration and only seven rejected altogether, the noble lord invited his colleagues to conclude that, "while it was clear that a number of films of a grossly offensive character were submitted, only an infinitesimal number of the total were rejected."

Lord BANBURY alone accepted this somewhat strained interpretation of the figures. On the other hand Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, whose ripe judgment and rich store of worldly experience, so well known in the House of Commons, are known to the other place only by hear-



Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS *(to crowded house).* "SORRY, GENTS, BUT MY PROPERTIES AREN'T YET BACK FROM THE WASH."

say, found a stalwart champion in Lord OLIVIER, who pronounced himself a film fan, and another in Lord DESBOROUGH, while the Bishop of SOUTHWARK had no fault to find with the censorship, but thought it might be strengthened.

In the House of Commons questions were asked about the conduct of M. ROSENGOLZ, the Soviet Chargé d'Affaires, who, it appears, interviewed a Member of the Opposition about the raid before he saw the FOREIGN SECRETARY. Mr. R. HUDSON (C.) insisted that this was highly improper. Mr. J. HUDSON (Lab.) retorted that it was highly improper for Mr. R. HUDSON to suggest that anything M. ROSENGOLZ did was highly improper.

The HUDSONS having ceased from baying, the House proceeded to polish off the rest of Clause 1 of the Trade Disputes Bill after a debate briefly devoted to the question of the circumstances under which Mr. J. H. THOMAS might, could or should go to gaol.

Thursday, May 19th.—The Government took a rather churlish attitude towards Lord NEWTON'S Bill to legalise street betting. The Lords might pass it if they chose, but must not expect the Government to help it along if they did. Carry it their Lordships did by 44 votes to 23. The raciest speech of the evening was that of Lord HAMILTON OF DALZELL, who besought the Government to stop issuing bookmakers' licences to all and sundry who apply, without any examination. What was the use, he asked, of the Jockey Club being able to warn a defaulting bookmaker off the Turf when he could still advertise himself as having been duly licensed by H.M. Government to pursue the business of a bookmaker?

The good people of Edinburgh have apparently set up a colour-bar. Mr. SAKLATVALA asked the SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND if he was aware that certain Edinburgh restaurants refused admission to people of Asiatic and African descent. Sir JOHN GILMOUR said he was, but he could do nothing about it.

Mr. SAKLATVALA'S inquiry followed oddly upon a series of questions in which the Socialist Party expressed resentment at the fact that a "White" Russian, a former attaché to the Russian Embassy in London, had been allowed to visit England for six days on business.

The HOME SECRETARY "regretfully" announced the postponement until Tuesday of his statement about the raid on ARCOS, LTD.; and Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON thereupon agreed that the Labour Party would keep till Thursday its remarks about the HOME SECRETARY.

Mr. R. MCNEILL moved the Second Reading of the Finance Bill in a light-hearted speech. Apparently the only innovation contained in the Bill is that henceforth it will be permissible to carry spirit about the country in tanks and pipe lines. Transatlantic visitors may be pleased to hear this. Mr. E. GRENFELL said the only ideal Chancellor they had ever had was "Black Michael" (Sir M. HICKS-BEACH), who had never been seen to smile when finance was under discussion. Noting however the failure of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL to retain an expression of stern detachment, Mr. GRENFELL was kind enough to say that he didn't mind him smiling if he remained adamant inside.

"M. Doumergue has proved a distinct success while he has been at the Louvre."
Evening Paper.

Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galerie?



LONDON IMPROVEMENTS.

A LECTURE DANSANTE IN A MUSEUM.

DISCLAIMERS AND AVOWALS.

A WELSH octogenarian lady resident at Llangollen having recently published a statement to the effect that she was the original of *Mary had a little Lamb*, Mr. Punch has conducted a series of investigations on similar lines with the following results:—

Mr. JACK JONES, M.P., interviewed by our representative at his residence in Canning Town, expressed regret that he was unable to confirm the report that he was the original of the male protagonist in the famous mountaineering episode commemorated in *Jack and Jill*. "There are hills," said Mr. JONES, "in my native county of Tipperary, but I never ascended them for the purpose of water-finding. There are no Jills in Tipperary. Moreover, though a convinced Socialist, I am not interested in breaking crowns. I have too great a personal regard for the Royal Family."

The Right Hon. WILLIAM BRIDGEMAN, in reply to the question, "Are you or are you not the original of *Little Billee*?" stated regretfully that the answer must be in the negative. To begin with, he had never seen Jerusalem or Madagascar, nor had he at any time been subjected to a starvation diet, though the feeding at Eton in his day was not always immune to criticism. He pointed out, however, that in one of the many versions of the ballad there was strong presumptive evidence in favour of identifying him with the juvenile hero—viz., that in which the last two lines run as follows:—

> "But as for little Bill, they made him
> The First Lord of the Admiraltee."

As a matter of fact the original version of the last line was—

> "The Captain of a Seventy-three";

and, further, THACKERAY, the author, died before he—Mr. BRIDGEMAN—was born.

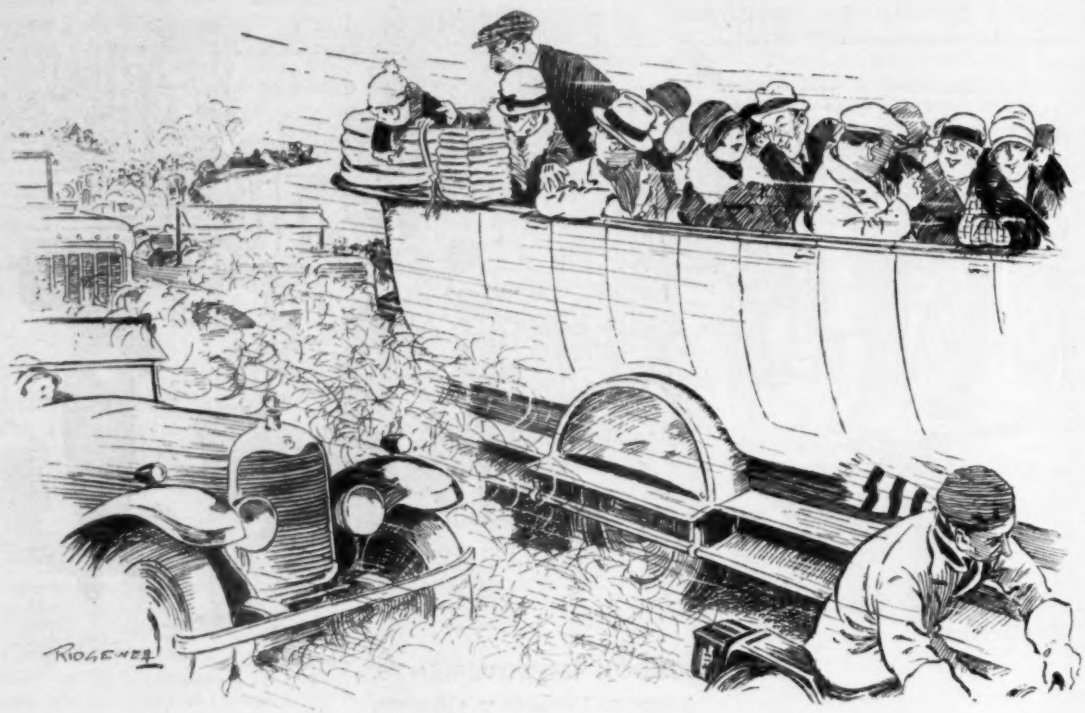
Sir JOHN SIMON, who in the interval between two cases in which he was engaged was kind enough to grant a brief interview to our representative, said that he was not prepared to deny that he had ever met a vendor of dishes composed of meat, fowl, fish, fruit or vegetables enclosed in, or covered with, a layer of paste and baked in an oven. At Christmas festivities in his youth he had been familiar with mince-pies and bran-pies. In his childhood he had probably made mud-pies. In reply to further questions he said that so far as he could remember he had never partaken of an eel-pie. As regards symplicity of character he was of the late Lord MORLEY'S opinion that it was no hindrance to subtlety of intellect, yet he could say with SHAKESPEARE, "How blessed are we that are not simple men!" He was, however, fully alive to the attractions of the simple life, and resented the insinuation of his detractors that he suffered from a superiority complex. Yet on the whole he was driven reluctantly to the conclusion, after a careful study of all the evidence accumulated in the Prolegomena of OLLENDORFF, that the Simon of the poem was not himself but somebody else of the same name.

Mr. ARTHUR PONSONBY, M.P., the Labour Member for the Brightside Division of Sheffield, wrote to say that he frankly admitted that his baptismal name was Augustus, which he had discarded on attaining years of discretion in view of its sinister Imperial associations. He wished, however, most strenuously to deny the rumour, which had gained currency of late, that his appearance had inspired the tragic ballad which begins with the words, "Augustus was a chubby lad."

On the other hand, Air-Marshal Sir JOHN SALMOND confirmed the theory that the lines on "Little Johnny Head in Air" were composed to his address in consequence of his early addiction to aeronautics.

"The beautiful sheaf of harem lilies which the bride will carry at the ceremony will be the gift of the —— Women's Unionist Association."—*Liverpool Paper.*

They ought to have known better.



SCENE—*The Brighton Road.*

Agitated Parent. "MISTER! PASS THE WORD FOR THE DRIVER TO STOP! MY LITTLE BOY'S DROPPED 'IS ORANGE."

WHAT ENGLAND IS THINKING.

I.—MANCHESTER.

WHAT Manchester thinks to-day England will think twice about to-morrow, as we know; and now Manchester has started a hare which this week will arrive at Shepherd's Bush, and may or may not go further; but you never know with hares.

Charming, old-world, dusky Manchester! It is a shame that with a soul so white she should have a skin so dark. With her music, her medicine, her morals, her metropolitan manners and more than metropolitan murk, she shows that cleanliness need not be next to godliness. She is a negress with a heart of gold.

"Manchester," says the *British Baedeker*, "situated on the polluted Irwell, at its confluence with the insignificant Irk . . . ." Well, well, why rub it in? It is not true that in the North of England the people are a different race, wearing long tails and wolfing their food with beast-like cries. They are men of like passions with ourselves, though the Watch Committee keeps these in check. Cotton is grown at Manchester, though at first the tourist will suspect that it is grown in cellars, like mustard and cress, on bits of flannel; for he will taxi many leagues about Manchester without seeing so much as a reel of cotton. The centre of Manchester is just like any other town after the sweep has been. But about two days' tram-ride to the west (or east) there is a cotton-mill, full of looms and warps and woofs and wefts, and entirely operated by comely lasses who are bobbed, shingled and sometimes Eton-cropped, and do the Charleston while they wait for their pay. Manchester says that the first shingler was a girl in a Manchester mill, who did it for safety. Anyhow, London is quite in the fashion.

Another thing we have in common with the Northerners is bankruptcy. I did not meet anyone who was not on the verge of bankruptcy through no fault of his own. On the Cotton Exchange I saw eight thousand gentlemen standing about and discussing cotton and bankruptcy; and a trade which can keep so many gentlemen in conversation cannot, I feel, be quite moribund.

But there it is; you see the signs of poverty everywhere. At the big clubs they make you use the same plate for the first four courses; and many of the young business-men can no longer afford soda with their whisky. The first statement everyone makes is that cotton has gone to the dogs, and the first question they ask is, "Are you going to the dogs?"

Manchester is thinking about the dogs. The dogs, the race-dogs, the noble greyhounds which pursue the Electric Hare! The Electric Hare is the most transparent and ingenious excuse for public betting which has yet been devised. Years hence I can see old gentlemen writing to *The Times* to point out how much this ancient sport has done for the breed of the greyhound, on which our country depends. However that may be, it should certainly augment the breed of the bookie.

There are six races, each of five-hundred yards. Each race takes thirty seconds or under, and after each there is a quarter-of-an-hour's betting and bitterness, so that on a crude arithmetical reckoning the proportion of sport to speculation is as 1 to 30, or three-and-a-bit per cent. And I may tell you at once that in my small experience race-dogs are as unremunerative an investment as race-horses.

One thing, by the way, this sport has achieved: it has scientifically exploded any reputation for intelligence which the greyhound may have had before. The Electric Hare runs round the outer rim of a stadium-shaped course. It is at the end of a long iron bar thrust out

from the fencing, behind which fencing is an invisible electric train. Sparks flash and the hare whirrs as it runs. I judged it to be about the size of a fox, and it was covered entirely with scraps of hare's hair. One look at this monster and I knew at once that it was not a real hare. And you would think that the greyhound, with his superior experience, to say nothing of his famous instinct, would come to the same conclusion. But not a bit of it!

The ritual is impressive. The six hounds, in coloured coats, are paraded round the whole course, led by gentlemen in long white overalls. One studies the appearance of *Naughty Boy* and *Redwing*, and is none the wiser. They are then placed in a pen with six compartments and a front-door of wire-netting, to which the greyhounds press their aristocratic noses. How noble they look, and how intelligent, and yet what mutts the lovely creatures are! The preposterous hare is brought close to the cage and does one preliminary circuit of the course at great speed. When they see the hare running round, like something on a clockwork race-game, and certainly as no coursed hare ever ran before; when they see the sparks flying and hear the whirr of the machinery, the instinct of the sagacious dogs at once says "Livestock!" They whimper and peer and scrabble at the wire-netting with their excited paws. They have smelt electric blood. As the hare passes them the gate flies up and off they go at, as I calculate, about thirty-five miles an hour, though it looks like a hundred. It seems a shame to show up dumb animals in this way.

The idea is always to keep the hare ahead of the hounds. But sometimes the machine is too slow or the hounds too quick. At Manchester, they say, a dog which caught the hare broke its leg on the iron bar. In the first race on which I invested money (at Liverpool) something, of course, went wrong. The Blue Dog, which I had backed, was clearly the slowest dog of the century, and immediately took and retained the last place. It was a cold wet evening, and the Electric Hare was tired. In the straight the leading hounds caught him up, nibbled at his powerful flanks and were flung off. Up came my faithful Blue Dog, took hold of the electric rump, held on to it, and was dragged about twenty-five yards, nearly to the winning-post, and I began to think that I was to draw money. But just before the post the Blue Dog fell off the hare; the other dogs were tumbled in a precipitous muddle not pleasant to see; the hare escaped into his hole, and the race was declared No Race. The bookmakers complained that whenever a favourite was winning it was No Race, and every backer complained that whenever his choice was winning it was No Race. The rain fell sootily, and there was a delightful harmony of discontent. No doubt steps will be taken to avoid these little mishaps; but at present the sport is not infallibly humane. I read in the report of last week's races that one race had to be re-run owing to "savaging"; at the second attempt all the dogs gave up at the second bend and refused to run. This seems to show that there is a gleam of sense remaining in the greyhound.

It is only my own opinion, but I do not count the Electric Hare among Manchester's greatest inventions. I put it in the same class as Free Trade.

* * * * *

An interesting discovery I made at Manchester was that the North of England is run for the most part by Southerners and Scotsmen. I met ten pillars of the cotton trade at a club. All were Southerners, except one, who was a Scotsman. This is not generally known.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was born at Manchester. This is not much mentioned in that statesman's speeches about his native Welsh hills. And I did not gather that Manchester thinks much of it.

A. P. H.



"WHAT CAN I DO TO PROVE MY LOVE FOR YOU?"
"THERE IS ONE THING, PAUL, AND ONE THING ONLY."
"NAME IT, DARLING."
"WIN THE CALCUTTA SWEEP."

AT THE PLAY.

"Asleep" (Duke of York's).

Cocaine troubles me a bit. I am referring, of course, to the dramatic use of the commodity. The emotions produced by hatred, love and jealousy are emotions with which we are fairly familiar, even the noblest of us; and how noble we all are, sitting there in the front of the house! Even the degradation caused by strong drink we have probably, some of us, observed alcofly from afar. But this cocaine appears to be used rather like a trap-door in a pantomime. There is nothing very much wrong with A or B except a slight unpleasantness of disposition or a nervy sort of temperament. Suddenly a little box is produced from a vanity-bag or elsewhere. Sniff, sniff. Somebody, the hero or the friend, recoils across the stage in horror, upsetting the furniture. The house is thrown into paroxysms of alarm. Doctors and fire brigades are summoned, knells are rung. The depths of infamy have been sounded. Hell has broken loose.

And what is there, after all, to show for it in the way of dramatic emotion? Just a little box. For all you or I know it may contain insect-powder. The hero or heroine may tear it away with a blanched face, fling it out of the window, stamp on it, or have it removed by the butler on a silver salver and cast into the dustbin. But I cannot see that it contains Drama with a capital D, like the cupboard where the will or the skeleton is; like the revolver, or even like the harmless but necessary tantalus. A doctor might tell me all about it, but I have not got a doctor here.

A dope-fiend, you will inform me, is utterly wicked and perverse. Very well then, to bring a dope-fiend on to the stage is to label *Macbeth* "habitual murderer," whereas the interest of the play lies in finding out what made *Macbeth* dabble in so much gore. And I would rather have a play showing me what induced a dope-fiend to begin doping than be presented with a ready-made character from the underworld in possession of a mechanically diabolical cardboard-box.

So much having been said, let me acknowledge that Mr. Cyril Campion's *Asleep* makes the best of what I consider to be not very good material, and that Miss Barbara Hoffe is a terribly wicked, beautiful and perverse cocaine demoness, thrilling us from her first appearance as a newly-married wife to her final shrieks of laughter when her ruined husband has been taken away by a police-inspector to jug. But you get my point. I want to know what *Dolores*' character was like before she started doping at all, and why she started doing it.

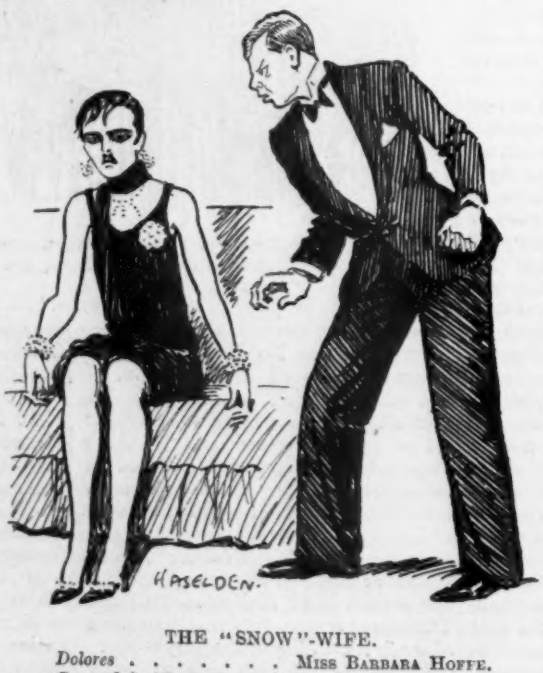


A MUSSOLINI OF CABARET.
Mario Carmelli Mr. Dino Galvani.
Gabrielle . . . . Miss Beatrice Quennell.

Asleep is a rather ingeniously constructed play. In the Prologue we are shown the hero as a down-and-out, sunk in stupor on a Park bench. He has come out of gaol, and the conversation of another wastrel who happens to be a cocaine-seller causes him to dream his life again. His name is *Gerrard Smith*. He had been a City man—rather a stage City man, I think—and *Smith* of Smiths at thirty-five had become a household word for financial security where big business was done. And then he married *Dolores*. He was living with his mother and foster-sister before that time, but they both left the house when he brought back his fiendish bride. Just to prove to you how that house went from bad to worse I need only say that in Act I. *Punch* was being read—and you can have no idea, until you have seen it, how a dope-fiend reads *Punch*—whereas in Act III., after a year's interval, there was no periodical literature in the room except a daily newspaper, the name of which I was unable to discover. The fact, of course, that it was the now current number of *Punch* which was being read a year previously to Act III. presents us with a curious riddle in time which I must leave to metaphysicians. Enough to say that in the interval *Dolores* tried to obtain "snow" from her former dancing-partner, a professional named *Mario*, well acted by Mr. Dino Galvani, and had reduced her husband, Mr. Leslie Banks, to despair, to unnumberable whiskies without soda, and finally to such a crisis in his financial affairs that he had been forced to collect thirty-six thousand pounds in notes in order to meet it.

After taunting and mocking him in an hysterical scene, which I can only hope was as moving to the drug-fiends present as it was to the ordinary playgoer, after smashing several glasses but not the soda-water syphon, after threatening her husband with a sword, *Dolores* broke open the cabinet, took the notes and ran away. Hence the arrival of the police-inspector just when *Gerrard Smith's* foster-sister has come back to console him.

In the Epilogue the foster-sister, Miss Muriel Randall, appears again, still faithful, and asks a policeman, who bids her beware of this loafer on the bench, to summon a taxi-cab. *Dolores* has died of dope, and *Laurine* is going to marry him.



THE "SNOW"-WIFE.
Dolores . . . . . Miss Barbara Hoffe.
Gerrard Smith . . . . Mr. Leslie Banks.

I liked Mr. LESLIE BANKS all through, but especially in his agitation when talking to the family doctor about his wife and his City worries. There was not very much for the rest of the cast—apart, of course, from Miss BARBARA HOFFE—to do, but Mr. ERIC STANLEY as the doctor, Miss MURIEL RANDALL as the mirror of young loyalty, and Miss BEATRICE QUENNELL as *Gabrielle*, the new but uninspiring dancing-partner of *Mario*, whom I mentioned above, did what they could.

If the play did not quite satisfy it is, I repeat, because it dealt very little with character. When you dope, your character is done. But anyone who sees it and is thinking of marrying a drug fiend, even as lovely as Miss BARBARA HOFFE's *Dolores*, will most probably postpone the banns. EVOE.

THE LOST LEADER.

[The following paragraphs were found in manuscript form on the floor of the room of a distinguished leader-writer. The pages on which they were written evidently fell out of a complete MS., but it is doubtful whether their absence will be noticed by the readers of the journal in which they were intended to appear.]

. . . and as HORACE so happily reminds us, "*Aequam memento rebus in arduis servare mentem.*"

So much then for the ill-conceived aspirations of M. Pastnik and his followers in the ill-starred Cabal. But the inquirer, unsatisfied, and reasonably unsatisfied, by this tardy and unconvincing explanation, will press, and rightly press, for further particulars. The Powers themselves, through their accredited plenipotentiaries, can hardly do less. They might well do more. What precisely was the nature of the information in the hands of the FOREIGN SECRETARY when he made the reasoned statement from which a lengthy extract appears on another page of this issue it is not within our power to disclose; and in any case the situation, if not actually critical, may with truth be said to have reached a stage when the disclosure of details wisely kept in the background could easily convert a state of affairs already heavy with menace into one of real danger. The Sczweltvscian proletariat has, let us admit, so far shown itself to be capable of a wise and most welcome restraint; but, human passions being what they are, it is not to be supposed that the dull acquiescence they have until now displayed in a policy which, to say the least, is unlikely to survive informed criticism, will, if the counsels of obscurantism prevail, be maintained for many weeks, or even days, or possibly hours.

Nor is it within the bounds of credibility that the soft words of the Paramount Metropolitan would have been spoken without that wise statesman having taken full cognizance of the inflamed state of local feeling in the Zwolpian territories. Nor can he have been even diplomatically deaf to the mutterings beyond the left bank of the Pog. These are matters for others to determine. As HORACE has so wisely and so often said, "*Pictoribus atque poetis quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas.*" Meanwhile, as our correspondent lately in the Hinterland of Hullogolightlier so clearly explains, the clash of interests is really a matter far greater than the ownership of a mere strip of sun-baked desert or the value on the Stock Exchange of Thibetan shipping shares. So indeed it is. Surely there was something prophetic in the mind of OVID when he wrote, "*Plausus tunc arte carebat.*" Who to-day will seek to escape the implication of those words? But even with clouds upon the horizon, with the chilling voice of doubt ever whispering sinister suggestions in the shrinking ear of our own defeatists, what we, whose duty lies at home, have to remember is this: that, as CICERO on an occasion of great national gravity declared . . .



HUMOUR.

Demoralisation.

From a broadcasting programme:—

"6.—Daventry Quartea.
6 45.—Daventry Quartot."
Daily Paper.

"A Furnished Cottage to Let for Summer Months or longer period. Situation, The Pond."—*Local Paper.*

Quite a ducky little place.

THE CRADLE OF THE GAME.

At an extraordinary meeting of the M.C.C., held on Sunday afternoon last, the President said that the gathering had been called to collect the views of cricketers on the suggestion put forward by Lord Monkswell in a letter to *The Times* to the effect that cricket was being studied by the Germans and might even be a game of German origin. (Oh, oh!) It was felt that such a suggestion demanded the fullest inquiry. (Hear, hear!) He would read the more pertinent portion of Lord Monkswell's letter:—

> "When I was in Berlin twenty-five years ago it was a common sight to see boys playing small cricket in the streets, with a lamp-post for wicket, and with a bat of approximately the correct shape. I have never heard anyone remark upon this, but it would be interesting to know whether this game was of German origin or imported from England."

Lord Harris said that he never heard such nonsense in his life. He couldn't imagine what his friend Monkswell was up to, and the next time they met he should tell him so.

Mr. P. F. Warner said that he had been playing cricket for a great many years under the impression that it was an English game. Had he thought it was German he would have taken up golf instead—(Cheers)—or even lawn-tennis. (Renewed cheers.) Cricket was essentially non-German, although it was possible to become nearly as bald as a Teuton at it. (Sobs.)

Mr. K. S. Duleepsinhji (who was received with a salvo of applause) said that Lord Monkswell's letter might have caused him to wonder, had he read it, but this was the first intimation he had received. When the present season was over he might perhaps think of it again. (Cheers.)

Jack Hobbs (Surrey) said that he was glad that the matter was to be taken up, as he had lately been much bothered and annoyed by the attempts of certain German writers to claim him as a fellow-countryman by associating him with a Leipsic centenarian named Jacobs. He had brought his birth-certificate to prove how English he was. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. F. T. Mann said that his experience was not unlike that of Hobbs. He had recently had letters from Germany asking him if he would visit that country in the capacity of adviser in connection with the establishment of a Berlin cricket club, and they were all addressed to him as Herr Heftimann. As one who had before now hit the top of the Pavilion at Lord's, and intended to do it again (Loud and prolonged cheering), he could not take the error wholly as an insult, but he would like the meeting to know that he deplored it.

Maurice Tate (Sussex) said that he should hate to be known as Kopf. (Loud applause.)

Mr. Lowry, the captain of the New Zealanders, said that he and his merry men—(Loud cheers)—had left their country on the present tour with the impression firmly fixed in their minds that cricket was an English game. They would never have come had they supposed it German. (Renewed applause.)

Mr. Blunt, of the same team, said that he wished to associate himself with what his captain had said. He liked knocking up runs—(Hear, hear)—but he should not care so much for them if cricket had been made in Germany.

Mr. A. P. F. Chapman said that he had seen it stated in a German paper that he had qualified for Kant. This was a serious libel. What he had qualified for was Kent. (Cheers.)

Commander C. B. Fry said that he did not think that the origins of games mattered very much. What mattered was their development and the way in which they were played. He had been accused of bringing to his study of cricket a scientific thoroughness and application—at any rate when he was batting—that might be called almost Teutonic. (Oh, oh!) But there was no harm in that. He would like to see England imitating Germany in thoroughness of methods and Germany doing its best to play the game. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. Fender said the Germans wanted everything—from Shakespeare onwards. He didn't mind them getting Grace, but they mustn't take ours. (Loud applause.)

Mr. Ashley-Cooper said he was a life-long student of cricket, and he could find no record of any German performances. Bismarck was a very remarkable man, but he did not seem to have been able to bat, bowl or field. To come to the living, who had ever heard of Hindenburg playing cricket? Goethe was a contemporary of Richard Nyren, but one searched in vain for any mention of cricket in his otherwise meritorious writings. He had searched in vain also through Heine, who had been in England, for any reference to Lord's. Had cricket been a German game it must have got into the literature of the country. (Cheers.)

Lord Hawke said that he thought Lord Monkswell might perhaps have got a little mixed. Every antiquarian student of cricket knew that its origin had been associated with an old English or Scottish game called "Knurr and Spell." He fancied that Lord Monkswell, faintly remembering this, had been thinking of *Sturm und Drang*. (Loud cheers.) The confusion was a simple one. He himself had once mistaken Swan and Edgar's for Marshall and Snelgrove's. (Renewed cheers.)

Major the Hon. L. H. Tennyson said he thought the meeting had lasted long enough. It was obvious that, if Lord Monkswell had seen school-children playing cricket in Germany, it was because they had been watching the English. Let the Germans add it to their repertory by all means; he himself would be glad to take a team there and show them the way. (Loud cheers.) He would take a team anywhere. (Renewed cheers.) He would take a team to Billy-O. (Sensation.) Meanwhile, what price the open air?

The meeting then broke up.

E. V. L.

GARDEN PESTS.

II.—The Snail.

I must confess I often fail
To trample on the ingenuous snail;
Instead of compassing his end
I'm apt to treat him as a friend;
And he and I in rainy weather
Perambulate my paths together.

He likes to see my garden grow,
Takes careful stock of all I sow,
And we discuss with eager zest
The vegetable each likes best;
My lupin shoots he thinks more tasty
Than onions in a Cornish pasty.

Indeed he finds herbaceous stuff
For him is amply good enough,
And tells me that he only pines
To feed himself on vitamines;
He thinks delphinium chewed at night is
Preventive of appendicitis.

About the housing-problem he
Has got a working theory;
He's built a bungalow which can
Be treated as a caravan;
With house on back I've seen him travel
From bed to bed across the gravel.

A creature who so guilelessly
Puts out his horns to look at me
Is one I do not care to crush
Or fling to the remorseless thrush;
I have a heart too soft to harden—
I place him in my neighbour's garden.

W. M. L.

"Socialist amendments to the Attorney-General's new definition of an illegal strike include . . . that the object of the strike must be that 'declared by the responsible body' calling it; which, of course, would make the clause almost migratory."—*Daily Paper.*

It is well known that swallows, when they migrate, nearly always take their clause with them.



MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.

XLIII.—EARL OF CRAWFORD AND BALCARRES.

THEY say a man can't keep himself unstained
Who handles pitch or politics. Oh, can't he?
Here's one who's been a Whip and still retained
The *virtu* found in Art's true dilettanti.



Considerate Motorist. "YOU'D BETTER SLOW HER DOWN A BIT. THERE'S A POLICE TRAP ROUND THE BEND."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

A NEW series of political essays by the author of *The Pomp of Power* is concerned with those parts of the globe *Where Freedom Falters* (SCRIBNER); primarily America, secondarily any country where an uncivilised democracy has got the upper hand of the sane and gentle few. Mr. LAURANCE LYON—his identity is divulged in his preface—does not suggest how this state of things is to be met, or precisely what form of government, or differential misgovernment, he would have take its place. He bestows a passing benediction on the French Canadians for their allegiance to the soil and the Italians as enjoying a popular despotism. But in general he comes to curse, and the principal objective of his malediction is America. America has outgrown her constitution—he ably describes this and its makers; she has no foreign policy except the moribund Monroe Doctrine and a negative attitude towards the League of Nations; her political finance is scandalous, and internationally she "bids fair to be the harshest creditor the modern world has ever known." Her material prosperity will be threatened when her farmers are no longer able to feed her manufacturers; and her *moral* is already undermined by the unassimilated aliens who largely constitute her criminal classes. Mr. LYON'S account of the erratic functioning of American law, particularly as regards the handling of these gentry and the administration of the Volstead Act, is one of the best things in his book; and the volume as a whole, though tiresomely addicted to legends of political intrigue, abounds in cynical wisdom. At the same time I feel he has contrasted the worst of the New World with the best of the Old, and ignored that Americanisation of Europe which makes it increasingly difficult for Europe to criticise America.

Once more Mr. Punch is impelled to express
His delight in the work of his friend, "C. F. S.,"
Who for several years has most properly been
As their laureate hailed by the Merchant Marine;
For here, to enlarge and enhance an old debt,
Is the best *Book of Shanties* that ever he met,
Which comes, in a format attractive and neat,
From METHUEN'S firm, 36, Essex Street.
Her choice is impeccable, music and text;
She clears up a number of points that are vexed,
And her brief introduction—nine pages, no more—
Is a mine of appropriate nautical lore,
Inspired by romance and regret, yet alive
To the dangers of seeking old songs to revive.
Equipped with authority none can dispute,
Concisely and swiftly she goes to the root
Of the matter—the origin, growth and decay
Of the shanty, the cult as it 's practised to-day;
And adds for the guidance of those who pursue it
Some excellent hints on the way not to do it.

I have ever found the Chosen People interesting, and here is a new story of them, *Blue Tiger Yard* (FABER AND GWYER), a first book and a first-rate book by CHARLES LANDSTONE, who is to be congratulated on a really fine bit of writing and character-study. Blue Tiger Yard is the Hatton Garden of Whitechapel, and *Rube Lakarin*, the hero (unlike Mr. HORNIMAN'S polished young murderer, *Israel Rank*), is a real credit to Jewry. Of plot there is nothing particular and the kisses are negligible; the book is, in

fact, little more than a mirror to the *Lakarin* family, its manners and customs, its clannishness and acumen, its pride and morality. We see old *Aaron Lakarin* (then very young *Aaron Lakarin*) arrive in the East End from Lodz some thirty years before the War. We see him prosper there, marry and achieve a family, of which *Rube* is the eldest. We see *Rube's* schooldays and early manhood, and, if *Aaron* has made good, we see *Rube* make better, and the *Lakarin* family socially flourishing. But for all *Rube's* business ability there is within him some strivings of the true romance, some rather pathetic touch of *Galahad*. His love for the highbrow amateur actress, *Esther Maranno*—"a fish in strange water," she calls *Rube*—is excellently told, and in his dramatic (in every sense of the word) but very understandable loss of her he has my sympathy. I leave *Rube* with reluctance; Jews are husbands by nature and he is to wed (I won't say to console himself with) that quite good sort, *Miss Sally Belman*, a typical Blue Tigress. And so that's all. But I'd like to say to Mr. CHARLES LANDSTONE that I have greatly enjoyed his clever book and that I look to hear lots more of him.

Necessarily something of a patchwork, but a patchwork of lavender-breathing fragments harmoniously reunited, the history of LOVEDAY HAMBLY, the mother of West-Country Quakerism, has been tenderly pieced together by L. V. HODGKIN (MRS. JOHN HOLDSWORTH). As becomes a historian and the daughter of a historian, Mrs. HOLDSWORTH reconstructs a human being and not a hagiographer's dummy, and, though she styles her heroine *A Quaker Saint of Cornwall* (LONGMANS), she never denies LOVEDAY and her circle the animation of their foibles. Hitherto the history of this notable matron has begun in her fifties, when, widowed and childless, but ruling in almost feudal fashion "a great family" in a farmhouse near St. Austell, she acted as hostess to GEORGE FOX and his followers. But her present biographer has traced LOVEDAY'S gentle maidenhood (her father was escheator to the Duchy), and shown how much worldly repute and comfort the middle-aged woman renounced on her conversion to Quakerism. "Distress of goods" and imprisonment are recurrent episodes in her career; the first, as a rule, for contumacy over tithes, the latter for persistence in holding meetings. A partisan relates that "for refusing to pay 9*s.* towards the repairing of the Pope's old decayed Massehouse," she was mulcted of a pot, a cauldron and a flagon; and, under "Oliver L^d^ p'tector" she was imprisoned in Bodmin gaol. But the hardships of her life, touched, one suspects, only for her biographer and for us with the chance relief of comic irony, were certainly mitigated by exterior and interior consolations. Her companions too, equally stripped of "gold buttons and rich attire," equally enjoyed the rural rides "punctuated with 'pretious heavenly Meetinges'" which Mrs. HOLDSWORTH so sympathetically describes. Her book's charming illustrations are admirable reinforcements of its spirit.

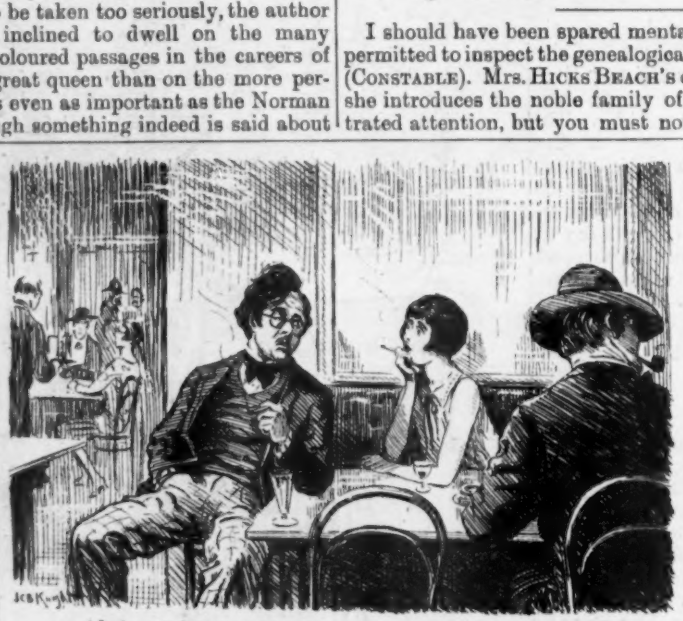


First Partner. "IN WHAT POSITION DOES YOUR SON WISH TO ENTER THE BUSINESS?"
Second Partner. "WELL, AS FAR AS I CAN MAKE OUT, HE WANTS TO START NEAR THE TOP AND LOAF UPWARDS."

Famous folk, it is said, are often gey ill to live with, and none of HELEN GRANVILLE-BARKER'S teams of *Wives and Celebrities* (COLLINS) runs very comfortably in double harness. Her book is a study, in seven examples, of the incompatibilities liable to arise in matrimony when one of the partners thereto has made some sort of noise in the world. It will be observed that the wives' troubles are essentially her theme, and, while she writes with an apparent impartiality which few modern novelists would dare to attempt, it is very obvious that she has little use for the view that genius (or notoriety) is its own justification and not to be judged, as to its domestic conduct, by the standards applied to the obscure rest of us. With one exception, and that a V.C., her celebrities are a selfish lot. Not that they do anything very dreadful: they just make excessive, often

unconscious demands. Mrs. GRANVILLE-BARKER never, for instance, draws the third side of the vulgar triangle with an emphatic pencil, though once or twice she sketches it. She is more interested in the subtler sort of tragedy with no concrete cause. She can analyse the mentalities of the ultra-civilised with precision, and she is minute in the description of their tastefully-furnished homes. If there be a fault to find with her book it is that its people and their surroundings are too consistently refined. One could almost wish that, by way of relief, she had included just one case of honest wife-beating.

SARAH HENRY BENTON'S lively biographical study of our old friend WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR—*From Coronet to Crown* (KEGAN PAUL)—is not to be taken too seriously, the author being manifestly more inclined to dwell on the many picturesque and highly-coloured passages in the careers of that great man and his great queen than on the more permanent aspects of events even as important as the Norman Conquest. So here, though something indeed is said about legislative systems, *Domesday Book*, race-fusion and lesson-book subjects generally, there is a good deal more about WILLIAM'S method of wooing his bride, for instance, or of endowing his favourite monasteries. He accomplished the one object with entire success by rolling the lady of his choice in the mud and pelting her with stones, and was perfectly satisfied that he did well in robbing his enemies to the glory of God in pursuance of the second. His coronation, performed amid scenes of fire and riot; his wedding, kaleidoscopically gorgeous but, to the natural regret of a lady chronicler, unattended by any fashion-correspondent who could leave us a description of the bride's gown; even the grimly horrible circumstances of his death and burial are all here "written up" in a way that reminds one more of first-rate journalism than of history. And not always first-rate. Thus of HAROLD'S troops at the battle of Hastings the writer records that they were "lacking neither bravery nor courage," while of the barons' castles she notes that "many were raised to the ground." The Press, it must be admitted, was but imperfectly represented in the colourful Middle Ages, but at any rate the present author has done something to correct the deficiency. There is nothing dull about history as she writes it.



Admirer. "ARE YOU SHOWING AT THE ACADEMY THIS YEAR?"
Genius. "WELL, I *MAY* LOOK IN FOR A FEW MINUTES."

Hildegarde (MURRAY) introduces yet another of those refreshingly courageous and self-reliant heroines in whom Miss KATHLEEN NORRIS has established something like a "corner" in American fiction. Starting from a San Francisco slum of a squalor so appalling that it will probably come as something of a shock to those who imagine that such conditions are peculiar to the Old World, *Hilda Sessions* fights her way up by sheer pluck and determination until, at the age of twenty-five, she has become a leading light in San Francisco newspaperdom and the *fiancée* of a member of one of California's "best families"; and, although it is, frankly, difficult to credit so rapid a transition from the *linge gris* phase of *Hilda's* chrysalis period to the splendour of her butterfly stage, Miss NORRIS herself evidently believes in it so sincerely that she almost succeeds in convincing the reader against his better judgment. I am bound to confess, even at the risk of appearing unduly obtuse, that Miss NORRIS'S concluding sentence "has me guessing." Is *Hilda* going to marry *Lars Carlsen* after all? Or is she going to carry out her frequently-expressed resolve and renounce men for good, except in a purely platonic relation? Personally I incline to the first-named solution; but probably each reader will prefer to answer the question according to individual taste.

I should have been spared mental confusion if I had been permitted to inspect the genealogical tree of *Cousin Georgina* (CONSTABLE). Mrs. HICKS BEACH'S opening chapter, in which she introduces the noble family of *Valyers*, needs concentrated attention, but you must not be discouraged at the start or you will miss a tale which, of its *genre*, is both clever and distinguished. Sometimes, I admit, the author's cleverness carries with it a real sting. Take, for instance, her devasting description of a woman who had become a *Valyers* by marriage. "It wasn't ever going to matter to *Alice Valyers* who were at her parties. Her own radiance sufficed for them. In middle age she would be mountainous and would beam. Now she was perfectly moulded and she glowed . . . If she talked ardent rubbish it was sagaciously the rubbish in vogue." I feel indeed that she detested *Alice* a little too heartily, but for her portrait of *Georgina Drummond* I have nothing but admiration. From her tongue's tip to her toes *Georgina* was an aristocrat, and it is an excellent thing that novelists of to-day should remember and record that such women still play an important part in the life of their country.

I have sometimes found Mr. P. G. WODEHOUSE almost too determined a humourist for my taste, so it is only fair to acknowledge how much I chuckled over *The Small Bachelor* (METHUEN). To his familiar equipment of high spirits, knowledge of slang and ingenuity in creating ridiculous situations he here adds some real wit. Of his pleasant sense of human nature I give a sample taken from a discussion between a man and a woman on the morals of a friend. "A thoroughly fine-minded man," he says. "Why, I remember him once leaving the table at a bachelor dinner because some one told an improper story." "How splendid of him!" she replies. "What was the story?" The scene of this extravaganza is laid in New York, of which the author's knowledge (like *Sam Weller's* of London) is extensive and peculiar. I shall not attempt to guide you through its entertaining maze, but content myself with saying that for a light-hearted holiday this is your book.

CHARIVARIA.

Now that an airman has flown the Atlantic on five sandwiches, it is expected that an attempt will shortly be made to do it on four.

* * *

"Shirts that laugh at the laundry" are advertised by a certain firm. One of ours, bought elsewhere, has such a keen sense of humour that it arrived home the other day with its sides split.

* * *

In his new book Sir JAGADIS CHUNDER BOSE explains how he discovered that plants have hearts. We have sometimes suspected that the apathy of our aspidistra was only assumed.

* * *

We understand that the Government has decided that the opinions of the Communist Press on the termination of the Anglo-Russian trading agreement should be taken as red.

* * *

A *Daily Mail* reader recently complained of being awakened very early by cuckoos. Now another has drawn attention to the bird's lateness in the morning. It seems impossible for the cuckoo to please every type of *Daily Mail* reader.

* * *

"Yesterday's Weather" is the feature of a certain daily paper. Its after-casts for the previous twenty-four hours are uncannily accurate.

* * *

A Wolverhampton reader writes to *The Daily Express* to say that he has used the same collar-stud for twenty-seven years. How different from the careless men who buy theirs by the pint.

* * *

"I tried to hit him with a hatchet and then he summoned me," said a man in a Midlands police-court. Some men are so touchy about being hit with hatchets.

* * *

We read of a Droitwich woman who sleeps with a mouth-organ under her pillow. That's nothing. We have heard of persons who play the things.

* * *

Interviewed by a newspaper man at the Bath and West of England Show, a well-known agriculturist said that farmers always say they are ruined. It seems a pity that he should divulge trade secrets like that.

According to a Mincing Lane merchant it takes seven years to train a tea-taster. Beer-tasting, on the other hand, doesn't need to be taught. It's a gift.

* * *

Near London an unattended motor-car ran into the river and remained floating upside-down. As the weather was warm it is thought that the idea of the car was to turn turtle.

* * *

An advertisement offers a suit-case within the reach of everybody. We find it safer to put ours on the rack.



Girl. "I'M SURE I CAN SMELL CLOTHES BURNING."
Youth. "IT'S ONLY MY FAG-END."
Girl. "WHERE IS IT?"
Youth. "'OW SHCULD I KNOW WHERE IT WENT?"

There are over a million laws in force in the United States, says a daily. If this is so, there must be a great many altogether.

* * *

Lady OXFORD says that to be in London at this time of year is a crime. For a man and a husband, with all these shop-windows about, it is worse. It is a blunder.

* * *

A Sunday paper has offered a prize for the best description of a husband's worst failing. Many an otherwise blameless man is addicted to competitions in the Sunday papers.

* * *

A gramophone record of the Yorkshire dialect is to be preserved for posterity. We trust it won't record a Yorkshireman's comments on the defeat of his county by Warwickshire.

* * *

The two pike which attacked a terrier in the river Lea are believed to have been actuated by the idea of supplying a foundation of truth for a combined dog-and-fish story.

* * *

An article on cookery in a daily paper explains the preparation of a meal that only requires a little heating here and there. This is in accordance with our cook's theory of how a joint should be roasted.

* * *

Mr. W. R. HEARST urges the world to adopt the English language. It seems up to America to give a lead.

* * *

Croydon hairdressers have polled on a question of hours of business. Hairdressers have a way of putting a question to a poll.

* * *

A gossip-writer has observed that an increasing number of mothers wish to be mistaken for the elder sisters of their débutante daughters. There is no pleasing these mothers; only the other day they wanted to be mistaken for the younger sisters of their débutante daughters.

* * *

A lady-novelist has divulged the fact that for ten years she kept up the habit, which she had formed as a schoolgirl, of learning a piece of poetry by heart every night before going to bed. Still, she broke herself of it.

* * *

It is strange how artists manage to work in spite of physical disabilities. The other day we saw a picture by a painter with no brain.

* * *

The population of the Czecho-Slovak Republic, we read, is officially estimated at 14,298,860 souls. We in this country are not souls in the official estimation.

* * *

It is stated that in the design of the new Irish coinage various domestic animals will be represented. In numismatical circles curiosity is felt as to the designer's conception of an Irish bull.

* * *

A financial headline runs, "De Beers Flat." Can it have been bottled too long?

SIMPLE LIVES.

HENRY THE EIGHTH.

WHEN Henry VIII was young he was going to be a clergyman, but when his brother Arthur died his father who was Henry VII said well you can't be a clergyman now because you will have to be King of England after me.

And he said oh I don't mind because now I shall be able to marry, I have always liked the idea of that.

So soon after he became King his Council came to him, and they said what do you think about marrying Katharine of Aragon?

And he said well I think I won't if you don't mind, and they said why not?

And he said because she is a little old for me and I have never cared much about the shape of her face.

But they said they thought it would be a good thing, and Henry VIII said oh very well, I don't really mind and I suppose I shall get used to her in time.

So he married Katharine of Aragon and they had a little girl called Mary who was afterwards Queen of England, and they got on fairly well together because Henry VIII was busy suppressing monasteries and making arrangements for having battles and charging taxes and all those things with his great friend Cardinal Wolsey, so he didn't see too much of her.

Well that went on for some time and then Henry VIII thought he would marry Anne Boleyn because Cardinal Wolsey told him he ought not to have married Katharine of Aragon, it was a mistake, and anyhow he liked Anne Boleyn better.

But he thought he had better ask the Pope first, and the Pope sent Cardinal Campeggio to England to see about it, and he told Henry VIII that he wasn't to.

Well Henry VIII was angry at that and he said it was all Cardinal Wolsey's fault, and he would have cut off his head if he hadn't died before he could do it.

And he said I can't have the Pope interfering with me like this, it won't do at all, I shall be a Protestant and suppress all the rest of the monasteries.

So he did that, and then he married Anne Boleyn. And he got Thomas Cromwell to help him do what he wanted instead of Cardinal Wolsey.

Well Anne Boleyn had a little girl called Elizabeth, and she was Queen of England too afterwards, but Henry VIII found he didn't like Anne Boleyn as much as he thought he would, and she didn't behave very nicely, so he had her head cut off and next week he married Jane Seymour.

And he liked her very much and she had a little boy called Edward who was King of England afterwards, but Jane Seymour died, and he was very sorry because she was nicer than the other two.

So then he married Anne of Cleves, but she was very ugly like a horse, so he got rid of her at once. He didn't have her head cut off but he said it was all Thomas Cromwell's fault and he had his head cut off instead.

And then he married Katharine Howard, but she didn't behave well either, or at least he said she didn't, so he had her head cut off.

And then Henry VIII said well I'm getting rather old and I've got to marry somebody, but it's becoming a little awkward because ladies don't seem to like me as much as they used to, but I dare say I can find somebody suitable.

And he found Katharine Parr, and she had been married before, so she knew how to treat him so as not to have her head cut off. And she was kind to his children though she didn't have any of her own, and soon after Henry VIII died himself and then she felt more comfortable.

Henry VIII was rather fat with little squiggly eyes and he liked dressing-up, you can see what he looked like from his photographs by Holbein. People who write histories used to say he wasn't very nice, but now they think he wasn't so bad after all, and more religious than you would think. They say he did a lot of good really though some of it was by mistake. Perhaps he did have too many people's heads cut off, but that was more the fashion then than it is now, and it isn't quite fair to blame him for having six wives, because he never had more than one at a time, he would have been ashamed to, and he didn't cut off the heads of more than two of them.

And his people were fond of him, those whose heads he left on, and when he died they said oh well it might have been worse. A. M.

Forthcoming Publication.

MY FLIGHT ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.
BY CAPTAIN LINDBERGH.
In 1 Vol.

"'When you are in Rome do as Rome does.' So let we who love our birthright and our beautiful mother tongue, write English."
New Zealand Paper.

Us quite agree.

From an "In Memoriam" notice:—

"She was so just and good and kind,
So different from some she left behind."
Welsh Paper.

We don't like to see the "lapidary style" used for stoning survivors.

THE NON-GAMBLER;

OR, A DIRGE OF THE DOWNS.

THE horses that I follow
They seem a race apart,
Their reputation 's hollow,
They very rarely start,
And when they do they swallow,
And gurgle at the heart.

The horses that I bet on
They form a class alone,
Designed to train a vet. on
Some ailment of the bone,
And why their jockeys get on
Has never quite been known.

Some stable-boy ill-uses
The thing I deemed a cert;
Some evil hand infuses
Narcotics with a squirt;
So every creature loses
On which I laid my shirt.

They will not eat their mashes,
They kick against their trough,
Their skin comes out in rashes,
They take a nasty cough,
They go tremendous crashes,
Their fetlocks tumble off.

Untimely overtaken,
They constitute a class
That, when their nerves are shaken
By watching playmates pass,
Disgruntled and forsaken
Lie sobbing on the grass.

They do not like the races,
They will not get engrossed
In trying out their paces,
And, when I need them most,
They simply turn their faces
Back to the starting-post.

They have no fine emotion,
Their frames are filled with vice,
They simply lack devotion
(As does the cockatrice);
Of form they have no notion
And none of starting-price.

No coaxing reinforces
The blood that always cools
On England's emerald courses
Of these unkindly fools;
I doubt if they are horses,
They probably are mules.

Then say not that I gamble
Because I choose with pride
Of all the beasts that amble
Around the Epsom ride
The one that, when they scramble,
Is sure to go and hide.

Then say not that I trusted
To chance, who have a sign
That, when the coats are dusted
All down the far-flung line,
The weariest and most busted
Will certainly be mine. EVOE.



A SUMMER DAY-AND-NIGHT'S DREAM.

PUCK (*to Captain* LINDBERGH). "I MUST LOOK TO MY LAURELS."

[The performance of *Puck* (of Athens)—forty minutes for once round the earth—still holds the flying record.]



Youth (to celebrated person). "EXCUSE ME, SIR, I'M THE SARTORIAL EXPERT ON 'THE DAILY RAG,' AND I'M WRITING AN ARTICLE ON 'HEAD-GEAR OF THE GREAT.' WILL YOU PLEASE INFORM ME IF YOU ARE WEARING YOUR SOFT HAT LIKE THAT BY ACCIDENT OR DESIGN?"

THE THIN RED ROUTE.

II.—STILL TROOPING EAST.

A GREAT deal has yet to be done in the way of laundry development at sea. Nature has arranged that the water she supplies so freely shall have no lathering effect with soap. When my undefeatable batman volunteered to achieve the apparently impossible it was with some misgivings that I handed him over a small bundle. How he discovered that the ship was to be dressed for drying bunting next day is a mystery; the fact remains that when the troops fell in on deck for "Captain's rounds" they had the satisfaction of seeing, conspicuously and picturesquely fluttering in the morning breeze, a quantity of gay flags and an assortment of my most intimate underwear.

I wish we had a composer of popular songs on board. We brought a limited number of part-worn favourites with us, but these will have to serve for the rest of the voyage as we have no opportunity of learning any new ones. The main troop deck will therefore continue to bid a throaty farewell to the blackbirds every night, while the Sergeants' Mess, in a slightly different key, expresses a desire to repair to Mary's house forthwith. The only variation is an assertion (with which I cordially agree) to the effect that the more the singers are together the merrier we shall be. Of course it is just possible that at Singapore or Hong Kong or Sh——. (*Tais-toi, méfie-toi.*)

There is so little room in which to do anything violent on board that the men have to be put on sentry-go to keep them amused. For every man asleep or otherwise disengaged there are at least two sentries. On all the little ladders that go into black holes there are sentries to prevent you going down them, and on all the ladders that lead to dizzy heights there are sentries to prevent you going up them. All the low doorways have sentries on them for no apparent reason other than to observe how you respond to severe blows on the temple. It is no part of their function, I have remarked, to give notice of impending danger. Then there are sentries on all the ladders that lead down the outside of the ship into the sea, in order that we landlubbers should not run up and down them in our incessant quest of exercise. Great care is taken that the ship's strength return shall remain complete.

The most unpleasant duty that can fall to an officer's lot is to go the round of the sentries on a rough day, for the very good reason that a sentry may not leave his post on any account, so that even if he wishes to feel unwell he has to stay where he is. The day before yesterday found me particularly glad that I had no duties to perform. I sat for a while in the saloon trying to do a chess problem, but the board was a slippery one and it was impossible to hold on to all the pieces simultaneously with only two hands. I decided to go to bed. Yes, I would go to bed at once. . . . Perhaps it would be better just to lie down. . . . I felt better at once.

A tap at the door. An orderly. "Yes, what is it?"

"Adjutant's compliments, Sir, and would you please go round the sentries?"

"I think you have made a mistake. The Captain of the day——"

"Not feeling very well, Sir."

"I see. Well, the military officer of the guard——"

"Not feeling very well either, Sir."

"Well, then, the orderly officer——"

"Not very well, Sir."

"But surely the next for duty——"

"Not quite himself, Sir."

"Well, then, look here . . . Hi! *Hi!!*"

"Beg par . . . Sir, not fee . . . p'tic well, m'self, Sir. . . ." (*Exit.*)

* * * * *

It is a heartless Service. All those who can still eat have been pounced upon by the ship's doctor for inoculation against every known complaint—except sea-sickness.

DEPARTMENTAL RHYMES.

THE BOARD OF ADMIRALTY.

Though tempests rage and Powers are bent
On limiting their armament,
The Admiralty's faithful braves
Sit unperturbed and rule the waves.
It would be quite absurd to keep
Expensive towers along the steep
While they, behind their office doors,
Securely guard our native shores
And well and yarely wield the pen
Like true-born British sailormen.
They are the competent recorders
Of Admiralty Weekly Orders,
On which depends, they justly urge,
Our lordship of the boisterous surge;
For, if these chits went undelivered,
The Navy's timbers would be shivered,
And Commodores in far Cathay
Would strike their colours in dismay.

Their language to a marked degree
Is salt and racy of the sea;
They love to ginger-up and vary
The landsman's drab vocabulary
With idioms of a bold design
That smack of shipboard, breeze and brine.
Should mump or measle, croup or 'flu
Assail the staff or, rather, crew,
And some wise departmental head
Be forced to stay at home in bed,
To speak of him as "absent sick"
Would be to drop a frightful brick;
In making known the gloomy news
Your Admiralty clerk must choose
This pungent phrase, succinct and swift—
"Sir, Mr. Tompkins is adrift."

Though staid by habit and austere,
On one great evening every year
These sternly conscientious clerks
Indulge in most uproarious larks;
You'd not believe the things they do
The night the Estimates go through.
Grave civil servants, shorn of cares,
Dance hornpipes on their swivel-chairs,
And bellow till their breath grows scanty
That rousing spanking Whitehall shanty:
"Yo-ho-ho, and a blotting-pad!
What 'll you have with me, old lad?"
But in the morning, prompt at ten,
They are their sober selves again,
Each in his own accustomed seat,
Reserved, impassive and discreet.

C. L. M.



THRILLS FOR PUNTERS: THE ELECTRIC WELSHER.

Consolation.

"The Treasure Trove Diamond Mines office at Lichtenburg was unsuccessfully burgled last night.

The visitors will spend two days in Johannesburg, and it is proposed that they be entertained to a civic luncheon."

South African Paper.

"Two thousand visitors in seven special trains will arrive at Richmond (Yorks) to see the eclipse of the sun on June 27. It has been decided that the race-course will be the best place for them to gather."

Daily Paper.

Where, if they can stick it out until the 29th, they will be rewarded by seeing "Eclipse first and the rest nowhere."

"GOOD RUBBER YIELDS."

Daily Paper Headline.

Good rubber should.

From a house-agent's advertisement:

"A Good Garden extending to an area of 3 Roods, 10 Peaches, or thereabouts."

Local Paper.

We commend the advertiser's caution. Never count your peaches in Spring.

"David, armed with a stick of dynamite instead of the jawbone of an ass, could make a much neater and more expeditious job of the despatching of Goliath."—*Evening Paper.*

Equipped like this, we imagine, DAVID could even have controlled the Evening Press.

WHAT ENGLAND IS THINKING.

II.—LIVERPOOL.

"WHAT is Liverpool thinking?" I asked.

"Nowt," he replied.

When I said at Hammersmith that I could see no trace of the "growing anger" of the proletariat against the Trade Disputes Bill, they said, "*Ah*, but you go to the Industrial North!" Well, I went to the Industrial North, and all I can say is that the growing anger of the proletariat is very skilfully concealed. I tramped round factory after factory, I went down a mine, I talked to workmen and work-girls, foremen and managers; none of them mentioned it, and it was a job to get anyone to talk about it. I went to tough music-halls—there were no gags about it; I sat swilling beer in the public bars by the hour and never heard a word about it; and, if the workers are in truth incensed because in a few weeks' time they will all be "serfs," there is no sign of inflammation on the surface of their minds; they are not thinking about Trade Unions, but about Trade; not about strikes, but about work. "It don't concern us" was the usual remark.

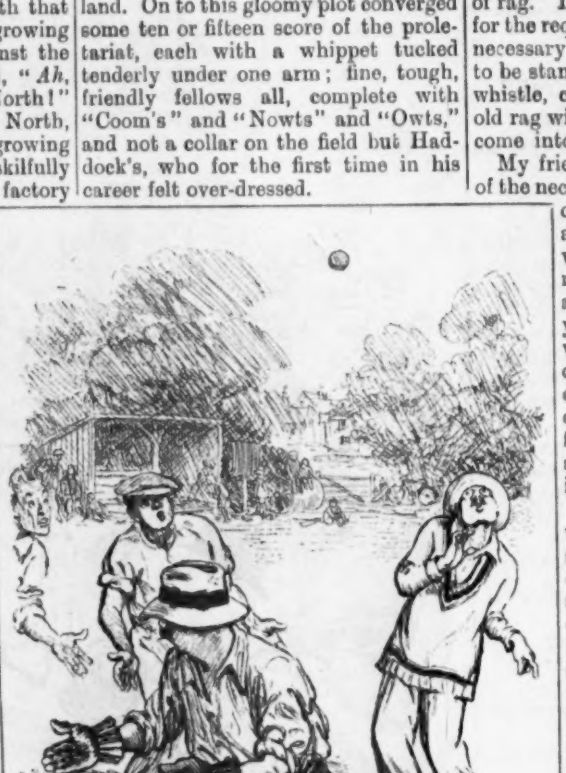
One man, to be fair, made an adverse criticism. I met two statesmen, both in blue overalls. One was the Chairman of the Workers' Committee of a big engineering firm. He said that the Bill was not helping anyone who had to conciliate the wild men, but some supposed that it would conciliate the wild men. What would? Sir H. SLESSER, K.C.

The other took me down the mine. We sat at the bottom of the mine, alone in the mine, on Sunday morning. And there, being out of earshot of the whole world, he said that in his opinion the leaders of his union were "going t' wrong road." And he said, "As for them Red 'uns, they talk a lot about t' Rests of People and ooplifting t' worker, but they're not above selling him a bike and doing him out of two or three pounds."

And I doubt if any of our orators can improve upon that.

Wallasey that Saturday afternoon was thinking about whippets. Wallasey is across the Mersey from Liverpool, a twopenny ride in one of those excellent steamers which put London and the Thames to shame.

The whippet-course was a narrow stretch of waste land covered with cinders. Above, a pall of smoke and melancholy cloud; and all about more waste land, chimneys, factories, cranes, chimneys, cranes, factories and waste land. On to this gloomy plot converged some ten or fifteen score of the proletariat, each with a whippet tucked tenderly under one arm; fine, tough, friendly fellows all, complete with "Coom's" and "Nowts" and "Owts," and not a collar on the field but Haddock's, who for the first time in his career felt over-dressed.



Nervous Fieldsman (a tennis-player, as awkward catch comes his way). "YOURS, PARTNER!"

For a small dog the whippet makes a deal of noise. All the whippets under the arms, and all the whippets tied to the fence, and all the whippets straining at leashes and tying themselves in knots round people's legs, and all the escaped whippets running loose and fighting and practising sprints down the course, were yelping, whining, barking and swearing as one whippet. And their combined yelp would have made the parrot-house sound like the Silence Room at the Athenæum.

The gentleman who told me that Liverpool was thinking about nowt had a beautiful blue-grey whippet under his arm. It (or rather she, for the dog was a doe) wore a blue stable-cloth with a red ribbon round her middle. She was called Tiger.

We walked down to the starting-point to give Tiger a practice run.

The whippet, it seems, has a strange affection for dirty towels and old bits of rag. In order to make it run swiftly for the required two hundred yards it is necessary for a man, small boy or girl to be standing at the finish blowing a whistle, crying aloud and waving an old rag with which the dog has recently come into contact.

My friend seized Tiger by the scruff of the neck with one hand and with the other by the tail. A small boy, aged about seven, waved a duster vigorously in Tiger's face and retired up the course, blowing a police-whistle every few yards to make sure that Tiger would recognise him at the other end; though, as five other children were blowing whistles of exactly the same note a few yards away, this assumed a high standard of intelligence in the Tiger.

Every now and then the boy would halt, turn round and say encouragingly, "Coom on, lassie." These invitations aroused Tiger to a great pitch of enthusiasm, and she did her best to start running; but her owner only pinched her tail the tighter. By the time the boy had reached the winning-post Tiger's tail was being pinched so violently that she was yelping with dissatisfaction. But her master said that this would make her all the keener when she was released.

When at last released, Tiger ran very keenly between the tapes for about thirty yards. Then she stopped and had a good look at one of the few young ladies on the ground. Far away the small boy blew his whistle in a paroxysm and Tiger ran on again. But after a few yards she ran off the course altogether and began a spirited fight with a stationary whippet who was tied to a post.

Her master was not at all discouraged.

"She 'll do," he said confidently.

"What race is she running in?" I said.

"Number Seven," he said, and added anxiously, "but don't spread it about."

I promised faithfully that I would not spoil the odds by publishing abroad the high qualities of Tiger.

The odds on dog-racing are never sensational. If the man in front of

you gets 5 to 1 it is probably evens when your turn comes. On Bright Eyes in the first race I got 3 to 1. Bright Eyes led all the way, yelping like a good 'un, and I thought that I was going to win a bit. But five yards from the post he turned a complete somersault, and so came in last.

Arrowroot, my fancy in the next race, was "slipped" prematurely, and gloriously completed the course by himself. His small boy captured him with difficulty; the judge said he was disqualified; the crowd said he must be taken back to the start; and the small boy, being more frightened of the crowd than of the judge, carried him back to the start and returned, much out of breath but still feebly blowing his whistle and paralytically waving his rag. Arrowroot was easily first, and this time I was certain I had won eight shillings; but the judge again said he was disqualified, and, to the general indignation, it was so.

Wet Kiss, my next choice, was beckoned on by a small girl not much larger than her whistle and much smaller than her towel. Wet Kiss looked a winner every time, but unfortunately she stopped halfway and savaged the dog next-door. Neither of them won the race.

But I had great hopes of Tiger. I put ten shillings on Tiger. Tiger ran like a thoroughbred, yelping every yard. Tiger ran as straight as a die, not looking to left or right, not halting for the tiniest fight. Tiger was just last in the ordinary way.

"And that is the last money which Haddock will invest in a dog-race," said Haddock, grammatically or not.

Still, this is a good, human, active and natural sport. Win or lose, these owners adore their dogs, which are very much more to them than mere betfodder. These, I suppose, are the simple foundation on which has been constructed the artificial fabrics of Stadium Greyhound and Electric Hare. And, as is true of many modern edifices, I think the foundation is the best part of it.

The audience were curiously contentious. I seldom heard a man speak except in tones of bitter argument or violent abuse. But it never seemed to amount to much, and nobody, I gathered, was seriously upset. They were just having fun—an amicable yelp. In fact it sounded very much like a debate in Parliament about the Trade Disputes Bill. Not that anybody referred to that.

A. P. H.

"CORNWALL.—The Residence, approached by long dive."—*Sunday Paper.*

It sounds like a suitable base for submarines.



Suitor (having been accepted). "NOW THAT WE ARE ENGAGED, DARLING, YOU MUST SHARE MY FIRST SECRET. I'M BROKE."

The Overflowing Cup of the Tories.

"The Conservative Party . . . has an incurable propensity for running down steep places into the ten."—*Indian Paper.*

"The view from Marlborough House would be one of the pleasantest in London if it were not for the ugly cliff of St. Anne's Mansions."
Evening Paper.

So the dear old soul is not only dead but canonised.

"In a costume of rosewood poiret twill, with hat to match, the happy pair left for their future home."—*Canadian Paper.*

A perfect union: one flesh, one costume.

"To all outward seeming all America is given to the great whirl of business, some piling up fortunes as Pelican topped Ossa."
American Paper.

You should see the St. James' Park pelicans topping Constitution Hill.

THE SORROWS OF ICKENHAM.

[Ickenham is threatened with the loss of its parish pond and pump, as part of a road-widening scheme.]

THE men that dwell at Ickenham
Are sore of heart and sad;
Bad news has come to sicken 'em
And startle them like mad;
For see, the Council's magic wand
Is lifted—hence their hump—
To sweep away the village pond
And raze the parish pump.

The cars that drive through Ickenham
Demand a wider way
To stimulate and quicken 'em
To valour and display—
A task, though simple to the eye,
That baffles e'en the best
While still the pond reflects the sky,
The pump uprears its crest.

The public sights of Ickenham
Are moderate and few—
No football home, like Twickenham,
No royal lands, like Kew;
But local eyes grow soft and fond
And local bosoms thump
Before the glory of their pond,
The grandeur of their pump.

The girls that love in Ickenham
Regard their men in doubt
Whether they've got a kick in 'em
Or if they're made without;
In waning trust the maidens throng
About each hallowed spot,
And "Will they bow beneath this wrong,"
They ask themselves, "or not?"

Then rise, you men of Ickenham,
Confront your haughty foes,
Bring out your spuds to stick in 'em,
Your shovels and your hoes;
Persuade them to a peaceful bond
Or fell them with a bump;
Live, if you may, with pump and pond,
Or die for pond and pump.

DUM-DUM.

CUTHBERT AGAIN.

For my own part I utterly refuse to condemn Thomas. Leaving out all question of principle—which Thomas himself admits does not influence his action one iota—each man, I hold, has so much courage; to ask or expect more of him is sheer idiocy.

All honour, of course, to those of my fellow-countrymen who donned civilian clothes when England went to peace in 1919. They did it without any thought of self; without any counting of consequences. If I live to be a hundred—though, if this peace lasts much longer, I gravely doubt whether I shall—I shall never, *never* forget those early 1919 scenes in Savile Row.

Thomas was not among those who flocked to the tailors at this time. He funked it. Four years of war had knocked all the backbone out of him. I rather respected the way he met our jeers—I was more broadminded then than I am now. Nor did I offer any criticism when he suddenly announced to us one morning that he was going to do some more fighting in Russia.

Willoughby Trews said it was influence. Claud Petterby—who got the D.S.O. the same time as Willoughby at Arras—called Thomas "Cuthbert" to his face. Fenwick Somers, with twenty-five enemy machines to his credit, walked out of the room without a word.

Lest you should judge them too harshly, let me say that Willoughby had given up a comfy dug-out on the Salient for a top-hat and umbrella on the Stock Exchange; Claud had forsaken a brand-new 1918 tank to return to a Post-War Oxford; Fenn, with three Scout aeroplanes at his command, had gone back to a Government office. All three had braved the Peace, undergoing horrors beyond any pen to describe.

To come home on leave from the Home Front and to be faced with the picture of a dapper, well-fed and thriving Captain Thomas, sheltering in the ranks of White Russia—it was a bit too thick. It wanted stomaching.

But this much for Thomas—he made no effort to defend his attitude. He said quite openly he couldn't face "this sort of thing." He never excused himself one jot. He even went as far as to hint that he'd fight any Tribunal tooth and nail that tried to demob him.

"Call me a skunk, if you like," he said quietly. "I don't believe in Peace. It's a kind of hysterical glamour. In addition, I never made it. The Politicians call for civilians—why? In my opinion, they've got the country into a beastly mess and they want us to get 'em out of it. We're their last resource. I think if we all stood out and refused to go to Peace they'd jolly well find a way of ending it to-morrow."

"Supposing," said Willoughby, "the country became bankrupt. Do you mean to say you'd stay where you are and do nothing?"

"The country won't go bankrupt," Thomas answered. "Read history. Every warlike country has become rich. England was nothing until it started fighting. Rome was just a township until it took up arms. Athens——"

"I said 'supposing,'" Willoughby snarled.

"My dear fellow," Thomas said lightly, "you can't argue an hypothesis."

After Thomas came back from Russia with a majority he went out to Egypt and returned a full-blown colonel. We all positively seethed at him by now. I think I was the only one who did not cut him at the regimental dinner. We had all joined the same regiment in '14. Thomas was the only junior officer of those times left. Naturally, as Willoughby said, it would get us a jolly bad name to be seen talking to such a scug.

I think it was in 1922 that the axe fell on the army. Thomas, as he had threatened, fought to the last trench the edict to demob. They had dragged him up three times altogether, and the third go got him. He came out.

It is no use blinking the fact that when he came out to us on the Home Front, a virtual conscript, none of us had much use for him. The income-tax was goodness knows what. We had had four years of it. Trade was right up the spout, to use peace parlance. No one knew what was going to happen next. A glance at some of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's articles at that time will explain the situation better. There seemed not the slightest prospect of peace ending. Another winter loomed. The moral of the country was very low.

Thomas went to the Baltic.

"We might have expected it," Willoughby sighed. "A.S.C. Supplies. 'The Staff of Life'—Corn! Grrh!"

Had Willoughby been in a position to pay his income-tax for the last two years, we might have laughed. As it was we treated his jest grimly.

Still, Thomas did not do so badly when he got down to it. And I suppose he would have done even better if he had remained. The stuff undoubtedly was there. It only wanted bringing out.

But Thomas did not remain. There came a morning when he burst into my office—I am O.C. a motor firm, right up in the Forward Area and expecting to go skywards any minute owing to competition—flourishing an official communication.

"I say, old man, read this!" he said excitedly.

I took the letter and read it. It was merely an order from the Secretary of War ordering Thomas to report forthwith for special service overseas.

"It's China," he cried. "Isn't it great? I've been expecting it for weeks. I swotted Chinese when I was in Egypt. Cheerio! Tell the others, won't you?"

He was gone.

As I say, I refuse to condemn him. He was tried and found wanting. He hadn't the courage for Peace. He's a born soldier. You may call him a "Cuthbert" if you like, but there are many of us who would rather be back in the good old piping days of War again—if we could. But we cannot. Duty calls at home.



Governess. "IF I HAVE TO SPEAK TO YOU AGAIN, EMILY, I SHALL SEND YOU TO BED."
Emily. "THEN DON'T SPEAK AGAIN."

SPRING GREEN.

(*As it strikes the eye of middle-age.*)

I LOVE the hues of hedges,
Of herbs and apple-trees,
The varied shades of veges—
Kail, cucumbers and peas;
When worry fills my breast full
My weary eyes are drawn
To the trim, tranquil, restful
Look of a new-mown lawn.

The verdure of the valley,
Of pastures where the kine
Loiter habitually
To breakfast, lunch and dine;
Of moss by river-marges
Where green the "rashes" grow,
Obligingly discharges
Dull care to Jericho.

To tall trees in the woodland,
Lastly, due praise I give,
That crown with peace the good land
Where I've the luck to live;
And, as I mark their shy wear,
So artless and so gay,
I only wish that I were
As fresh and green as they.

"Some people are irritated by Sir Henry Wood's little mannerisms."—*Daily Paper.*

Thus do the week irreverent few
Demand fresh WOODS and postures new!

La Donna è Mobile.

[Lord ASKWITH recently said that what Labour needed in this country was more mobility.]

Alas, some types of Labour are
Too mobile, as it is, by far;
Our cooks, to take a common case,
Keep moving on from place to place.

"Amidst the welter of excitement about China and the Trade Unions Bill, some of the important problems of the day are apt to be overlooked. One is this question of the ever-present danger of authors being used for libel for using the names of living persons."
Evening Paper.

We should never dare to use an author
for this nefarious purpose.

LIVESTOCK IN BARRACKS.

III.—PETER THE PERP.

Peter the Perp (which is American for "pup") was a dog of ambition. He was a climber. In fact he may be said to have worked his way up from the ranks.

He wandered into the barracks one day and began by making friends with the sentry. The sentry, Private Sling, standing at ease in a vacant but soldierly manner, was first aware of a scrabbling at his foot. Allowing his eyes to fall from the level gaze laid down by the drill-book, he observed a small black-and-grey puppy chewing his boot to the accompaniment of subdued but blood-curdling growls, as from one who would stand no nonsense whatever from an insolent boot that passed remarks at him.

Private Sling looked first to the right in the direction of the guard-room and then to the left in the direction of the Officers' Mess. Then he said, "Wot cheer, mate!"

The effect on Peter the Perp was galvanic. It was apparently the first intimation he had had that the boot was not an empty one. He sat back abruptly upon his little sitting area and gazed up into Private Sling's face.

Private Sling said, "Well, you 're a funny little cuss!"

Peter, whose powers of stereoscopic vision were not good, tried to lick his face, but underestimated the range by several feet.

Private Sling bent down, and at that minute Corporal Foresight, Corporal of the Guard, heralded by foul language, attacked him on the right flank.

Corporal Foresight, a stern disciplinarian, spoke heavily about duty, dogs, sentries and company office for several minutes and then retired to the guard-room. Peter the Perp followed him. At the door Corporal Foresight saw him and ordered him picturesquely away. Peter sat down on a stumpy tail, scratched himself intimately and then moved on unabashed into the guard-room. Here he feasted heavily on what Private Rifle called "a spot of gyppo," actually about a pint-and-a-half of stew-gravy, and ended up by falling into a profound slumber on Corporal Foresight's stomach.

When Sergeant Haversack, the Orderly Sergeant, arrived back at the Sergeants' Mess after visiting the guard-room he brought Peter with him. Peter arrived dazed and tearful but persistent. Deep down in his small bosom was an instinct to follow to heel, which, since he hadn't had much practice as yet, had resulted in a badly bruised nose. He was given a place of honour on the rug, had a row with the Sergeants' Mess cat, and at once sought protection with the Regimental Sergeant-Major, under whose compelling glance the cat slunk away abashed. There is practically nothing a Regimental Sergeant-Major can't do with a glance. Our R.S.M. indeed has been known to stop a clock by looking fiercely at it.

Peter the Perp went the round of the barracks the next day and was rescued three times from grim-looking cats and once from a company advancing in line. He arrived eventually in B Company office, where he attracted the attention of higher authority, through nearly getting sat upon by Quartermaster-Sergeant Fourbytwo whose chair he had selected for a doze. Of course, had he been actually sat upon by a Q.M.S., his colour-service would have come to an abrupt end and he would have been of no use to anybody, except as a table-centre. As it was he was more frightened than hurt, and proclaimed it for five minutes, at the end of which time Lieutenant Swordfrog in the adjoining office, trying to unravel a knotty point dealing with Private Trigger's ration allowance, sent out an orderly with instructions to use either arsenic or cold steel.



"PETER SHADOWED THE COLONEL PERSISTENTLY."

Peter did the only thing possible in the circumstances. He came into the O.C.'s office to apologise handsomely to Lieutenant Swordfrog, and in a short while he was sitting in the "In Abeyance" tray on Swordfrog's table, trying to kill a copy of the Army Act. Five minutes later Captain and Quartermaster Ledger came in on business. Five minutes later still he left, and Peter the Perp, still displaying a taste for seniority in all its forms, accompanied him.

Peter the Perp lunched at the Officers' Mess. He did himself well, and was altogether so engaging that several officers wished to adopt him and played cold hands of poker against each other to that effect. Lieutenant James won him, whereupon the Mess secretary, who had been eagerly hovering round, instantly fined him half-a-crown, in accordance with the Mess Rules, for letting his dog come into the Mess. James put Peter out on the verandah and for a quarter-of-an-hour kept him out by lurid threats. At the end of that time the Mess secretary, a man of no principles whatever, lured him in with a biscuit and booked up another half-crown. After this Lieutenant James paid ten bob for a season-ticket.

Nevertheless Peter the Perp left the Mess the next day and went to live in the Adjutant's quarters. It may have been the bath which James gave him (it led to the discovery that he was a grey-and-white pup, not black-and-grey); or it may have been that Lieutenant Holster tried to do a little practical geometry according to EUCLID by "dropping a perp." The probability however is that Peter was just learning the different badges of rank.

Anyway he stuck fast to the Adjutant till, we presume, one day he observed this officer saluting the Colonel, whereupon Peter shadowed the Colonel so persistently that his nose wore the polish off the back of the Colonel's boots.

Peter stayed under the Colonel's ægis for a week, even though the Colonel of the regiment lying next to us was a little the senior, till the day came for an inspecting General to visit us, and we all said good-bye to Peter.

On that day Peter the Perp, as we had guessed, left the Colonel. But he completely upset the whole barracks in so doing. For, instead of adopting the



SPEED TRIALS IN THE LONDON AREA.

Bored Bus-Driver (to Conductor). "AS SOON AS I SETTLE DOWN TO FORTY WINKS, ALBERT, YOU COMES A-LOITERIN' ROUND WITH YOUR IDLE CHAT."

General, he disappeared completely and was discovered later in the cookhouse, where nothing would make him leave Private Butt, with whom he has stayed ever since. We are all very offended about it, and the Colonel thinks Private Butt should be court-martialled for insubordination. Private Butt, on the other hand, has already applied to be put on the list of those to be considered for a commission from the ranks.

A. A.

Another Impending Apology.

"The house in which Dr. Isaac Watts, the famous hymn-writer, was born in Southampton in 1674, forms part of property which is to be sold for demolition. Even the fig-tree under which he wrote 'From Greenland's Icy Mountains' still flourishes."—*Daily Paper.*

Bishop HEBER might consider that the Africans are not the only people who are calling us to deliver them from error's chain.

"Pedigree Pram for Sale. In good condition."—*China Paper.*

"For Sale, Grey Perambulator. Pedigree, in good condition."—*Scots Paper.*

Mr. KIPLING will have to revise his statement that "East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet."

DON'T YOU KNOW??

A PASSION for asking impertinent questions and a desire to obtain unnecessary information seem to have arisen simultaneously in the land. I would say a word about these things.

The ages have amassed a great deal of variegated knowledge and written it down in valuable tomes. The wise man is he who knows where to find it when he wants it, and how. Obviously in this matter one must exercise a certain amount of tact. It is useless to go and borrow the *Post-Office Directory* in order to find out what a trochaic tretrameter acatalectic is, if it is, or when MELEAGER flourished, if he did. There is nothing about the binomial theorem in *Who's Who.* The last words of the speech made by LEONARDO DA VINCI before the Council of Trent are not recorded in *The Farmer's Year-Book.* Nor is the telephone address of Miss Featherstonehaugh, which you stupidly lost last night, to be dug out of the *Critique of Pure Reason* or the works of ROUSSEAU. A place for everything and everything in its place. But to have a lot of irrelevant information knocking about in the brain-pan is injurious to the nervous vitamins and prevents the phosphates from functioning as they ought to do. It is bad also for the publishing trade. How can you hope to sell volumes of *Enquire Within Upon Everything* when the whole world knows exactly in what year Atrabilius II. died?

I trace this incipient mania to the cross-word puzzle craze. It has occurred to some foolish person to ask whether all the miscellaneous wisdom acquired in the course of this pleasant exercise is of any value for its own sake. It isn't. If the word *autochthonous* fits into the space for which the definition, "*a kind of cabbage,*" is given, and if the letters of the word *autochthonous* satisfy the other clues, let the solver be content. There is no need for him to remember for the rest of his life that "autochthonous" means "a kind of cabbage." It will only hamper him in the road to success.

If a child has been wandering all over the house for an hour saying, "What is a three-toed sloth in two letters of which the first is 'A' and the last 'I'?" either slap the child and send



The Wife. "YOU ARE GETTING MUCH TOO HIGH-SPIRITED, BENJAMIN. I'M AFRAID COOK MAKES YOUR BARLEY-WATER TOO STRONG."

it to bed or else answer "Ai" brightly and cheerfully and forget the horrible fact at once. The number of times when a busy man will need to remember that Ai means a three-toed sloth are practically negligible, and the same applies to the Pragmatic Sanction and the Diet of Worms. When they do crop up in the course of telephone conversations with one's solicitor or broker one can always refer to the *Oxford Book of Light Verse*, the *A1 Road Book* or *Little Arthur's History of England*. One ought not unduly to cumber the brain.

Already, however, it seems to be too late to give this valuable advice. In a weekly review, under the ominous title, "FOR SUMMER LAWNS," I find the notice of a book by Mr. S. P. B. MAIS called *Do You Know*, in which no fewer than thirty examination-papers, containing fifty questions each, are hurled at the unhappy reader's head, not to mention a number of special papers upon particular themes.

The inquisitiveness of the author knows no bounds. It appears from the preface that these papers have been sent to a number of distinguished men who attempted to answer them, two marks being the maximum award for each answer. One question is, "*What is meant by Gothic applied to architecture in England?*" and another is, "*What is Theocritus famous for?*"

Sir ARTHUR QUILLER COUCH obtained ninety per cent., to the sixty-three per cent. of Mr. H. G. WELLS, in a paper containing the questions, "*How did Haman die?*" "*What is a Rodeo?*" and "*How do you pronounce Fowey?*" On General Paper No. 11 the Headmaster of Cheltenham College obtained ninety-eight per cent.

Excuse me for a moment. I know why the Headmaster of Cheltenham College obtained ninety-eight per cent. on General Paper No. 11. How was he to feel certain that that paper would not be sent surreptitiously to the boys of the VIth Form? And how many marks might they not have got? In similar circumstances I would have got ninety-eight per cent. on that paper myself, even if I had to sit up all night with *The Encyclopædia Britannica* to do it. I suspect the Headmaster of Cheltenham College of missing the century over the question "*Who owned Sansovino?*" But that was because he could not find the Concordance to the Apocrypha, which had been borrowed by one of the boys on the Modern side.

Never mind. Much as I deprecate the whole business I have done my best to keep in touch with the current vogue.

The other day I sent out broadcast invitations to a General Knowledge Garden Party on my lawn, and we had a very agreeable time. Not all the guests invited were able to come, but we managed to get the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, Madame POLA NEGRI, Mr. A. J. COOK, MUSSOLINI, the Shah of PERSIA, SOCRATES, ASPASIA, the Dean of ST. PAUL'S, CHARLOTTE CORDAY, CASABIANCA, EINSTEIN, Sir GERALD DU MAURIER, and one or two more.

After tea had been served on the lawn I brought out pencils and papers, and set the assembled revellers the following charming little questionnaire, of which I had typed carbon copies previously prepared:—

(1) At what date was Scotland first discovered?

(2) Who was the shortest man in the Bible?

(3) What is the record weight for a trout?

(4) What is the meaning of life?
(5) What is the most popular way of pronouncing Cirencester?
(6) Which is the oldest college at Oxford?
(7) Where is my pipe?
(8) Who wrote the Gospel of St. John?
(9) Why was the cassowary?
(10) What were the names of the heroes who fought at Troy?
(11) Are you a Mason?
(12) What is the greatest number of wides ever bowled in a single over?
(13) Who was the wife of CAIN?
(14) What is the legal speed limit imposed on motor-vehicles passing through Evesham?
(15) Should a woman tell?
(16) What did GLADSTONE say in '75?
(17) How many holes are there in a tennis net?
(18) What was the favourite oath of HENRY I.?
(19) Where is fancy bred?
(20) What was the date of the taking of Jerusalem?
(21) Who will o'er the downs so free?
(22) What is a sardine?
(23) Does poultry-farming pay?
(24) What are the contents of JOANNA SOUTHCOTT'S box?
(25) How long is a piece of string?
(26) Where is Toller Monachorum?
(27) What is a strike?
(28) What were the dying words of HELIOGABALUS?
(29) How far is the doctrine of predestination reconcilable with that of free will?
(30) Who won the War?
(31) What is an ulph?
(32) Who wrote *Oman's Shorter History of England*?
(33) What is the fourth turning to the right out of the Strand?
(34) Are beetles happy?
(35) Which was the kindest of the Aztec kings?
(36) Who said, "I would sooner have written 'In Memoriam' than won the Battle of the Nile"?
(37) Was this true?
(38) Why did the antelope?
(39) What do the letters M.O.B.Y.C. stand for?
(40) For what is Bootle famous?
(41) Where is "The White Hart Hotel"?
(42) How do you prevent wheel-wobble?
(43) Why do the heathen rage?
(44) For what was ADAM notorious?
(45) Which are the principal Chinese poets?
(46) Can anything be done about KARL MARX?
(47) Who wrote "What porridge had JOHN KEATS?"



TIME—*Derby Day Morning.*

Detective. "COME ALONG, MY LAD, I WANT YOU."
Street Bookie. "BE MATEY, GUV'NOR. WAIT TILL TER-MORRER TO PINCH ME."

(48) Had he?
(49) How old was LANCELOT when he first met GUINEVERE?
(50) What will win the Derby?

After a few moments' earnest thought Madame POLA NEGRI fainted away and the Archbishop of CANTERBURY discovered a subsequent engagement. Many others failed to stay the course, and EINSTEIN, growing infuriated, threw a valuable tea-cup into the rhododendrons. Of these who sent in answers, SOCRATES obtained two per cent.; CASABIANCA and the Shah of PERSIA, none; Mr. A. J. COOK, fifteen; and MUSSOLINI, twenty-one. The Dean of ST. PAUL'S occupied the whole of the available space in answering Question 34, in my opinion with merely partial accuracy, so that I was only able to award him one mark out of two.

However I present the paper to the readers of *Punch* in the hope that it may enable them to while away many a happy summer afternoon by flood and field.

Any reader obtaining over fifty per cent. may have my photograph or a small bust of SOCRATES, whichever he prefers. EVOE.

Our Sarcastic Advertisers.

"TO LET.—For 3 months, Modern Furnished House, all inconveniences."—*Fiji Paper.*



Young Bride. "ISN'T IT WICKED OF US? WE 'VE BOUGHT A CAR."
Hostess. "HOW I ENVY YOU!"
Young Bride. "BUT YOU HAVE HEAPS OF CARS."
Hostess. "I MEAN THE THRILL OF NOT BEING ABLE TO AFFORD IT."

THE TRAFFIC COMPLEX.

THERE was a little man and he had a little car,
A nice little car he had bought quite recently,
And oh! he was proud of her, as owner-drivers are,
And she ran very well and he drove very decently;
But he took the train to London. (Now he lived at Potter's Bar.)

He would drive her out to Harrow and to Beaconsfield and Bray,
Hemel Hempstead, Rickmansworth and other country places;
But he wouldn't take her townwards, he would shake his head and say,
"I leave the London traffic to the motor-driving aces,
"For London traffic driving is a game I couldn't play."

This same little man, he had a little friend
Who drove to office daily, and the friend said, "Jimmy,
This London traffic complex is a thing we've got to end,
For London traffic driving is as simple as the shimmy,
As you'd find if you would try it." But he said, "I don't intend."

This same little man, he had a little wife,
And in Oxford Street and Regent Street she wished to do her shopping,
And she told him so one Saturday before he could say "Knife"—
"And you'll drive me in the car and it'll all be topping;
"If you don't I'll never speak to you again in all my life."

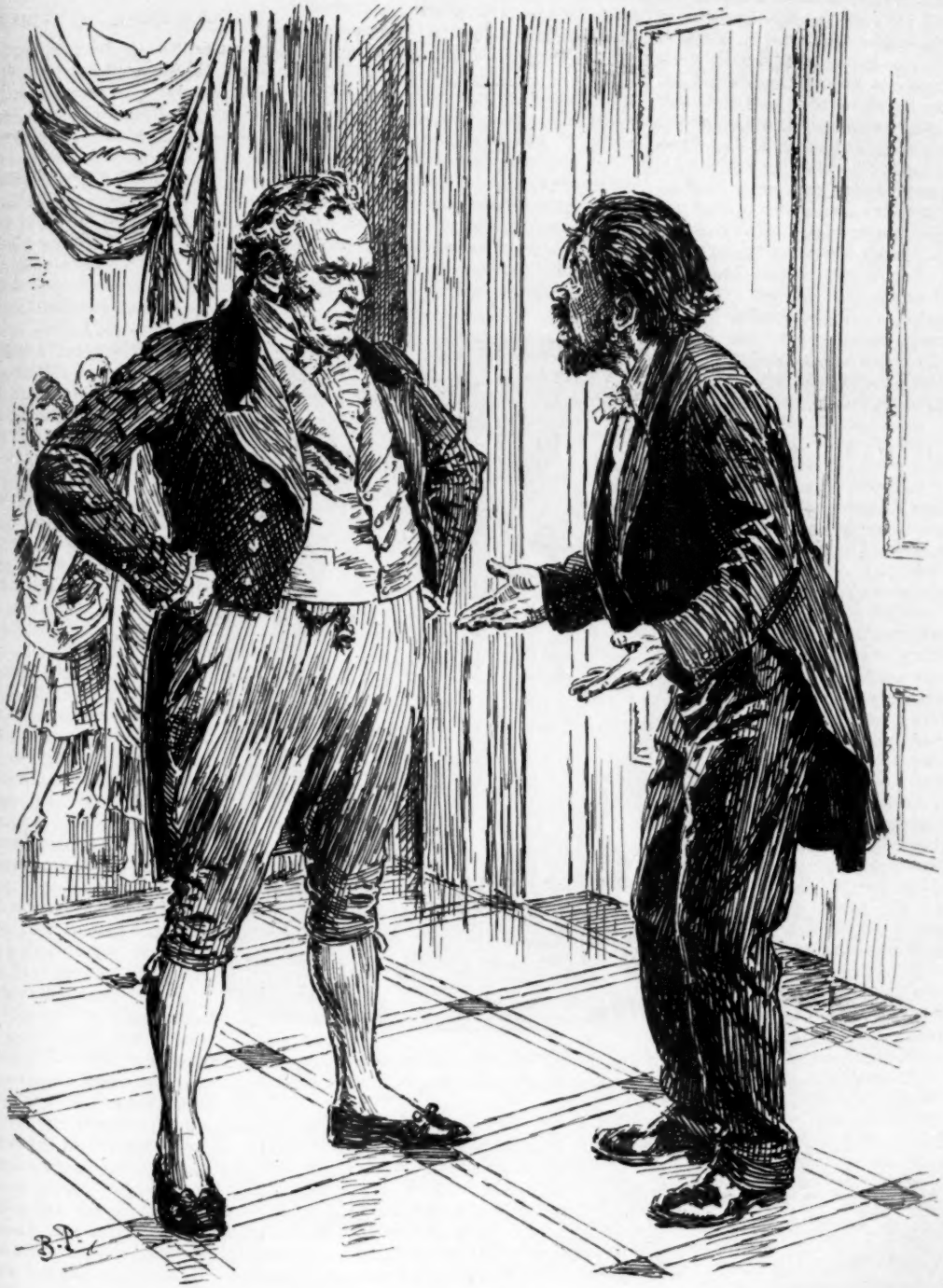
The little man blenched and he said, "It seems to me
The country's looking wonderful, let's spend the day at Epping."
But she only said, "I've promised to be back in time for tea
And I've *lots* of shops to visit; don't you think we should be stepping?"
And his little teeth chattered, but he saw it had to be.

So he roused his little bus from its cosy little bunk
And he prayed to good ST. CHRISTOPHER to further his endeavour,
And he trod upon his pedals, and he said, "I've been a skunk
And to-day I've got to cure myself or stay a skunk for ever.
I *have* a traffic complex, but I amn't going to funk."

Edgware Road, Oxford Street, Regent Street, the Strand,
Round two merry-go-rounds and up Piccadilly—
SEGRAVE! he could do it, he could do it with one hand!
And home again he drove, and he said, "I've been a silly
And a funk and several other things. Why, traffic-driving's grand!"

This tale is full of morals which are excellent and true,
But there's one and I solicit the attention of the town to it:
If you've any kind of complex (and the darned things aren't few)
It's up to you to cure yourself, so just get down to it;
Or, if you can't, get married and your wife will see you do.

H. B.

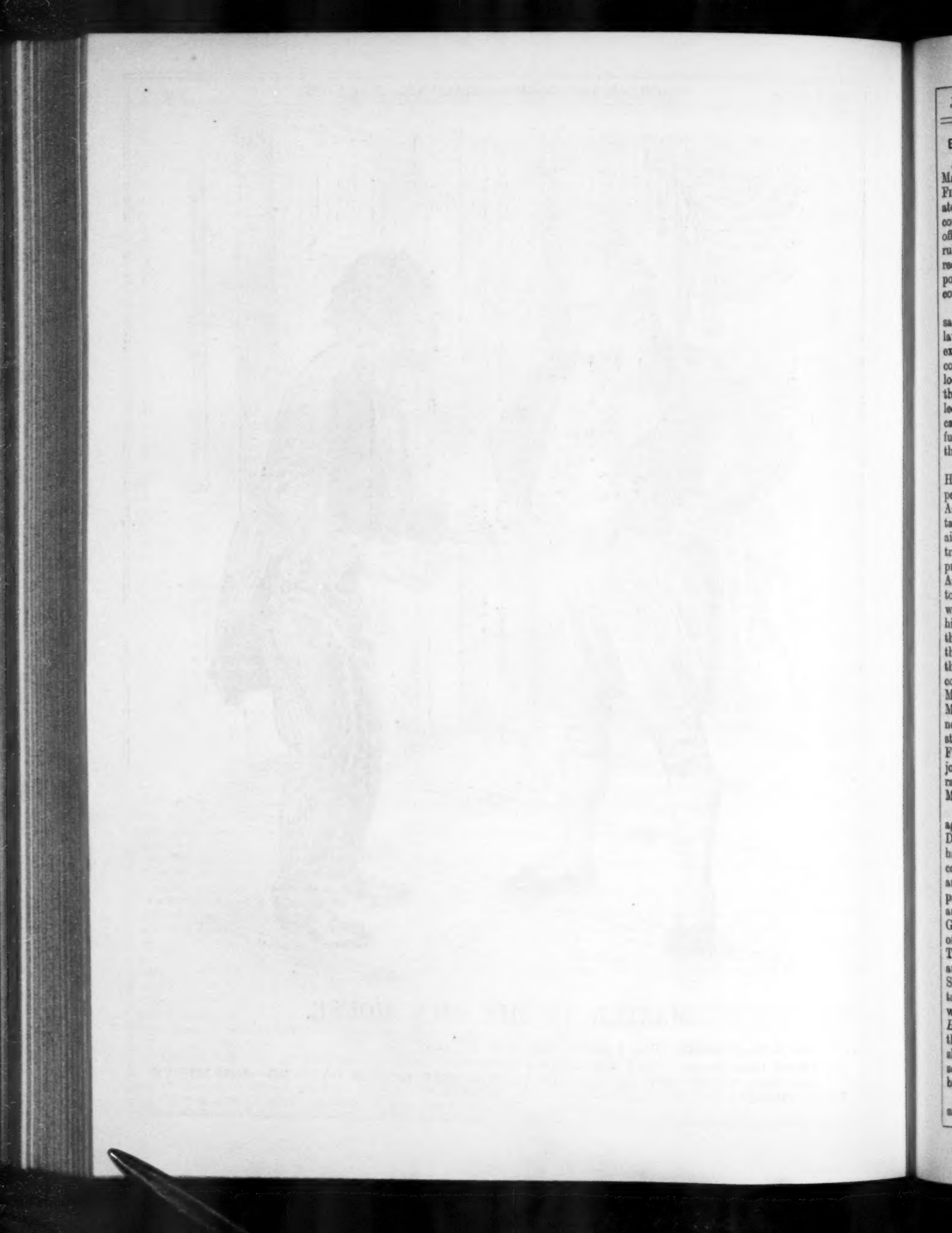


MASTER IN HIS OWN HOUSE.

JOHN BULL. "SORRY, BUT I MUST ASK YOU TO GO."

VISITOR FROM MOSCOW. "BUT I'M YOUR GUEST!"

JOHN BULL. "YES; BUT THERE ARE THINGS THAT GUESTS DON'T DO; AND YOU'VE DONE THEM."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, May 23rd.—In answer to Major GLYN, Captain HACKING, for the FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS, intimated that revised regulations are under consideration which will make it an offence for Park-frequenters to deposit rubbish otherwhere than in the proper receptacle. The present practice of depositing it in the ornamental ducks is considered untidy.

Mr. AMERY, replying to Sir R. THOMAS, said that Iraq has not only passed a law prohibiting the unlicensed export of antiquities but has concluded a treaty with Syria looking to the suppression of the illicit antiquity traffic. Collectors of genuine old Persian carpets will be advised in future to buy them direct from the British factory.

Dr. V. DAVIES is a pessimist. He may even be a confirmed pedestrian. He asked Colonel ASHLEY what steps he had taken for the provision of first-aid on the roads of the country, and if he thought the provision adequate. Colonel ASHLEY said he had no power to provide first-aid outfits. It was for the pedestrian to take his own steps, and the longer the better. Colonel DAY asked the COLONIAL SECRETARY when the pipe line that was being constructed from Iraq to the Mediterranean would be opened. Mr. AMERY said he knew of no such pipe line under construction or in contemplation. Finding that he had been enjoying a pipe-dream, or at any rate a Day-dream, the hon. Member subsided.

The House in Committee again considered the Trade Disputes Bill. We shall never have a revival of learning in this country until a bowing acquaintance with the Classics is an integral part of every M.P.'s equipment. Now and then a Member will quote from the Greeks or Latins, but such exhibitions of erudition are not always well received. This afternoon however there was quite an epidemic of quotations, Sir HENRY SLESSER leading off with a Vergilian tag, and crowning it, at a later stage, with the lines from *Alcestis* in which *Heracles* (he meant *Apollo*) explains that, though a god, he had once been a slave in the house of *Admetus*. Even so the PRIME MINISTER, he asserted, was but a slave in the House of the Die-hards.

The Government's real object, he said, was to carry out the desire of the Conservative Party as expressed at the Scarborough Conference, and make not only intimidation but all picketing and communication illegal.

Roused by Sir HENRY'S versatile display of Greek and Latinity, and determined to show that Scotland's educational pre-eminence was not to be lightly challenged, Mr. MACQUISTEN led off with what sounded suspiciously like a quotation from HOMER. Mr. MACQUISTEN'S Greek, however, is more Doric than Ionic, and one caught only the words, ". . . Μακιστίνιος ἥρως." The exploits of this particular hero have not received the attention they deserve. Mr. MACQUISTEN contended that under the law as it stood there was nothing to limit the numbers of a "picket." He maintained that no picket of five or six hundred men could be peaceable even if they set out singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

A little later on Mr. MACQUISTEN, by way of squaring his match with Sir HENRY SLESSER, hurled a chunk of Latin at Mr. HARNEY, who was quite unable to reply.

Tuesday, May 24th.—In the House of Lords the Bishop of LIVERPOOL moved the Second Reading of the Liquor (Popular Control) Bill, which aims at local option of a somewhat sweeping character. The Bishop voiced the views of the Bill's supporters in a sentence to the effect that "there was a vast deal of drinking in this country which did a great deal of harm, though it did not mean drunkenness at all." Lord ASTOR made it clear that he would approve any Temperance measure except Prohibition. Lord DESBOROUGH said the Government could not support the Bill. The debate was adjourned.



LIDDELL AND SCOTT.

SIR HENRY SLESSER AND MR. MACQUISTEN.

Rumour having it that the Soviet Mission and Trade Delegation were to get their marching orders, a crowded House awaited the PRIME MINISTER'S promised statement about the raid on Arcos, Ltd. Some beneficent intelligence long ago decided that to build the House of Commons large enough to contain all the Members would be merely asking for additional trouble, so the galleries were congested with surplus Members in addition to peers and diplomats.

"Uncle" ARTHUR HENDERSON having gone to Southampton to welcome his convalescent leader, Mr. CLYNES invited the PRIME MINISTER to make his statement. Uncle ARTHUR'S voice, when he is demanding information of a Minister, suggests the indignant schoolmaster who can see the offending catapult bulging in the cringing culprit's pocket. There is something plaintive and bird-like about Mr. CLYNES. The statement was long and Mr. BALDWIN went through it at a good speed. His voice sounded tired but he was never difficult to hear. There were no interruptions. Even the Socialist back-benchers listened in interested or, in some cases, possibly apprehensive silence. Loud Conservative laughter greeted an excerpt from a letter in which the Soviet Chargé d'Affaires in London besought his chief in Moscow to provide an ampler and juicier brand of Chinese "news" for dissemination to the I.L.P. and *The Daily Herald*. Still louder Conservative cheers greeted the announcement that, if the House approved, on Thursday the Soviet Diplomatic Mission and Trade Delegation would be sent about their business.

Some "preliminary" Questions followed the statement, and a natural tendency on the part of the House to bandy argument was with difficulty

squelched by the SPEAKER, who sternly sat upon Mr. S. SAMUEL for asking if the LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION and the Opposition represented the Russian



THE RED HAND "DEBRUISED."
VISCOUNT CRAIGAVON.

Government in the House or electors in this country.

Coming immediately after these history-making exercises a Bill by Mr. T. JOHNSTON to enable the Scottish agriculturist to defend himself against the depredations of deer failed to arouse amusement or opposition. The House's heart was not in the Highlands a-chasing the deer. It was still in London a-treeing the bear. The fact that the return of Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD was momentarily expected also helped to distract the attention of Members. He entered the House about dinner-time, receiving a great ovation, in which all parties joined. Sir W. JOYNSON-HICKS, the only Minister present, crossed over and shook him warmly by the hand.

Wednesday, May 25th.—Chaperoned by Lords CHARLEMONT and BANGOR and supported from the steps of the Throne by the PRIME MINISTER, Commander EYRES MONSELL and Mr. R. MCNEILL, Viscount CRAIGAVON, better known as Sir JAMES CRAIG, the man who suppressed the red hand of violence in Ulster, took his seat. Lord PARMOOR called the attention of the House of Lords to Agriculture, and noble Lords, who thought he had never ploughed any field less productive than Ecclesiastical Law, learned with astonishment that he had been cultivating fourteen hundred acres for fifty years without any profit to anybody.

Sir A. CHAMBERLAIN, at the request of Mr. CLYNES, made a long statement giving the substance of an interview between himself and M. ROSENGOLZ, the Soviet Chargé d'Affaires, and also the contents of a memorandum delivered by the latter, on the subject of the Arcos raid. M. ROSENGOLZ had vainly tried the ten-million-pound-loan-from-the-Midland-Bank bluff on Sir AUSTEN. To the Russian's suggestion that the object of the raid had been to upset this arrangement, "I shrugged my shoulders," said the FOREIGN SECRETARY, "and did not think it needed any further reply."

The clause of the Trades Disputes Bill dealing with the political levy, which was supposed to cause such heartburning in the ranks of the Labour leaders, was very tamely discussed. Harmony so far prevailed that Sir L. WORTHINGTON-EVANS accepted two Labour Amendments; and one Unionist Member, Mr. OLIVER STANLEY, declared that he could not support the proposal to change the present method of political levy. When the House adjourned the matter was still being decorously debated.

Thursday, May 26th.—The declared intention of the Government to order the Soviet Mission and Trade Delegation out of the country with no uncertain voice brought together a full House for a not very noteworthy debate. Mr. CLYNES strove to be moderate, impartial



A DISTRESSED AGRICULTURIST.
LORD PARMOOR.

and detached, but only succeeded in being feeble. His attitude was that Russia was rightly in the dock, but was being condemned undefended and unheard. The noises and remarks of his followers, especially when they refused to let Mr. CLYNES give way to Sir E. TURTON that he might give the actual facts as regards the much-advertised ten million loan by the Midland



AN ELOQUENT SHRUG.
SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN.

Bank, clearly indicated, however, that in their opinion the evidence was all forged, the only conspirators involved were the Cabinet, and the Russian Mission and Trade Delegation were a body of perfect gentlemen.

Sir AUSTEN rehearsed the whole story of repeated Soviet trickery and repeated warnings and said the House might very well ask the Government not why they acted now but why they had not acted before. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE said that of course the Russians had done all and more than they were charged with. All the same there was some business to be done and peace in the world to be preserved, so the Government should have maintained diplomatic and trade relations with the rogues as long as no honest men appeared to take their places. Mr. MAXTON wanted to know more about the missing War Office document for which Soviet House was searched in vain and was visibly surprised when Sir W. JOYNSON-HICKS declared that he had in his possession a copy of the document made on the Soviet House photostat apparatus. Commander LOCKER-LAMPSON put the whole thing in a nutshell by saying that we had been giving the Russian bear buns when the only thing he understood was knouts. The Labour Motion being defeated and the Conservative amendment passed, the substantive proposal to pack the Russians off was passed by the handsome majority of 248.



A SPECIAL MEETING OF A WELL-KNOWN ANGLERS' CLUB CONSIDERING THE POSSIBILITY OF STOCKING ENGLISH RIVERS WITH ELECTRIC EELS, ON HUMANITARIAN GROUNDS.

MUSINGS OF A MELOPHOBE.

[It is only in pursuance of his policy of rigid impartiality that *Punch* prints this contribution, breathing a Philistine spirit which he repudiates and deplores, and evidently composed in a spasm of atrabilious antagonism to the divinest of the Arts.]

SHAKESPEARE, meritorious in his dramas—
Though they lack the interest of pyjamas—
Thought, for various unconvincing reasons,
Melody an antidote for treasons,
Spoils and stratagems; but tuneless ELIA
Knew more joy than musical *Ophelia*,
And a bard far wiser and discreeter
Truly said that songs unheard are sweeter.
Wine I find exhilarating—very,
Port or claret or champagne or sherry;
Hearing music I am never merry.

Voices, either single or in chorus,
Very rarely charm, and mostly bore us.
At the top sopranos tend to shrillness;
BÜLOW called the tenor "just an illness";
"Rich" contraltos are devoid of passion;
Basses boom in Boanergic fashion.

Instruments, though practised with impunity
In the normal civilized community,
Exercise the worst of influences
On the human intellect and senses.
Loud bassoons, by their inept intrusions,
Lead to serious pectoral contusions.
NERO, who at first was fair to middling,
Perished by his intempestive fiddling.
PLATO and PLOTINUS, also PALEY,
Utterly eschewed the ukelele.
CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS and stout CORTEZ
Had no grand or cottage pianofortes
To inspire them in their navigations
Or in taming wild and savage nations;
While "OLD FRITZ" came very near uprooting
Prussia's greatness by his futile fluting.
Drums, or "big" or "side," or "trap" or "kettle,"
Mental equilibrium unsettle;
Clarinets are ticklish to the throttle;
Tired trombonists can't resist the bottle;
Powerless is the plangent plaintive oboe
To reclaim the hooligan or hobo;
Useless are the accents of the tuba
To promote tranquillity in Cuba
Or the regions of the Jub or Juba;
Worse than useless is the ocarina
As a sedative in scarlatina.

As for meals it simply begs the question
To assume that music aids digestion;
Melody, sophisticate or ballady,
Only is another name for malady.
I at least prefer my tea and crumpets
Unaccompanied by drums and trumpets.

Panem et Circenses.

"Referring to the relationship of entertainment and politics, Sir —— observed that from Roman times statesmen had known that the panacea for discontent among the people was 'a sufficiency of bread and of circumstances.'"—*Daily Paper.*

Q. When is a circus a circumstance?
A. When you 're the clown in the ring.

"When it is necessary to slow down suddenly, especially on slippery streets, make every effort to ensure that your rear wheels are running in the tracks of the front ones. This will greatly minimise the hthtse htarar rdar rhaod daod didaadrra risk of a really bad skid."—*Evening Paper.*

We know the sensation.

MISLEADING CASES.

XV.—*Suet* v. *Haddock.*

WITH his Lordship's address to the jury this case approached its conclusion to-day. He said:—

"Gentlemen, in this case the plaintiff is a manufacturer, and the defendant, Mr. Haddock, is, among other things, an author, which fact should alone dispose you in the plaintiff's favour; for, while the life-blood of our country is its trade and commerce, we do not fortunately depend upon our literature for anything that matters.

"The defendant Haddock does not appear to have been uniformly successful in any of the regular departments of writing; at any rate he has not grown rich, which, as I ruled at an earlier stage of the case, is *prima facie* evidence of incapacity. Recently, however, he has devised and practised a style of writing which is quite new to this country and, like other novelties, has proved most profitable. Calling himself a 'Commercial Critic,' he writes each week, in the paper called *Veritas*, a reasoned article appraising the latest products of British or foreign manufacturers. He uses the style and manner of the fashionable literary or dramatic critic, and, as you have heard, he contends that the public need for expert and impartial guidance is at least as strong in the commercial as in the literary field.

"Some of his earlier notices were extremely flattering, so much so that extracts from them were widely circulated by the manufacturers in their advertisements of the goods concerned, and there was soon shown an eagerness among the other manufacturers to have their products reviewed in Mr. Haddock's column.

"Mr. Haddock, however, following in everything, as he says, the model of the literary or dramatic critic, who will not 'notice' a book or play if he has to pay for it, declined to write about any article of which he had not received a free sample for service. And such is the prestige of Mr. Haddock's column that a large number of important firms have complied with this curious condition. A leading Motor-car Company sent him for review a copy of their 1928 Model, and you will remember the patronising manner in which he wrote about it:—

"The work shows promise. This young Company, whose name is new to me, have evidently the root of the matter in them, and, if they will try again, may well produce something which is really worth while.

"The sometimes grudging character of his praise, however, did not prevent other firms, confident in the excellence of their wares, from pressing them upon him. Mr. Haddock has now a small fleet of motor-cars for review, he lives in a review house, his clothes and his furniture are free samples, he has more free pianos, gramophones, billiard-tables and wireless sets than he is able to enjoy with comfort, and the evidence is that he subsists almost entirely on goods and services provided free of charge by traders and manufacturers anxious for his impartial but favourable opinion.



Prospective Maid. "BY THE WAY, I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW HOW TO WRITE OUT A DECENT REFERENCE?"

"Whether or not he has been impartial it will be for you to say. There is abundant evidence that he has not been afraid to cause annoyance, though against that you must weigh the suggestion of the plaintiff that many of the goods commended by Mr. Haddock have been accompanied by large sums of money. His habit of comparing unfavourably our manufactures of to-day with the products of past centuries or the goods of foreign countries has given especial pain. Tradesmen have complained that, if only a commodity is Russian, American or French, it is certain of his applause. His constant references to CHIPPENDALE and SHERATON have, if anything, irritated the modern furniture-trade. And his comment on a British piano, 'Not a bad piano, but how much better they do these things in Germany!' was not considered helpful.

"His answer to these complaints is that in this, as in everything, he is only following the traditional lines of British criticism. In the present case, as you know, he has gone too far for the satisfaction of the plaintiff. The plaintiff manufactures, among other things, a patent medicine called 'FLATUFLEE,' which is widely advertised as having the power to remove or remedy 'That Flatulent Feeling.' Now what the defendant wrote about 'FLATUFLEE' was brief and blunt:—

"'FLATUFLEE' does not *remove That Flatulent Feeling, for I have tried it.*

"The plaintiff says that these words are defamatory and claims damages. The defendant says that the words are true, or in the alternative that they are in the nature of fair comment upon a matter of public interest.

"You have heard the evidence. Several witnesses have sworn that, like the defendant, they took a dose of 'FLATUFLEE,' and that, so far from being relieved, their condition was, if anything, worse than before.

"Witnesses for the plaintiff, on the other hand, martyrs in every case to the discomforts of flatulence, have sworn that no sooner was the cork removed from the bottle than they experienced a sensation of relief, well-being and general beatitude. The expert medical testimony for the plaintiff is that 'FLATUFLEE' is made of *hydrogenatin*, a new and secret chemical compound. The expert medical testimony for the defence is that 'FLATUFLEE' is made from wood-shavings, lubricating oil and bits of straw. All this evidence you will carefully sift, and I shall put to you the following questions:—

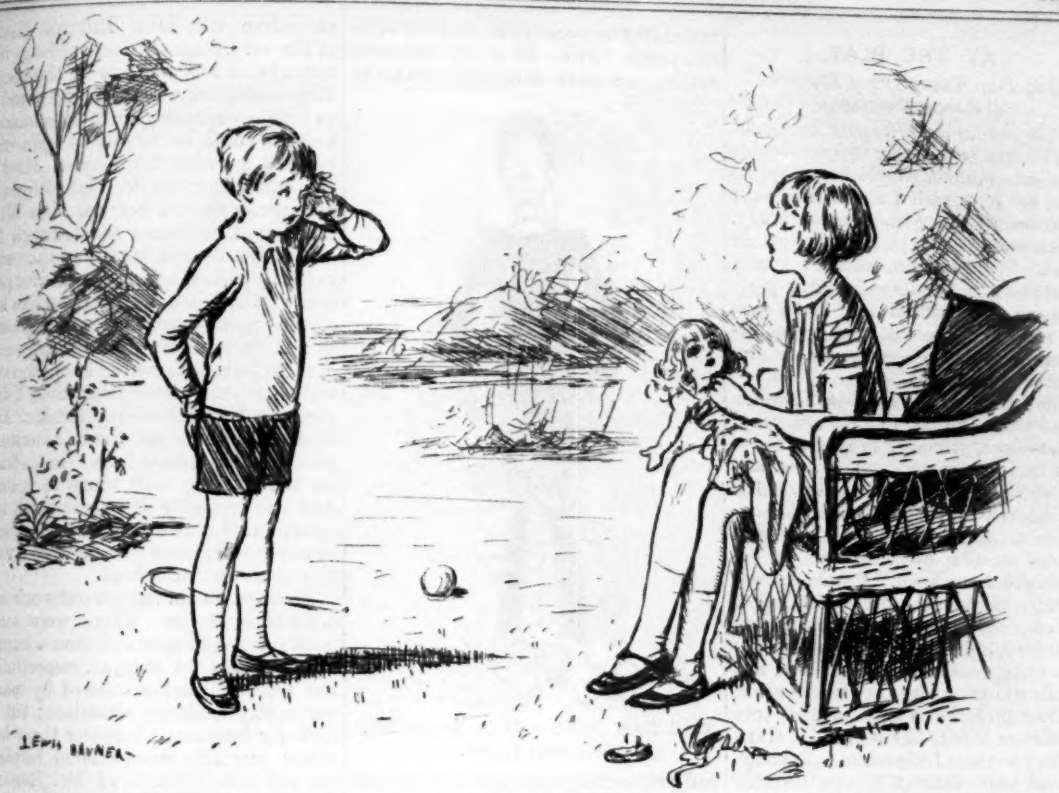
(1) Was the defendant flatulent?

(2) Did 'FLATUFLEE' remove his 'flatulent feeling'?

(3) If not, would it have removed the flatulence of a reasonable man?

(4) Damages?

"Now, if the defendant has *not* established to your satisfaction that the words complained of are true in substance and in fact—and, in order to muddle you, I should explain that they may be true in fact but not in substance, as they may be correct in substance



Virtuous little girl (to small brother who has been punished for stealing jam). "WELL, IT'S ENTIRELY YOUR OWN FAULT. DIDN'T YOUR CONSCIENCE TELL YOU SOMEONE MIGHT BE LOOKING?"

but erroneous in fact—then there remains the defence of fair comment. The defendant says that, as a critic, he has the right to make a critical statement which, though not necessarily supported by the general experience, is a fair expression of his own individual opinion, such as any reasonable man with the same experience might make. He has quoted, I think irrelevantly, certain adverse criticisms on his own work, upon which, without success, he has taken legal proceedings. In *Haddock* v. *Thwaits* the defendant said of Mr. Haddock's book, *Daffodils*, 'Tosh! ... drivel ... vulgar and insincere ...' and, although several other papers had printed more favourable opinions, it was held that these expressions were fair comment on a matter of public interest. And the defendant now claims the same freedom of comment upon other men's wares as is permitted to the critic of his own.

"This is a large and, I think, an untenable claim. It assumes that literature is as important as trade, and that the author has the same rights as the business man. But this has never been the law. It must be clearly understood that an author as such has no rights. At Common Law he ranked with *cattle demenant*, and any man, in the absence of malice, violence or fraud, is entitled to take away his livelihood by hostile utterances, however ill-founded. But it is quite another thing for an author to take away the livelihood of an honest trader by ill-considered judgments on the quality of his goods, for this is to assail the whole fabric of our Commonwealth. I shall therefore direct you that there is no evidence on which you may find that the defendant's words were in the nature of fair comment, and, unless he has satisfied you that he was in fact flatulent, that the prescribed dose of 'FLATUFLEE' did not relieve his flatulence, and, further, that it would not have relieved the flatulence of a reasonably flatulent man, understanding by that a reasonable man flatulent within the recognised limits of everyday experience, you will find for the plaintiff; and in that case you will award him damages of, I suggest, about ten thousand pounds."

The jury retired. A. P. H.

"TWO BRITISH AIRMEN TO DO 4,000 MILES ON ONE COLD CHICKEN."
Evening Paper.

What is Our Dumb Friends' League doing about it?

GARDEN PESTS.

III.—THE BLACKBIRD.

THERE 's a careless, lazy beggar
Who sings outside my door;
I fed him all the winter,
For he was very poor;
But now he lacks for nothing,
His wife and family
Are fitly housed and happy,
And so he sings for me.

I know him for a rascal,
I know him for a thief;
I 've caught him stealing cherries
And currants to my grief;
He 's quarrelsome and noisy,
And, when the days are long,
He chuckles in the garden
And never lifts a song.

But when the pussy willows
Are golden near the mill
And April winds blow kisses
To every daffodil,
Oh, then I bless my singer
And praise his sleek black coat,
For all the heart-break joy of Spring
Finds music in his throat.

W. M. L.

Commercial Candour.

"Central Restaurant. Near the Post-Office. 1st Prize for Good Rooking."

AT THE PLAY.

"ONE DAM THING AFTER ANOTHER" (LONDON PAVILION).

IT is not for me to dispute Mr. COCHRAN'S right to his own opinion of his own entertainment as indicated in its title, but for myself I should not have described it quite so disrespectfully. There were things in it that I rather liked. There was, for instance, a very good thing in Mr. RICH HAYES'S juggling, so good indeed that there was no need for him to supplement its attractions by an appearance so gratuitously grotesque.

And there was an excellent idea in a scene where all the fixtures and properties—door, window, fireplace, bed—had been set in the wrong places, and the whole company of "Lost Souls," too mechanically drilled to adapt themselves to these novel conditions, just carried on as if everything was where it should have been. People entered by the window or the kitchen lift, looked out on the moonlight through an opaque cupboard, lit a fire under a table against the wall, walked across the bed, and finally retired to sleep in a roomy chest.

Then there was a very passable turn by Messrs. MORRIS HARVEY and S. HALE (I don't feel that I know him well enough to call him "SONNIE"), who reported an invisible drama, "The Lady of the Lake," in the manner of those who minister to the needs of the great public of listeners-in, being assisted by noises off, such as the splashing of heavy bodies as they entered into the water.

In another fairly good scene, "Progress," we were given samples of modes and manners across the ages, from which I gathered that our modern jazz does not register any very striking advance upon the methods of prehistoric amusement.

Nor must I forget the opening turn, "The Election," the result of which, thanks to local prejudice, was to establish the superiority of revue over all other dramatic forms—musical comedy, melodrama, the American crook-play, modern social comedy, opera, ballet and Shakespearean drama—the last being adequately represented by a *Portia* (Miss GRETA FAYNE) in red tights. Refusing to accept the decision of the electorate as final, this lady insisted, later in the evening, on giving us the Trial scene, but she had only just started on "The quality of mercy" when she was summarily ejected in favour of some typical revue-merchants. And not without poetic justice, for a few moments earlier, in a spasm of original verse, she



ONE DAM BALL AFTER ANOTHER.
MR. RICH HAYES.

had, unless my ears betrayed me, rhymed "Portias" with "nauseous."

Of individual performers the most attractive was Miss EDYTHE BAKER of the very poignant face. She gave a remarkable *tour de force* at the piano, during which she kept turning round to us with a charming air of detachment; and she could be almost as agile with her feet as with her hands. Most of the chances given to that delightful and accomplished actress, Miss MIMI CRAWFORD, were not good enough for her. Miss JESSIE MATHEWS showed a versatile talent, and, if you care for precocity, which I don't, you will like her clever singing when she shows her head, as a mature infant, over the bulwarks of an out-size bassinette. I hope too you will share, more generously than I did, the popular enthusiasm for Mr. ART FOWLER (where *do* these Americans pick up their front-names?) in his feats on the ukelele, with songs to match. And you certainly will if you catch the infection of his own apparent enjoyment of the performance, for he wore a rapturous smile throughout.

Perhaps we did not get quite our fair allowance of fun. There were some good lyrics and now and then a happy wheeze; and we enjoyed, respectfully, the gentle titillation offered by many pleasantly fantastic situations; but of food for boisterous laughter there was little; our ribs were seldom helpless against the assaults of Mr. RONALD JEANS, who made the book.

There is nearly always some beauty to be found in concerted rhythm, and the chorus had been well trained; but the solo dancers aimed rather at acrobacy than grace, though I must except one slow-motion dance for which I would like to thank the lady who did it if I could identify her name in the programme. Was it Miss VIVIENNE GLEN?

Altogether, though I would not go so far as to say that it was a case of one dam good thing after another, I cannot accept the depreciatory tone of Mr. COCHRAN'S too-modest title.

O. S.



JAZZ—PREHISTORIC AND MODERN.
Zab-Zab . . . . . MISS MIMI CRAWFORD.
The Lady Anne . . . MISS JESSIE MATHEWS.

The rapidity with which Mr. EDGAR WALLACE produces his novels, plays and criticisms led Mr. Punch, in a recent review of *The Terror*, to indulge in the frivolous suspicion that he had "capably organised a factory where skilled artisans of the Amalgamated Society of Ghosts put in a hectic eight-hour day." Mr. Punch has received from Mr. EDGAR WALLACE an assurance, conveyed in the friendliest spirit, that this suspicion is absolutely unwarrantable, and



Mrs. Royd. "I THINK IT ONLY RIGHT TO TELL YOU THAT WE FOUND A CURRANT IN OUR LOAF OF BREAD THIS MORNING."
Baker (quite unruffled). "THANK YOU, MADAM. *(To Cashier)* CHARGE UP ONE CURRANT LOAF TO MRS. ROYD'S ACCOUNT."

he herewith desires to express, in the same spirit, his best regrets for having given utterance to it.

On June 9th, at 3.15 P.M., Princess MARY, Viscountess LASCELLES, will open, at 4, Grosvenor Square, an exhibition of the work of Painted Fabrics, Ltd. This organisation, to which Mr. Punch has before now drawn attention, employs only disabled ex-service men, and the Directorate, the Committee and the Secretary give their services voluntarily. The exhibition will remain open on June 10th from 11 till 6.

From a racing article:—

"DRACOS STAYS TOO LONG IN ONE PLACE."
Provincial Paper.

They also serve the bookmakers who only stand and wait.

"Oh what a tangled web we weave
When first we venture to deceive."
Sunday Paper.

And oh, we strike a naughty note
When first we practise to misquote.

"An American, whose English ancestors went to America five years after the *Mayflower* sailed."—*Daily Paper.*

It is interesting to know that there is at least one American of English birth whose ancestors did not cross on that over-loaded boat.

MY GREAT-AUNT JANE.

My Great-Aunt Jane when she was young
Was gentle and polite;
She never once put out her tongue
Or said what wasn't right;
She always did as she was told,
She never scowled or frowned,
And went to bed as good as gold
When six o'clock came round.
She didn't want to rush about
Without her shoes or socks,
Or make a lovely noise and shout
And crumple up her frocks;
She never tried to climb up trees
Or use the garden hose,
Or tumbled down and cut her knees
In just the place it shows.
She never said that Nurse was rough
When combing out her hair,
Or called her bread-and-milk "that stuff,"
But ate it then and there.
She didn't even mind the skin
Which floats about on top,
But asked to have it all left in,
And finished every drop.
She didn't walk with muddy feet
About the nursery floor,
Or find the puddles in the street
Or slam the garden door.
She always washed her hands and face
And brushed her teeth a lot;
She always said the proper grace
And never once forgot.
Her pinafore was always white,
She never tore the strings;
She hadn't to be told at night
To tidy up her things.
And what she liked the best of all
Was sewing, which I hate;
The sampler on the nursery wall
Was worked by her at eight.

Nurse never met my Great-Aunt Jane,
She died so long ago,
But, when I ask her to explain
However she can know
That Great-Aunt Jane was good all day,
She will not say a word,
But turns her head the other way
As though she hadn't heard.
I'm not so good as that, it's true,
But then it is such fun
To do the things you shouldn't do
In spite of everyone.
I'm glad my hands aren't always clean,
I'm glad I'm sometimes wild;
Oh, mustn't Great-Aunt Jane have been
A simply *horrid* child!

Notice in recent military orders:—

"WANTED FOR —— BAND.—Bandsman, cornet, doubling with a stringed instrument."

Let's hope that, if a double bass is selected, the cornet-player won't be required to double very far with it.

THE FEATHER CURE.

(By Our Medical Correspondent.)

THE lecture of Dr. J. BROWNING ALEXANDER at the Institute of Hygiene on May 24th cannot be ignored. BROWNING is (or was) a name to conjure with; so is ALEXANDER, and taken in conjunction the cumulative effect of them is undeniable, apart from the distinguished record of one who, as may be gathered from the *Medical Directory*, is the author of *Fragilitas Ossium associated with Blue Sclerotics*.

It is impossible within the limited space at our disposal to deal adequately with all the momentous questions raised in Dr. BROWNING ALEXANDER'S discourse, but his advice to those suffering from loss of appetite clamours for the widest currency. "If you are not feeling hungry," he observed, "and want to create an appetite, just tickle behind your ear with a feather." Unfortunately he omitted to specify from what bird the feather should be selected. As a result of prolonged experiment I have no hesitation in stating that the efficacy of the incentive depends entirely on an exact knowledge of bird life. It is useless to titillate the back of the ear with a feather drawn from the plumage of a pipit. Recourse should be had to birds of approved voracity, first and foremost the ostrich, next the cormorant or the gull.

This omission on the part of the lecturer is to be regretted, but even more surprising was his failure to mention the peculiar virtue of a feather taken from a peacock's tail. For he pointedly dissociated himself from the hostile critics of ante-prandial potations, on the ground that they were useful as an aid to digestion. "The slight narcotic effect of a cocktail," he declared, "had the power in some people of dispelling from their minds the worries and depressing circumstances of the day. Appetite would not exist so long as worry excited, and quarrelling and arguing were not inducive to appetite."

This is sound doctrine in the main and felicitously expressed. But, while appetite should be encouraged, we should refrain from gormandizing gluttony and gulosity. Nature abhors a vacuum, but, paradoxical as it may appear, too many square meals are apt to produce an excess of rotundity.

Nor can it be maintained that trouble destroys appetite in view of the emphatic declaration of the poet:—

> "Scared is, of course, my heart, but unsubdued
> Is, and shall be, my appetite for food."

Lawyers are sometimes lean of habit, but, though they spend laborious days in argument, they are on the whole excellent trenchermen. It is dangerous to dogmatise on a subject beset with difficulties, paradoxes and mysteries, aptly summed up in the famous problem of DUNS SCOTUS: "The less you eat the hungrier you are, and the hungrier you are the more you eat; therefore the less you eat the more you eat."

In conclusion, though I have not hesitated to point out a certain vagueness in Dr. BROWNING ALEXANDER'S recommendations, I wish to express my cordial approval of his criticism of hospital diet. The menu being planned for the whole week, "the patients soon learned that Sunday was roast-beef day; Monday, cold roast-beef day; Tuesday, hash day, and so on; and this monotony was sufficient to destroy their appetites." Is it too much to hope that, in Lent at least, regard for the calendar as well as humanity should henceforth provide for the institution of a Hash Wednesday?

Einstein and the Weather.

"Hailstorms in East and mid-Cheshire to-day affected a number of May festivals yesterday."—*Sunday Paper.*

A FOX OUT OF SEASON.

THE gold was on all the gorses, the birds were in all the bowers,
The hacks and the hunting-horses were nibbling the clover flowers,
The banks were feathered with fennel, the ragged-robin was spun,
The Pytchley, the Quorn and the Meynell had finished their final run,
And the hounds were singing in kennel the dirge of a season done;
The sun was a golden guinea flung down on a painted floor,
When an old fox came from the spinney and sat at the Master's door.

A season is always a season, as the Master was well aware;
To hunt in the summer is treason and more than a man should dare;
But a heart that is still pulsating to the chime of a hunting day
Prevails, in despite of dating, over rules that the rest obey;
And why should a fox sit waiting on your step at the end of May?
No doubt you will blame the Master, but what is a Master for?
And the dog-fox courts disaster that comes to a Master's door.

More favoured than Mother Hubbard in quest of the famous bone
He found his boots in the cupboard and the horn he had lately blown;
Old Cobber came up to the railing to a treacherous crust of bread,
With a thorn in his long tail trailing. He saddled him under the shed,
And he said, "When we once get sailing we 'll settle that thief in red!"
And the hounds from the yard came streaming with hackles erect for war,
And away went the whole pack screaming on a line from the Master's door.

They picked it up on the gravel, they held it over the drive;
And how did those beauties travel, and how did those dapples dive!
With the rhododendron flinging her bloom as they blundered through,
With the blackbird's nest set swinging as they shouldered under the yew,
With a thrush on the lime-tree singing, ye gods, but they fairly flew!
And, sinking the spurs in Cobber, their lonely follower swore,
"I 'll teach that son of a robber to sit at a Master's door!"

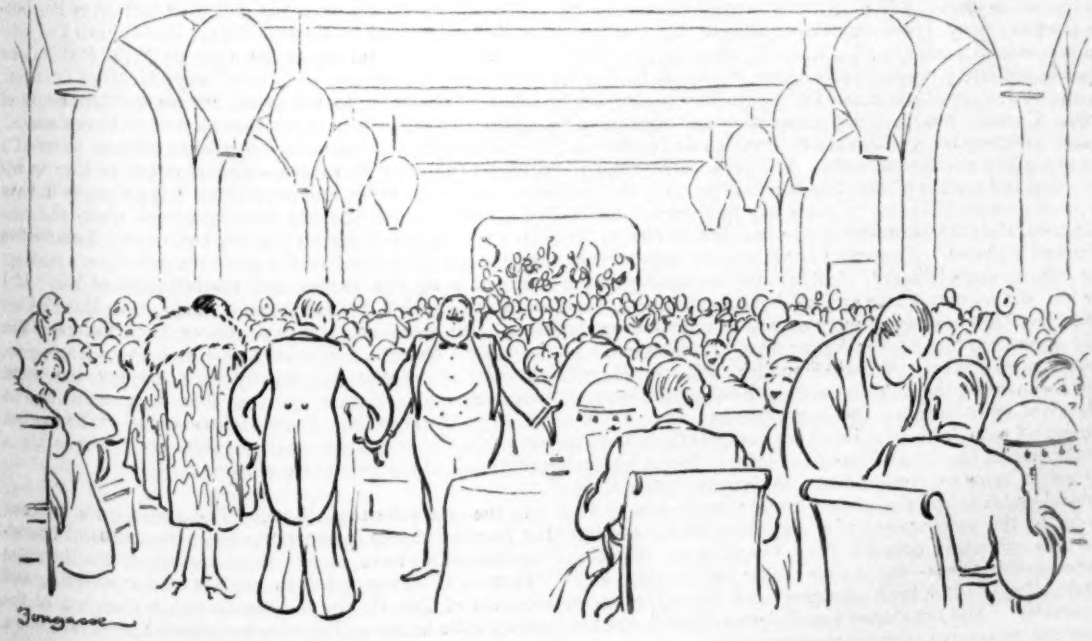
They raced him over the clover, they killed him out in the hay,
That mad misguided rover that called at the close of May;
And the heads of the hounds were drooping and Cobber was black with sweat,
And the end was a wild who-whooping; and the Master blushes yet
When he thinks how the folk came trooping to ask where the hounds had met.
A season of course is a season, but what is a Master for?
And a fox is beyond all reason that squats at a Master's door.

W. H. O.

TIME AND SPACE.



IF YOU HAPPEN TO GO TO THE TUTTI FRUTTI AT 7 P.M., OR THE OLLA PODRIDA AT 8, OR THE SUB ROSA AT 9, OR THE FRIANDISI AT 10, OR THE MOLTO VIVACE AT 11, OR THE CUM GRANO SALIS AT 12 YOU 'LL PROBABLY FIND IT RATHER DULL.



BUT DON'T LET THAT LEAD YOU TO IMAGINE THAT IF YOU GO TO THE TUTTI FRUTTI AT 8, OR THE OLLA PODRIDA AT 9, OR THE SUB ROSA AT 10, OR THE FRIANDISI AT 11, OR THE MOLTO VIVACE AT 12, OR THE CUM GRANO SALIS AT 1 A.M. YOU 'LL HAVE ANY CHANCE OF GETTING A TABLE.



Friend. "TALKING ABOUT SCENERY, DEAR, I HAD NO IDEA HAROLD WAS GETTING SO THIN ON THE TOP."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

CHALLENGED by a post-war world to keep smiling, Mr. DENIS MACKAIL is one of the few novelists I know who can be trusted to maintain that attitude with a natural grace. In *Greenery Street* he exercised his genial wit on the pleasantest side of town life; his latest novel takes the same equable and lively view of the country. I think he has a harder nut to crack this time; for the English countryside, unlike Chelsea, has profound observers and impassioned lovers who may fairly indict his observation as partial and his sympathy as indiscriminate. But even these will probably find themselves placated in the reading, and the rest of us of course will revel in sheer entertainment. Entertainment, the entertainment of one momentous day, is Mr. MACKAIL'S theme. How can I show you, he asks himself, the country at its jolliest? And because the country means for him the country-house and its dependencies, with new wealth and old poverty as mere supers and accessories, he very appositely hits on *The Flower Show* (HEINEMANN) and concentrates on that. We wake up with little *John Hewell*, sole occupant of the night nursery at Nutlington Court, in a fever of anticipation. The great day has arrived. We drowse off with *John*, in spite of our manful efforts to keep awake, just as the fireworks are beginning. In the interval we get to know everyone—from *John's* grandfather (a delightful portrait) and the guests on the right side of the ha-ha, to the garish youth of a neighbouring house-party and the exhibiting notabilities of the village. Everyone and everything lives—the outside broker and his prize muscatels, the Court's head gardener and his unsuccessful "marrers." And the dialect and dialectic of every age and class are recaptured with enchanting fidelity.

At this of all moments the most ephemeral—even now under the chestnut candles the "spent gnat," and with it the cream of another trout season, pass down the lasher and away—it seems a wonderfully opportune and joyous thing to have, what I could never have hoped to have again, a new book by the author of *An Angler at Large*—the late WILLIAM CAINE. My gratitude for this benefaction is due to Mrs. CAINE, who has collected certain of her husband's papers, and to Messrs. PHILIP ALLAN AND CO., who have published them under the title of *Fish, Fishing and Fishermen*. "Few men of letters," says Mr. GUY POLLOCK, in his introduction to the book, "have written badly of angling. Fewer still have written as well as CAINE wrote." I personally could name no one—and CAINE founded a school in angling literature—who is equal to him in his own particular style, and over these happy pages I have been laughing and sighing (for here and there the sunshine is chequered) during the last two days. Twenty-five articles and three short stories go to the collection's making, and many of the former are masterpieces of wit. If I add to this that I 'd place some of them, "An Old Fishing Coat," for instance, alongside of or even before "The Grayling" (see *An Angler at Large* and the anthologies), you will admit that not lightly do I employ the word "masterpiece." CAINE was a fine fisherman and a scholarly, but he has been rightly called "the perfect companion," and this most lovable book serves for a perfect and abiding memory of him.

In the rather formidably titled *The Smoking Furnace and the Burning Lamp* (LONGMANS) some zealous and liberal-minded padres have, under the editorship of the Reverend "TUBBY" CLAYTON, tried to explain the inspiration and methods of Toc H, the fellowship which grew out of the cheery little hostel at Poperinghe-behind-Ypres. Here is a genuine attempt to call Christian citizens to civic service in peace-time and to break down class barriers as they were inevitably broken down in war. Clearly the anxious times call for such a movement. The contributors to this exposi-

tion do not tone down their doctrine to make easy converts, but they do offer a practical interpretation of Christianity which will appeal to many generous minds.

If you've money to burn and you're anxious to learn
Of benevolent methods of blueing it,
In *Haroun of London*'s a super-abundance
Of schemes to assist you in doing it.

For KATHARINE TYNAN sets out to define an
Exceptional modern capitalist
Who's trying by stealth to be rid of his wealth
Through channels of which I submit a list.

One outlet for cash is to purchase and smash
Dud houses—new-built ones or veterans—
And make open spaces or raise in their places,
At rents that are nominal, better 'uns.

Then wherever he goes, with an instinct or nose
That is almost uncannily ferrety,
He contrives to unearth types of down-at-heel worth
And to show them the road to prosperity.

Young lovers debating the expenses of mating
He tactfully helps to afford 'em,
And he even succeeds in supplying the needs
In a case of post-nuptial boredom.

In fact, truth to tell, all his schemes work so well
That the interest slowly diminishes,
And you're rather relieved when his end is achieved
And the tale (COLLINS, SONS & Co.) finishes.



Aunt (to niece who is at an Art School). "WHAT ARE YOU MAKING A STUDY OF NOW?" *Niece.* "THE FIGURE."

In *The Light Reading of Our Ancestors* (HUTCHINSON) Lord ERNLE tells, with equal zest for the technique of the game and the prowess of individuals, the story of the development of prose fiction. Starting with old Milesian stories and ending with *The Waverley Novels*, it is the novel and not the *conte* that he has ultimately in view; in fact he treats the shorter and more artful form mainly as the bumpkin parent of a magnificently creditable child. He sees in the history of the novel a gradual orientation towards the presentment of actual life. The novel becomes less and less an escape from daily experience, more and more an extension of it. And because in the modern undifferentiated world it is extremely difficult to extend anyone's experience of visible realities, the novelist is increasingly preoccupied with psychological motives and the manner of their presentment. Lord ERNLE does not regret the passing of what he charmingly styles "the liberties of a literary Alsatia," the easy freedom of the one accepted form that left the creative artist unhampered by canon and *amour-propre*. He has high hopes of the more *rangés* and self-conscious novelists of to-day. But luckily he does not write about them. On the heels of a learned and spirited introduction to the matter in general he deals with "the scenery of the upper waters": with Greek prose romances, actually rather Asiatic and Egyptian; with PETRONIUS and APULEIUS, both admirably handled; with mediæval romances and with the Tudor and Stuart forbears of the Georgian novelist proper. On RICHARDSON, FIELDING and SMOLLETT he is very good indeed, and his dictum that "Richardson draws men from within, Smollett from without, Fielding from both," is only one of the many concise judgments distilled from a loving erudition.

M. ANDRÉ MAUROIS will always be known to the majority of readers as the creator of *Colonel Bramble* and the acute interpreter of the virtues and limitations of the English

race, though as a matter of fact the original of the Colonel was a Scotsman. But he has proved his versatility and distinction of style in many other *genres*. His first venture was a brilliant historical novel of the revolution of 1848, *Ni Ange ni Bête*, and since the appearance of the *Bramble* books he has given us a delightful and sagacious study of Alsace since the War in *Les Bourgeois de Witzheim*, fluttered the dovecotes of devout Shelleyans in *Ariel*, and made a further excursion into the realm of romantic biography in *Mape*. In fine he touches nothing that he does not adorn. *Bernard Quesnay* (CAPE) is a curious and engrossing study of post-war conditions in the industrial world of France—of the conflict between heredity and the desire of self-expression in two brothers engaged in a family business affected by competition and labour troubles. On the technical side M. MAUROIS writes with authority, having been himself a manufacturer of textile goods for many years before he began to write. But I am more interested in the picture which he gives of the young men torn in two by the lure of commercial success, reinforced by duty, and the call of art and leisure and love. There may be something artificial in the way in which the brothers exchange *rôles*, but only sentimentalists will question the wisdom of *Bernard Quesnay's* resolve to stick to his mill.

Few writers upon nautical history are more painstaking and prolific than Mr. E. KEBLE CHATTERTON. In his new volume, *The Brotherhood of the Sea* (LONGMANS), he gathers together still another collection of stories of courage and endurance afloat, some relating to incidents of the Great War, others to bygone days of "stick and string," the general purpose of the book being to emphasise the continuity of the tradition of sea chivalry from the days of the East Indiaman to those of the modern steamship. The earlier chapters, dealing with the sail era, are by far the least successful part of the book; their precise bearing upon the main idea of the volume is by no means apparent, their literary style is often clumsy and at times their grammar is not above suspicion. Mr. CHATTERTON is much more at home when he writes of matters which come within his own personal experience; he tells his stories of the coastal motor-boats in a natural and easy fashion which makes them excellent reading, and he has more than one new tale to tell. Is it, by the way, strictly in order to apply the term "backing and filling," which definitely relates to the action of wind upon sails, to the manœuvrings of steam vessels?

Mr. WILBUR DANIEL STEELE (an American, as you have already guessed) has chosen for his new novel a theme which is perhaps better suited to Elizabethan drama than to twentieth-century fiction. *Taboo* (HUTCHINSON) is described on its dust-cover as "the Romance of a Mistake," and about the "mistake" at least there can be no doubt whatever. *John Pizarro*, married for love at eighteen, loses his wife a year later and thereupon transfers all his affection to *Glenna*, the daughter she left to him. After eighteen years' passionate devotion *John* discovers that this beautiful girl is not his child, although certainly the daughter of his dead wife. He also discovers, but dare not confess even to himself, that this discovery does not seem so tragic to him as the world would expect it to be. After an interval of separation and "re-orientation" *John* returns to *Glenna*, and the two go off together for some sunny clime where the flying-fishes play and where, I suppose (*Glenna* being still the daughter of *John's* wife), there are no hampering tables of affinity. Rather an unpleasant subject, as you will agree, and one which requires skilful handling to be rendered even tolerable. Mr. STEELE's treatment of it, I gratefully admit, is unexceptionable. I like too the vigour of his style, despite its occasional lapses into the pretentious and irritating. But I remain of the opinion that there are "mistakes" about which romances are best left unwritten.



Sure-shot Ike (as his companion pays the cabman). "AGAIN YOU BEAT ME TO THE DRAW."

If my golf and possibly yours is still in the state when we are more pleased if we make a good shot than surprised when we make a bad one, our imperfections cannot be due to any lack of advice from experts of the game. I have read many books on golf and how to play it without any signs of my handicap sinking to zero. I am not imputing the blame to their authors; I am merely stating a deplorable fact. Any hope that I may have entertained of deriving benefit from such treatises was almost moribund when I consulted ABE MITCHELL (his fee is only 7*s.* 6*d.*), and at once discovered much in his instruction and in his method of imparting it to encourage me. There is very little about what he calls "advanced golf" in the pages of his *Essentials of Golf* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), and there are no tales of champions of the game; but I think you will agree with me that moderate players will here find good advice clearly given. Anyhow he has revived my hopes, and I thank him for a book whose letter-press and illustrations are both a medicine and a tonic.

Mr. A. B. COX, in *Mr. Priestley's Problem* (COLLINS), gets busy at once with a situation full of possibilities. For the purpose of observing "the ordinary man's reaction to murder" *Guy Nesbitt* and his friends staged a gigantic hoax and succeeded in convincing their victim, *Mr. Priestley*, that he had killed his man. Mr. Cox, as he showed in *The Professor on Paws*, can be trusted to deal gaily with the developments that follow. I cannot however imagine why, with a stage already crowded, he went out of his way to create *Alan Spence*, a fourteen-year-old schoolboy who was interested in chorus-girls. I found him an unlicked cub, and not a ghost of a smile did I get out of him. For the rest Mr. Cox's sense of humour is sometimes so exuberant that it lands him in bunkers, but I salute with admiration his powers of recovery.

CHARIVARIA.

IT is reported that Captain LINDBERGH is to take back a saxophone when he returns to America. He must come over here again and again.

* * *

"Are the Scots a Dying Race?" asks a newspaper headline. We doubt it, in spite of the fact that living is very expensive nowadays.

* * *

In reprimanding a delegate for smoking a pipe at the conference of the National Liberal Federation, Sir CHARLES HOBHOUSE, the Chairman, is believed to have taken the view that it savoured of Baldwinism.

* * *

"For the man with the true collector's instinct," says a newspaper article, "nothing is too trifling to collect." We have noticed this in connection with our income-tax.

* * *

A veterinary surgeon has explained, in giving evidence, that a cow charges with her eyes open and a bull with his eyes shut. The desire to verify this at first hand should add greatly to the interest of a country ramble.

* * *

An ornithologist states that he counted thirty-seven nightingales singing one night last week at Wivenhoe, in Essex. It is not yet known what the B.B.C. intends to do in the matter.

* * *

Country sounds are to be broadcast to Londoners. We can imagine the expressions of delight from West-End revellers when a jazz-band selection is suspended in order that a sheep may be heard coughing in Suffolk.

* * *

A London stationer supplies free ink for customers' fountain pens. This of course places him in open competition with our post-offices.

* * *

Reptile bathing-costumes, we note, are among this summer's seaside novelties. The beach-lizard is indicated.

* * *

A writer remarks that nearly every pleasure-boat on the Thames contains a ukelele. This instrument is exceedingly useful if a paddle happens to get mislaid.

A scientist says that fish can articulate. Gold-fish, however, are very reticent about the lack of privacy in their baths.

* * *

A nineteen-year-old girl recently climbed to the top of a hundred-and-fifty-foot chimney and smoked a cigarette. It sounds as though she had the old-fashioned type of mother.

* * *

It has just been discovered that the castor-oil plant kills insects, but for a long time we have known there were no flies on Italy.

* * *

Writers on musical matters have had a good deal to say lately about deputies in the orchestra, but not a word about deputies in the audience.

* * *

A London man can write with the toes of either foot. This should put Mr. EDGAR WALLACE on his mettle.

* * *

A lady-novelist in an evening paper has described the beneficial effects of the mud-baths of Bohemia. Too many novelists seem to have chosen the wrong kind of Bohemian mud to wallow in.

* * *

The news that the famous mansions of Fifth Avenue are to be superseded by flats and stores seems to indicate that even New York is becoming Americanised.

* * *

Many a golfer's style reflects his profession. A well-known K.C. is said to address the ball as if it were a jury.

The unpopularity of the recent railway strike in Mexico was increased by the fact that it threw numbers of train-bandits out of work.

* * *

Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT admits that he has never been able to finish a novel by DICKENS. Yet he has managed to finish several by ARNOLD BENNETT.

* * *

A woman has invented a device which will enable telephone-users to have both hands free. It should be a boon to those who are unable to express themselves without gesticulation.

* * *

It has been alleged in Vienna that Covent Garden audiences behave like football crowds. This is quite untrue; on no occasion has there been community-singing at the Opera.

* * *

The doctor who discovered in his own blood what he believed to be the influenza germ had another attack two months later, when the same germ was found again. The little creature seems to have been fond of him.

* * *

A German scientist predicts that the time is not far distant when food will be made from news print and wood pulp. It will be jolly when we can dine off the lunch scores in the stop-press.

* * *

In a recent interview POLA NEGRI, the film actress, said that her greatest desire was for long hair and a family. Isn't this rather effeminate?

* * *

After the example set by greyhound-racing enthusiasts in England there is some talk of using an electric haggis in Scotland at all future haggis-coursing matches.

* * *

The problem of how to make poultry pay seems to have been partially solved by some Aylesbury men, who are alleged to have stolen six hundred fowls last week.

* * *

We cannot endorse the opinion of a contemporary that there should be hundreds of thousands more telephone subscribers than there are. Our own view is that there are too many wrong numbers already.



Infuriated Tripper. "WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY SENDING US OUT IN A BOAT LIKE THAT? IT WOULD HAVE SUNK IN ANOTHER TWO MINUTES."
Jolly Young Waterman. "WELL, WHAT ABART IT? YOU 'D 'AD YER HOUR."

THE PARTING.

TO THE SOVIET MISSION AND TRADE DELEGATION FROM THEIR SOCIALIST ADMIRERS.

FAREWELL! You can't imagine how we'll miss you
Here where your gospel had its holiest shrine,
Nor what sweet thoughts go with you as you issue
From Chesham House to face the nauseous brine;
This parting fans the flame of faith, not checks it;
Prayers for your swift resilience shall be said;
And Moorgate Street, your other point of exit,
Shall keep your memory red.

What if no more behind those sliding panels
In *caches* of steel your archives you locate,
Nor track the enemy's schemes by secret channels
And fix them on a photostatic plate?
Yet somewhere in a less exposed position,
At Moscow, say, among your kind and kin,
Means should be found to carry on your mission
Of doing England in.

Ours it shall be with loyal zeal to ponder,
Pending your absence, due to vulgar force—
Absence that only makes the heart grow fonder—
On all the noble doctrines you endorse;
To make the pace to Heaven a little hotter,
To seek Millennium by the shortest cut,
And so advance the day when thrones shall totter
And Capital go phut.

Oh, by our vows not lightly to be broken,
By all those proofs of love too fair to fade
(Including brotherhood's most touching token,
That luncheon in the House, for which we paid)—
Hold fast! We wait the hour of your returning
With empires tethered to your conquering car;
Meanwhile we'll keep the local beacons burning.
Pip! pip! and *au revoir!*

O. S.

MARRIAGE À LA MODE.

"Felicity is being married next month," said my wife at breakfast. "She wants to have an up-to-date wedding." Felicity is my wife's dearest friend.

"Sensible girl," I replied. "Registry-office, week-end in the country, reception a month later disguised as a tea-party."

"Certainly not," said my wife, scandalised. "She is being married in church, according to the Prayer Book, latest edition; and she wants to walk under an arch."

"Under an arch! What sort of arch? There's a Gothic one at Westminster Abbey and, I believe, a Norman one at the Tower. But I don't think a marriage at the Tower would be quite valid."

"Don't be silly. You know how officers' wives walk under an arch of swords. Well, that sort of thing is fashionable now, and so Felicity wants to walk under an arch. You must think of something topical and up-to-date."

"Yes," I said bitterly. "Business combined with matrimony for the benefit of those daily papers which purvey current news by means of picture writing, thus repeating history. 'Bride and bridegroom snapped passing beneath an arch of spanners.' Twenty years ago it was confined to the Services. Since the demobilisation of the grand army, however, the habit, encouraged by the hieroglyphic Press, has become general. The result of this professionalising of an ancient rite is that the unhappy couple may be called upon to walk beneath an arch of almost any vocational gear, such as saxophones, golf-sticks or birch rods. You must remember that swords are symbols, not tools."

"I think it's rather sweet," said my wife perversely; "I must think of something suitable for Felicity."

"How would this do?" I suggested. "'A pretty wedding took place—no, was solemnized—last Tuesday, when Mr. Dace Chubb, the well-known piscator, was married to Miss Salmon at Fishmongers' Hall. After the ceremony friends of the bridegroom lined up outside the church and the happy couple walked beneath an arch of split cane fishing-rods to the waiting car. In the course of a felicitous speech the bridegroom remarked that this was the first fish he had ever landed. (Laughter and cries of "Liar.") He thought perhaps he had had a nibble before—(Laughter)—but never a bite. He might say he had toiled for years and caught nothing, except a bad cold. (Laughter.)'"

My wife clapped her hands. "That's splendid," she said. "But of course Jack isn't a fisherman. More."

"We might register it at Stationers' Hall as a new game," I replied. "Your move."

My wife thought deeply. At the end of a minute I pulled out my watch. "Time," I said; "you're huffed. My move again. At St. Thurston's last week Miss Winnie Hazard, the well-known lady billiard champion, espoused Canon Marker. On emerging from the cathedral the happy pair were pelted with chalk and bonzoline in a friendly spirit by their numerous admirers, and walked to the waiting car—the car always waits, luckily—beneath an arch of billiard-cues, with difficulty held up by the bride's friends, one of whom was heard to remark that she needed a rest.

"You see, we must not allow this sort of thing to become the exclusive perquisite of the modern snap-shot artist. It lends itself, as you perceive, equally well to the light touch of the old-fashioned journalist."

"But it won't help Felicity," said my wife. "Jack's a solicitor; try to think of something suitable by next week. Remember, Felicity must walk under an arch."

* * * * * * *

I racked my brains for the good of the cause, but was unable to think of anything suitable or topical or up-to-date for Felicity's wedding. My one suggestion—briefs tied with pink tape—was rejected with scorn; solicitors are such aggressive people and they always get the better of me in argument. So I dismissed the affair of arches from my mind.

A week later my wife returned home late, looking shop-soiled, and in answer to my raised eyebrows reported that she had been to Felicity's wedding. Then I remembered.

"Did Felicity have her arch?" I inquired cautiously.

"Yes," said my wife.

"How very, very clever you women are! I should never have thought of anything suitable or topical or up-to-date for a solicitor's arch. 'The bride, leaning on the bridegroom's arm, looked charming as she stepped from the church and walked to the waiting car under an arch of—of——'"

"Umbrellas," said my wife shortly; "it was raining."

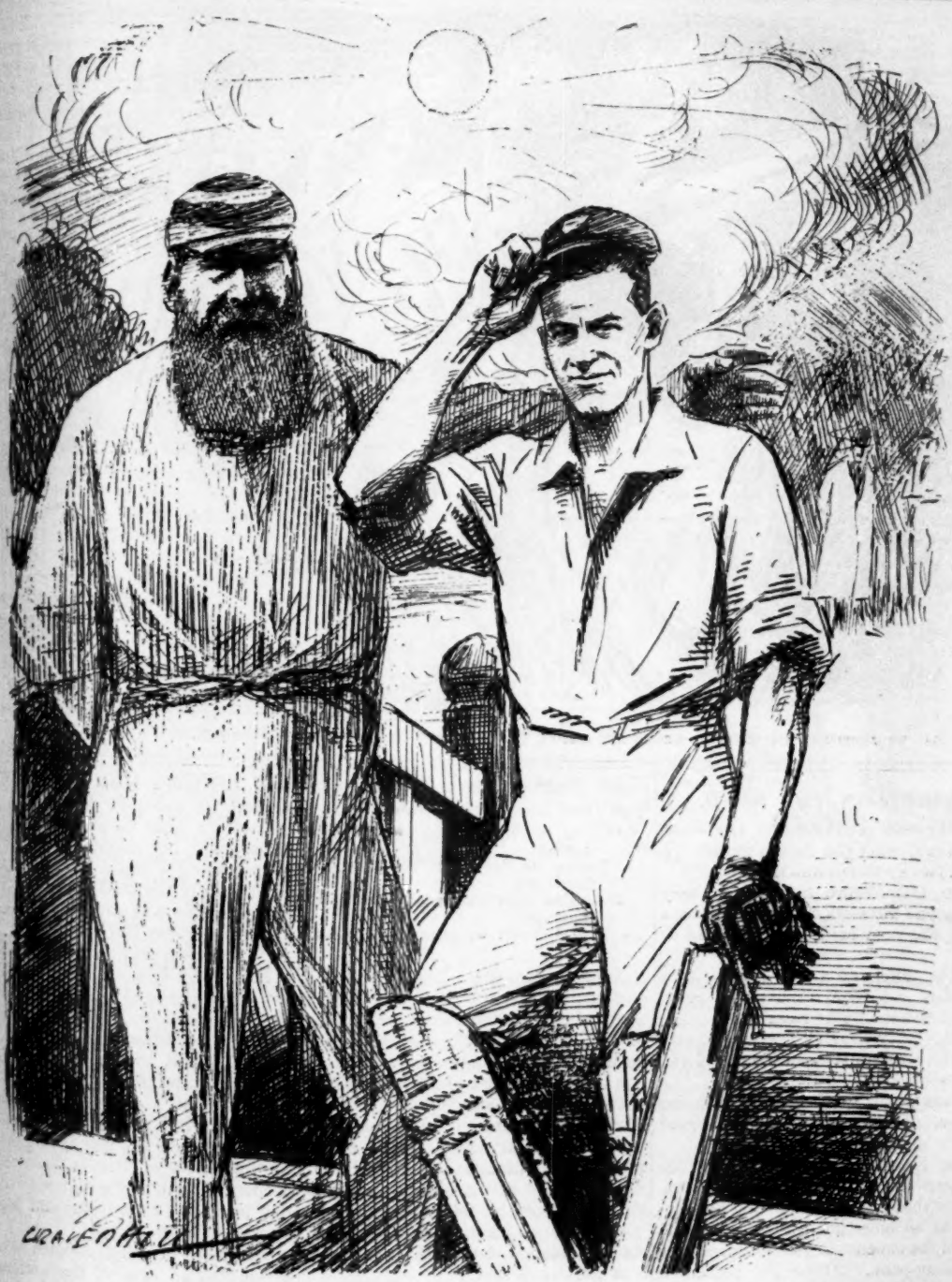
From an account of Captain LINDBERGH'S arrival at Croydon:—

"The police were powerless, and before the aerodrome had come to rest it was surrounded by thousands of people."—*Daily Paper.*

It is not surprising in the circumstances that there was some little delay before the airman could effect a landing.

"There is a tendency to-day to omit the formal dining-room, and use an informal gate-leg or refractory table at one end of a large living-room for meals."—*Scots Magazine.*

One must be prepared, of course, for this kind of table getting upon its hind legs and ganging its ain gate.



DOUBLE GLOUCESTER.

1895 AND 1927.

SHADE OF W. G. GRACE (*to* HAMMOND *of his own county*). "A NOBLE CLOUT ERE MAY IS OUT."

[With a score of 192, made against Hampshire, HAMMOND equalled W. G.'s record of a thousand runs in May.]



AS THE CHORUS OF THE CABARET GROWS AND GROWS, IT IS BECOMING POSITIVELY UNSAFE TO HAVE A FRONT-ROW TABLE.

SPORT ON THE ROAD.

"BETWEEN Dorking and Guildford yesterday," said the first motorist, "I killed two swallows and a thrush."

"In Oxfordshire last week," said the second motorist, "I chased a hare along the road for three miles and a-half."

"That suggests a new stunt," said the first motorist, "the petrol greyhound and the living hare."

"Not far from High Wycombe," said the third motorist relentlessly, "I ran over a stoat."

There was a small quiet man in the corner. There always is. He stirred a little in his chair.

The speakers were sitting in the lounge of the White Hart Hotel, which, as everybody knows, has been redecorated as an olde-time hostelrye, regardless of the expense in blunderbusses and warming-pans. There are patterned chintzes on the sofas and chairs and churchwarden-pipes in the bar-parlour. Rushes are strewn on the floor and every bedroom is provided with h. and c.

"Rather a curious accident happened to me also," said the little man, "about the end of last July. I have acquired recently a small bungalow by the Sussex shore. I am not the only one. Perhaps you remember the lines:—

"'Filling the field with the woe of their wastings,
Dotting the downs and the marsh and the strand,
Stretching from Chichester right up to Hastings
A herd of wild bungalows eats up the land.'"

None of them did.

"They were written," he said, "by my aunt, who caught a cold while staying in one of them. However, that has nothing to do with my story.

"I was going down to my bungalow, which was then newly built, and for which I had found no name, and was proceeding at an early hour at a rather rapid pace through Richmond Park when a most extraordinary thing occurred. I struck a fallow-deer."

All the other motorists sighed. They had not suspected that the little man was capable of this.

"It was a fine buck," continued the little man, "and it must somehow have turned its head towards me in the moment of impact. We both made a sickening bump on to the grass, but I had managed to apply my hand-brake and, though shaken, was not much hurt.

"Far otherwise, however, had it fared with the noble buck. Its neck was broken. It was quite dead. Worse still, its antlers were in some way jammed underneath my radiator, so that even by reversing I could not get clear. I tried pulling the buck away by its hind legs, but this was equally unsuccessful. The animal was fast stuck.

"I became a prey to mingled emotions of horror and despair. I looked all round me. The silence of morning brooded on the decent sward. No park ranger and no early horsemen were in sight. No doubt I ought to have walked back to Richmond and given myself up to the police. But I remembered suddenly that I had in the back of the car a large wood-saw which I was taking down to my bungalow in order to do some home carpentering in connection with the garden fence. I took it out and began to employ it immediately. I don't know whether any of you gentlemen have ever attempted to saw off the antlers of a fallow-buck with a large wood-saw at about 7.45 A.M. in Richmond Park?"

None of them had.

"It was," proceeded the little man, "a terrible and an awe-inspiring task. Vague recollections of English history floated through my mind as I sawed. This was a Royal Park, and the penalty

for killing a buck on royal preserves had once, at any rate, been death. I remembered that KING WILLIAM THE FIRST had loved the tall deer as though he were their father. This, of course, was not one of the tall deer, and I could not be certain whether KING GEORGE THE FIFTH entertained the same sentiments towards his fallow-deer. But in my mood of distraction I was very nearly ready to believe that he did. Beads of perspiration broke out on my forehead. I kept uneasily glancing this way and that. I was moved also by sentiments of the sincerest pity for the dead animal, so graceful, so beautifully dappled, a moment ago so vigorous and strong.

"'He trod the ling like a buck in Spring,'

I kept saying to myself as I sawed."

Here he stopped for a moment and looked round. The attitude of his audience apparently encouraged him.

"Eventually," he went on, "I finished the job and was able to wrench the antlers free from the car. I popped them inside."

"Why on earth did you do that?" queried the first motorist.

"As souvenirs," said the little man—"purely as souvenirs. But I am not—I hope you will believe it—a dishonest man. It was necessary of course to make some compensation for what I had done. I found it a difficult computation. The fallow-deer, as I understand it, is almost exactly halfway between a wild animal and a domestic pet, so that the loss would be not only material but sentimental. On the other hand the carcass remained. I had no means of estimating, by way of counter-charge, the market value of the venison contained in a fallow-buck. Finally I took a five-pound note from my pocket and placed it in the open mouth of the unhappy quadruped. I then, not without tears, proceeded on my way."

"And afterwards?" said the second motorist, evincing a faint curiosity.

"Nothing occurred at all. The matter was evidently hushed up. Somebody may have found the note and secreted the body. The deed could scarcely have been attributed to Bolshevist activities, for a Bolshevist, I imagine, would not have left money behind him and in any case would probably have eaten the deer. I had the antlers fitted into a wooden frame, and if any of you gentlemen care to pay a visit to my seaside bungalow at any time, he will be able to hang his hat on one of them. My bungalow is quite close to Pevensey Bay."

"And what is it called?" inquired the third motorist. "You told us at the beginning that you hadn't found a name for it at the time."



Wife (to owner of rather fragile villa). "THERE GOES THE LAST BUS, DARLING. YOU MIGHT JUST PUT THE PICTURES STRAIGHT FOR THE NIGHT."

"I have called it," said the little man simply, "'Balmoral.'"

There was a short silence. Then the first motorist got up and rang the bell.

"A large whisky-and-soda," he said to the waiter, dressed as a mediæval henchman, who instantly appeared.

"The same here," said the second and third motorists.

"You may fetch me," said the little man plaintively, "a very small glass of still lemonade." EVOE.

Unrecorded History.

"The painting, a picture of the Holy Family, is said to have hung in the ancient chantry of St. Michael's Tokyngton, which was sacked by Oliver Cromwell about 1615."—*Daily Paper.*

We had no idea that CROMWELL (born 1599) had displayed his iconoclastic tendencies while still in his teens.

Our Cynical Organists Again.

"To-morrow, at St. ——'s Church, the Rev. —— will preach his farewell sermons. Anthem, 'Oh Give Thanks.' (Elvey)."
North-Country Paper.

"70 CROCODILES IN BATHROOM.
WIFE LEAVES HOME."
Daily Paper.

They do it now on the flimsiest provocation.

"ITALY'S FUTURE.

Mussolini declares that they must be able at a moment's notice to mobilise five million men and to arm them. They must reinforce their navy, and their air forces must be so numerous, so powerful, that the surface of their wigs must obscure the sun over their land."
Irish Paper.

The utilisation of their wigs for this purpose should leave them free to go for the enemy baldheaded.

WHAT ENGLAND IS THINKING.

III.—WIGAN.

WIGAN!

Alone in Wigan!

Alone in Wigan on Sunday!

Wigan—fruitful mother of mirth! Everybody knows that Wigan is funny. After the mother-in-law Wigan is perhaps the most certain laugh on any stage. At the name of Wigan every face relaxes. Speak of "the pier" at Wigan or "the promenade" at Wigan and old men "dooble oop." Millions of my fellow-countrymen who could not point to Wigan on the map are aware that Wigan is funny. But nobody has yet been able to explain to me *why* Wigan is funny.

So I went to Wigan to find out why Wigan is funny. And to do the thing thoroughly I went to Wigan on a Sunday.

I am the only man in history who in cold blood has proceeded from Liverpool to Wigan on a Sunday. Wigan is eighteen miles odd from Liverpool, and I think the tram goes all the way. I think the tram goes everywhere in the North. They say you can go from Liverpool to Leeds by tram. But I went by taxi, and I could scarcely have caused a greater sensation if I had ridden on a swan. On that long road there is never that Sunday procession of motor-cars which gives so horrible a gaiety to the high roads of the South. No man or woman is hurrying to Wigan. So my taxi rattled on as lonely as GODIVA, but much more stared at.

There are a few fields left between Liverpool and Wigan, but there is no doubt that before long Lancashire will be one large town. Even now, I notice, every window on that road is shut; the men of that part of the world spend their lives getting coal-dust out of the ground, and the women in keeping it out of the house. Still it is not true that the sun never shines on British Industry. The sun shone brightly that morning and lit up generously the wondrous works of Man—the factories, the slag-heaps, the pit-heads, the chimneys and the cranes, the tiny cottages and vast advertisements and all those lovely way-side places where petroleum-spirit is purveyed for motor-traffic by dazzling robots in yellow or red.

Every now and then, when the road rose, I saw ahead among the clusters of factory-chimneys, which stand like sets of ninepins across the horizons, foregrounds and middle-distances in all directions, a set of ninepins bigger and blacker than any I had seen before; and I tapped on the glass and, peeping round the corner, said hopefully, "Is that Wigan?" And in every case the driver said, "No, that is ——," or some other community whose name I do not even dare to write. The truth is that there are many worse places than Wigan on the road to Wigan and all round Wigan; and here and now I wish to make for the nation the *amende honorable* to Wigan.

Wigan might be much, much worse.



Timid Householder (after much knocking). "ER—DID YOU SAY 'COME IN'?"

Truculent Cook. "YOU KNOW VERY WELL I DIDN'T."

It has a fine church and a fine War memorial, and fewer chimneys than many places. But the lunch which I had at Wigan could not have been worse. This was without exception the most awful food for which I have ever paid money. After a painfully long interval a maiden at last appeared to minister to my needs. Without other introduction or preamble she said shortly, "There's no soup to-day." And with these whipping words she set before me a cubic inch of many-coloured salmon. The salmon began green and passed through various blues and reds to a pale pink. I nibbled delicately at the pink end and waited for the beef. The beef had fewer colours than the salmon, though not many fewer; but it had on each side a thick and impenetrable hide. That beef, I judge, had rhinoceros in its veins and it must have been cooked all ready for the annual visitor to Wigan in the later months of 1926.

At this point there entered another guest. He had left Glasgow very early that morning on a motor-bicycle and was aiming, he said, at London. I lent him some of my bread, and he gnawed at that for some time. He was evidently acquainted with travel in England, so "Can you tell me," I said, "why Wigan is funny?" Just then the maiden came in with more salmon, and said again, "There's no soup to-day." My fellow-guest took one look at the salmon; he rose up and strapped his motor-goggles on and without a word went out; he mounted his motor-bicycle and rode away to London. We watched him from the window.

"He's in a hurry," I said.

"They often are," said the maiden.

We talked. "What is there to do in Wigan on a Sunday?" I asked.

"Nothing," she said. "Unless you go clicking."

"Where is that done?" I said. "Is there a park?"

She did not know. "I've never been farther than the post-office," she said. And she had worked in Wigan for many months.

When I told her that I was going back to Liverpool she sighed and said wistfully, "I suppose you'll be clicking along Lime Street this evening?"

"Is that where they click?" I said.

"That's the clicking-place," she answered simply.

Then I passed out of her life.

At the "Collier's Arms"—not the scene of my lunch, I should add—they knew more about Wigan. The man behind the bar said there was nothing to do in Wigan. Nobody in any Northern town ever admits that there is anything to do there. But he said there was a park. The man behind the bar was a moralist, and he said I ought to be in that street in the evening when the young men and women were walking up and down clicking. He said they walked up and down clicking till the pubs opened and then many of them came into the pubs, because it was generally raining and there was nowhere else for them to go; for in the virtuous North there are no picture-houses open on a Sunday.

Wigan's park is pleasant enough, with



LE MOT JUSTE.

flowers and lawns, ducks, water and so forth. I watched the band massing and thought I had never seen such splendid uniforms, so deep a blue and so much gold braid. The band of the Fourth Hungarian Hussars, I thought. But this resplendent band, I discovered, is composed of working miners and railwaymen, who play to their fellow-citizens on Sunday "for a hobby." And this day on which I went to Wigan was the first day on which those bright new uniforms and brand-new silver instruments appeared in public. By such chances is the persistent traveller rewarded. The conductor was a railway-man, earning not very much a week, and Wigan, I think, should be proud of him and his band.

But Young Wigan, I fear, was thinking less of municipal music than communal clicking. The young men walk about in bands, in lovely Homburg hats of heliotrope and mauve and purple, and the young women walk in couples, in silk stockings and pearl necklaces and fetching cloche hats. They all look prosperous, they pass each other by and they eye each other and prepare to click. But the park, I fancy, is too respectable for much of a click.

Riding back to Liverpool, I read in a Lancashire paper a letter of protest from a worthy citizen about the conduct of young people in the —— museum on wet Sundays. They simply walk up and down the museum, he says, and look at each other's clothes instead of studying the fossils. I have no doubt the same gentleman has set his face against opening the picture-houses on Sunday evenings. But what Wigan is thinking is that really it looks as if the young people of this disastrous age were determined to enjoy themselves somehow, some time, and, if they cannot go to the pictures on a wet Sunday, they will click in museums or go to the pubs. And if the gentleman thinks the pub is better for them than the pictures—well, very well, then . . .

But still I do not know why Wigan is funny. A. P. H.

"Women's voices should be, if anything, low and well modulated."—*Monthly Magazine.*

"If anything" is good. Unheard melodies are the sweetest.

A WIRELESS SERENADE.

Miranda, are you listening?
For here am I announced to sing.
Tune in, tune in, 'tis striking eight;
My heart will shortly oscillate
(Although its valves are passing strong)
In trembling waves of wingéd song.
My filaments of hope mount high
As do aërials up the sky,
And, like those wires, are also found
Frequently dashed upon the ground.
The battery of your bright eyes
Life's motive power for me supplies;
My 60-volt affection, dear,
Accumulates when you draw near,
And with anodic rapture sweet
Is now assembled at your feet,
Though yours for me, capricious maid,
Is oft cathodic, I'm afraid.
Yet if you'd only marry me
A fine connection it would be.
Don't think that I'm a shallow loud-Speaker. With feelings I'm endowed,
And all my world will soon become,
If you say "No," a vacuum.

NOCTURNE.

"A PERFECTLY appalling thing happened to me last night," said Edward. "Perfectly appalling. I don't know what to do about it, because it 's—well, one of those things that are rather difficult to explain." He coughed politely, to indicate that he intended going into details.

"You know how sometimes, when you 're talking to a person, you may be most frightfully interested in what they 're saying and yet somehow lose consciousness, if you take me, so that, when you come to, they 're well away on Home Rule for England or Modern Architecture or something equally blighting, and you have to look fearfully intelligent all of a sudden and say, Yes, you were always brought up to think of it like that, but things do change so nowadays. And then the other fellow tells you it was a quotation from the Russian, and you look a fool. Well, it was like that; only in—in circumstances in which you don't generally do that sort of thing. Perfectly appalling," repeated Edward sorrowfully. "There 's no other word for it."

"You see, it was the first time I 'd ever proposed to her, so I was naturally a bit *distrait*, as you might say; but it was a nice night and there wasn't any one else on the balcony, and we seemed to be getting on awfully well. As a matter of fact I believe it would have been perfectly all right if she hadn't been wearing that infernal frock. It was new, you know, and when Helen has a new frock you can't help noticing it. One of those very tight skinny-looking ones, green, up in the front and down in the back. Extremely taking. And the particular thing about it was an enormous sash affair at one side, with two long thin ends that flapped behind her when she walked. I don't know the technical term for that sort of thing," he explained, "but the effect was distinctly good.

"Well, there we were all quiet and secluded in the moonlight, with one or two stars shining over our heads, you know, and the dance-music coming soft and soothing from somewhere behind us, and what with one thing and another it seemed a chance in a thousand, so I did." Here Edward stopped to grin self-consciously; but not for long.

"It was after that that I went and made such an awful mess of things. You see, when I 'd done it I sort of—er—paused. You know how you do. Rising intonation. And, while I was pausing, that sash affair caught my eye again, and I suddenly wondered where on earth it came from. The dress was perfectly plain, straight up and down, not an inch to spare anywhere, and this great bow effect suddenly appeared from nowhere, if you see what I mean. There was nowhere for it *to* come from. And it wasn't stitched on afterwards, because you could see where the stuff went into the knot; besides, the whole frock was sort of pulled together at that point. It simply sprouted.

"First I wondered whether the stuff had been specially woven with long ends hanging out in the middle, but that seemed too jolly complicated. And then I wondered if it could be grafted on in any way; I mean I once had a Scotch batman who used to put new heels into socks somehow or other, so that you couldn't see the join, but of course this stuff was much finer. It was simply fascinating. I tried to think what the dress would look like if you could turn it inside out, because it suddenly struck me that the ends might be coming from underneath. And I was working all this out, trying to visualise it before the inner eye, you know, when Helen suddenly got up and smiled kindly at me and walked away."

Edward went quite pale at the recollection.

"I hadn't been listening," he went on earnestly. "You can't imagine how appalling it felt. I 'd absolutely no idea whether she 'd accepted me or not, and the only thing I could think of doing was chasing after her to ask; and then I thought, Dash it all, you can hardly do a thing like that. What I mean to say, you can hardly hare up to a woman and say, 'Oh, pardon me, but you know I proposed to you just now. Would you awfully mind repeating what you said, because I 'm afraid I was thinking of something else?' It 's impossible. And if it weren't it would be with Helen.

"Well, then I thought perhaps someone might have been standing near and overheard, and I could ask them. But there wasn't anyone except the policeman in the square underneath, and he was too far. And then I tried to think whether she 'd be more likely to smile kindly at me if she 'd accepted or if she 'd refused, and it seemed about fifty-fifty. And then I thought that, if she 'd accepted, she wouldn't have gone off like that and left me; but of course she might have had the next dance with someone, or just got bored waiting for me to go on. You see, I 'd no idea how long I 'd been trying to work out about her sash. And then," finished Edward bitterly, "I found everyone had gone home, and the butler had to come and let me out."

He sighed profoundly and got up.

"What I want to know is this: Ought I to consider myself engaged or not? It 's a pretty grim feeling not being sure. Of course the person who does know is Helen, but I can't ask her. I suppose the best thing to do is to hang about public places and see if anyone congratulates me, but I don't know how I ought to be looking. And it might be as well," observed Edward thoughtfully, "if I were to send her a bunch of flowers now and again in case we are; but something fairly sober in case we aren't. I think violets would about meet the case."

Edward sighed again and began to look for his hat.

"But I *would* like to know," he said wistfully, "how they worked that sash."

CRICKET FROM THE TRAIN.

No one who has any regard for truth would describe me as a cricket-fan. Season after season goes by without my causing one click of the turnstiles at Lord's or the Oval. I couldn't even tell you off-hand how many centuries SANDHAM has made up to date. A newspaper announcement that Glamorgan is fighting to avert defeat leaves me as cold as the latest murder does. And yet whenever I come across a game of cricket in progress the instinct that is more or less developed in every Englishman compels me to watch a few balls bowled.

As I am living in London at present it will be understood that most of the games of cricket that come to my notice are those I see from railway-trains. When motoring it is my experience that the comparatively few cricket-grounds that are visible from the main roads are two parishes behind by the time I have turned my head.

Now there is attached to these glimpses of cricket that I get from the train a curious fatality to which, though I have been aware of it for years, I feel at last impelled to draw attention. It is just this: in none of them have I ever seen a ball bowled.

To give instances, I select from at least two-dozen cricket-matches that were being played within sight of the Southern Railway last Saturday week as I travelled through Surrey. In one a bowler was in the middle of his preliminary trot when a long train on the up line intercepted my vision of him for ever. In another the fieldsmen, crossing over in the leisurely manner typical of rural half-day matches, were suddenly obliterated by a thick belt of trees. In a third a new batsman was taking guard with extreme care when the whole scene was "blacked out" by a tunnel. And so in all of them . . .

I feel that in relating my experience



Policeman. "YER CAN'T GO THERE, MISS; IT'S A ONE-WAY STREET."
Lady. "BUT I ONLY WANT TO GO ONE WAY."

I am performing a public service, for if I, who am no cricket-fan, found it irritating it is not unreasonable to infer that there were among my fellow-passengers enthusiasts whom it exasperated. I would therefore urge the railway companies to instruct their guards and drivers that trains passing cricket-matches are to be delayed for the duration of at least one over, or longer if desired by a majority of the passengers. My view is that the spirit of good-fellowship thus promoted would more than compensate for the slight derangement of the train-services.

CHACUN À SON GOÛT.

My mother likes songs that are beautiful songs, that charm and soothe the heart,
Composed while beauty was still the duty and ultimate aim of Art;
Melodies made to be sung by a swain to the light of the silvery moon,
Harmonious sounds, a mellifluous voice and a soft sweet tune.

My daughter likes songs that are intricate songs, that are not sweet at all;
They are sung very loud to a highbrow crowd in a sweltering concert-hall;
If so much as a trace of a tune should appear it is speedily nipped in the bud
By consecutive fifths, a chromatic display and a last deep thud.

But the only song in the world for me, the song for which I wait,
Is the coppery song that is played on the gong in a private hall at eight:
Soup, fish, joint, sweet, savoury, cheese, dessert,
A bottle of wine and a poet replete in a stiff white shirt. G. B.

LIVESTOCK IN BARRACKS.

IV.—MONTAGUE AND THE MACHINE-GUN.

WE heard it through the usual channels. That is to say, the General gave an order to the Brigade-Major, the Brigade-Major's clerk told, in confidence, one of the orderlies, who told a friend, who that night in the canteen met a pal in the Army Service Corps, and our Adjutant heard it next afternoon from the Quartermaster. Three days later of course he got the official letter about it, but that 's nothing; it takes a priority telegram at least to get ahead of our Quartermaster.

The letter was about machine-guns. I don't know anything about machine-guns myself, but apparently somebody had complained that the habit of carrying one's machine-guns on the backs of mules was all very well in theory, but in practice it took too long to get into action. If, so to speak, the enemy met you before you met him, he sat down and picked you off at leisure, while you, I gather, up to the waist in shavings and cardboard-boxes and excited mules, were trying to fit your gun together and wondering who had borrowed the spanner and where your fool of a man had packed the bullets.

The General had apparently been stirred by this complaint, and his letter suggested that our experts should experiment with mules and machine-guns and devise some means by which, if occasion demanded, the machine-gun might be fired direct from the back of the mule. The suggestion was handed to our Lieutenant Swordfrog to deal with, and I made a mental note to be present at the result.

Three days later the Colonel was invited out to see what Swordfrog had done. The cast at this dress-rehearsal was very varied. It began with Lieutenant Swordfrog, looking very important and full of explanations; then there was Sergeant Haversack, whom one suspected of having supervised most of the real work; and two worried-looking lance-corporals who had probably done it. There was also a driver with a broad grin, and lastly Montague.

Montague is our oldest mule and has decided some while ago that life holds nothing further for him. He is content to meditate on his youth, and how hay isn't what it used to be in his young days, or whatever it is that old mules do meditate about. In the intervals he browses peacefully on anything that comes his way, from stable doorpost to second-lieutenant's tunic.

On the audience side were the Colonel, the Adjutant, loaded with note-books, B Company Commander, the Regimental Sergeant-Major, myself, because I wouldn't have missed it for worlds, and Lance-Corporal Pouch, who has a habit of butting in curiously on these shows to see what 's going on. I was the only one, however, who seemed to know that he oughtn't to belong, but I couldn't say much as I was too busy trying to look as if I belonged myself.

The stage was a vast open space on the ranges, lit by the spring sunlight and surrounded by danger-flags; for naturally we were going to fire live rounds, at targets which our Private Trigger, hidden in the butts, was expectantly watching.



"A BURST OF FIRE SWEPT THE COUNTRYSIDE."

Lieutenant Swordfrog explained his idea. I haven't the vaguest recollection what it was all about. The only thing I really remember is that there was a string to work the firing apparatus of the gun.

We began.

Sergeant Haversack and the driver, still grinning, lined Montague up facing south, while the two lance-corporals stood at his side and tried to draw a bead on the target. Swordfrog fluttered nervously round. The audience got well to the peaceful end—of both the gun and the mule. Montague began to eat a ripe-looking button off Sergeant Haversack's tunic.

Then Swordfrog said "Go!" One of the lance-corporals jerked the string smartly and a few bullets sped off to the butts.

The effect on Montague was curious. He first threw up his head, incidentally throwing up the driver's head with his nose and removing the grin. Then he quivered from stem to stern. Never in all his varied life had such a thing happened to him. The lance-corporal, a little unnerved, pulled the string again. This time Montague decided it was no place for him and, despite the driver, began to stroll off.

As long as he kept direction it was all right, but when he began to turn, thus bringing his broadside to bear on the surrounding country, we realised the situation had further possibilities. We had an idea we would lie down on the nice soft ground.

At this point the lance-corporal did quite the wrong thing, though it was to an extent very natural. He found himself with a string in his hand, at the other end of which was a mule walking away which oughtn't to walk away. Instinctively he said "Whoa!" and pulled the string.

A burst of fire swept the countryside. The driver lay down; Sergeant Haversack lay down; and we lay further down. Montague, puzzled at this inexplicable phenomenon, threw up his tail and kicked playfully at the lance-corporal, who let go the string and lay down too. The string thereupon became entangled in Montague's tail.

The next quarter of an hour was full of incident. I don't think Montague was frightened, for he has never yet been that, though he may have been a little perplexed. I prefer to think that it was that feeling of spring in the air, coupled with the sudden and unaccountable disappearance of all human beings, which suddenly brought back his lost youth. Anyway, Montague frisked. And every time he frisked he twitched his tail, and every time he twitched his tail he fired a short burst off into the blue, and every time he felt his armament go off he frisked a bit more. The range echoed to the noise; the neighbourhood was alive with bullets. And in the middle of a deserted space Montague played happily with himself and wondered where the noise came from and what had happened to everyone. Throughout it all the conscientious Private Trigger in the butts was busy signalling misses with a flag.

When at last an intermittent clicking told us that Montague had run out of ammunition we emerged and carried him with a determined rush.

We were all very silent on the way



Village School Teacher (to unfortunate airman who has just crashed in adjoining field). "IF YOU PLEASE, WE 'RE FROM THE SCHOOL, AND I WONDER IF YOU 'D MIND GIVING THESE CHILDREN A LITTLE TALK ABOUT AEROPLANES."

back, and Lieutenant Swordfrog returned a different way.

I hear that the report to Brigade was on the following lines: "Firing machine-guns from the backs of mules has great possibilities. In war, however, the most efficacious plan would be to get the enemy to do it." A. A.

HAREBELL.

THE Harebell is singing its stern little song,
"Ring-a-ding, ding-a-ding, bustle along!"
And all the young hares with a grunt and a yawn
Roll out of bed at the break of the dawn.
The Harebell is singing its gay little song,
"Ring-a-ding, ding-a-ding, bustle along!"
And all the young hares scamper wildly away
To race in the meadows and nibble the hay.
The Harebell is singing its soft little song,
"Ring-a-ding, ding-a-ding, bustle along!"
And all the young hares snuggle up in a heap,
Pull up the bedclothes and fall off to sleep.

MISLEADING CASES.

XVI.—THE SPY SYSTEM.

Rex v. *The Commissioner of Police, Chief Inspector Charles, Inspector Smart, Sergeant Oliphant and Constable Boot.*

AT the Old Bailey the hearing of this case approached its conclusion to-day, when Mr. Justice Swallow began his address to the jury. He said:—

"Gentlemen of the Jury, the facts of this important and distressing case have already been put before you some four or five times, twice by the prosecuting counsel, twice by the counsel for the defence, and once at least by each of the various witnesses who have been heard; but so low is my opinion of your understanding that I think it necessary, in the simplest language, to tell you the facts again.

The prisoners are officers in the London Police Force, and, at the instigation of a public-minded citizen, Mr. Albert Haddock, they are accused of conspiring to do certain unlawful acts. Now it is my duty to inform you that, although a given offence by a single individual may be a trifling one, a conspiracy by a number of persons to commit that offence in concert may be a much more serious affair; and in view of the stupidity which I see carved upon your faces I will explain that by an illustration which should be intelligible to the most bovine member of the jury and may even penetrate to the slumbering consciousness of the fourth gentleman from the left in the back row. For any member of a quartette to sing out of tune is undesirable; but if by arrangement they *all* sing out of tune, the act is many more than four times more deplorable.

"Some of the offences alleged in this case appear trifling in themselves. By the wise ordinances of our land it is unlawful to buy or sell chocolates after the hour of half-past nine o'clock in the evening or to buy cigarettes, cigars or matches after the hour of eight. It is not for the subject to question or to comment on these provisions. It is at about the hour of half-past nine that the thought of chocolate first enters the minds of large numbers of the citizens, and it is right and proper that at that precise hour the supply of chocolates should be sternly cut off by a maternal Government. As for the cigarettes, these regulations are in line with the ancient tradition of this island, which has always been to discourage and irritate the foreign visitor by every form of inconvenience and restriction, and so dispose him to return to his own country.

"Now the evidence for the prosecution is that at 8.5 P.M. on April 14th the defendant Boot, being in plain clothes, entered the bar of the Folliseum Theatre and asked the barmaid for a packet of Anodyne cigarettes. Miss Perceval, as she has told you, replied that the magic hour was past, but Boot pleaded with her and, no one else being present except the vigilant Haddock, who happened, it appears, to be preparing his mind for the performance, Miss Perceval at last relented. As you have seen, Boot has a pleasant countenance and manly figure, and Miss Perceval liked the look of him. Her evidence is that he put her in mind of a Mr. THOMAS MIX, a gentleman who has not been called in evidence and is not known to the police.

"At 9.35 P.M. the defendant Boot again entered the bar and asked for a box of chocolates. Miss Perceval, who had just refused a number of similar requests, was moved by the spectacle of this strong man pleading for sweetmeats, and as a personal favour made him a surreptitious sale at the end of the interval, when everyone had left the bar except, as it happened, Mr. Haddock, who was refreshing his mind for the Second Act, and had been intensely irritated by Miss Perceval's refusal to sell him chocolates, of which, as he told you, he is passionately fond.

"Boot then took Miss Perceval's name and address and informed her that a charge would be made. The management was prosecuted and fined, and the tender-hearted Miss Perceval was dismissed from their employment. There is no doubt upon the evidence that Boot deliberately broke or procured a breach of the law, and he has told you that what he did he did by the general or specific instructions of his co-defendants.

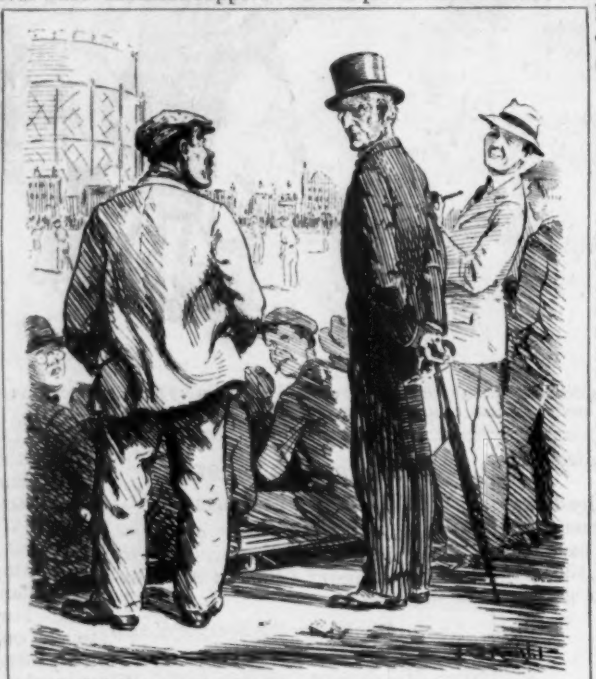
"Now this is only one of a number of similar episodes. In recent years, it appears, there has entered for the first time, systematically and unashamed, into the administration of British justice the repellent figure of the *agent provocateur*, which is a French expression signifying an official spy who causes an offence to secure a conviction; and I use that phrase partly to impress upon you your own profound ignorance and partly because there is no other. There is no other phrase, and for a very good reason; the idea is so repugnant to British notions of fair play and decency that it has never found expression in our language. I have seen no comment, judicial or otherwise, upon the importation of this loathsome practice; it has stolen in, unblessed and almost unobserved, and taken a firm place in the national life. It is not employed for the suppression of the major crimes, where official dishonour might be forgiven in a noble cause; no constable causes himself to be murdered or robbed for the protection of the public by the apprehension of a dangerous person; but it is the constant support of small prosecutions for small offences wisely invented by righteous people for the hindrance or prevention of public enjoyment.

"The defendant Boot has been prominent in many of these. In one of his exploits, as you have heard, a humble tobacconist had a cigarette-machine in his shop; Boot invited him to place a sixpence in the slot for him, and, on the man obligingly doing so, he was gloriously prosecuted for an offence against the Shop Acts. Boot, it is said, has more automatic-machine prosecutions to his credit and has deprived more barmaids of their livelihood than any officer in the Force. Boot is always in disguise. With the defendants Charles and Smart, as you have heard, he lurks in theatres and in public-houses, in sweet-shops and night-clubs, in borrowed overalls or chartered evening-dress as the occasion demands; he endears himself to women, is affable to men, and at last, by a shameless exploitation of his personality, demands and is granted, at the public expense, tobacco, chocolates, matches, beer, snuff, champagne and barley-sugar, or whatever other commodity it may be unlawful at that time and place to purchase. The ordinary citizen, however rich, contents himself with an occasional lapse, but Boot is constantly breaking the law. And this is the more shocking from the honest aspect of the man. If the evidence is to be believed, seldom in the history of wrong-doing can a countenance so open and engaging have been associated with so much duplicity.

"It is urged for the defence that these officers have broken the law for the law's good; but this is as much as to say that the police may break a man's head if he complains of headache. This, however, is a matter to be considered in mitigation of sentence, if any; but I may say at once that I shall not consider it. It cannot be too clearly understood that the police are not entitled to break the law, and so long as I am on this bench I shall do what I can to discourage the hateful practices of the *agent provocateur*. If the public cannot be prevented from enjoying themselves in an honest and straightforward manner they had better be allowed to enjoy themselves. And if you find, as you had better find, that these officers, high and low, have been guilty of conspiring together to do things which the good Mr. Haddock is not allowed to do, then you will return a verdict of Guilty. If, on the other hand, you find that, on the weight of the evidence, adding one thing to another and taking this away from that, looking upwards and downwards and sideways and all round, they have not been guilty of the acts alleged, then you will return a verdict of Not Guilty; and I shall ignore your verdict. Now, Gentlemen, I have done my duty. Do yours."

The jury retired.

A. P. H.



Ruffled Veteran (drawn into argument). "MY GOOD MAN, I KNOW WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT. I'VE PLAYED ON THIS VERY GROUND."

The Other. "YUS, AND IN THAT VERY 'AT, I SHOULD THINK."

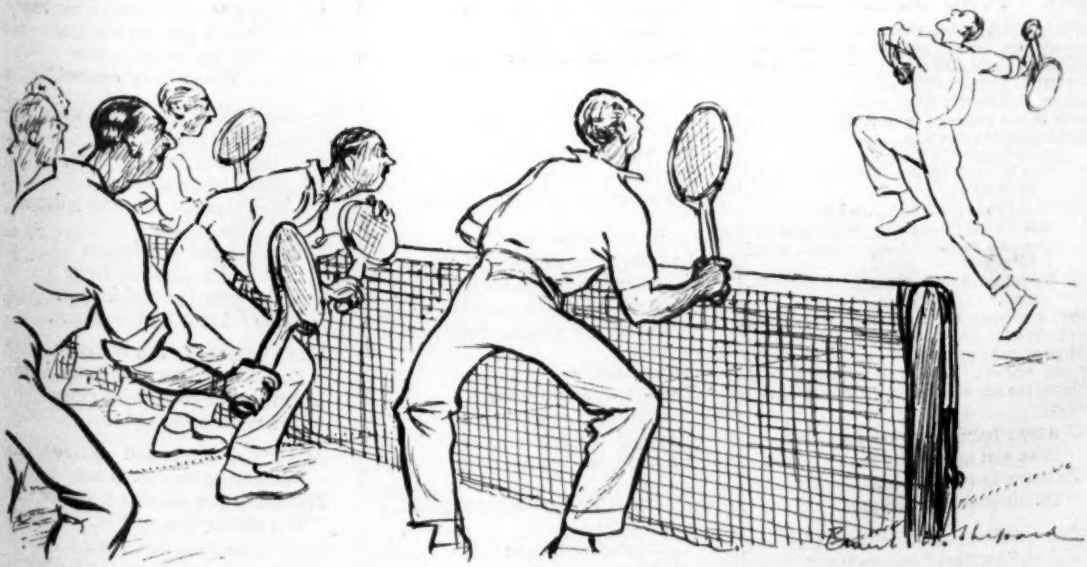
"Micky Walker, the world's middle-weight champion, who is now here in readiness for his fight with Tommy Milligan, is true to type. His tight fighting summer suit emphasised the suggestive width of his shoulders."

Evening Paper.

We have often noticed how closely a boxer's fighting-suit fits him about the shoulders.



THE OLD-TIME CHAMPION THOUGHT NOTHING OF TAKING ON A HALF-DOZEN OF ANTAGONISTS.



WHY DON'T OUR PRESENT-DAY CHAMPIONS TRY IT TOO?



MANNERS AND MODES.

THE LATEST THING IN VANITY BAGS GIVES A SEVERE SHOCK TO A SHORT-SIGHTED ANIMAL-LOVER.

THE YOUNG BUCCANEERS.

[The British Young Comrades' League has received, on behalf of the working-class children of Great Britain, an invitation from the second Congress of Moscow Pioneers (The Russian Red Scouts League) to send a Delegation of six children to visit the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics.

The Delegation is made up of—

Two Miners' children (Fife and S. Wales coalfields).
One Young Comrade (London).
One Young Co-operator (Manchester).
One Socialist Sunday-School child (Glasgow).
One child of unemployed parents (Tyneside).

They will leave England on June 14th, in the charge of a responsible adult, will remain at Moscow and provinces for one month visiting the schools, homes, playgrounds and studying the life of children under the Soviet *régime*.]

O HAPPY band of comrades
Who sail across the sea
To learn to practise bomb-raids
On simple men like me!

Come, tell me now, be truthful,
And "butting" me no "buts,"
What yearnings fill your youthful
Co-operative nuts.

Young Communists of Britain,
Ere yet the steamer steams,
Lay down your buns unbitten
And tell me of your dreams.

* * * * *

The First Child—
"I wants to go to Russher,
I wants to be a Red,
I wants to tell my usher
The things as TROTSKY said."

The Second Child—
"I wants to be a pirate
And with the pirates stand
All bour-joo-ees to fire at
And fill their boots with sand."

The Third Child—
"I wants to end abuses
And wear peculiar hats
And learn to fasten nooses
For necks of plutocrats."

The Fourth Child (*rather more seriously*)—
"An edjercated nation
Like what the Russians are
Can teach a child its station
As pupils' Commissar."

The Fifth Child (*even more seriously*)—
"I wants to preach with candour
To every playmate's soul
The district propagander
Of working kids' control."

The Sixth Child (*rather pathetically*)—
"I seek the proletariat
Dictatorship's advance;
I wants to be a fairy at
The Moscow children's dance."

* * * * * *

O happy band of trippers
Who sail across the foam
To take your tea and kippers
Where Arcos had its home.

Don't tumble in the water,
Don't work yourselves too hard
In thinking how to slaughter
The unregenerate bard.

And if you strike bad weather
Remember this from me,
The more you're sick together
The sicker you will be. EVOE.

A Proof of Refinement.

"Englishwoman, refined, wants washing and cleaning, daily."—*Australian Paper.*



THE NEW BAD DAYS.

IRISHMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL. "DIVIL A WIG ON THE GREEN! SURE THE OULD COUNTHRY IS NOT HERSILF AT ALL SINCE SHE WAS FREE TO BE HER THRUE SILF."

[In the coming General Election in the Free State it is reported that "all parties are afraid of apathy."]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, May 30th.—Soviet House is not the only spot that has been in bad odour of late. Sir WILLIAM DAVISON, who has an inexorable nose for anything rotten in the state of London, asked Captain HACKING if his attention had been called to the bad smell arising from the lake in St. James's Park. People sitting by the water had in some cases caught sore throats from it.

Several obvious replies of a strictly Parliamentary nature must have occurred to the UNDER-SECRETARY FOR THE HOME DEPARTMENT. He might have replied that there are no seats by the water or that it was not possible for anybody to be given a sore throat by a smell. He might have insisted that the smell was an alien and interloping smell that had escaped from the Underground Railway or the Foreign Office. Instead he replied that attention had already been drawn to the smell, and steps were being taken which would induce it to go quietly.

Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY wished to know if any of the papers printed in the Arcos raid White Paper (better known as Part II. of Cmd. 2874) had been seized in the raid on the Russian Legation at Pekin. Sir AUSTEN answered "No." Then how did the Government get possession of them? inquired the Member for Hull persuasively. "Aha! That would be telling," replied the Minister in effect; and he wasn't telling, not even to Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY.

But he did inform him that the Norwegian Government would take charge of British interests in Russia after the withdrawal of our Mission. Russian interests in this country will presumably be looked after by Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY.

Sir W. DAVISON raised the question of the question which he had not been allowed to raise about the farewell luncheon given in the House by Socialist Members to the evicted Soviet officials. Did the SPEAKER know of any precedent for such an affront to the House? The SPEAKER maintained that, the matter being one of taste rather than of privilege, the Refreshment Committee was the proper authority to deal with it.

Clause 5 of the Trade Disputes Bill, limiting the conditions under which Civil Servants may belong to a trade union, was in charge of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. Several Conservatives, led by Sir H. NIELD, criticised the clause on the ground that it left the Civil Servants without an efficient method of redressing their grievances except the Whitley Councils, which were powerless in the face of obstinate departmental chiefs. Mr. CHURCHILL in a lengthy speech defended the clause, but found himself compelled, in face of the formidable assaults of the serried dockyard Members, to make some promises and concessions. The CHANCELLOR's remarks were less decorated than usual with the fair flowers of oratory, but he was quite alert. On the question of whether Civil Servants who violated the provision would be dismissed under certain conditions, the CHANCELLOR announced that the regulations would come into force on January 1st. "You will be dismissed before then," interjected Mr. JACK JONES. "A hopeful disposition is not the sole qualification to be a prophet," retorted Mr. CHURCHILL.



À LA RUSSE.

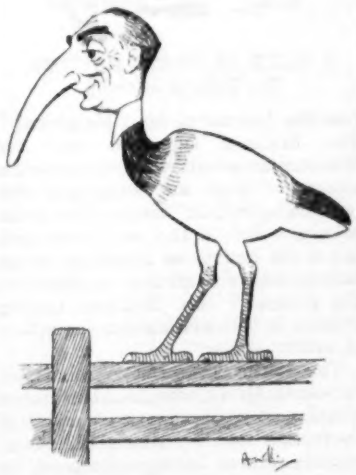
SIR JAMES AGG-GARDNER, Chairman of the Kitchen Committee, as seen by Sir WILLIAM DAVISON.

A mild and rather laboured debate ended with the application of the guillotine, various Government amendments and finally the whole clause being disposed of before half-past eleven.

Tuesday, May 31st.—On the eve of adjourning for its Whitsuntide recess the House of Lords had quite a busy day, disposing of the Committee stage of the Indian Church Bill, adopting the Select Committee's Report on Peerages in Abeyance, and disagreeing with Lord PARMOOR and his Socialist colleagues on the desirability of dismissing the Soviet Mission and Trade Delegation.

The debate on abeyant peerages was somewhat involved, a Select Committee having investigated at some length and with no particular approval the recent practice of abeying abeyances that had been in existence—if a condition of having lapsed can be said to have existence—for hundreds of years. Abeyances had also been terminated after a long lapse of time in favour of persons holding a mere fraction—in one case a twenty-fourth—of the original peerage. The Committee recommended that no peerage should be disabeyed—or whatever the technical phrase is—that has been on the ice for more than a hundred years or in favour of a petitioner who represented less than a third of the dignity.

Lord PARMOOR, who raised the Russian question, picturesquely described the Labour Party as a "stalwart barrier against all Communist propaganda," and the HOME SECRETARY as "a cuckoo in the nest of the FOREIGN SECRETARY." Lord BALFOUR in reply declared that there was a point at which a steady course of deliberate and organised perfidy became really intolerable in international relations, and that point had been reached by the Soviet Government. Lord READING's argument was directed, like that of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE in the Commons, to the



MEDIO TUTISSIMUS IBIS.

LORD READING TAKES A MIDDLE COURSE ON THE RUSSIAN QUESTION.

question of expediency. Lord BIRKENHEAD said British prestige would be enhanced throughout the world by severing the pretence of diplomatic relations with the Soviets, a remark that caused Lord HALDANE to accuse the SECRETARY FOR INDIA of "mounting his battle-charger and galloping about."

In the Commons the incident of the day was the appearance, in the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery, of Captain LINDBERGH. He heard Mr. GROVES proclaiming the benefits that West Ham had bestowed on the cause of national efficiency by compelling its employees to belong to trade unions, and was no doubt duly impressed.

Replying to Mr. THURTLE, who wanted to know the nationality of British secret service employees, the PRIME MINISTER drily replied that he had nothing to add to previous answers, "from which the hon. Member will have gathered that the essence of a secret service is secrecy."

No Minister so easily arouses the angry passions of the Socialist Party as the MINISTER OF HEALTH, and this evening he annoyed Mr. WHEATLEY by producing *Hansard* (on being challenged by the hon. Member) and quoting him so confoundingly that the EX-MINISTER OF HEALTH could only sit and glare and, at a later stage, launch a violent personal attack on him. On the whole, however, the debate on Clause 6—which prevents municipalities from insisting that their employees shall belong to a trade union—dragged considerably, and the guillotine motion nipped no flower of persuasive oratory in the bud.

Wednesday, June 1st.—In a House well purged by Epsom, which had even lured Lord BALFOUR, on the eve of his eightieth year, to pay his first visit to the Derby, the FOREIGN SECRETARY bore the brunt of Question-time, and gave, *inter alia*, a summary of the position in regard to Egypt.

Mr. ROBERT MORRISON wished to know about an injunction granted in the Chancery Division restraining a retailer from selling a sixpenny cake of soap for fivepence, but the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE, recollecting perhaps the slipperiness of soap, made a guarded reply. Mr. THURTLE drew attention to the increasing popularity of sweepstakes on horse-races, and "JICKS" replied that he rather hoped he would not have to give his attention to the matter for another eleven months.

Sir W. DAVISON again asked the SPEAKER if he could say what the position was in regard to the use by Members of the House dining-rooms for the entertainment of persons whom the House had just resolved should be ordered out of the country. The SPEAKER replied that he had been looking into the matter and found the Refreshment Committee arranged for the use of the dining-rooms, but exercised no censorship over the qualifications of the guests. And if there was any suggestion that he should be saddled with that responsibility, the SPEAKER added very firmly, he must respectfully decline.

"Am I to understand then, Sir," asked Sir WILLIAM DAVISON, "that it has been the practice to leave it to the honour of hon. Members——" This was too much for Messrs. SAKLATVALA and MAXTON. "Was it in order," demanded the latter angrily, "to question the honour of hon. Members?" The SPEAKER suggested that Sir WILLIAM be permitted to complete his remark. "May we understand the position to be this," resumed the latter calmly, "that in the past it has been left to the honour of Members to see that no collective affront was offered to the House?" Mr. MAXTON, finding nothing in this sentiment to complain of, said no more.



A CHILD IN THESE MATTERS.
THE EARL OF BALFOUR.

The PRIME MINISTER explained, in answer to Mr. CLYNES, that the House would meet on Monday week, and that the Session would be resumed in November, the House having adjourned, he hoped, about the end of July. Cheered by this prospect Members again turned to the Trade Disputes Bill.

THE PARADISE STAKES.

"HULLOA! Is that you, C. B.?" said a voice that could only have belonged to Sylvia.

"I don't think so," I replied. "At least it doesn't feel like me at all. I——"

"What are you doing to-day?" said the voice.

"I was about to explain," I said, "that I was not feeling at all like myself to-day and to call for a little sym——"

"What are you doing to-day?" interrupted the voice.

An underhand and cowardly method of taking you unawares. I had warned her about it before, but I was not to be caught this time.

"I am going to a Communist meeting in Hyde Park," I said. "The place is to be lavishly decorated with red flags, giving one the impression that the whole park is up and closed to traffic for an indefinite period. There's going to be a huge anti-British demonstration of the sort that is so popular with Britons, and half London is expected to turn out for the entertainment. Would you care——"

"But you're not a Socialist," interrupted the voice. "You've got to come to the Hampton Park races with me and Charles."

"I am a Socialist," I replied. "At least I am when I'm talking to Fosby or the Browne-Smythes. You'll admit they deserve it, won't you?"

"I admit nothing," said the voice. "I think they're dears. Anyway, will you come to the races?"

"I don't race," I replied.

"It'll do you good," said Sylvia. "But we ought to be getting a move on. The meeting starts at two."

"How are we to get there?" I hazarded.

"Why, you'll take us in the car, of course," she said.

"I can't," I said. "One of the wheels is absent, most of the cylinders are missing; the battery——"

"Now listen," said Sylvia. "We mustn't waste time as I've one or two things to see to before we go. Be round here at eleven-thirty and we ought to be down there in good time. And bring your binoculars. Don't forget them. Good-bye."

* * * * *

"You realise," I said as we approached Hampton Park, "that I haven't been on a race-course for ten years, and shall rely on you for advice on remunerative investments?"

"Throughout his life," began Charles, "he possessed the simple faith of a child. He——"



ANOTHER WORLD'S WORKER.

THE SPECIALIST WHO KEEPS HIS FINGER ON THE KNOT.

"We'll see what can be done," said Sylvia.

"For the information of all whom it may concern," said Charles, producing three race-cards and an evening paper (breakfast edition) when we had gained the enclosure, "the first race is the Paradise Stakes for a hundred guineas."

"Beautiful," I said, searching unsuccessfully for a pencil. "How many runners are there, who is favourite and what are the odds?"

"Why, C. B.," said Sylvia, "you've been deceiving us; you're quite intelligent."

"The favourite," said Charles, referring to the breakfast edition, "is Tough Duck. He is recommended by journalism generally, a notable exception being *The Motherwell Missive*, which I believe has revolutionary tendencies. At eight o'clock this morning his price was 2 to 1 against, but he's probably worked down to evens since then."

"I knew we didn't start soon enough," I said.

"You'd better both listen to some sound advice," said Sylvia, "or the race will be over before you've decided anything." She studied the race-card closely. "Blue Garter ought to be a good thing," she continued; "owner, Lady Siegmund. She's had a lot of successes lately. Buttercup, trained by Hunt. Very good trainer. His mother won the Derby. His father—let's see—Edward I—he won——"

"Don't be silly," I said; "Hunt may be a good trainer but I don't believe his mother won the Derby, and I'm perfectly certain his father was not Edward I."

"Idiot!" said Sylvia. "Don't interrupt. Buttercup's father, not Hunt's. 030," she added, glancing at the evening paper. "H'm!"

"Yes," I said, "h'm. Pretty poor weight that."

"Age, you fool," said Charles.

"You're impossible, both of you," said Sylvia. "That means it's run three times, on the second of which it came in third."

I seized the paper. "That settles it," I said. "Look at this. Hasdrubal 131. First, third and first in three races. How's that?"

"Out," said Charles.

"Ridden by Fitzpatrick, trainer Job, owner Lord Bird," read Sylvia.

"Fatal combination," said Charles.

"Risky," said Sylvia. "You see the horse is entered for the Enamel Plate next month, and the probability is that they don't intend to spoil the price by letting it win this race, and Fitzpatrick is the cleverest jockey on the course at losing a race when he sets his mind to it."

"Add to that," put in Charles, "that he's carrying nine stone, and that his grandfather, Snowburg, was a notoriously bad finisher."

"And that his colours are heliotrope with puce sleeves," I added.

"Of course, if you take it like that," said Sylvia, "it's no use my trying to help you."

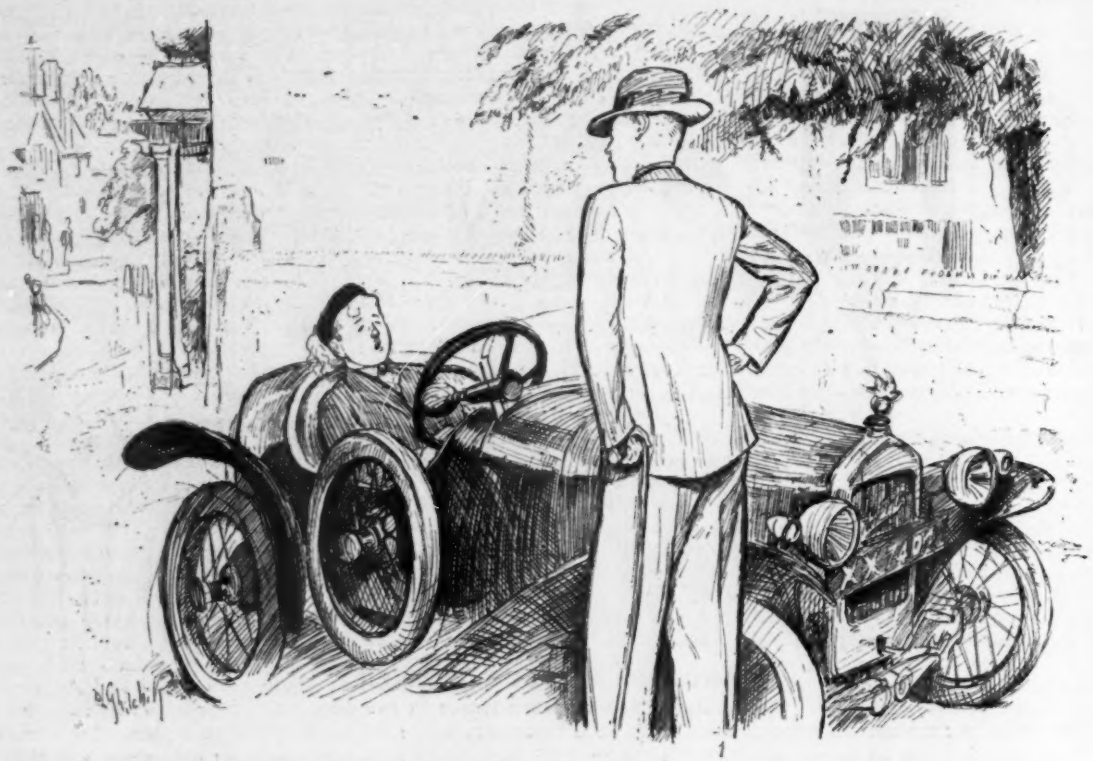
"C. B. never had a spark of gratitude," said Charles.

"I'm all gratitude," I said; "but if you think I can take the trainer, age, owner, 8-A.M. price, father and past history of a horse, subtract the length of the course, jockey, weight, mother, and future intentions, and get the answer right, I'm afraid I must disappoint you. I've decided," I added firmly, "to have five shillings each way on Edward I.—I mean Hasdrubal. Introduce me to a bookmaker, please."

"Hear, hear," said Charles. "Clarity of thought and rapid decision. I don't guarantee that he'll take all that at once without knowing you, but we can try."

"You'll find me in the paddock," said Sylvia.

Charles introduced me to the reputable firm of Hasbroke and left me. Hasbroke was a charming fellow and at a personal sacrifice gave me 2 to 1 against Hasdrubal. I returned to the paddock. Sylvia and Charles were in conversation with a magnificently military-looking gentleman.



"I SAY, OLD MAN, WHAT FRIGHTFUL LUMPS ON YOUR FOREHEAD! HAD AN ACCIDENT?"
"NO, IT'S HAY FEVER. EVERY TIME I SNEEZE I CRASH MY HEAD AGAINST THE STEERING-WHEEL."

"Colonel Spurling—Mr. Bunting," said Sylvia.

After a while Spurling drew me aside. "Got anything on this race?" he said.

This was dreadful. Here was a swell racing-man and a friend of Sylvia's. I could not let her down.

"Pony," I said stoutly.

"I beg your pardon?" said Spurling."

"Pony," I repeated, with no confidence at all.

"Er—what on?" said Spurling, looking at me curiously.

"Hasbroke," I replied—"that is, Hasdrubal," I added, being now perfectly miserable. "What about you?" I asked desperately.

"I'm not betting," said Spurling; "if I was I should favour Crocus—very promising young outsider."

Heavens, what a swell! Not betting and yet having promising young outsiders to tip to others! I managed to get away and made good progress back to Hasbroke, who agreed to cancel the bet on Hasdrubal and gave me a pound each way on Crocus.

* * * * *

The race was run. Hasdrubal won by a length, Crocus being a good seventh. I found Sylvia quietly studying the ancestors and future intentions of the competitors for the next race.

"Well done!" she said. "I put a pound on Hasdrubal myself at the last moment. You backed him, didn't you?"

"Yes," I said, looking fixedly at the ground, "I did."

"Good," she said. "By the way, why did you talk all that rot about ponies to Colonel Spurling?"

"For your sake and yours alone, Sylvia," I said bitterly.

"Thanks," she said; "but he never puts more than ten shillings on a horse himself, you know."

This was too much. I rose.

"Sylvia," I said, "what is racing but the pastime of a parasite? To gain by others' losses. To lose by others' gains. Should we not spend our leisure hours on things constructive, recreate our bodies, improve our mi——?"

"Where are you off to now?" said Sylvia.

"To the Communist demonstration," I said. "I should be just in time."

"When a door-key is hung up outside a house in Sweden it is a sign that the family is not at home."—*Scottish Paper.*

Oh, to be a burglar in Sweden!

GARDEN PESTS.

IV.—THE GREENFLY.

THE greenfly gives her heart and mind
To propagation of her kind;
She does not vex her simple soul
With theories on birth-control;
She does not quench her countless hopes
Consulting Dr. MARIE STOPES,
But faster far than any other
Becomes a great-great-great-grandmother.

The Heralds' College cannot trace
The ancestors of all this race;
The sum would tax a Wrangler's brain,
And mine would never bear the strain.
Take one fly of the female sex
And multiply the thing by x,
Then, with a jug of soapy water
And syringe, set forth armed for slaughter.

W. M. L.

"THIS ELECTRIC CHICKEN SINGER serves for singing of owls of every kind. It is indispensable to hotels, restaurants, etc."
German Commercial Paper.

We doubt if there will be much demand for this implement. We don't want our owls to sing; their hoots are bad enough.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE SHADOW OF A GUNMAN" (COURT).

ONE assumes that Mr. SEAN O'CASEY's method of setting his tragedy against a pattern of jokes is not due to ignorance of the difficulties involved but is a deliberate device to heighten the effect of the catastrophe. In *The Shadow of a Gunman* the tragic ending is effective enough when it arrives, but it is not sufficiently prepared, or perhaps too subtly, so that the audience has got itself into a thoroughly rollicking mood (sustained by Mr. ARTHUR SINCLAIR's broad diverting humour) and refuses to smile but must needs laugh aloud at everything. The discerning, who in



WHY WASH?
Seumas Shields . . MR. ARTHUR SINCLAIR.

the Second Act begin to see the drift of the playwright's plan, are necessarily grieved. However, I think Mr. O'CASEY must share some of the blame for that.

Donal Davoren, a young poet—whether good or bad it was not easy to determine, as Mr. HARRY HUTCHINSON persistently read his verses to the backcloth—is sharing a room in the distraught Dublin of 1920 with a vulgar feckless pedlar, *Seumas Shields*. The other denizens of the tenement have decided that *Donal* is a gunman on the run, which flatters the boy's vanity and helps him to retain the admiration of that sturdy patriot, pretty little *Minnie Powell*. When the house is raided by the "auxiliaries," *Minnie* takes the bag of bombs which some casual member of the I.R.A. has left under *Seumas'* bed to her own room, thinking they will be less likely to be looked for there, and, when they are found and the young girl is haled to the lorry by her brutal captors, the two room-fellows, whose brave pretences have given place to abject terror, let her go to her death, the poet cursing his cowardice, the huckster bawling that it was no affair of his anyway.

Irish dramatists of the candid school are not kind to their countrymen. Mr. O'CASEY has indeed an almost inhuman detachment. The black-and-tanner who makes the search of *Seumas's* room is a bully and a ruffian, but he is a less contemptible figure than *Seumas* or *Donal* or *Tommy Owens*, the little boasting slum-rat, or the drink-sodden *Adolphus Grigson*, with his Bible and his law-abiding pose.

This play is a reminder of unhappy things that both Irishmen and Englishmen of sensibility would be glad to forget. Perhaps, then, there is something to be said for the laughter which is the standard English way of relief from disquieting reflection. I hope that was partly the explanation of it.

Mr. ARTHUR SINCLAIR, who plays most of the two Acts in his untidy bed, has a wonderful SINCLAIR part. A gross, lazy, peppery humbug of a man is *Seumas Shields*. Mr. HARRY HUTCHINSON'S *Donal* was skilfully and carefully played—a little too quietly for comfortable hearing. Mr. SYDNEY MORGAN'S *Adolphus* couldn't have been bettered, and Mr. BRIAN O'DARE'S *Tommy Owens* was horribly effective. Miss MAIRE O'NEILL and Miss SARA ALLGOOD gave us two competent short studies of Irish women, and Miss EILEEN CAREY'S charming little portrait of *Minnie* owed more perhaps to her natural gifts than to her technical accomplishment. I say "perhaps," because it isn't easy to be sure that her reticent method wasn't a deliberate choice and the best choice for the part. This company of players deserves the benefit of all doubts.

J. M. SYNGE'S *Riders to the Sea*, with Miss SARA ALLGOOD in her old part of the bereaved *Maurya*, did not move us as it was wont to do. Is this really no more than a too self-conscious literary drama which fails to wear?

Three ladies of the audience performed deeds of grace which deserve a chronicler. One (poor darling!) afflicted with a cough twice fled from the theatre to avoid spoiling her neighbours' pleasure; two others, coming late, stood through the first play. A tablet should be put up to them at the Court *in perpetuam rei memoriam*. T.

"THE COMBINED MAZE" (ROYALTY).

Studying the programme with the view of deducing the plot and general drift from the list of characters and scenes—a diverting game for the instructed—I gathered from the description, "Front sitting-room of 'Granville' in the Paradise of Little Clerks, Wandsworth," that we were going to be shown the drab life of mean and sordid folk. But Miss MAY SINCLAIR, whose novel has been translated into terms of the theatre by Mr. FRANK VOSPER, does not forget that little clerks have hearts that beat as true as big clerks', and her *John Ransome*, the much-tortured hero of this charming and forcible play, is a fine human being, with character, tenderness, loyalty, humour and courage; and it may be as well to say at once that



CIRCE AT THE POLYTECHNIC.
Ranny . . . . . MR. RICHARD BIRD.
Violet Usher . . . . . MISS MARY GREW.

Mr. RICHARD BIRD'S quite superb acting carried the play past all traps and difficulties to assured success.

Technically there is much to be said against the play, which conspicuously suffers from the weaknesses incident to adaptation from the novel form. "Ten days," "Two months," "Eighteen months," "Two years," "Three years pass." The novel can explain; the play must assume, or throw out just a bare hint or two of, what has happened in the intervals. Mr. BIRD showed you, with an admirable skill and a subtlety which is beyond praise, his handsome, resolute, modest, boyish, innocent "*Ranny*" keeping his fine body fit at the "Poly"; diffidently in love with the equally staunch, diffident and charming *Winnie*; crudely seduced by the wiles of her false friend, *Violet*; trapped into marriage; depressed by

poverty; betrayed by his worthless woman; losing his self-control for one brief horrible moment; surrendering, silently and as a matter of course, to his mother, so as to save his worthless father, the savings that were to be devoted to paying for the divorce asked for by his wife; and finally baulked in the fulfilment of his love for *Winnie* by the inability inherent in his character to turn away from *Violet* when she returns to him deserted, degraded and desperately ill. For this was by no means a part which plays itself, or, at any rate, not one which plays itself as finely as that. It is hard to speak temperately of this performance.

Miss FORBES-ROBERTSON gave us also a clever study (her difficulties were greater as she had less time and opportunity given to her) of the faithful *Winnie*. One misses that desirable note of warm tenderness—it cannot be that all her parts call for such austerity as she so consistently gives us. Miss MARY GREW handled the difficult part of *Violet*—difficult because *Violet* was a little the villainess of melodrama—with a nice discretion, and in general avoided overplaying, a very praiseworthy feat. Miss CLARE GREET'S motherly *Mrs. Ransome*, full of humour and tenderness, was a charming portrait, as was Mr. EDWARD CHAPMAN'S of *Fred Booty, Ranny's* hero-worshipping friend. Mr. ANTHONY IRELAND'S sketch of the unpleasant *Leonard Mercier, Violet's* lover, was well done, while Mr. GORDON HARKER gave us a brilliant thumbnail of the cynical *Mr. Usher* (of Elstree), *Violet's* father, which simply could not have been better—a triumphant exposition of the commonplace.

Miss MAY SINCLAIR, in short, has provided admirable material (finely vindicating the "little clerks"), which has been cleverly handled by Mr. VOSPER, by Mr. AUBREY MATHER, the producer, and by his team of players.

A beautiful and moving performance. The Forum Theatre Guild is to be warmly congratulated for its perceptions. T.

"WHITE BIRDS" (HIS MAJESTY'S).

The smooth running of the usual review, intricate or spectacular, prevents us from realising what a considerable feat of organisation it is. It is not merely that a number of ingenious, amusing, impressive or semi-shocking turns have to be invented or rehearsed, but they must be fitted like a mosaic so as to allow an ordered, not a merely casual, variety. Certain simpler scenes must be so contrived that the more elaborate sets may be altered behind their backs in order that there may be no time for the audience to think; but these scenes should not betray a consciousness of their purpose.

White Birds offers several admirable individual features, but has not been organised into a smooth-running whole. Of the thirty scenes (I should judge there were some two hundred players), there were still seven to go when I staggered out at midnight, and time had been wasted over the vain repetition of a rather naïve joke which was not billed at all—the great SCAPINI pretending to attempt to worm himself out of a straight-waistcoat. There is more than enough good matter to make an excellent show, but an autocrat with a clear head must get busy on it.

Of the really successful items I should



EXCEPTIONALLY BRIGHT BIRDS.
MR. MAURICE CHEVALIER AND MISS YVONNE VALLÉE.

place first the singing of Mr. MAURICE CHEVALIER, who has a pleasant voice, mobile features, expressive hands, the born comedian's skill in the selection of his material and a winning personality. Miss GWEN FARRAR with Mr. BILLY MAYERL gave us three well-written songs, of which we could hear all the words. The travesties of the principal comedians in *Blackbirds* by the Misses MILDRED MELROSE, RUBY DUFF, MARY BARLOW, MARION PHILLIPS, MARJORIE DAW and RENÉ DAWES were admirable, particularly the step-dancing of Miss DAWES.

"Traffic in Souls," the *pièce de résistance*, was a most ambitious affair, a scene in Montmartre, which must have cost a profiteer's ransom to build. In, on and in front of it appeared artists, apaches, midinettes, goats, donkeys, monkeys, drug-takers, suicides and the other usual inhabitants of stage Montmartre. I do not know what it was all about, but Mr. ANTON DOLIN nearly died of exhaustion interpreting his part of the *Pet of Montmartre* in gymnastic terms and dancing more soberly with graceful Miss SHELAGH HARLEY.

"The Constant Broadway Digger" was an amusing lampoon on three plays current; "Lady Duff Gordon's Fashion Parade" showed us some lovely frocks on lovelier English girls; "The White Bird Steppers," a comely team of four-and-twenty or so, moved with more accuracy than variety, or were piled up on mountainous sets in the Folies Bergère tradition; Miss JOSÉ COLLINS'S many admirers made a demonstration of their loyalty and gratitude for past favours; Mr. ED. LOWRY, an engaging comedian with a pleasant voice, did much to pull the show together and deserves high marks.

Sections of the audience were in perverse mood and discourteous beyond the needs of the occasion. Disapproval can be expressed without noise, and demonstrators no doubt do not appreciate how shattering the ordeal of torture by buzz and snigger is to nerves frayed with the hard work and anxieties of preparation.

This show can be retrieved. It has good stuff and clever folk in it. T.

THE SAFETY-VALVE.

THERE are birds that bring me cheer
By St. James's pleasant mere;
I am jocund and rejoice
When I hear the widgeon's voice;
I respond to the appeal
Of the shoveller and teal;
I am never known to hoot
At the conduct of the coot;
When the pelican unbends
I am found among his friends,
For his vein of antic jest
Is a tonic of the best;
And I find it most reviving
To observe the dabchick diving;
As I try to spot his bubbles
I forget my lesser troubles.

But, if luck has passed me by
And the world is all awry,
Full of purpose I repair
To the ruddy sheldrake there,
And I tell him what he is
With envenomed emphasis—
Tell him fervently and straight
Till my grievances abate
(For it does the bird no harm
And disperses like a charm
All my heaviness of heart).
Then I thank him and depart.

THE TRIUMPH OF TWEDDELL.

I NOTE that in *The Manchester Guardian* the recent Amateur Championship meeting at Hoylake is described as "a quiet and domestic event." In view of the absence of some of our most famous native players and the small contingent of competitors from overseas there is some apparent justification for this description. But a more careful scrutiny reveals features of outstanding and possibly epoch-making importance in their bearing on sporting journalism.

To begin with, this was the first occasion recorded in golfing annals on which the championship was won by a physician, and at the same time one of the most formidable competitors was a distinguished surgeon. This fact, however, may be passed over without detailed comment since no calling is immune to the lure of the links. Much more remarkable is the information as to the antecedents of the winner divulged by the writer from whom I have already quoted. For it transpires that Dr. TWEDDELL is a Durham man by birth, that he learned his golf in Yorkshire, improved it at Aberdeen, spent some time on the Manchester links at Hopwood, and is now in practice at Stourbridge. The advantages of this Odyssey cannot be exaggerated when one reflects on the peculiar virtues of the various districts in which he has successively resided—the fine fighting qualities of the men of Durham; the imperturbable solidity of the Yorkshireman; the pawkiness of the Aberdonian; the traditional pre-eminence in light and leading of the Lancastrian, and the fame enjoyed by Stourbridge for the manufacture of iron and firebricks.

The excellence of Dr. TWEDDELL'S iron play was remarkable, and it is not fanciful to ascribe it to heredity, since I find, on consulting the *Dictionary of National Biography*, that a distinguished engineer of that name in the middle of the last century was the inventor of the hydraulic riveter.

The success of a competitor so formidably equipped ought not to have excited surprise. It was rather the predestined triumph of one endowed with an irresistible superiority complex. And it is to be hoped that in future our golfing chroniclers, instead of confining their attention to the condition of the course, the conduct of the spectators and details of the play, will devote themselves to tracing the family history of the competitors and their efforts to overcome those hereditary inhibitions and subconscious urges which are responsible for the tragic collapses that so often cast a gloom on these meetings. As a great writer has recently observed, the weakness of British golfers, amateurs and professionals alike, is an inability to preserve uniformity in excellence. How painfully acute are the emotions excited by these fluctuations of form is admirably shown in the moving lines recently written by a friend who for obvious reasons is desirous to remain anonymous:—

"At Worplesdon and Leatherhead
Strong women weep for WETHERED;
And clubmates of stout TOLLEY
Are whelmed in melancholy;
But Stourbridge, happy Stourbridge, is going to strike a medal
To celebrate the victory of Doctor WILLIAM TWEDDELL."



Joan (to next-door neighbour's child). "VERY WELL, I WON'T SPEAK TO YOU AGAIN; AND I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU ANY MORE. SO YOU 'D BETTER GET YOUR PEOPLE TO MOVE."

THE LATE LAMENTING.

CHRISTMAS DAY has its glamour and Boxing Day its devotees. New Year's Day finds the impassive Scots almost excited. Easter Monday, Whit-Monday and the August Bank Holiday are beacons in the lives of millions of toilers.

Let that be granted, but allow me at the same time to know what I am talking about when I say that the day on which our Hunt gives the earth-stoppers their annual dinner is marked with a letter no less ensanguined in hue. There are earth-stoppers in our Hunt who could sleep peacefully through all the sacred anniversaries that I have named but who, on the day of this feast, must be acutely conscious of everything that is happening. Such a one is Pedder, a gardener and handyman of my acquaintance, who, having charge of a spinney which is drawn several times every season, is an important guest on such occasions. Although by no means unable to provide delicacies in his own home, and although married (for the second time) to an excellent cook, this dinner means much to him, and is worth preparing for with fasting if not also with prayer. Prayer quite possibly, for Pedder is a light in his community and holds forth in some small conventicle on Sunday mornings; and did not the greatest Nonconformist of our time, CHARLES SPURGEON, explain to a disapproving elder his devotion to cigars by saying that he smoked them to the glory of God?

Into the ethics of earth-stopping this is no place to enter, even if I were qualified. There are some who like to think that the pack should do without the advantage which the process gives them. These chiefly are non-hunting-men. Hunting-men view the proceeding with more leniency. There let the matter stay. My immediate concern is with the admirable and abundant repast offered by the Hunt to its earth-stopping allies, which this year was fixed for Monday, May 2nd. Pedder showed me the "invite." The feast was to be held at "The Half Moon," Thoresby Minor, at seven o'clock: his horizon again had a star indeed, a star to which he intended to hitch a very receptive digestive apparatus.

We arrive now at the question of unpunctuality, by which, oddly enough, although earliness and lateness are equally involved in the word, we mean only lateness. Those who come early do so at their own risk; they may be smiled at for poor fish, but they are under no stigma. It is those that come late whose conduct is execrated. When we come early it is due notoriously to a foible of our own: "We have such a horror of being late;" "It is so difficult accurately to gauge the time a car takes;" "Taxis are so rare that one must snatch at the first," and so forth. When we are late the fault is anyone's but our own, usually our wives'.

So much for the mere condition of unpunctuality. We come now to degrees. Lateness, so long as it is a matter of minutes, is tolerable, and in fact it is now so common that hostesses and theatrical managers prepare for it, so that if you are punctual you are early. But the number of minutes is strictly rationed: the curtain must rise within ten of the advertised time and guests must be at dinner within fifteen. For lunch eight minutes is the permitted limit.

It is unwritten rules like these that make Pedder so remarkable and worth (I hope) the attention I am paying him; for, having lost his "invite," he trusted to what has hitherto been a very sound memory, and in his best clothes, with a "twist" on him (his own phrase) that he wouldn't have taken five pounds for, he arrived at "The Half Moon," Thoresby Minor, an hour-and-a-half on foot from his home, at 6.55 on Tuesday, May 3rd—exactly a day late!

He cannot forget it; nor has the countryside been allowed to forget it; nor have I. Before the fatal 3rd of May Pedder was interested in other things—in religion, in potatoes, in slugs, in cauliflowers, in blackbirds, in weed-killers, in this here broadcasting, in that there Labour Party; but now there is but one theme for his mind and tongue—his colossal blunder.

"How I come to make such a muddle of it beats me altogether."

"'Pedder,' says my old woman to me, 'Pedder, you've never been late for your ordinary vittles. Think of being twenty-four hours late to the invited feast. You must be getting to second childhood.' That's what worries me. Do you think I be?"

"If I ever had anything really fixed in my mind it was that the dinner was of a Tuesday."

"When I got to the 'The Half Moon' and heard that it had been yesterday you could have knocked me down with a feather."

"A whole day late! Of course there's something funny about that, I know; but the shame of it is what I can't get over."

"I've always been famous as a punctual kind of man up till now."

"The more I think of it, the more . . ."

And so forth.

These lamentations will never quite cease. Time will soften the smart, but to the end of his days his lateness and his loss will form the burden of Pedder's dirge.

And we—what will be our redress? We shall have none but the satisfaction that a little malice can give. For instance, when he gives me a chance, I am now saying, at intervals, "I hear it was a wonderful spread." E. V. L.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

[One hundred and seventy-four male inmates of the poor-house at Merryflats, in the parish of Govan, recently marched five miles to the Council Chamber to protest against being obliged to eat porridge seven hundred and thirty times in the year.]

IF there is virtue in a name
As some, in spite of SHAKESPEARE, claim,
Life should be one long wedding-bell
For those in Merryflats who dwell;
Instead, alas! of which
Nearly nine-score of them, red-hot
With wrath, have now bewailed their lot
In tones of dolorous pitch.

You ask what urges them to vent
So vocally their discontent—
What is the grievance that of late
Caused them to march and demonstrate?
The answer's crystal clear.
For respite and relief they pray
From porridge—porridge twice a day
All through the rolling year.

Scots wha of old wi' WALLACE bled
Were never reared upon white bread;
On oatmeal they grew stout and strong,
And rushed into the battle throng
To conquer or to die.
But Scots wha hae in Merryflats
Their home need ampler fare, and that's
What prompts their bitter cry.

Moreover from their piteous tale
We learn that prisoners in jail
Enjoy a liberal diet free
From nauseous monotony,
While blameless Merryflatters
Are doomed their appetites to stay
On oatmeal served up twice a day
Upon the Poor-house platters.

The upshot of their bold appeals
For more variety in meals
Is doubtful; but the powers that be
Might well appoint a referee,
And Mr. Justice HORRIDGE
Seems on euphonious grounds the best
Equipped to succour the oppressed
Victims of *toujours* porridge.

Another Headache for the Historian.

At the presentation of Colours to the Irish Guards:—

"The little Princess Elizabeth, seated in her perambulator at the foot of the terrace, clapped her baby hands and gurgled delightfully as she watched the evolutions of the Guards."
Sunday Paper.

"Little Princess Elizabeth was present, but could hardly be regarded as a spectator. Even the lively music of the big band did not disturb her: she slept peacefully all the time."
Another Sunday Paper.



George Belcher.

Viscount Lee of Fareham.

Our ARTHUR, *he that handed over Chequers*
To house our Premiers and uplift their peckers;
Who, sitting on the Bridges, held the view
That London must not lose her Waterloo;
Passing to scenes with Royal memories rife,
Assumes the White Lodge of a blameless life.

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—XLIV.



SHE PLAYS HER IRONS LIKE A MAN;
SHE'S WONDERFUL WITH WOOD;



BUT IN THE BALL-ROOM WITH A FAN
SHE ISN'T QUITE SO GOOD.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT has probably often occurred to you that the day cannot be distant when the transmission of scents and odours, as foretold by HANS ANDERSEN in *The Swineherd*, will be an accomplished fact. Smellers-in of all nations will enjoy the fragrance of Oriental gardens or the savour of City banquets at their own firesides. The Londoner, exiled, let us say, in Baghdad, will switch on the smell of petrol, burnt grass and tallow which, according to Herr CAPEK, is the characteristic *attar* of London. The tourist, debarred from a projected fortnight in Germany, will shut his eyes and evoke the two-and-seventy stenches of Cologne. Not enough scientific deference has latterly, I feel, been paid to the human nose. The sages of antiquity took its reactions seriously. How seriously you can discover from *The Mystery and Lure of Perfume* (LANE), a compilation of curious lore concerning the effect of odours on men and gods, and the matter and manner of their fabrication. In this entertaining but somewhat desultory volume Mr. C. J. S. THOMPSON has not attempted either a scientific or an historical treatise, but a popular blend of the two. Neither has he aimed at anything like exhaustive completeness; "pomander," for instance, and "pot-pourri" being both absent from his index. But within the range of his research, between the ritual perfumes of *Exodus* and the last synthetic substitute for hawthorn-blossom, he has contrived to be uncommonly picturesque and informative. Old recipes for incense, unguents and essences, signs of perfumers bearing civet cats and musk deer, prints of stills and alembics, portraits of mysterious makers of and traffickers in fragrant wares—all are reproduced in his pages. Placed in the right feminine hands, the book should herald a revival of the still-room.

There has always been a school of Irish novelists who paid a divided allegiance to sport and sentiment, and the tradition has survived the War and the aftermath of Easter, 1916. Some thirty years ago the authoress of *Molly Bawn* had a considerable vogue, thanks to her assiduity in ringing the changes on one theme—the romance of lovely but impecunious Irish maidens of gentle birth who restored the decaying fortunes of their families by captivating and marrying richly-endowed English officers. The title of one of Mrs. CONYERS' earliest novels, *The Boy, Some Horses and a Girl*, marked her out as a loyal adherent to this school, and her latest venture moves in the main on familiar lines. Mrs. CONYERS knows much more about horses and hunting and horse-racing than the author of *Molly Bawn*, and the story which gives its name to her new book, *Grey Brother* (MILLS AND BOON), is as rich in effusive sentiment as any of the romances of her predecessor. We meet the impecunious landowner on the verge of bankruptcy, and the lovely daughter who saves the situation and restores her "b'lovedest Daddy" to health by taming, *à la* RAREY, a ferocious three-year-old, riding him to victory—made-up to impersonate a lame jockey—at various meetings, winning substantial bets and stakes, winding up with the Cesarewich, and marrying her rich officer-cousin, *Colonel Cavanagh*, who discovered but condoned her fraud. My chief regret in reading the story was that PÉLISSIER was no longer alive to turn it into a "potted play" on the lines of the immortal burlesque on *The Whip*. The rest of the book is made up

of a series of episodes in the career of the "great detective," *Mervyn Henderson*, as narrated by himself, in which manicured beauties, slim flappers, girls with hair of the true Titian red, eminent K.C.'s, crooks and vamps pass in rapid succession before us. The recital "teems with unconscious humour," with "pathos and bathos delightful to see." As a corrective to such luscious fare I am returning to a study of the works of the authors of *An Irish R. M.* and *The Real Charlotte*.

By Mr. ROBERT NATHAN'S pen,
The Fiddler in Barly
(From HEINEMANN), HANS ANDERSEN
Recalls peculiarly.
Now, Barly 's in the Golden West,
A village round a steeple,
Inhabited by all that 's best,
Both animals and people.

To Barly comes a roustabout,
His dog and his fiddle;
His luck, it seems, is sadly out,
He 's empty in his middle;
He boldly begs from door to door
(To beg you have to be bold)
And gets employment at the store
Of comely *Widow Sebold*.

Of plot there 's none; you 'll be beguiled
By pencraft the sheerest,
And character; that cheerful child
Young *Metabel* 's the dearest;
And *Jule* and *Edna*—can you fail
To like him and enjoy her,
Until the fiddler goes to gaol
And marries his employer?

A jolly book this, with its hint
Of fay in the writing;
The panpipes wander through the print,
Insidious and inviting;
Just read it, though the woodcuts will
Prevent you reading straight on;
You 'll have to stop and praise their skill;
The artist is CLARE LEIGHTON.



Mother (to daughter who is going to tea with a school-friend). "NOW DO TRY TO KEEP YOURSELF CLEAN AND GET TO THE HOUSE TIDY, OR THEY 'LL WONDER WHAT KIND OF A MOTHER YOU 'VE GOT."
Daughter. "THAT 'S ALL RIGHT, MUMS; I WON'T TELL THEM."

The best essays of Mr. J. B. PRIESTLEY strike me as bearing the same relation to the general run of essays that marmalade does to jam. Jams come and go, but marmalade remains, a restful unobtrusive conserve whose homely quotidian appearance belies the artistry of its preparation. Experts, I am told, mingle a lemon or two with their fruit of Seville, counterbalancing the wry flavour of the lemons with a few sugary oranges of the baser sort. This, I suspect, is the formula on which Mr. PRIESTLEY has gone to work, though he would probably expound his recipe, in the phraseology of one of his best numbers, as "broadbrow," with regrettable touches of "high" and "low." The broadbrow, he who "snaps his fingers at fashions," who only asks "that a thing should have character and art," who cares not a rap whether it be "born in Blackburn or Baku," is undoubtedly responsible for the critical excellence of *Open House* (HEINEMANN). For, while this volume is by no means given over to criticism, its happiest points are certainly scored by way of estimation and appraisement. On its creative side it suffers now and again from "mental histrionics," its author's candid term for the process which all hustled journalists substitute at times for the elusive workings of fancy and imagination. On its meditative side it has an almost infallible charm, arising out of honest, if not always conclusive, thought, diffidently, merrily and gracefully presented. That is why I prefer "Doubting It," "Monologue on a Blunderer," "A Young Man of Promise," "The Pessimists" and "Having Covered the Card-Table"—all of which deal with the dogma and ritual of life—to even such original and pleasant fantasies as "The Berkshire Beasts" and "Midsummer Day's Dream."

Were one of the gods of Olympus to revisit the world of mortals, dropping in to lunch in a friendly way, how jolly it would be! If we are to believe Mr. DION CLAYTON CALTHROP, that is exactly what happened, only a few years ago, when "a youth of extraordinary beauty, dressed in a suit of light grey flannels, with a soft white shirt and a tie of the pattern known as bird's-eye," arrived upon Hammersmith Bridge. In *Hyacinth* (WILLIAMS AND NORGATE) Mr. CALTHROP has composed, as it were, a hymn in praise of the adventures of that lesser divinity—though he was, as *Mr. Pecksniff* said, pagan, I fear—during his sojourn in London. The lad with the scar upon his forehead, where the quoit thrown by Apollo struck him, went about helping all sorts of people who were so sorely beset with troubles that, lacking the succour of the Immortal, they must have sought escape in death. Not that *Hyacinth* worked miracles. Excepting two or three little feats of magic, performed merely as graceful acts of courtesy, the god wrought his marvels by using his supernatural knowledge of the innate goodness of human nature. So he asked for what he wanted, and he got it; for his perfect simplicity and beguiling charm disarmed suspicion, as indeed they very well might. Perhaps a mortal, were he gifted with a like faith, might have done as much; but he would not be clothed with the irresponsible gaiety and careless serenity of the lad from Olympus. An air from the fields of asphodel exhales from these bright pages, so deftly decorated by Mr. A. H. WATSON (but I wish he had sometimes forgotten his initials). I dislike finding fault, but should not Chapter X. in the book precede Chapter VIII.?



Mother. "VERY SOON WE SHALL BE COMING TO A TUNNEL WHERE IT WILL BE QUITE DARK."
Small Son. "THEN I SHAN'T HAVE TO SEE THAT GEM'PLUM."

A new book by Mr. J. G. MILLAIS is something of an event. Once it was an event in the world of hunters and naturalists, but since middle age and the garden at Horsham have claimed him for their own it has become an event for horticulturists. As becomes one gifted alike with pen and brush, Mr. MILLAIS produces what are known to the trade as sumptuous monographs rather than books to fit the pocket of a multitude. *Rhododendrons* (First Series) cost ten guineas and would barely go into a suit-case, much less a pocket, and then came a Second Series at the same price. Some regret was expressed that rhododendron-lovers, who are by no means few and far between, should have to pay for the standard work on the subject as much money as would lay the foundation of a very nice collection of the actual thing. Mr. MILLAIS has given ear to this appeal, and his new work, *Magnolias* (LONGMANS), is reasonably priced as such books go. That is as it should be, for the author lays stress on the fact that magnolias are for every garden and not, as so many suppose, rare and difficult things that call for ample estates, clever gardeners and well-lined purses. English garden literature, though formidable in bulk, is lacking in good monographs, and *Magnolias* will take its place on the shelves beside Mr. BOWLES'S *Handbook of Crocus and Colchicum* and the late Mr. R. DYKES'S *Handbook of Garden Irises*. The collotype plates with which the volume is illustrated invite the reader no less powerfully than does the text to own at least one magnolia.

I should have judged from her delightfully named new novel, *The Quince Bush* (MILLS AND BOON), even if I had no other reason for the belief, that Miss MARION BOWER "fares" to know, as they would say, a great deal about East Anglia and its humbler inhabitants. The first part of her book is sheer joy, and the love of *Jessica, Farmer Cushinge's* passionate proud daughter, for *Halliwell Farthingfield*, the actor, makes an opening that is full of promise. The book's comparative failure begins when the interest passes over to the younger generation as represented by *Farmer Cushinge's* posthumous daughter *Daphne*, who turns out to be the child of very different parents, though I must not spoil the sport of Miss BOWER'S readers by saying whose. *Daphne* is one of those tiresome young heroines for whom their creators demand our fullest admiration and widest indulgence, while making no attempt to give us grounds for either. In the course of a few months she has four love-affairs, including one while she herself was engaged, and one with a married man. In fact her ready response to any and every lover reminded me of those advertisements which include the phrase "no reasonable offer refused"—though she did not lay much stress on the reasonableness. I was invited to believe that a parent on the stage must sufficiently account for all this, but, from some experience of the acting profession, I take leave to doubt it. At the end I found her "clamouring" at *Jessica's* death-bed to be told the name of her mother, and my dislike of her became too strong for the pleasantness of the earlier pages and people to outweigh it.

Sir Richard Muir (LANE)—its sub-title is "A Memoir of a Public Prosecutor"—cannot fail to attract notice, for Sir RICHARD during many years was engaged in practically every important criminal case. A learned judge once spoke of him as "the most thorough man in England," a statement which readers of this memoir will find themselves very ready to support. Written by Mr. S. T. FELSTEAD and edited by Lady MUIR, it is not only a record of an exceedingly strenuous life, but also a book of reference for anyone interested in criminals and criminology. Mr. FELSTEAD cannot claim to be a literary stylist, and he refers too often to the brilliancy of Sir RICHARD'S career; but in spite of these defects he has succeeded in drawing a memorable portrait.

CHARIVARIA.

MR. CLARENCE CHAMBERLIN'S feat of flying the Atlantic with a millionaire as passenger is regarded as bringing the transport of multi-millionaires within the possibilities of practical aviation.

* * *

"Every workman a cheque-book" is advocated by a correspondent of a daily paper. "Overdrafts for All" has long been our slogan.

* * *

A man was recently fined for littering a tramcar with nut-shells. We knew that something would happen to strap-hangers in the course of evolution.

* * *

A racing expert explains that a horse's disinclination to do its best may be due to superior mental development. We must have backed some very highbrow horses in our time.

* * *

The announcement that a prominent cheesemonger has severed his connection with the Turf reminds us that the Jockey Club is still obdurate in refusing to sanction the training of gorgonzolas on Newmarket Heath.

* * *

Signor MUSSOLINI insists that Italy must have enough aeroplanes to darken the sun. But surely he doesn't regard the sun as a serious rival.

* * *

Mr. HENRY FORD complains that funny stories about his cars have prejudiced women against them. It becomes increasingly difficult to know what funny stories may safely be told in the presence of ladies.

* * *

Answering a series of test questions a Surrey schoolboy of eleven replied that when he was old enough he would be a tax-collector. It is rare to find such morbidity in one so young.

* * *

"'Mary Had a Little Lamb,'" says a daily, "was written many years ago." Nowadays Mary has of course a cocktail first.

* * *

Owls in large numbers have been heard hooting in South London. One theory is that there is something being broadcast of which the birds disapprove.

* * *

A Berlin engineer refers to a new motor-car, the wheels of which will fold beneath the chassis. The collapsible pedestrian was invented years ago.

We gather from *The Daily Mail* that British farmers were ruined once again last week.

* * *

A famous tennis-player, writing in the Press, advises beginners to cultivate a powerful downward stroke, but he omits to say that the makers will nearly always give one another fountain-pen free.

* * *

Many Chicago business men are in London just now, and people are advised not to fire revolvers at them in order to make them feel at home, because they are over here for a rest.



Caller (to eminent official of Astronomical Society). "EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT I THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE OF INTEREST TO YOU TO KNOW THAT THERE WILL PROBABLY BE AN ECLIPSE OF THE SUN ON THE TWENTY-NINTH OF THIS MONTH."

A correspondent in Russia says that the only person who works on a Soviet ship is the stewardess. It looks as if there are some things the Russians can't keep to themselves.

* * *

Sports wear is to be allowed in the stalls of the Shaftesbury Theatre. We have often felt that wicket-keeping pads are the only satisfactory protection against people who come in late.

* * *

According to the National Association of Head Teachers, school-children gamble a great deal. Sums in arithmetic will soon be set dealing with such problems as ninepence each way on a horse that comes in third with seven runners.

We read of a novelist who makes a practice of pausing before finishing a novel. Another good plan is to pause before beginning one.

* * *

Increasing numbers of members of the Peerage are taking up weekly gossip-writing. No popular Sunday paper is now considered complete without its page of title-tattle.

* * *

It seems that the importation of foreign tombstones into England is seriously affecting Aberdeen. This accounts for the rather forced note that has lately been detected in Aberdonian gaiety.

* * *

A sporting journalist remarks that Englishmen are good losers, but it must be remembered how much practice we have had at it lately.

* * *

The decline in the number of remarriages of widows is attributed to the fact that the modern widow doesn't remarry nearly so often as she used to do.

* * *

After a duel between two French barristers had ended in one being slightly wounded in the arm they parted without shaking hands. It is very regrettable when people take these meetings in a spirit of ill-will.

* * *

We note that the London journalists' rifle-meeting at Bisley is postponed till next month. It may not be generally known that a journalist's rifle gives an exceptionally full report.

* * *

The revival of moustaches at Oxford is ascribed to a desire to preserve one privilege in which women-students cannot participate.

* * *

A paragraphist recalls that Mr. SIDNEY WEBB once told him that every speech should contain three funny stories. It has been noticed how quickly the House fills when word goes round that "WEBB is up."

"NEWS IN BRIEF.

St. George's Day.—William Shakespeare died, 1918."—*New Zealand Paper, April 23rd.*

The communications between the Old Country and New Zealand are still capable of improvement.

"Would some kind person give a boy of 16, who has been in the pantry 18 months, a start as a Garden Boy?"—*Daily Paper.*

The need of a little fresh air is clearly indicated.

THE GALLANT COWARDS.

(With respectful compliments to the heroes of the flight from America to Germany.)

[In the graphic account which CHAMBERLIN and LEVINE wrote of their experiences we are told that, when their compasses went wrong, they were in doubt whether to go forward, till one of them said that "it would be better to be buried in Davy Jones's locker than return and face the criticisms and hee-haws of people . . . especially some newspapers." This thought decided them to continue.]

WHEN all those myriads met to greet
With plaudits pardonably frantic
(For it is not a common feat
To fly an ocean like the Atlantic)
The heroes of that record spin,
Messrs. LEVINE and CHAMBERLIN,

Hot envy took me in the heart;
So far from reaching their objective
I felt I shouldn't even start,
My courage being too defective;
It seems that I am built of stuff
That isn't nearly stout enough.

Judge, then, of my delight to read
How, with their compasses in error,
They hesitated to proceed
Till goaded onward by a terror
So ghastly that it made them go
Harder than ever Eastward Ho!

Bad it might be above the foam
Blindly to steer through fogs and vapours,
But three times worse to make for home
And face the mirth of ribald papers;
The prospect turned their blood all blue,
And, out of sheer funk, on they flew.

So at the thought of what they dared
My envy grows a shade more tepid;
I too, if adequately scared,
Might thus contrive to be intrepid;
I too might do a deed like this,
Egged on by moral cowardice. O. S.

TELEVISION.

POSSIBLE COMPLICATIONS in 1937.

["What its practical use may be I leave to your imagination. I am confident, however, that in many ways and in due time it will be found to add substantially to human comfort and happiness."—*Mr. W. S. GIFFORD, President of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company.*]

Sadie and I have recently had a television screen fitted to our telephone. At first we were very proud of it, but I cannot truthfully say that it has proved the blessing we imagined it would be.

For instance, the other morning I ran in from the bathroom, just as I was, to answer the telephone (Sadie was still in bed), and found on the screen the smiling face of one of her girl-friends. The smile vanished as my form in its primitive costume leapt on to her television apparatus. The only thing I could do was to vanish too.

Another misadventure occurred when old Bob Buckhill rang up to know if I could find it convenient to pay him the fifty pounds which he had lent me. It was on the tip of my tongue to assume the voice of a man-servant and tell him that I was out of town, but I recalled that this would have been futile with my face before him.

Since then Sadie and I have collected a few acting properties which we keep behind the screen—a cap, an apron, a pair of "specs," side-whiskers and a shirt-front. We wear a selection of them whenever we answer the telephone. It certainly makes the use of this instrument more of a business than it was in the good old ante-television days.

Perhaps the worst misfortune for which we have to thank this novelty befell us a few days ago, when my Aunt Frederica rang up to know if we would care to go to one of her recitals that evening. It happened to be lunch-time when the bell rang and Ellen was busy serving, so Sadie popped on her property cap and apron and answered the telephone. This is the conversation I heard:—

"I rather think Mrs. Soames is out, Mum. . . Can I take a message? . . A recital of Madam's to-night? . . . at eight o'clock . . . at the Squawkaway Hall? . . . I'll tell Madam directly she comes in. . . Mr. Soames? . . I don't think he is coming in to lunch. . . He said he'd ring up. . . No, Mum, he hasn't. . . I'll tell him . . . two tickets . . . anyhow, one. . . I'll look at his engagement block if you want to know at once, Mum."

Luckily I had a genuine engagement for that evening, which however I had not yet entered on my block, so I thought I would give Sadie the chance of telling at least one item of truth by informing her of it forthwith. Rushing impulsively across the room I whispered it in her ear and darted away again.

"Aunt Frederica has rung off," said Sadie a moment later. "I can't get her again."

"Never mind," I said. "She'll give the tickets to someone else as we haven't accepted them at once. Pity you couldn't have told one little piece of truth in that orgy of deception."

"Anyhow we've got off another recital," sighed Sadie happily.

"I hope two a year are enough to keep us in Aunt Frederica's good books," said I.

"I scorn," said Sadie, "to sacrifice my artistic taste for the sake of future prospects however rosy."

"You have lied for them, at any rate," I retorted. "I shall write an article entitled 'Is Television Undermining our Morals?' and in it I shall discuss the question as to whether a lie is a worse lie because we disguise ourselves to tell it, or if, on the contrary, it is less of a lie because dressing up for it transforms it from lying into comedy or tragedy, as the case may be."

As the case actually was, I received the following letter next morning:—

DEAR NEPHEW,—I cannot bring myself to look upon a young man who kisses the parlourmaid when his innocent young wife is out of the way as one deserving of any further affectionate consideration from me, either here or hereafter.

Your astonished and grieved Aunt,
FREDERICA SOAMES.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"BACK TO 1307.

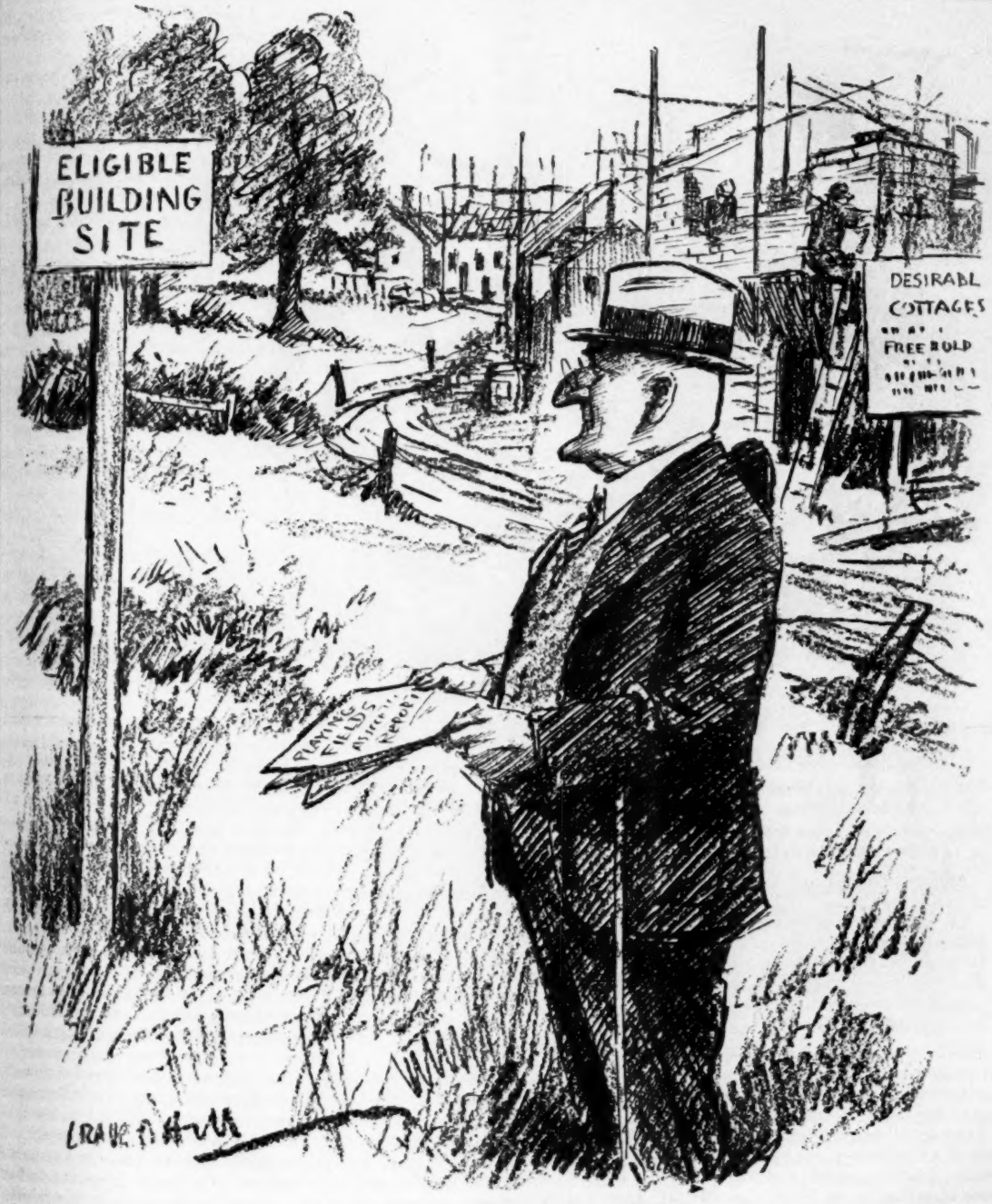
Six centuries of living history are piled up on this desolate spot. I found the smugglers' lair in an old inn whose title-deeds bear the date, 1307—in the reign of Edward the Confessor, great-great-grandson of William the Conqueror's grand-daughter."—*Evening Paper.*

A new title indeed for EDWARD II.

Extract from account of the loading of the Russian ship *Youshar* in which thirty of the Soviet officials travelled *en route* for Moscow:—

"There was a handsome saloon car, a piano, and a wonderful variety of household articles. Everything was damped on board."
Evening Paper.

A wise precaution in view of the inflammatory tendencies of the passengers.



HOUSING AND HEALTH.

MR. PUNCH. "EXCELLENT TO SEE ALL THESE HOMES SPRINGING UP; BUT HOMES MEAN CHILDREN, AND CHILDREN WANT SPACE TO PLAY IN. I HOPE THIS WON'T BE FORGOTTEN."

[The Duke of YORK, as President of the National Playing Fields Association, has issued an appeal for more public playing-fields, and points out that for want of them boys and girls in ever-increasing numbers "are being deprived of their chance to take part in our health-giving national games." Donations, large or small, should be sent to the Midland Bank, 5, Threadneedle Street, E.C., or to any of its branches.



Flatterer. 'IF THEY PASS THIS VOTES BILL, WILL YOU USE YOURS?"

THE GARDENING MANIA.

"MANIA" is the only word to explain it. If I sold life-assurance policies I would have some of the questions framed so as to discover these maniacs—

Are you addicted to drugs, alcohol or gardening?

Do you suffer, or have you ever suffered, from consumption, rickets, rheumatic fever, bulbs, herbaceous borders, cucumber-frames, lawn-mowers?

Is there any insanity or horticulture in your family?

People who suffer in this last way are so deceptive. They act and converse normally until you get on to the subject of gardening or get into a garden.

They are like the poor cashier who is now in a "private nursing home" as a result of sitting up all night over an error of fourpence in his books. The man is charming until the word "four" or "fourpence" is mentioned, and then he foams at the mouth and tries to brain you.

Mention "earlies" to your allotment-eering friend and watch him react.

Take poor old William for example. I went to see him the other day in a weak moment, and in spite of myself he dragged me out "to look over the estate," as he said with fiendish jocularity. When I had said "Yes" and "No" and "Splendid" for some time with idiotic sympathy on my face and black revengeful fury in my heart, we came to a deep trench about six feet long.

"I could kill him here quietly and bury him," I said to myself, looking at the shallow grave with a macabre satisfaction; and in my mind's eye I saw a simple white stone surrounded with forget-me-nots and inscribed as a warning to all:—

"HE DIED GARDENING."

He turned to me with a fatuous smile (all gardeners grow fatuous—it's the digging).

"Now what do you think that trench is for?" he said. And then, just as I was going to break my decision gently to him, he bellowed—

"Why, sweet peas, of course."

Of course; but dear William will never know, I suppose, just how near death he was as he said it.

Ferdinand saved him, for just as he spoke my eye caught sight over his shoulder of the terrier gambolling in a bed of bulbs.

That dog shall never want tit-bits while I can give them to him. William was still droning on about King Edwards or Queen Elizabeths or King Coles, but a gentle peace came upon me as I watched Ferdinand.

First, he playfully stalked one central bulb larger than the others, dragging his body artistically over the smaller ones and playing havoc with his hind-legs as he crawled along. Finally, with a triumphant bound, he sprang upon his quarry, killed it with a stroke and deftly uprooted it.

In his ecstasy he rolled about among the crushed young shoots and William's eagerly anticipated show of bulbs wilted beneath his joy.

That dog has a real love for flowers. He smelled delicately at a little cluster of peeping shoots destined to form, as William had told me, a scarlet heart, and then fairly gave rein to his passionate affection. He probably meant to find out where tulips go to in the winter-time. His theory seemed to be that they went down through to New Zealand.

And, as I watched the flying shower of earth and bulbs and young shoots, my peace grew deeper and I felt that Ferdinand had made amends to me for his master.

Suddenly I was conscious that William had ceased to babble of sweet peas. The air seemed to grow suddenly cold.

His affable inanities fell away from him as a cloak, and for one moment, under the shock of this blow, William stood out in that garden as a mighty and terrible figure.

He had seen little Ferdinand too.

Without unseemly haste I diplomatically took two full paces to the rear, and my movement broke the spell in time to save my boyhood's friend from apoplexy.

With a whining groan he took off from the mark like a champion and scarcely seemed to touch the ground as he hurled himself towards the jubilant Ferdinand.

The dog looked up with the conscious air of an æsthete, but must have caught sight of William's face, for with a yelp of terror he hurled himself through the privet hedge behind him.

But William, in the grip of his mania, was past stopping, and, stumbling as his foot sank in the soft mould, he buried himself, wallowing in the middle of the hedge, while Ferdinand fled swiftly towards the house.

To clinch my conviction that William, in this direction at least, is a maniac, he still sticks to his gardening, having made me a present of Ferdinand. In accepting him I squared the debt between me and the dog, for he would undoubtedly have lost his life if he had remained with his mad master.

WALWORTH LANGUAGE.

[Under the above heading an evening paper recently made the following report:—

"When a man was charged at Lambeth Police Court to-day with drunkenness, a constable declared that he used improper language.

Magistrate. Would you call it Lambeth language?

Constable. No, Walworth.

Magistrate. What is the difference?

Constable. I think Walworth is the warmest."]

FROM Ratcliffe Highway you 'd expect
A word or two not quite correct;
No infant should inscribe its slate
With language learnt at Billingsgate,
No bishop listen unawares
When barges moor at Wapping Stairs;
Sometimes the SPEAKER has to frown
On phrases coined in Silvertown;
And sailors shouting from the river
Sometimes make Shadwell Basin shiver,
And once in bygone years, they say,
L. G., who happened down that way,
Became infected with the speech
Habitual in Limehouse Reach,
And shouted it, without rebuke,
To vilify some harmless duke.
The little Hamlets of the Tower
Use words of less repute than power,
But not our Walworth; she, I feel,
Is slandered by this son of PEEL;
Immaculate she stands alone
Far from the objurgative zone.



Tea-Shop Waitress (severely). "WAS YOU RINGIN' THE BELL?"
Customer (wearily). "NO, I WAS TOLLING IT."

Here *Wemmick*, when he found release
From *Jaggers*, sought the ways of peace
And quiet domesticity
With stunts to please the *Aged P.*—
The indicator on the wall
In case *Miss Skiffins* chanced to call,
The moat, the drawbridge *and* the gun
That crowned the *Aged's* birthday fun.
Here *Pip* would bring his load of care,
Unfold his heart and lay it bare
And, while the tea-pot stood to brew,
Listen to *Wemmick's* "Walworth view."
And I refuse to think that this
Region of quietude and bliss
Could ever be the picked domain
Of language doubtful or profane,
Or deal in oaths of stronger tang
Than "Dash it!" "Bother it!" or "Hang!"
Or else perhaps (when greatly vexed)
Such form of words as "Well, what next?"

"Yorkshire made a disastrous start, Sutcliffe being leg before to Macdonald before he had bowled a ball."—*Provincial Paper.*

No wonder Yorkshire was beaten.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

ARRIVING from Guildford by car we came up behind a tall man with beautifully curled hair, white stockings and crimson-coloured plus-fours, who was carrying in his hand the kind of silver wand which is usually associated with a fairy queen. By these signs I knew at once that I was at Aldershot and in the presence of a non-commissioned officer of the British Army. He was shepherding a platoon of other ranks, also attired in the fancy S. D. clothing of the time when MARLBOROUGH went to war. They were more sunburnt than most masqueraders and much less shy. If you looked at them hard they smiled, but not otherwise.

I notice in all that is written about searchlight tattoos that we hear very little about the trying life of the Battalion Sergeant-Major when rehearsing the details of Blenheim or Malplaquet in 1927. Does the trained soldier, I mean, become a mere recruity for the nonce?

"Now then, Sergeant Wilks, don't hold your partisan as if it was a fishing-rod! Saluting with the three-cornered hat. By numbers. One, two, three. At the word *one* the brim of the hat will be seized with the thumb and forefinger of the disengaged hand at a point six inches to the rear of the fore peak. At the word *two* it will be swept off and outwards in a genteel and graceful manner and 'eld at arm's length. At the word *three* it will be replaced on the 'ead. You go to the regimental *coiffeuse*, my boy; and don't let me see you coming on parade again with your wig only 'arf curled! Pull up your white stockings, No. 4 platoon, and for the Lord's sake don't let them garters slip down!"

Of course I don't know. I am only just imagining. Possibly the post-war army takes to eighteenth-century smartness and efficiency as a duck takes to water. Anyhow, the *fait accompli* as seen in a full-dress rehearsal was a thing to admire not only for its splendid manœuvring but for its simple unself-consciousness. Cavalry moved in perfect rank with turbaned drummers. Grenadiers in tall pointed hats and tail-coats fell dead on the grass as though to the manner born. Artillerymen trailed their ammunition behind them with a gravity which made you wonder whether they knew that the little wheeled boxes looked rather like hutches on a rabbit-breeding farm.

There is a definite advantage about seeing a searchlight tattoo at ten o'clock in the morning, although it lacks a certain atmosphere, or *cachet*, if you like, possessed by the ordinary evening tattoo. I don't know exactly what the defect is, but I think it must lie in the absence of searchlights. The advantage, on the other hand, consists in the fact that the whole of London is not there.

I meant to point this out to a Major-General in uniform who kindly came up to me to explain the position of affairs in front of Blenheim, but I was too much confused. I stood up when he came, and he told me to sit down again. To sit down in the presence of a Major-General in uniform who is standing up is even at this distance from the Great War as near to a physical impossibility as anything I can achieve. I should like to have complimented him also on the perambulator park. I don't suppose there are any perambulator parks at the evening search-light tattoos, but when I saw the Battle of Blenheim there were about fifty baby-carriages neatly arranged under the command of an N.C.O. outside the entrance to the arena, one or two of them with a live baby waiting until Blenheim was won. This seems to me to be a record in military staff work.



THE ALDERSHOT TATTOO.
TRAGIC END TO OLD KASPAR'S COTTAGE.

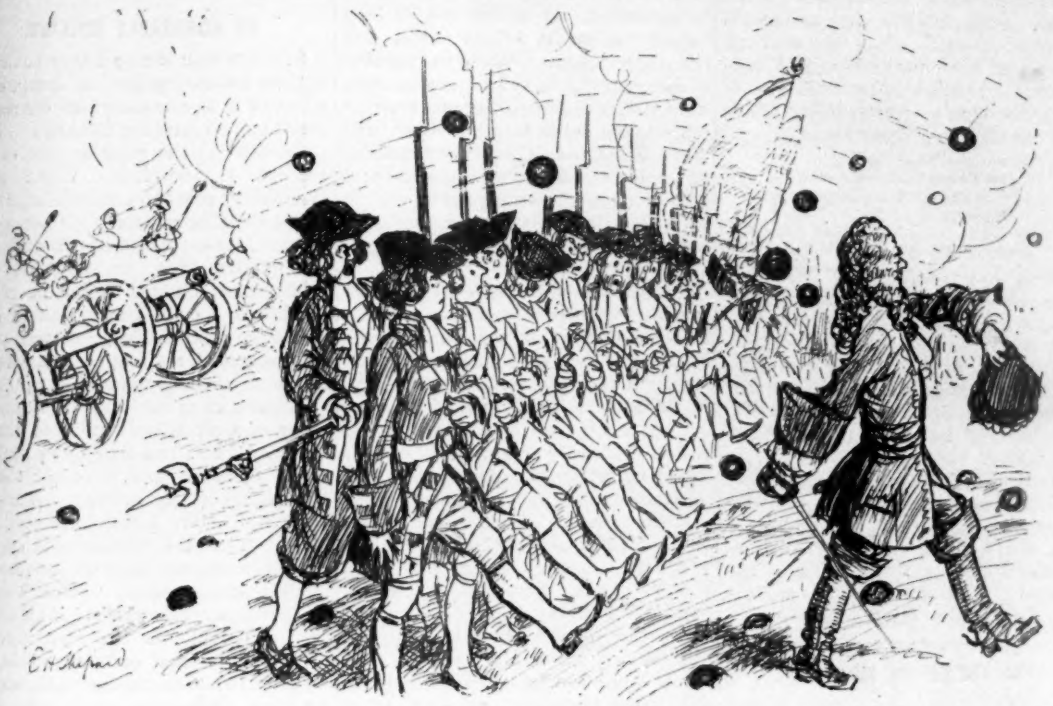
I learnt the curious fact that in eighteenth-century warfare it was the correct thing to hold a short service and address your troops whilst under fire from the enemy; and also that it was not considered sporting to get out of the way of a cannon-ball when you saw it coming. After all, the other side had taken the trouble to get the wretched cannon-ball into the cannon and stuff it down and aim it, and cause the powder to ignite and propel the majestic orb towards you. The least thing a fellow dressed up for the party could do was to face it like a man and not try to dodge. And dressed up how gaily for the party! The army of MARLBOROUGH was a dream.

The number of people visiting Blenheim this week will probably exceed that visiting any other English beauty-spot during the year, so perhaps I need hardly describe the place. I merely mention that the little hamlet is full of an old-world charm, contains several choice residences and has a background of umbrageous trees. It was taken by MARLBOROUGH'S troops. I knew it would be. I never thought that TALLARD'S and MARSIN'S men could hold out against those terrific assaults. They hadn't the toughness of our chaps—no, not even the ones with red-and-blue tassels under their knees.

Which reminds me that a rather interesting spectacle could be presented of eighteenth-century armies cleaning up their uniforms after a muddy day in Flanders. Strange old words of command, according to the programme, are heard on the battlefield, such as "Take heed to double your ranks to the right!" But there must have been many a time after the battle when the dragoon's heart was almost broken by a corporal's "Take heed to get your pinafores tidy for to-morrow morning's parade!"

When the conflict was over, when ROW had fallen and MARLBOROUGH had led his countercharge, and the final assault had been made, and TALLARD had surrendered his sword, and the troops had marched past, we skipped a couple of hundred years. Two single-seater fighters attacked a bomber in the air, and then Blenheim, poor little Blenheim! was assaulted by grim infantry sections in khaki and by tanks—the infantry preceded (very closely preceded, I thought) by a neat little barrage of artillery-fire. Blenheim got it in the neck again, yielding this time some rather lively prisoners in field-grey, who came gaily back with their captors across the level sunlit sward.

If I dared to make any suggestion to the authorities responsible for the Aldershot Tattoo—and I do not dare—it would be that they should heighten the drama of Blenheim by means of some little connecting link between MARLBOROUGH'S time and our own. This might be done, I think, by introducing SOUTHEY'S old *Kaspar*—of whose date, I own, I am not very certain—and his tiresome little grandchild, *Wilhel-*



THE ALDERSHOT TATTOO.

BLENHEIM—AND AFTER.

A CREEPING BARRAGE, IN MARLBOROUGH'S DAY, WOULD HAVE BEEN RATHER DISCONCERTING—



"... ON THE OTHER HAND WE MISS THE LITTLE EXCHANGE OF COURTESIES BEFORE THE BATTLE.

mine. Supposing we were to see old *Kaspar* in the searchlight for a moment, sitting at his cottage-door, and confronted by *Wilhelmine* with one of MARLBOROUGH'S cannon-balls, which she has discovered lying about.

"It was a summer evening
Old Kaspar's work was o'er,
And he had got a large round shot
Of seventeen-o-four.
His little grandchild, Wilhelmine,
Had found it rolling on the green."

After that we would see *Wilhelmine's* granddaughter talking to her (the granddaughter's) grandson. He would be very nearly old enough to take part in a tank attack, or fly a bomber, or walk behind an artillery barrage, and his grandmother would mention how her grandmother had told her how *her* grandfather had told *her*—— Well, you see what I mean, don't you?

Of the musical part of the Tattoo, impressive enough as I saw and heard it in the sunlight, with all the artifice visible, I need not speak. It is unnecessary to paint the lily—no, not the lily; I mean the thistle and the rose.

EVOE.

THE FUTURE OF MOTORING.

I THINK I may claim to view motoring with an impartial eye. When I am in a car I am convinced that pedestrians are a menace to modern progress, and when I am on foot I am broad-minded enough to agree that every motorist ought to be in a cage at the Zoo. Who could be fairer than that?

As I look at this present-day England of ours I perceive three outstanding types of humanity—people who own a car, people who are saving up to buy a car, and people who are trying to sell a car.

There are moments when I ask myself whether our civilisation has produced anything less deserving of the mercy of Heaven than the man who is saving up to buy a car. There are, it is true, occasions when the man who owns a car and the man who is trying to sell a car would look their best on the scaffold, but in their favour let it be said that at most the Recording Angel can only charge them with talking about one particular car, whereas the man who is saving up talks about every car under the sun.

Take such a man for a stroll among the most striking wonders of Nature and his eye will lack lustre until a car heaves in sight, when he will brighten up and tell you what make it is and why he has decided not to have one like it.

Cars continue to be comparatively expensive because a good engine is still considered to be an important feature. That problem, it seems to me, is rapidly being solved. It should not be long before the quality of the engine will not matter a bean. When the number of cars manufactured has reached such a point that the motorist must crawl in a queue the entire length of the Great North Road and similar thoroughfares, an engine will scarcely be necessary; a sort of punt-pole arrangement will do as well, with perhaps a reaping-hook for cutting away the growing weeds and ivy.

In that tranquil era little children, rousing themselves from slumber, will look out of the family car and maybe catch sight of a man striding across a field. "Oh, Mummy," they will cry, "how fast that man is going!"

"Yes, darlings," Mother will reply with a shudder, "he is what they used to call walking; but don't look or it will make you giddy; and you must promise never to try to go so fast as that. If motoring is good enough for your father and me it should be good enough for you. Now sit tight, because your father thinks we may be moving on another yard or two soon."

It is only too likely, however, that before then someone will have invented a jumping motor-car, a handy little thing in which it will be possible to buzz across country without damaging the scenery too much, and the road traffic jam will be eased off for a time. Hunting will be revived and considerably brightened by such an invention, though it will probably be found necessary to fit the hounds with rear shock-absorbers.

Accepting the grim possibility that motoring will continue to dominate our lives, my suggestion is that we each have a motor-bed and be done with it. With a bed capable of moving under its own power and going practically anywhere there would be no need to get up in the morning and no bother about going to bed at night. And in the event of an accident happening—well, there you are in bed, and under no necessity of cadging one at a hospital.

D. C.

Precocity.

"Our heartiest congratulations are due to the Rev. —— and Mrs. —— on the birth of a son, which took place on Good Friday last at ——-on-Tyne, where he is now engaged in parochial work."—*Parish Magazine.*

"A well-spent Lent makes a good Eater."
Parish Magazine.

True, no doubt; but is it not a rather belated discovery?

"'*Si jeunesse savait! Si vieillesse savait!*' cried the philosopher who was either very young or very old."—*Evening Paper.*

He didn't seem to know much about it, so it must have been a case of *jeunesse*.

AN ADMIRABLE COLLINS.

SHOULD you arrive home to find a python festooning the hall lamp, or an alligator in the scullery, let me recommend you to send for COLLINS.

COLLINS is the head keeper of the reptiles at the Zoo. When these fascinating creatures were being transferred to other quarters the other day, it was COLLINS who threw a sack over the gaping head of the thirty-foot python and bustled it into a strong box before it could throw a single coil; it was he who tickled the twelve-foot alligator until, smiling, it submitted to be bound without tears.

What sort of man is this COLLINS? Is he of a physique similar to that of the Laocoon? The Zoo's grey uniform keeps the secret well. See him tossing caterpillars gently to his pet bull-frog and you would hardly imagine that snakes were the strong suit of this amiable creature. Not because he is a myopic weakling does he wear goggles on occasions. The snake is of all beasts least amenable to the correction of nasty habits, and certain snakes, indifferent to notices on the walls, are unmannerly enough to—er—to spit, aiming with Trans-Atlantic skill at the human eye.

What a man to have about the house! In the presence of a pounce like his no mosquito could survive. The domestic mouse must be brave indeed that invades the home that is protected by a COLLINS. And so sure and deft a control over thirty feet of activity must indicate a past-master at papering a room or laying linoleum.

I cannot help feeling that COLLINS could be even more usefully employed in other spheres. With the coming of the warmer evenings might it not be well if, with his sack, his net and his goggles, he were engaged to look after the precincts of the House of Commons? Would he not be a useful man to render assistance on the field of oratory at the Marble Arch? And there are gentlemen in Moscow for whom one would desire nothing better than the attentions of this COLLINS.

Commercial Candour.

From an Indian watch-seller's circular:—

"Our newly import time pieces are the best that cannot be had anywhere. . . Our —— pocket-watches are excelled in keeping correct time, long wear."

"Lord Rosebery won the Derby when he was at Oxford."—*Sunday Paper.*

It was an open secret at the Varsity that he was also Prime Minister at the time.



Vicar. "I FIND OUR ANNUAL GARDEN FÊTE IS FIXED FOR THE SAME DAY AS THE ECLIPSE. I THINK I MUST GET IT PUT OFF."
Gardener. "YOU COULDN'T 'ARDLY DO THAT, SIR—NOT A *TOTAL* ECLIPSE YOU COULDN'T."

WHAT ENGLAND IS THINKING.

IV.—HUDDERSFIELD.

I SPENT four hours at 'Oodersfield. I did two factories, the Cattle Market, the Art Gallery, the Park, the "George" and the "Green Man." 'Oodersfield, as you know, thinks a lot about wool. And 'Oodersfield thinks that things are very slack. When I was at Manchester they thought things were very slack there, but they said that at 'Oodersfield they were doing well. At 'Oodersfield they said if I was to go to *Leeds*, now, they were doing fine at Leeds. I went on to Leeds, and they said things were terrible slack at Leeds, but if I was to go to '*Oodersfield*, now, I should really see things 'ooming. But I did not go back to 'Oodersfield. Is it not an odd thing that in this great country, broad-based upon her trade and all that, it is impossible to find a trader, North or South, who will admit that he is doing any trade? And is there not here, maybe, a profound psychological thingummy or something? If I were to go to Philadelphia would the traders of that town, I wonder, say to me, "Say, boy, this is a bum city; you gotter go to Chicago for business"? Or would they say, "Nix on Chicago, stranger; right here is where the dollar's breeding"? I think so. But in this great country nobody is earning money except the man next-door.

Is it modesty? No. For Manchester does not suggest that 'Oodersfield is more worthy, and Leeds is very sure that Leeds deserves to prosper. What I suggest is that the business men of the Industrial North should organise a Smile Week. Nobody at 'Oodersfield would be allowed to say that things were slack at 'Oodersfield but 'oomming at Leeds, but everyone would repeat each hour the universal slogan, "*Bah goom, but trade is 'ooming at 'Ooders-*



Customer. "BUT I CAN GET IT FOR THREEPENCE LESS OVER THE WAY."
Shopman. "PERHAPS SO; BUT WHY RISK YOUR LIFE FOR THREEPENCE?"

field to-day!" And perhaps trade *would* be good.

Meanwhile, considering how slack trade is, it is extraordinary how much time people can spare from their perishing businesses in the middle of the day. Lunch takes as long, I calculate, in the Industrial North as it does in the unproductive cities of the South. At half-past twelve in the bar of the "George" there were about twenty gentlemen reviving the wool trade. At half-past two I happened to look in again (pure curiosity), and most of them were still pulling the wool trade on to its feet.

For one wild moment I thought that 'Oodersfield was thinking about the Trade Disputes Bill. Far off, on a piece of waste land, I saw a bunch of men, and in the middle of them a man raised up and gesticulating with his arms. "At last," I thought, "the Industrial North is registering its detestation of the shackles of serfdom! This is the voice of outraged Liberty." I urged my taxi over a canal, I climbed a fence, I jumped a brook, and came breathless to the edge of the embittered throng. The impassioned orator was still speaking. And this is what he said:—

"Five shillings I am bid for the donkey—six shillings—seven shillings. Seven shillings for the donkey—say, two donkeys, for the donkey is in foal—eight shillings—eight shillings for this fine donkey—look at the donkey, gentlemen—a worker if ever I saw one—eight shillings—nine shillings—nine shillings for this perfect little donkey . . ."

I passed on, a disappointed man, to the great heart of the Cattle Market, where the farmers drink beer and discuss heifers and bankruptcy. And, said I, "At any rate I will sound the pulse of agricultural Yorkshire." I went up to a gentleman and said, "How is the hay doing?" He said he was in the wool trade. He said trade was very slack and he had come down to the Cattle Market to see a relative who was a farmer, so we had a glass of beer. To the second gentleman I said, "What are heifers to-day?" He said he was in the furniture trade; he said trade was very slack and he had come down to the Cattle Market to have a glass of beer; so we had a glass of beer. The third gentleman was in the piano trade; he said trade was very slack and he had come down to the Cattle Market because he always did; so we had a glass of beer. I began to think there were no farmers at the Cattle Market, but the fourth gentleman turned out to be a real farmer; he said trade was very slack, and dang 'im if he knew why he came to Cattle Market, because he couldn't sell beast, and if he did sell beast price was cruel, so we had a glass of beer. The fifth gentleman was in the toy trade; he said trade was very slack, so he had come down to the Cattle Market; and we had a glass of beer. And after that, well, dang I if I didn't think that trade was a bit slack myself.

But I went to two weaving factories or spinning or something; and they looked pretty lively. I must not tell you too much about this, because of trade secrets. But roughly the process is this: The Australian wool (which is obtained from the sheep) is put in at one end and at the other end it comes out fifty yards of gent's trouserings. First of all the wool is wound upon a bobbin; then it is wound off the bobbin on to a spindle; then it is spun off the spindle into a woof; then it is tied to a warp and the weft is added; then the warp is revetted by a

special machine, and the whole thing is placed in tar; then the woof is combed and plucked, and the weft is wheedled, but upside down; then the stripe is put in with a stripe-machine and the whiff is dried off in a vat; then it is all pressed and welted and steamed and re-hung, and sixteen bobbins go to a large roller and all this is done for the pure love of the thing, because, you see, *there is absolutely no trade in wool*, and, as for cotton and silk, these are no longer worn.

Trousers in the making are terribly noisy, whatever they may look at the tailor's; and when someone is shouting woofs and wefts at you in a room full of thousands of spindles and bobbins and things it is really quite difficult to bag a trade secret. The only thing I discovered was that the whole of the textile trade is done by young women. If you see a great clanking machine it is run by a good-looking lass with bobbed hair and the Charleston, or sometimes a dear old lady with spectacles and grey hair; but, if you see some really finicky job it is being done by a man. No man, I think, could walk round four or five textile factories and continue to fulminate against "Votes for Flappers." If it wasn't for "flappers" he would have no trousers.

Talking of votes, one of the best things at 'Oodersfield is an old handbill in the Art Gallery:—

At a
MEETING
of the
INHABITANTS OF LOCKWOOD
And Its Vicinity
Held on the 28th of December, 1833,
IT WAS UNANIMOUSLY RESOLVED

That we, the Inhabitants of Lockwood and its Vicinity, have come to the determination not to purchase any articles of those Shopkeepers, Publicans, Brewers, Shoemakers, Tailors, Cloggers, or any other Tradesmen, who from this date purchase goods of any description from those who vote against or are not friendly to the return of the advocate of the people's rights and interests—the patriotic friend of the people—CAPT. WOOD.

JAMES CLOUGH,
Chairman.

BROTHER NON-ELECTORS
Of all the surrounding country,
"*Go Ye and do Likewise.*"

Let us be unanimous, let us be organised, let us be ready, and let us be prepared to pour in our thousands on the Day of Nomination and, if necessary, on the two Days of Polling, and thus secure the return of the sincere friend and advocate of the people's rights. And let the universal cry be

WOOD
AND LIBERTY.
WOOD AND THE PEOPLE.

Non-Electors, do your Duty, and rest assured the Electors will do Theirs!

Good old WOOD! But I daresay trade was a bit slack in his day. I wonder if there has *ever* been any trade in this country.

A. P. H.



MANNERS AND MODES.

Flapper. "MIND IF I FINISH MY GASPER WHILE WE DANCE?"
Hero. "N-NO—IF YOU DON'T MIND THE SMELL OF BURNING FLESH."

Before the Ryder Cup golf-match in America:—

"'I feel certain we shall do well,' was George Gadd's opinion. 'And the absence of Mitchell will make us pull a bit harder.'"
Daily Paper.

Judging by the disastrous result, the British team seems to have done a bit of slicing as well.

"The Macdona Players, who return to the Royal Court Theatre for two weeks of Bernard Shaw's plays, are to produce 'Mrs. Warren's Confession' on Tuesday. This play, which was banned 30 years ago, deals with a great social problem, which even in the present day is not satisfactorily solved."—*Provincial Paper.*

Our contemporary, you will notice, is still so baffled that it has confused the "Pro" with the "Con."

"MODERN GIRL IN JAPAN.

The eyebrows are worthy of the 'modern girl' stamp all by themselves, it is pointed out, for the style is called '15 minutes past seven o'clock.' The eyebrows are painted with black chalk in the directions indicated by the hands of a clock as 7.30."—*China Paper.*

The modern girl in Japan seems to be a bit fast.

At the Cambridge Union:—

"Mr. John Trimble, of the George Washington University, said that they had found England a wonderful country, especially the cathedrals. When he stood in Westminster Abbey he had really thought he was in heaven until he turned round and saw his colleagues standing by his side."—*Daily Paper.*

We congratulate Mr. TRIMBLE upon maintaining WASHINGTON'S reputation for telling the ruthless truth.

LIVESTOCK IN BARRACKS.

V.—DUCK.

ALL round our Mess we have a lot of Government land. It has Government rabbits, Government wild duck and the Government pheasant on it, and regularly every season we go out and blaze off at them and pretend we have saved money on our food-bills.

Last year, however, was one of the lean ones; not only did we shoot hardly any rabbits and no duck, but Lieutenant Swordfrog, who was then new to the Army, went and wounded the pheasant so severely that it was only under the most skilful nursing that it recovered at all, and certainly wasn't strong enough to get about for the remainder of the shooting. So we decided we would increase our chances for next season and would supplement the few very wild duck who are brave enough to inhabit the large shallow pond in our domains. Lieutenant James having given us to understand that he knew a man who dealt in wild ducks' eggs, we appointed him Acting Unpaid Putter-down of Wild Duck and sent him off.

He returned with eleven and two-thirds dozen eggs, all done up in a packet, and a third of a dozen loose in the back of the car. It seemed more than enough; in fact we thought he had rather over-reached himself, but he explained that, knowing his man, he had got a large number cheap. It wasn't till only three dozen hatched out that we understood exactly what he meant by "knowing his man."

We realised when the great day of hatching was expected because a hurriedly-written order from Lieutenant James suddenly appeared in the battalion workshop asking for a special box to be made. I say "special," because, according to James's specification, it had to be eight feet long by three feet by three feet and was to be a box without sides or ends, top or bottom. It wasn't till Private Muzzle, a carpenter by trade, had gone into hospital suffering from mental strain that James sent down a further note to say he was sorry he had forgotten to add on his original specification for "Runs, Wild Duck . . . 1" that the missing parts were to be made of wire-netting, except the bottom, which still wasn't to be there.

When the duck-run was at last made James took it in his car to a lair in the woods which he called the Duckery and where the eggs were busy hatching under the supervision of a keeper. He looked very impressive as he passed us, because the "box" projected (upside down) four feet out over the back, and Bronx, James's outsize in cocker-spaniels, who had started in the front seat, had got inside the cage and was running up and down its length like a squirrel on sentry-go.

After this there was a silence for several weeks while the wild duck grew up. James used to drive out daily to see that they were fed, and the spaniel used to play with them. It was really rather delightful for a nature-lover to watch Bronx lying down while the wild ducklings came and pecked at his long ears, and James said "Billi-billi-billi-billi" in a high-pitched voice and treated them to biscuit.



"I SAW HIM WARD OFF ONE WITH A HIGH PARRY."

When the time came for the ducks to be put out on Thatchmere Pond, James was rather broken up. I understand that the farewell between him and Bronx of the one part and the ducks of the other was very touching. And when the day came for the Mess to turn out for a little wild-duck shooting on Thatchmere, James was so upset that he actually signed someone else's chit for a round of drinks. That just shows you, doesn't it?

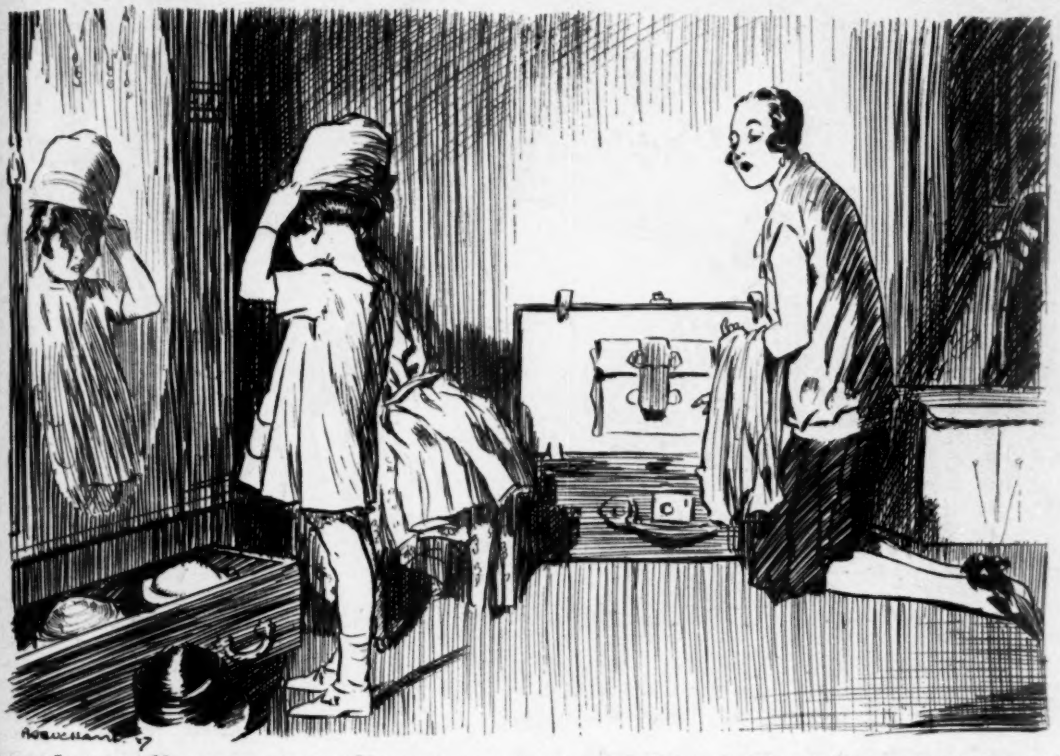
As a matter of fact we were all rather nervous, because the Colonel had asked over a brother of his, a fearfully rare Admiral and an experienced gun, who had many and many a time shot duck up the Yangtse.

We reached the pond in extended order and soon a cloud of duck got up. We gave them one round rapid, and those really-wild-duck who were misguidedly using Thatchmere Pond too were at once *en route* for the next county. Our own wild duck, however, brought up under military discipline, were made of sterner stuff. They merely circled round and round at a convenient height, quacking volubly and braving our volleys with the utmost unconcern.

We brought down several while James covered his eyes, and at last they began to circle farther away. At this point, to our horror, we observed that the rare Admiral, judging from his language, had not yet got one. This was awful. We knew the Colonel would consider it insubordinate on our part if his brother went away duckless. Meanwhile the duck moved still further away. The Admiral swore, the Colonel glared, yet we could do nothing. And then James, the noble James, sank his own personal feelings and saved the situation. Putting his hand to his lips he gave vent to a shrill call: "Billi-billi-billi-billi."

The fast-disappearing duck heard it and turned. Straight at us they flew with anticipatory cries, and the stoutest among us quailed. Save the Admiral; he alone stood to his gun and fired round after round, bringing down birds right and left. Many fell to him; I even saw him ward off one with a high parry and finish it with the butt. They were on us, circling our heads at a few inches, quacking over our feet, sitting on our shoulders and guns. A few were playing with the delighted Bronx's ears; quite a crowd were thrusting eager beaks into James' pockets.

It is difficult if not impossible to shoot a duck sitting on the end of your gun. It is dangerous as well as difficult for the next man to do so. So we adjourned to the Mess, the Admiral in high feather and talking about duck he had shot on the Ping-Pung or in the paddy-fields of Chong-Bang. His bag was being brought along later, for we had both swept and dragged the pond and taken out for him alone over a dozen duck and one partridge. This last by mutual consent was



Anne. "I SUPPOSE, MOTHER, BY THE TIME I'M OLD ENOUGH TO WEAR A HAT LIKE THIS THERE WON'T *BE* ANY HATS LIKE THIS?"

also attributed to him, but actually I think it must have been one Lieutenant Holster had shot a week or two before and had never been able to find. When the Admiral saw it he graciously presented it to the Mess; and we passed it on to the Sergeants' Mess, who I think don't often eat partridge, as indeed I'm sure they don't, because Sergeant Grenade told me some time later it had been "nice and tasty."

We only had one more duck shoot after that; but it wasn't any fun, because, when we weren't poking ducks off their perches with sticks, Bronx was letting them play with his ears. It ended by their following us back to the Mess and taking up a more or less permanent abode in the Mess garden.

They are there still, living at the back with the Mess Caterer's tame ducks. You can always tell *our* wild ducks from *his* tame ones, because, when you go out and say "Billi-billi-billi-billi," ours come rushing up to you while his run away in terror. A. A.

"A dance was held on Saturday night in honour of Miss ——, who was married to-day. The station employees took the opportunity to present Miss —— a life of great hapipness and fruit servers."—*New Zealand Paper.*

Just the thing to take the pip out of happiness.

"CRICKET LUNCH SCORES."

I WISH the papers wouldn't promise information and then withhold it. I have bought them in thousands, expecting to learn what the cricket lunch scores were, and all that I have found is what the scores were up to the time lunch began; mere runs and wickets, when what I want to know—what we all want to know—is, what did they score at lunch itself? HAMMOND, for example. Every healthy schoolboy who has put HAMMOND at the top of his list of heroes wants to know on what HAMMOND builds up those marvellous high-spirited centuries. Does he eat beef or mutton? Would his lunch score read—

HAMMOND, 3 chops, not out,

or—

HAMMOND, 2 steaks, retired filled,

or does he prefer lamb, or chicken pie? Or does he resort to HAMMOND eggs? But never, of course, duck's. Perish the thought!

These are the things the papers should make clear. What luncheon has JACK HOBBS? Do cutlets lead to cuts? Can a batsman who is full himself deal the more successfully with a full-pitch?

Then there is the question of washing it down. Coming again to HAMMOND, we, his admirers and would-be imitators, want to know whether he does it on water or beer, ginger-beer or lemonade, or that admirable mixture, shandy-gaff. If we are told these things perhaps we shall ourselves all play better. E. V. L.

GARDEN PESTS.

V.—WOOD-PIGEONS.

IN the dew of the morning
They come to my wych-elm trees;
I wake to hear them talking
About my early peas.

"How do you do, love? Dear one, how
do you do?"
"So so, sweetheart; and what about
you—yes, you?"
"Well, I could do with an early pea or
two—say two."
"Peas make a very good breakfast, that
is true.
I'll come." "Yes, do."

I see them in my garden
As blue as an April sky,
Tender and fat and comely.
I *do* like pigeon-pie. W. M. L.

"The season has just opened for . . . hot-water bottles."—*Trade Paper.*

Someone seems to be anticipating a hard winter this summer.



Young Lady in the Tree (*who has been reprimanded by her Sister*). "YOU 'RE TOO EARLY-VICTORIAN—THAT 'S WHAT 'S THE MATTER WITH YOU."

Sister. "WELL, I 'D RATHER BE THAT THAN EARLY-BOADICEAN!"

MORE JACKDAW IN GEORGIA.

THE DOWNPOUR.

(*After Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON.*)

It may be that the mightiness of kings
  Is lewdness on the lips of half the world;
It may be that man's faith is torn in strings
  And Love's bright banner miserably furled;
But deep in Sussex there 's a crown of gorse,
  And in a raftered parlour Sussex ale;
And on a Wiltshire upland a white horse
  Stands staunchly that our sins may not prevail.

    Not for me the pallid drinks
      That grocers stand to milliners;
    While the sun in heaven winks
      Ale shall have its ministers—
    Sussex ale in Sussex inns,
    Drinks all round and song begins.

The lute and lyre are cracked or laid aside;
  Glad minstrels dwindle to a cheap revue
Where syncopated scraps of ditties sighed
  In simpler years are shuffled up anew;
But deep in Bucks men sit about a board
  And roar old songs and drink and sing again;
And bacchic Battersea knows sweet accord
  In mellowed nooks browned dark with barley-stain.

    Not for me the pallid songs
      That grocers pipe to milliners,
    But noisy tumult of hoarse throngs,
      Lords of hay and kings of furze;
    English songs in English inns
    And a great warmth in the heart begins.

Maybe the creaking earth is overtired
  And man's proud destiny obscured and faint,
But there 's a drink to which one man aspired,
  A cup for beggar, millionaire and saint;
The liquid skies, the reeling winds and rains,
  The rainbow's lyric miracle of light
Which timid men with bowlers on their brains
  Shut out with black umbrellas in affright.

    Not for me the pallid skies
      That grocers paint for milliners,
    But lightning-riven, thunderwise,
      Rains a-race with silver spurs;
    One man far from honest inns
    And a great thirst in the soul begins.

W. K. S.

"100,000 GREET THE ATLANTIC AIRMAN.

The main road from Croydon to Washington was black and impassable with people."—*Daily Paper.*

It makes Colonel LINDBERGH's feat seem all the more courageous when one thinks that he might have motored over.

"Sir Austen explained that the warships were sent to Cairo because of the political excitement in Cairo and in Alexandria."—*Provincial Paper.*

The British Navy, it seems, can still go anywhere. Why not send a squadron to Moscow?

"Will Gentleman who picked Black Cat up on Monday night, thinking it was lost, please return to . . ."

"Will the Man who Picked up Lady knocked down by Cycle kindly communicate with . . ."—*Consecutive Advts. in Provincial Paper.*

From the difference in the descriptions should we be justified in drawing the inference that *gentlemen* prefer cats?



THE OLD WORLD JUSTIFIES ITS EXISTENCE.

UNCLE SAM. "I DON'T TAKE MUCH STOCK IN AN EFFETE CONTINENT LIKE EUROPE; BUT IT HAS ITS USES—IT PROVIDES ADMIRABLE PLACES FOR MY HEROES TO LAND ON."



FANCY PORTRAIT OF GREEK JOINING GREEK.

MAN.

A VERY IRREGULAR ODE.

[Three-hundred-and-twenty Manx-Americans and Manx-Canadians, either born in Man or of Manx descent, arrived at Douglas on Saturday for a month's visit, during which they are to be fêted on a lavish scale.]

Lo! o'er the unplumbed ocean,
Impelled by fond emotion,
The Transatlantic Manx,
Fired by nostalgic urges,
Fare forth across the surges
Strong in their triple shanks—
Stout magnates and lean dreamers,
In liners or in steamers
That carry oil in tanks;
Raisers of hogs and cattle,
Exiles from far Seattle,
Moose Jaw and Medicine Hat—
The lumberer, the teamster,
Longing to meet a Deemster
Or greet a tailless cat;
From glacial Alaska,
From temperate Nebraska,
In homing hordes they come,
With wives, like Queens of Sheba,
Who bring to gladden Greeba
Rich gifts of chewing-gum.

O land of saintly odour,
Home of the see of Sodor,
Of *Glory Quayle*, *John Storm*,
Whose sons combine the graces
Of all the Goidel races
With large broad heads and faces,
Oval or scutiform!*
What though Mancunian trippers,
Flushed with champagne and kippers,
Uplift the Charleston hoof
In sumptuous dance-pavilions,
Or dash about on pillions,
Thou standest lone, aloof.
Thy daughters are not sphinxes,
Or bold and forward minxes,
Or fast, like *Nancy Hanks*;
More like to *Norah Creinas*
Than modern MESSALINAS
Or ante-bellum PANKS;
Not striving to be clever,
But good, they never, never
Provoke parental spanks.

They are not filled with yearning
To haunt the seats of learning
Or offer up their thanks
For what is gained by leaning
On GOSSE or WELLS or Dean INGE
Or ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.
No, no, they love to ponder
Upon the past and wander
On Snaefell's rugged flanks
And watch, from glen and corrie,
The ancient realm of ORRY
Defiled by charabancs.

Let others laud Verona,
Home-town of *Romeo's* donah,
I sing the praise of Mona,
That wondrous Western isle,
Where genial are the breezes,
Where every prospect pleases
And Man is never vile.

* See *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

The Mysteries of Authorship.

"His wife has written a number of books, the majority of them autobiographies of distinguished officials in the Army."
Australian Paper.

"Thousands of Londoners lost half an hour of their business day through the collapse of an axle on a fruit-cart in the Strand to-day.

For over half an hour traffic in the West End was affected by the jam created by this obstacle."—*Evening Paper.*

This is the most rapid instance of jam-making that has come to our notice.

"A dramatic political drama was played at Bukharest last night when King Ferdinand called General Averescu, the Prime Minister, and asked him to resign."—*Daily Paper.*

The Press has of course familiarised us with the kind of drama that is not dramatic.

MISLEADING CASES.

XVII.—*Rex* v. *The Licensing Justices of Muddletown.*

STARTLING charges were made in this case to-day at the Muddletown Assizes by Sir Oliver Bott, K.C., in his opening speech for the prosecution. The arrest and trial of the licensing justices have aroused great popular enthusiasm; cheering crowds surrounded the court, and the Judges have received five thousand anonymous letters, couched about equally in the language of menace and congratulation.

Sir Oliver. Milord, in this case the defendants are seventeen Justices of the Peace who are charged under the Public Health Acts with exposing the public to an unhealthy and insanitary condition of affairs in the public bar of "The Red Cow" inn, or, in the alternative, with conduct conducive to a public nuisance.

The facts are these. Until recent years there were two licensed houses in Sunset Street, "The Red Cow" at the western end, and "The Blue Swan" at the eastern. Each house had its own regular and sufficient *clientèle*, but neither was overcrowded. The guests took their refreshment seated comfortably on benches and watched with interest, in the case of "The Red Cow," the game called darts. "The Red Cow" was famous for darts, and "The Blue Swan" for skittles——

The Judge. What are skittles?

Sir Oliver. Milord, I am instructed that skittles are a sort of ninepin.

The Judge. I thought it was a beverage.

Sir Oliver. Perhaps your Lordship is thinking of the expression "Beer and skittles"? (*Laughter.*)

The Judge. Is not that the same as whisky-and-soda?

Sir Oliver. No, milord, it is a game.

The Judge. Very well. Don't waste time, Sir Oliver.

Sir Oliver. Your Lordship is very good. Well, milord, "The Blue Swan" was famous for skittles, and on several occasions had won the challenge shield of the Skittles Association, for which forty-seven public-houses in the district annually compete. Now at the Licensing Sessions it was represented to the Justices by certain virtuous persons that two public-houses in one street was an excessive number and out of proportion to the needs of the population. Their arguments were supported by counsel of the most learned and expensive kind; the Justices, all of whom were vegetarians, accepted them, and the licence of "The Blue Swan" was not renewed.

Now, milord, these well-meaning persons appear to be governed by two main assumptions, both of them, in my submission, milord, fallacious: One that the sole function and purpose of, a public-house is the sale and consumption of alcohol; and, two, that where there are two public-houses there will be sold and consumed a greater quantity of alcohol than where there is only one.

The Judge. Two and two make four, Sir Oliver.

Sir Oliver. Milord, I am prepared to argue that. (*Laughter.*)

The Judge. Are you relying on *Stagger* v. *Root*?

Sir Oliver. No, milord; that was a *nisi prius* action.

The Judge. What has Mr. Wriggle to say to that?

Mr. Wriggle, K.C. Milord, I ask for a ruling.

The Judge. You must not ask me for a ruling before lunch.

Sir Oliver (continuing) said: Now, milord, neither the Licensing Justices nor the persons who appeared before them to oppose the renewal of the licence of "The Blue Swan" had ever entered "The Blue Swan."

The Judge. I never went to "The Blue Swan."

Sir Oliver. But no doubt you were called to the bar, milord. (*Laughter.*)

The Judge. Many are called but few chosen. (*Laughter.*)

Sir Oliver. And therefore, milord, they were wholly unacquainted with the character of "The Blue Swan." Both "The Blue Swan" and "The Red Cow" were social centres corresponding, milord, in their different ways to the Athenæum or the Bath Club. The Bottle and Jug Department——

The Judge. What is that?

Sir Oliver. Milord, I am instructed it is a special counter at which patrons attend with their own jugs or other vessels to purchase liquor for removal and consumption off the premises.

The Judge. Is there a Bottle and Jug Department at the Athenæum?

Sir Oliver. No, milord; the Athenæum has an on-licence only.

The Judge. Then what has it got to do with this case?

Sir Oliver. Milord, if elderly Bishops were seen leaving the Athenæum with jugs of stout in their hands the casual observer would form an impression of the character of that institution which would be largely unjust. And that is what has happened in the case of these two houses. The residents of Sunset Street gathered at these places, milord, for the exchange of ideas and to discuss the news of the day, for the relation of their misfortunes, for mutual comfort, encouragement and advice, and in short for the legitimate purposes of social intercourse. On those premises, milord, many a tired man and disappointed woman have received from the society of their fellows the spiritual contentment which arms them for the trials of the morrow and tends to develop in the mind a political outlook of a conservative rather than a revolutionary nature. An Englishman's home is his castle, milord,



Maid. "THERE 'S A BEGGAR AT THE BACK DOOR, M'M."
Mistress. "TELL HIM TO GO AWAY."
Maid. "BUT HE SAYS HE 'S BEEN A GENTLEMAN, M'M."
Mistress. "WELL, ASK HIM ROUND TO THE FRONT AND THEN TELL HIM."



LAPSES FROM GREATNESS.

A DISTINGUISHED PROFESSOR OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC DISCOVERED PRIVILY PLAYING A MOUTH-ORGAN.

but the public-house is a fortress of the Constitution, in which the germs of Bolshevism, milord, are imprisoned and sterilised by the loyal forces of good-fellowship and beer. And it would ill become His Majesty's judges, milord, to countenance without good cause the diminution of these strongholds and so to encourage the growth of opinions which are hostile to existing institutions.

The Judge. What has this to do with sanitation?

Sir Oliver. I am very grateful for your Lordship's interruption. Milord, what happened, in fact, was this. After the closing of "The Blue Swan," milord, the clients of "The Blue Swan" did not, as was anticipated, abandon the pursuit of good-fellowship and beer, but they transferred their custom to "The Red Cow" instead. The only practice which they were forced to abandon was the innocent practice of skittles, for "The Red Cow" has no skittle-alley. It is not possible, milord, to drink beer and play skittles at the same time, so that the effect of the new conditions upon the former clients of "The Blue Swan" was that they drank not less beer but more.

Milord, "The Red Cow," catering for the clients of two houses instead of one, has become extremely over-crowded, so much so that at the busy hours of the day it is no longer possible to play darts with safety and satisfaction. Milord, a man cannot throw a dart at a small target and drink beer at the same time, so that the effect of the new conditions upon the old clients of "The Red Cow" has been that they drink not less beer but more.

The interference, therefore, of the well-meaning persons already referred to in matters of which they had no practical understanding has resulted in a definite increase in the consumption of beer. Moreover, it is now consumed under unhealthy and degrading conditions. Most of the clients of "The Red Cow" must now take their refreshment standing instead of sitting; men and women are crushed together in circumstances conducive to familiarity and vulgar talk, or stand pressed against the bar, where the propinquity of the bottles is a constant provocation to further indulgence. The atmosphere becomes hot, smoky, malodorous and foul, and in place of the quiet conversation of former years there is a deafening hubbub. Women complain that when they go out into the night air they take cold, and that they suffer head-aches, not from the beer, but from the noise and the atmosphere. Moreover, the noise makes it necessary to raise the voice, the atmosphere affects the throat, and both these conditions stimulate the thirst, so that again not less alcohol is consumed, but more. The tone of "The Red Cow" is lower, and this has attracted a rougher element. Under cover of the noise a vulgarity in conversation is possible which was never present before; vulgar talk leads to loose conduct, and the moral standards of Sunset Street have declined.

Milord, it is the prosecution's case that for all these evils the Licensing Justices are responsible. If well-meaning persons were to concentrate in the Athenæum the members of several other clubs, it is probable that the Athenæum would suffer a similar decline in social amenities, in conversation and in moral tone; but the haunts of the rich are left alone. Milord, the defendants have turned "The Red Cow" into a squalid, unwholesome and unhealthy resort; they must be taken to have foreseen the natural and necessary consequences of their unfortunate act, and they must pay the penalty.

Loud cheers greeted the conclusion of Sir Oliver's speech. The Court adjourned.

A. P. H.

The Way Out.

"Are you worried about your son's future? End it all by booking him the —— Motor Course."—*Provincial Paper.*

Could not the same result be achieved more easily by apprenticing him as a pedestrian?



WHAT OUR PORTRAIT-PAINTER HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Sitter. "PEOPLE CALL ME CHANGEABLE, BUT YOU MUST OWN I 'VE BEEN VERY GOOD ALWAYS COMING IN THE SAME FROCK."

THE VILLAGE ADVANCES.

'Tis summer now in Netlingfold;
I cannot well disguise the truth;
But ah! how different from the old
Remembered summers of my youth!

In Netlingfold, since I was small,
Transformed appears the rustic scene,
Through lots of things, but most of all
Through vapourising gasolene.

In Netlingfold, near Botley Gate,
The woods are sweet, divine the air;
The views in the immediate
Vicinity have no compare.

The jackdaws fly, the jackdaws perch,
As long ago they used to do,
About the belfry of the church,
Restored in 1872.

The bee still drains the nectared cup
In gardens such as Mr. White's,
Though Colonel Brown's has been cut up
For eligible building sites.

In Shipcote Lane the roses bloom;
But time has calmed an old dispute:
The annexe to the Reading-room
Is now the Women's Institute.

Under the spreading chestnut-tree
That lately lost its waxen stars
The smith—a brawny man is he—
Does small repairs for motor-cars.

No honest toil he seems to shirk;
The manly sweat is on his brow;
The village children watch him work
The petrol-pumping-station now.

At eve he wipes away the sweat
And sometimes sits beside his door,
Tuning his little two-valve set,
And sometimes steps into "The Boar."

("The Boar" retains its rustic note,
The earthen mugs, the alehouse bench;
"The Anchor" has a *table d'hôte*
At three-and-six, with words in French.)

The dusk descends on Netlingfold;
One hears the lowing cattle call;
The sunset fades away in gold
Behind the motion-picture-hall;

The air with evening scents is sweet,
The thrush retires, the church bell clangs;
The Mothers' Annual Whitsun Treat
Winds home in dark-green charabangs.

The lovers in the leafy lanes
See bats and barn-door owls go by;
And every hooting car that wanes
Winks in the rear with one red eye.

In Netlingfold the hour grows late;
How strange it seems to stand and hail
The last lone 'bus for Botley Gate
While listening to the nightingale!

EVOE.

Commercial Candour.

From a house-agent's advertisement:—

"ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE.—Co.'s water. Septic drains."—*Daily Paper.*

We should think it only too probable.

"The purchase of 100 novels by popular authors for a workhouse is a proof that Camberwell cares for its aged poor."

Weekly Paper.

But not, we are afraid, proof positive.

From a calendar of events:—

"8. 0 p.m.—New Theatre: *The Rat.*
8.15 p.m.—Queen's College Concert: *The Pied Piper.*"

Oxford Magazine.

They might have given the poor little beast a longer run.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE GARDEN OF EDEN" (LYRIC).

I DON'T know what *The Garden of Eden* was when it was created and found good by R. BERNAUER and R. OESTERREICHER, but it ought to have been a farce. Perhaps it was. And perhaps Mr. AVERY HOPWOOD, who adapted it, brought in the forbidden fruit of melodramatic comedy.

Consider what occurs. *Toni Lebrun* danced in the Palais de Paris, a kind of cabaret which displayed bare legs and concealed on the premises a *cabinet particulier*. Here the proprietress made her sup with a wealthy young patron, whose advances so incensed her that she bashed him over the head with a bottle of champagne. The dresser in the cabaret happened to be a baroness, who saved everything she earned in order to spend three weeks in every year at Monte Carlo, where there is "pure air." She takes the frightened *Toni* away with her on one of these visits, fortunately just due to occur. *Toni* is to pretend to be her daughter.

At Monte Carlo, palatial surroundings and the inevitable nice young man. He is to marry *Toni*. All is well. The wedding-feast is prepared. The presents are on the table. The guests have arrived—uncles and aunts, full of pomposity and pretence. But amongst them there arrives the snake, *Toni's* supper-partner at the cabaret. He renews his suggestions, and to be rid of him *Toni* decides to tell all. The nice young man, who is a budding diplomat, believes, alas, in rank, position and all those other things with which in romantic comedy nice young men have nothing whatever to do. Agonising moments follow, in which nobody knows what is to happen about the marriage. Shall it go on or shall it stop? *The Prime Minister* (M. BRIAND?) is expected as a guest and with him *Prince Miguel de Santa Rocca*, the richest man in Europe, as we are several times informed. I was glad about this, because I had always wanted to know who the richest man in Europe was.

One of the aunts has presented *Toni* with her beautiful wedding-gown. After a violent and acrimonious debate, *Toni* tears it off, flings it on the ground and makes a dash for the door just as the *Prime Minister* and the *Prince* come in. They are ceremonially attired. *Toni*, of course, is not. She is in camiknickers. I think that is the word: if not, it is cantilevers. Anyhow, they looked quite nice. Curtain of Scene 2, Act II.

Act III. finds us in Paris again, *Toni* and her adopted mother in despair and a boarding-house. But the telephone-bell begins to ring. The escapade is known. A newspaper will give *Toni* I don't know how many thousand francs for an account of her life. She is wanted also for a dramatic sketch called "Enter the Bride in Undies." Reappears the *Prince—Miguel de Santa Rocca*—no other; gallant *roué* of seventy-five. He has been so charmed with the Monte Carlo display of lingerie and is so desirous of spiting his relatives that he offers *Toni* his hand.

While he is away settling the business part of the affair, one of the uncles appears with an offer of a hundred thousand francs (the value of the franc was never stated during this play) if *Toni* will clear out of Paris and relieve the family of the awful shame of publicity. The *Prince* returns. That is *Toni's* chance. "If I am to be bought," she cries, "I am not to be bought with a hundred thousand francs—I will have a million." She will marry the *Prince* in the end.

Farce, I say. But fortunately *Toni* has had to do a lot of absurd heroics about snobbery and caste and true love. She was not bad, like the other girls; she only danced to earn her living. She has wept tears in the arms of the dresser baroness and sobbed about the faithlessness of her *fiancé*. That is to say, she has asked for our genuine emotions, which makes the *finale* either nauseating or nonsensical, whichever you please, or both. I don't suppose Miss TALLULAH BANKHEAD cared. She could carry it all off, and did, with her queer husky voice and tossed hair and sudden transitions from graces to gaucheries. At the telephone she is quite superb, and I have made a considerable study of stage telephonists. Nor do I know in or out of which of her dresses she is most attractive to behold.



THE COSTUME OF EDEN.

Toni Lebrun . . . . . MISS TALLULAH BANKHEAD.
Prince Miguel . . . . . MR. GEORGE BELLAMY.
The Prime Minister . . . . MR. ROBERT MAWDESLEY.

Miss EVA MOORE took the part of the dresser who was also a baroness. It seemed to me that she played it exceedingly well, but my acquaintance with theatrical dressers is so small that I find it hard to be absolutely sure. Mr. ERIC MATURIN was as usual a good if rather restless villain. But can you call it "villain" in a piece like this?

Nobody else had very much to do, but Mr. HUGH WILLIAMS, as the young man who thought too much of family, was sufficiently accomplished in his rather inglorious *rôle*. Mr. DINO GALVANI, who is a London dancing-master in *Dope* at the Duke of York's, apparently dances across to the Lyric to be a Monte Carlo dancing-master in *The Garden of Eden* every night. You can scarcely dance better than that, can you?

There were a good many well-deserved recalls for Miss TALLULAH BANKHEAD, and from time to time there broke out a good many of those loud noises which are called guffaws, and appear to be the normal reaction to underwear. Some people must have an awfully merry time over the advertisement columns in the daily Press.

EVOE.

"WHEN CRUMMLES PLAYED" (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH).

Mr. NIGEL PLAYFAIR has again contrived to entertain us with one of his ingeniously faked antiques. But I am afraid he is a sad hypocrite. In a note on the programme he protests that he does not intend the audience to think the *Crummles* company bad actors or LILLO's play, *George Barnwell, or The London Merchant*, a bad play, while he devotes the best of his pleasantly-perverted talents to an outrageous rag of the technique of the old romantic school of players, and exaggerated emphasis of all the points which, to an ultra-sophisticated and persistently flippant 1927 audience, make LILLO's passionate seriousness entirely ridiculous. I wonder, by the way, how many tragedies of SHAKESPEARE treated in this manner could make us rock with rude laughter. Let me commend *Coriolanus* to the Hammersmith iconoclast as occasion for a further downward step in his degraded career! Meanwhile let me express my gratitude to him for an original and highly-diverting entertainment.

The prologue introduces us to "the stage of the Portsmouth Theatre a century ago or thereabouts." Young *Nicholas Nickleby* is engaged by the kindly old *Vincent Crummles* and made acquainted with "the original blood-drinker," *Mrs. Vincent*, with the simpering infant prodigy, *Ninetta*, and her two brothers, and with the disgruntled members of the company, who plausibly complain that the best parts are always kept in the family. *George Barnwell*, the unhappy apprentice, is assigned to *Master Crummles* (Mr. ERNEST THESIGER), the lovelorn *Maria* to *Ninetta* (Miss HERMIONE BADDELEY), the wicked *Millwood* to *Mrs. Vincent* (Miss MIRIAM LEWES), *George's* loyal friend, *Trueman*, to young *Master P. Crummles* (Mr. RICHARD GOOLDEN); *Crummles* (Mr. WILFRED SHINE) himself takes the worthy merchant, *Thorowgood*; *Mr. Nickleby* (Mr. ROBERT HASLAM) draws a blank, and we are ready for the performance.

Behold the two apprentices in *Thorowgood's* counting-house, bound to each other by the ties of friendship and a common interest in their good master's affairs. Enter the snake *Millwood* into this paradise of industry. Poor *George*, seduced from the path of virtue with businesslike despatch, learns that a price has to be paid for favours conferred on assiduous, or thrust upon reluctant, cavaliers. A bag of gold from his trusting master's safe is but a first instalment, soon consumed. Messrs. Montmorency and Stuart were evidently in those days not so ready with their offers of assistance in such embarrassments. One must stab one's kind old uncle to satisfy the daughter of the horse-leech. Murder most foul duly accomplished, "the famous Skipping-Rope Hornpipe is danced by the Famous Terpsichorean Trio"—*Mrs.* and *Miss Ninetta Crummles* and *Miss Belvawney* (Miss PENELOPE SPENCER); and to see Miss MIRIAM LEWES bravely turning somersaults and at the same time striving to sustain the dignity of the aloof tragédienne was alone worth the price of admission.



WHEN CRUMMLES PLAYED AT HAMMERSMITH.

Mr. Vincent Crummles (as Thorowgood) . . . MR. WILFRED SHINE.
Mrs. Vincent Crummles (as Mrs. Millwood) . . MISS MIRIAM LEWES.
Master Crummles (as George Barnwell) . . . . MR. ERNEST THESIGER.

Then back to tragedy—arrest, remorse of poor *George*, defiance of the unrepentant *Millwood*, the scaffold. At which point the apprentices in pit and gallery were supposed to dissolve in tears, to forswear wine, women and horses, and to resolve diligently to attend to their masters' interests for the future. The guilty stole away to give themselves up to justice; the others presumably stayed for the Harlequinade. One imagines the angry ghost of Mr. GEORGE LILLO stalking through the bare corridors of the Lyric confounding Mr. NIGEL PLAYFAIR's impertinence.

It was interesting to note how often the sound stuff in this ill-used honest ghost's play got through the producer's entanglements, particularly when *Millwood*, that stout sinner and premature suffragette, burst into her philippic against the society that had made her what she was, and delivered her spirited apology for her own life. Indeed one supposes that Miss MIRIAM LEWES was throughout with difficulty restrained from making her *Millwood* a real human being (in the romantic tradition) instead of a mere figure of fun.

Mr. WILFRED SHINE's bland imitation of a barnstormer was an adroit business. Mr. ERNEST THESIGER roguishly enjoyed his *George*—a masterpiece of sardonic caricature; Miss HERMIONE BADDELEY never forgot that *Ninetta* was supposed not to be able to act for toffee, and her assumed air of vacant imbecility was admirably maintained. Mr. RICHARD GOOLDEN was not so conscientious; while Miss NADINE MARCH occasionally broke through the producer's bonds with excellent effect, otherwise capably presenting the grotesquely artificial interpretation imposed on her. Mr. WILLIAM LUGG was allowed to give us an honest, charming little study of poor old *Uncle Barnwell*.

I do not remember to have seen a harlequinade as competent or as genuinely diverting as this restoration by Mr. SCOTT RUSSELL (*Clown*), Mr. GOOLDEN (*Pantaloon*), Miss BADDELEY (*Columbine*), and that graceful intelligent dancer, Miss PENELOPE SPENCER (*Harlequin*).

A most ingeniously planned and entertaining evening. Moralists may well wag their heads over our complete insensibility to the claims of virtue. T.

Miss RUTH DRAPER is giving a Recital in support of the Invalid Children's Aid

Association, on Monday, June 20th, 9.30, at 25, Park Lane. Tickets (21/- and 15/-) may be obtained from the Marchioness of TITCHFIELD, 16, Portman Square, W.1; Mrs. RATHBONE, 39, Cadogan Gardens, S.W.3, or Miss MARJORIE JESSEL, at the Offices of the Invalid Children's Aid Association, 117, Piccadilly, W.1.

This good cause is known to all who are interested in the care of children. It is at present in urgent need of funds for the establishment of a home at West Wickham, Kent, to extend its accommodation for the treatment of children with rheumatic hearts, of whom there are ten thousand in London alone. Those who sympathise with the sufferings of these "heart cripples" are invited to send gifts to the Secretary of the Association at the address given above.

The annual Theatrical Garden Party in aid of the Actors' Orphanage will be held on June 21st, from 3.0 to 7.0, at the Royal Hospital Gardens, Chelsea. Amongst this year's many diversions there will be a steeple-chase, complete with bookies, in which the mounts will all be Clydesdales; the Haymarket Theatre will invite you to fish for champagne on yellow sands (real champagne and real sand); and the Countess of CARLISLE and her friends will figure in a mannequin parade. Tickets (3s.) may be obtained at all theatre agencies or from the Hon. Secretary, 3, Middle Temple Lane, E.C. Postal Orders and cheques should be made payable to the Actors' Orphanage.

LONGS AND SHORTS.

ENCOURAGED by the success which has attended the issue, by Messrs. ERNEST BENN, of a recent series of sixpenny selections from the works of great authors, from SCOTT to SITWELL, the new and enterprising House of Boomer and Bopp announce their intention of carrying the principle even further in regard to choice of subject, manner of treatment and low price. Their projected Penny Library, which will be bound in crimson crash with an asbestos jacket, will start with a work concisely named *Memorable Monosyllables from Modern Minstrels*, and designed to illustrate the remarkable advance which has been made in the present century in the effective use of laconic, but at the same time ornamental, objurgation. It is shown that, whereas the old writers depended for the maintenance of their repute on quotations of lines, couplets or even quatrains, the moderns refrain from imposing this strain on the memory, and achieve immortality by the high explosive impact of a single word.



Butcher. "THERE YOU ARE, MISS—ONE-AN'-FOURPENCE. TENDER AS MOTHER'S PARTING WORDS."

Another attractive series which Messrs. Boomer and Bopp announce is that entitled, "Tiny Tomes on Tremendous Themes," edited by Sir OLIVER LODGE, in which the following volumes, also to be issued at a penny a-piece, are in active preparation:—

Relativity, in Words of One Syllable, by the EDITOR; *Bio-Chemistry for Babes*, by Professor JULIAN HUXLEY; *Theosophy for Tiny Tots*, by Mrs. ANNIE BESANT; *From Hammurabi to Hollywood: A History of Civilisation*, by the Hon. ANTHONY ASQUITH; *The Evolution of the Vamp*, by Miss TALLULAH BANKHEAD; *Aristides or Machiavelli?* by Lord BEAVERBROOK.

With a large latitude of view which cannot be too highly commended, the firm have at the same time resolved to consult the wishes of that section of the reading public which demands full measure. They accordingly announce the immediate publication of a novel by a new writer with the arresting and unfamiliar title of *The Inconstant Imp*. It describes a morning in the life of a modern child, and will extend to three million words. This will be followed by *The Immortal Houri*, a romance of re-incarnation, in which the successive appearances on the planet of the heroine, from the period of the prehistoric cavemen to that of the cabaret, are traced with the utmost exuberance of realistic detail. Their reader, who unfortunately died before he had perused more than a quarter of the MS., pronounced it to be "a work altogether unparalleled in the annals of prolificacy."

A TREMENDOUS TITLE.

[In the group of tribes known as the Yoruba, dwelling in the hinterland of Lagos, the best known is the Oyo, and the "Alafin" or King of Oyo is the direct representative of the old Yoruba power.]

I CRAVE no handle or tag to my name;
I seek not to climb to a dubious fame
By official recognition;
"Sour grapes," you'll say; but, with hand on heart,
I proudly repel that stingless dart
And swear that to be a peer or bart
Was never my ambition.

It adds to my cup no drop of gall
To know that nobody ever will call
Me or my son, whatever befall,
Lord Lombardstown of Golden Ball,
Lord Filmer of Crookhaven,
Lord Rampington of Waterstock,
Lord Skrine of Drome, Lord Hammer of Knock,
Or even Lord Swann of Avon.
Such names are exceedingly large and fine,
But it does not cause me to grieve or pine
When I think that none of the lot will shine
In gold on my tomb engraven.

And yet there's a title I'd love to wear,
Uncoveted by the millionaire
Or those who travel steerage—
A title of rich euphonious sound,
Though not in *Debrett* or *Burke* to be found,
Or any other Peerage.

Let others aspire to become O.M.'s
Or wear Grand Crosses bedecked with gems,
Quaffing from glasses with delicate stems
Champagne, Tokay or Noyau:
The title that I desire to win
And afterwards bequeath to my kin
Is the Alafin of Oyo.

For he is the chief and king of the clan
Which, as the ancient records we scan,
Has always held its place in the van
Of the tribes that are called Yoruba;
And, though the strength of this central state
Has visibly shrunk and dwindled of late,
He is a benevolent potentate
And not a pretentious Pooh-Bah.

I picture him, in his hours of ease,
Calmly and peacefully shelling peas
Or holding jubilant jamborees
'Neath a huge and gorgeous umbrella;
Or, when the call of battle is strong,
To the beat of drum and the clash of gong
At the head of his warriors marching along,
Like the conquering youth of Pella.

'Tis a splendid life, though the climate's hot
And though the royal *menu* does not
Include roast beef (*aloyau*);
Still, though my candidature might fail
Through, a colour-bar on faces pale,
No matter; in dreams I frequently hail
With a confident "Ahoy O!"
The ship of fancy that over the main
Bears me in triumph to rule and reign
As the Alafin of Oyo.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE BOOK-LENDER.

THE book-lender is usually represented as a long-suffering martyr shuddering at the impending loss of some treasure, but too much of the perfect little gentleman to refuse the requests of his conscienceless friends.

As a matter of fact he is as often as not a common nuisance whom the conscience of his friends and the severity of our criminal law save from violent abatement.

The man who suffers from a burning desire to lend books is not perhaps quite so common as that other philanthropist whose eagerness to part with his surplus wealth on simple note of hand once graced our letter-boxes with quite the most aristocratic stationery they ever contained, but it is less easy to withstand his importunity.

The mere fact that he has found a volume "jolly good" fills him with an intense longing to lend it to you, regardless of your own literary tastes. Indeed he does not even wait for a book that has pleased him. If it has bored him stiff he none the less presses it upon you with the flattering remark that he "would like to have *your* opinion."

You may have announced that, ever since you met a sergeant-major in the flesh, your admiration for cave-men has waned appreciably, but *Women and Walnut-Trees* will go home among your luggage. Modern memoirs may have moved you to the dictum that you like your fiction undisguised, but you will not thus escape the loan of *The Scavenging of Half-a-Century*.

No successful method of coping with a confirmed book-lender has yet been devised, though the question has occupied some of the best brains in the country (my own). Even the plea that you are unfortunately quite illiterate would only make him urge you to retain possession of the volume until you had learned to read.

The last thing that seems to enter the head of the book-lender is that the attempt to choose your reading matter for you is as impertinent as an offer to supplement your wardrobe. A stout host seldom insists on a lean guest donning one of his dress-waistcoats, or carrying away an outsize in plus-fours because he is sure "you will enjoy wearing it."

Possibly in this thought may be found a suggestion for the cure which we have so long been seeking. At any rate it is worth trying. The next book-lender to offer me a loan will receive in return a pressing request to wear my boots for a few days. "They fit me," I shall say, "perfectly" (or imperfectly) "and I shall be interested to know what you think of them."

SIMMERY AXE.

MY topographical knowledge of London east of St. Paul's is inexact, but I was reluctant to admit this to my fair country cousin when she suggested that I should escort her on a business visit to St. Mary Axe, as she pronounced it.

"'Simmery Axe,' we call it," I corrected her.

"Why?" she demanded.

"Because it happens to be the London pronunciation," I said. "*John Wellington Wells*, if you remember——"

"Rot!" she scoffed.

When we emerged from the Bank Station I found the City more complicated than it had seemed to be on the map which I had privily studied, and after an abortive venture into the labyrinth I was fain to consult a policeman.

"*Where?*" he queried.

"Simmery Axe," I repeated.

"Oh, you mean St. Mary Axe," said he. "Second to the right, third to the left" (or *vice versâ*).

"*He* called it St. Mary Axe," my cousin remarked.

"No doubt he is a countryman born," I explained. "Few Londoners are big enough for the City Police."

She must have confused my memory of the policeman's directions, for much bewildered wandering failed to bring us to our objective and I was constrained to consult a telegraph-boy.

"*Where?*" he said.

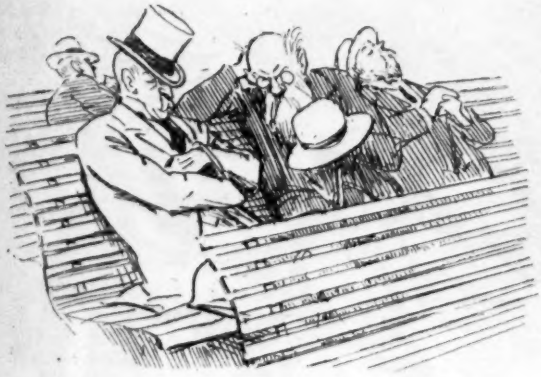
"Simmery Axe," I repeated in a firm voice.

"Oh, you mean St. Mary Axe," said the lad with a snigger. "Second to the left, third to the right" (or *vice versâ*).

"He's country-born too, of course," observed my cousin. "I suppose few Londoners are small enough to be telegraph-boys."

At length we got there, and I thought it ungracious of my cousin to suggest that I would probably have had less difficulty in finding my way to Simmertin's Lane. But it *is* called Simmery Axe, isn't it?

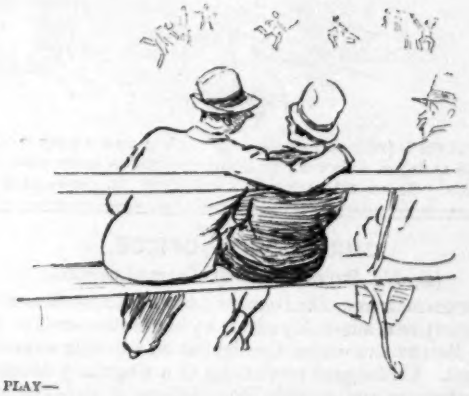
A CRICKET CURIOSITY.



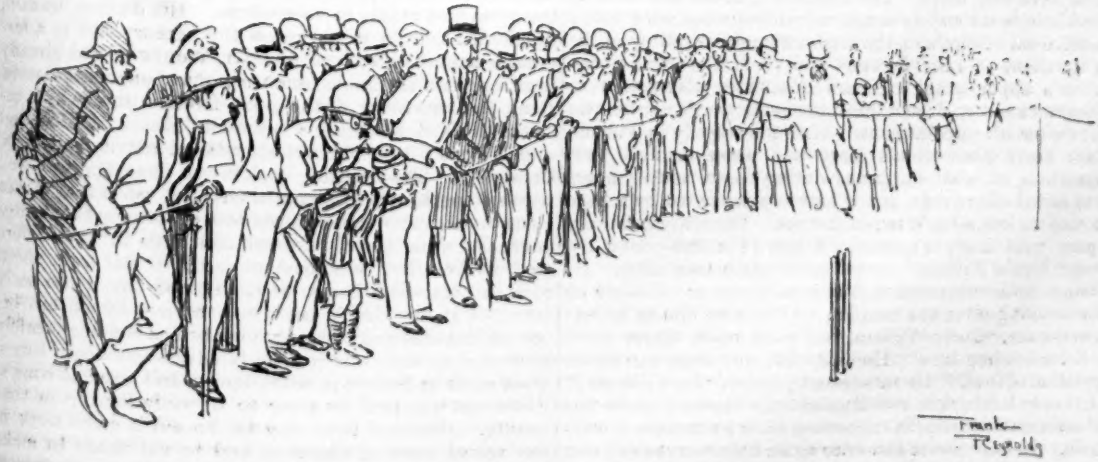


IT IS CURIOUS THAT PEOPLE WHO TAKE SO LITTLE INTEREST—





IN THE ACTUAL PLAY—



SHOULD, IN THE INTERVAL, BE SO FASCINATED BY THE WICKET.



Hotel Gillie (with wide experience). "IT'S A BAD HANDICAP TAE A FISHER WANTIN' AN ARM."
Wife of Angler. "BUT MY HUSBAND CATCHES AS MANY FISH AS THE OTHERS, DOESN'T HE?"
Gillie. "OO AY, HE DAES THAT; BUT WHEN HE GANGS BACK TAE THE HOTEL HE CANNA SHOW THE SIZE O' THE BIG YIN HE LOST."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE extracts from *The Diary of Lady Frederick Cavendish* (MURRAY), now admirably edited by her brother-in-law, Mr. JOHN BAILEY, are woven throughout on a double strand of interest. Undesigned revelations of a singularly beautiful character, gay and graphic little pictures of mid-Victorian domesticities, functions and philanthropies, are the mainstay of five hundred pages, a political *motif* coming uppermost here and there. The remainder, about one-sixth of the whole, is intimately concerned with GLADSTONE'S return to office *viâ* Midlothian, the Irish imbroglio resulting in the resignations of Lord COWPER and W. E. FORSTER, GLADSTONE'S appointment of Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH as FORSTER'S successor, and the CHIEF SECRETARY'S murder two days after his appointment. After the tragedy in Phœnix Park Lady FREDERICK'S diary was never resumed, but something of what happened during those terrible hours was added afterwards, and is here supplemented by a page or two of her sister's reminiscences. The story ironically opens with Lady FREDERICK'S loss of a two-pound bet that "Uncle William" would never again take office. Its climax is GLADSTONE'S visit of condolence to his niece on the evening after the murder. "I said to him as he was leaving me, 'Uncle William, you must never blame yourself for sending him.' He said, 'Oh, no; there can be no question of that.'" He subsequently added, "Poor Forster!" It is only fair to note that GLADSTONE'S insensitiveness was of undeniable service in supporting Lady FREDERICK'S fortitude. In her view it had once again been "expedient that one man should die for the people." To have suggested that her husband had been unwisely sacrificed would have shattered her consolation. On GLADSTONE'S departure she said, "He is like an oak to lean against." Truly the Victorians were well served by their devotions.

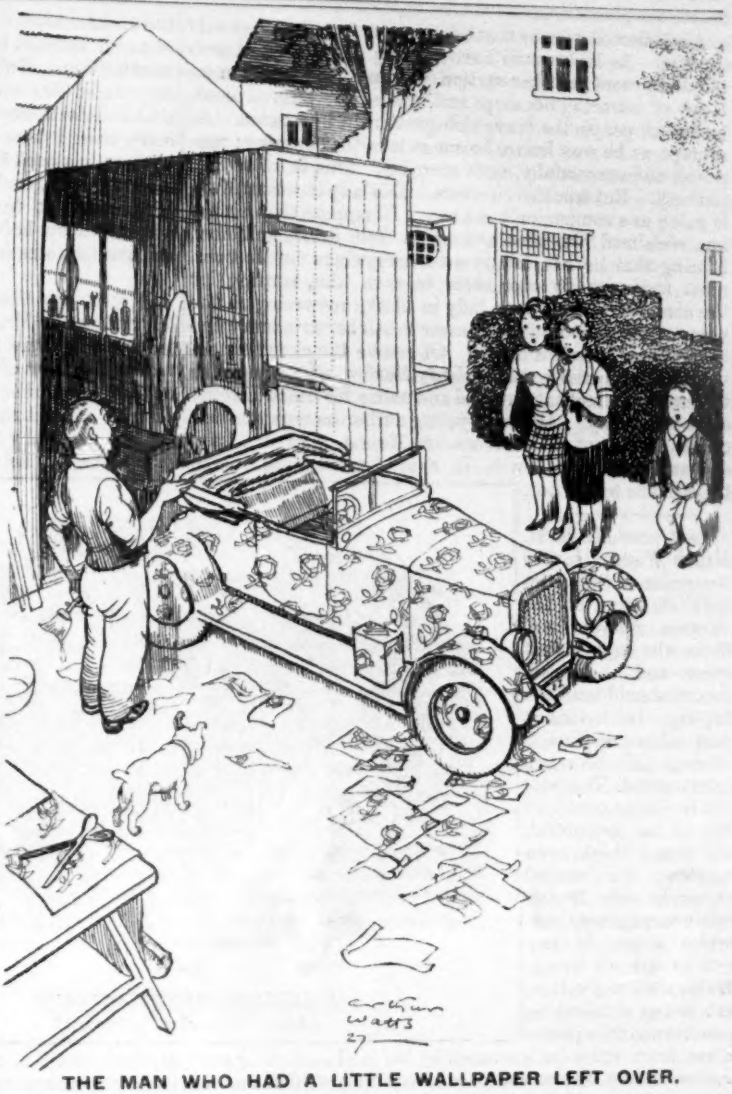
In June, 1923, Mr. H. E. WORTHAM received a letter from the subject of this book—*Oscar Browning* (CONSTABLE)—on a matter that the sender considered of the greatest importance, namely, the writing of his life. The great O. B. of Eton and Cambridge legend was then eighty-six, but talked lightly and discursively of Royalties at Rome (where he was then living), of journalistic engagements and of going to the opera two nights in succession. His doctors, he said, prophesied that he would reach the century, but in a few months more he was dead and Mr. WORTHAM was already beginning to disentangle from the mass of papers at Coutts' Bank the true story of the great HORNBY row, which resulted in O. B. leaving his successful House at Eton and migrating to a new sphere of educational activity at King's, Cambridge. The resulting book is well done, and was well worth doing, if only to remind a forgetful world that OSCAR BROWNING was not merely a comic figure among Cambridge dons, but a pioneer of reformed education in days before most public-school headmasters cared in the least about such matters. His House at Eton stood out in the early seventies as a veritable oasis in a barren desert, but his central idea that pupils were human beings and might safely be treated as such was too far in advance of those times. Dons must be hedged in with dignity, and, even at King's, BROWNING was held by some to be sadly lacking in that quality. However that may be, he did a great work in the sacred cause of education and he did much to make King's. When he went there it was still an appanage of Eton; when he was turned out of his last Cambridge office

it was, intellectually, as important as any college in the University. What King's would have been without O. B. no man can say, but it is certain that many memories of Cambridge would have less colour if he had stayed on as a master at Eton till he was superannuated.

Straphangers (SELWYN AND BLOUNT) contrives
To give you a share in the varied lives
Of a number of people whom you may meet
On any old day in any old street.

There are riveters, pugilists, men who fly
And write smoke-messages on the sky,
Chorus gentlemen—sad young sparks—
Men who look after the birds in the parks,
Men who shovel and hack and hew
The holes that the underground Tubes go through,
Private detectives, men in drains,
Trainers of horses, drivers of trains—
All of them built like me or you,
But up to something that we can't do.

Yet ARNOLD PALMER lays special stress
On their modest and "nice ordinariness";
And perhaps they are so, but all the same
There isn't one that is dull or tame—
A salient point that 's possibly due
To the trick of the expert interview
Which takes what the subjects have to give
And adds the touches that make them live.



THE MAN WHO HAD A LITTLE WALLPAPER LEFT OVER.

Admirers of the work and personality of SARGENT, on the whole a shrewder and more catholic body than the critics who disparage them, deserve, I feel, a happier memorial of the master than last year's exhibition at Burlington House. As much of the essential *John Sargent* (HEINEMANN) as anyone can hope to encounter now is recaptured by the Hon. EVAN CHARTERIS in what will probably prove the definitive life of the painter—a well-documented uncontentious biography, designed chiefly to explain why SARGENT worked as he did and what were the influences that shaped him. His boyhood as a child of rich Americans in Europe is fully described. "CLAIRE" CLAIRMONT played the piano at one of his Florentine dancing-classes, and "VERNON LEE" (who contributes an invaluable sketch of him) was a fellow-explorer of Papal Rome. Even in those days his genius had its own bent. He rendered a child's visual values and never drew out of his head. His mother's sympathy secured him Paris; and the *atelier* of CAROLUS DURAN taught him to "*exprimer le maximum au moyen du minimum.*" Followed his first sight of America at twenty; his split with Paris at twenty-eight; his choice of London with its abundant but not swift justification. All is handled on a generous scale; indeed I caught myself wishing that the adage of "CARACOLUS" had impressed the biographer as well as the biographee. Yet nothing would have induced me to forgo the detail that animates the book's estimate of contemporary French schools, its amusing record of the relations between SARGENT and MONET, and its attractive indication (on which I could enlarge myself) of the former's interest in the Pre-Raphaelites. All that a sympathetic choice of reproductions can do for SARGENT'S work is done by the illustrations.

Miss MARY CAIR'S *After All* is offered by her publisher (THORNTON BUTTERWORTH) "to that large public which prefers simplicity to the involutions of modern psychology, and romance to the depressing realism of many of the novelists of the present day." There is indeed much simplicity and romance, little psychology, involuted or other, and even less realism, so that the large public can without foreboding stretch out its hands for this artless tale. It is of *Mary*, a lovely young widow, who, having satisfactorily buried her brutal husband after ten years of dreadful unhappiness, drives to the station with such a look upon her face that a brave rich gentleman, *Hubert Mallaise*, who has had time in a traffic block to examine her at leisure

and undetected, swears that this is the only girl in the world for him. As luck would have it, *Mary* the widow absent-mindedly went past her station, put up at the local inn instead of retracing her steps and, taking the punt at dusk, met of all people the brave rich gentleman in a canoe. As prompt as he was brave, he made love that evening; proposed, and successfully, next morning. This is, of course, too easy. But trouble is in store. The lady to whom *Mary* is going as a companion has a son. It happens that *Hubert* has reclaimed him time and again from drink, and now, hearing that he has disappeared somewhere in Morocco, must forthwith fly over there to save him, sending by the chauffeur a note to a lady in black, answering to the name of *Mary* (he didn't remember to ask her surname when he proposed, careless hero!). Of course the chauffeur delivers it to the really wicked *Lady Harben*, who has sworn to desert her excellent husband and marry his friend *Hubert*, come what may. How our young authoress unravels this tangle and *After All* recovers her *Hubert*, who has been sold as a slave to a Jew in El Ksar, I must leave to the large public to find out.

Last year Mr. E. H. LACON WATSON earned the praise of the critics with his story of *The Strange Family*, and those who enjoyed that quiet and thoughtful record should read the further instalment now offered in *Rudolf Strange* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). They will not be disappointed, for it is no less thoughtful, and it is, I think, even quieter. The earlier chronicle saw *Rudolf* safely through his Cambridge days; he has now to earn his living. He is called to the Bar, but is too diffident to practise and tries journalism, from which he is rescued by his (and our) old friend, *Jonny Waring*, who persuades him to join the staff of a minor public school. At this point, and without any warning, *Rudolf's* sister *Elsie* arrives on the scene, and, although she ruins his career as a schoolmaster, she undoubtedly saves the book, which had become so quiet as to be practically inaudible. *Rudolf* returns to London, where he takes up journalism again, with better fortune; he also achieves success in love, at his third or fourth attempt, and on his engagement the story closes. If we are to hear of *Rudolf* again—and he is still in the twenties—I hope Mr. LACON WATSON will not forget our very human desire for colour and incident. Let it be thin bread and butter if he likes—but it must not be thin butter and bread.

So many tales of University life have been written and so few have met with success that Mr. JAMES SAXON CHILDERS can at any rate be congratulated upon his courage in giving us *Laurel and Straw* (APPLETON). Its hero is *Dan Steele*, a Rhodes scholar, whose father was an Ohio meat-packer, and Mr. CHILDERS, in tracing *Dan's* career, gives a most illuminating account of the Oxford of to-day. We see *Dan* as a member of his college torpid which went head of the river, as a lawn-tennis blue hobnobbing with the athletic bloods of Vincent's, and also in so many phases of social life that his creator may justly be accused of overworking him. Until he got his bearings the British aristocracy acted like strong wine upon *Dan*, and I am afraid that I derived more amusement from a certain *Lord Dewberry* than I was meant to. But these are unimportant matters in a book that deals freely, on the whole fairly, with real problems, and is full of sound sense and observation. I commend it to all Oxonians, and especially to those who were up before the arrival of the Rhodes scholars and the feminine legions.

It is a pity that on the first page of his *Twelve Tales* (HUTCHINSON) Mr. FRANKAU commits this horrible sentence—"She was all shapely was the Lady Lilian." But that's the worst of him. The best is that he can tell a story with vigour and some sense of colour, and in particular can describe a good run with hounds, as he does in the first of his dozen, thereby redeeming it; yet one can hardly feel that the all-shapely *Lilian's* doubt as to whether she should sell herself to the rich Jew money-magnate to save her house and her horses was worth resolving. There is a certain machine-finish to these tales which takes them out of the class which are a pleasure to read for their workmanship, and Mr. FRANKAU is hardly able to interest us completely in those which depend less upon treatment than upon incident. We meet again that witty fellow, *Peter Jackson*, with his staunch idealism; and the story of his temptation to return to the cigar trade and abandon his rather unsatisfactory ex-service agriculturists does, even though exciting detail is lacking, hold the attention. The best yarn is perhaps "The Treasures," a tale of revenge; and the story told by the old Maori of how the first white man and the first one-toed horse came into the world and helped each other is well invented. We are spared mere magazine love-stories. Wherever the romantic theme is touched on there is always some attempt at characterisation and atmosphere to redeem it from banality.



A GLIMPSE OF THE OBVIOUS.

Lady. "YOUR BALL, PARTNER!"

Oliver de Bellew was accused of committing *The Murder at Crome House* (COLLINS), and was acquitted. But suspicion remained, and it was to clear this away that *James Flint* took up the chase after the real murderer. The sensational fiction of to-day is so apt to be almost disturbingly convulsive that it is a relief to find a tale of this *genre* that has a note of restraint. Its authors, G. D. H. and MARGARET COLE, instead of transporting their hunters and hunted at break-neck speed by car and aeroplane, have actually adopted mere trains as a reasonably rapid means of transit. They deserve a mark of distinction for that. Readers who race may be surprised to find themselves assisting at a Cesarewitch run on a Saturday; but this should not be a fatal objection to a thriller that is guaranteed pleasantly to occupy two or three idle hours.

CHARIVARIA.

We are asked to contradict the rumour that a well-known Society girl is giving a ball for her débutante mother.

* * *

A theatrical manager says that playgoers in the big provincial centres now want as good as London gets. Their demands strike us as exceedingly modest.

* * *

It is rumoured that the real reason why the number of women at a certain university is being limited is that there are so many wanting to be shaved when the men go to have their hair waved.

* * *

A Mexican rebel General is now in Chicago on a holiday. We presume that he has gone there for the shooting.

* * *

TALL FEATHER, an Indian Chief, is reported to have run from Chicago to Milwaukee, a distance of eighty-five miles, in nineteen hours. We don't blame him.

* * *

It is announced that a gramophone record is to be made of the playing of a thousand massed pipers at a Highland Gathering. We can only express our readiness to associate ourselves with an appeal to reason.

* * *

A gossip-writer who followed Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT'S example in lunching off beef-steak pie and strawberries-and-cream had an attack of indigestion. This ought to be a warning to gossip-writers to recognise their limitations.

* * *

Intending purchasers of tortoises, which are now on sale in the streets, are warned in a daily paper that they don't eat slugs. Those who were contemplating a development of the sport of slug-coursing will thus be saved disappointment.

* * *

An ex-collier has become a champion golfer. We have seen golfers, on the other hand, who would be very useful on the coal-face.

* * *

In defeating a boys' school at cricket Lord JELLICOE'S team of admirals is reported to have scored a creditable number of direct hits.

While fishing for mackerel off St. Ives Head a drifter netted a whale which severely damaged the gear. We understand that on the next trip sprats will be fished for in the hope of catching mackerel.

* * *

In consequence of Canada's breach of relations with the Soviet the Russian delegates have declined to attend the World's Poultry Congress at Ottawa, when it is anticipated that the Rhode Island Reds will take the opportunity of making a public disavowal of Bolshevist sympathies.

* * *

A best-selling novelist is said to be planning a book of the kind that his friends have always believed him to be capable of writing. We prefer books of the kind that best-selling novelists' friends believe them to be incapable of writing.

* * *

Every Italian, we read, nurses a grievance against the Peace Treaty. Then perhaps we were mistaken the other night in attributing the demeanour of our waiter in Soho to flat-foot.

* * *

Among those whom a paragraphist noticed at a private view were the brothers SITWELL, looking very like their sister's portrait. The great Victorians never looked like their sisters' portraits.

* * *

M. STALIN says that Britain has won a reputation for petty statesmanship and vindictiveness. Hurrah! England has won something.

* * *

The Bishop of COVENTRY says that he has learned what the Charleston looks like even if he cannot do it. If those who do it knew what they looked like they wouldn't do it either.

* * *

One hundred and thirty-six Metropolitan policemen were bitten by dogs last year. It is not stated how many of them went back for a second helping.

* * *

We understand that the training of police recruits in London now includes practice with an electric burglar.

* * *

Since the strike of artificial-teeth-makers in America many people over there have been reduced to chewing their own gums.

* * *

Three thousand gallons of pure whisky were recently thrown into the sea off Aberdeen by Customs officials. We understand that a Scottish Member is to ask the PRIME MINISTER to set aside a special day for national mourning.

* * *

We are informed by a weekly paper that the skin of the hippopotamus is two inches thick, but then he wants it with a face like that.

* * *

MUSSOLINI recently went back to his little farm for a day. Now they can't stop the local scarecrows from doing the Fascist salute.

* * *

A critic complains that a certain novel did not really begin until the middle of the book. But the usual trouble with these things is that they don't finish until the end.

* * *

"The income-tax is never a popular thing," says an evening paper. Is there nothing hidden from these sleuths of the Press?

* * *

According to a bee-expert a bee has from 4,900 to 13,800 eyes. Then why does it so often sit down in the wrong place?

* * *

A London centenarian says that the secret of longevity is to smile all the time. There may be something in this. Look at some of our musical-comedy actresses.

* * *

Sir OLIVER LODGE thinks that it is inevitable that we shall some day create artificial life. There is already a synthetic gorgonzola cheese on the market.



THE MAN WHO KNEW HIS PLACE.

GEORGE WILKINSON.

A TRAGEDY.

I BLAME in part the craze for gambling, which is making modern life what it so increasingly is, for George Wilkinson's lamented and unhappy demise. But I blame myself also. I should have laughed him out of his infatuation at an earlier stage. He had no natural bent for literary competitions, and nothing but sorrow, had I only realised it, could come of his decision to compete with innumerable rivals in a contest of verse.

George Wilkinson was a robust and hearty man, who slept long and fed well. But the Muse claims much of her votaries. A man who writes Homeric epics must suffer all the pains of the heroes in front of Troy and share the labours of the heroes on the foamless, long, heaving violet sea, as MATTHEW ARNOLD has so well pointed out. The same thing, in a minor way, occurred with George Wilkinson in the matter of Blimpson's Tonic Malt.

The firm in question offered a thousand pounds (£1,000) for the best four-foot couplet in rhyme extolling the merits of their preparation, which, being almost entirely composed of vitamins, fortifies the nervous tissue and rebuilds the frame. This notice had caught George Wilkinson's eye. He had been unlucky at Newmarket, and Epsom had brought no compensating reward. Here seemed to him to be a chance of recovery, and he was not slow to seek my advice.

"It ought to be fairly easy," he said to me in his sanguine way. "Just hum over a four-foot couplet to me, will you, so that I can see how it goes."

I did so. In about five minutes he had completely mastered the metre and was able to turn his attention to the rhyme.

"It ought to be a rhyme with 'malt,' I suppose," he said.

"Preferably," I agreed.

"What *are* the best rhymes with 'malt'?" he pursued.

I ran through a list of the more attractive varieties and left him.

Not many days afterwards I encountered Wilkinson again, but a Wilkinson already how much changed! The forehead, once so smooth, was by this time furrowed with care. He was muttering to himself in a preoccupied manner, and, if I had not hailed him, he would have passed me without even a nod.

When he did see me, however, he appeared glad.

"The very man I wanted!" he cried. "How does this strike you?—

Lightly to the clouds I vault,
Fed on Blimpson's Tonic Malt.

It suggests aviation, you see. And aviation is always topical, isn't it? But I had another in my head—

Steeled by Blimpson's Tonic Malt,
Players serve no double fault.

Which of those two do you think would be the winner?"

"Both are good," I admitted judiciously. "Very good. But there is a note in advertising which seems to me to have escaped you. I refer to the Society note. Advertisers are nothing if not Society men, and we are now in the throes of the London season. Cannot you indicate in some way that the most exclusive people everywhere are being invigorated in their round of gaiety by doses of Blimpson's Tonic Malt? Where Society leads, the suburbs follow, and after that the provinces. Thus the attention of the whole public is aroused. Think hard about it, Wilkinson, and try again."

He did. But I was shocked to see what a spectre of his former self the man had become at our next *rencontre*. One lock of hair had actually gone grey and the previously well-lined waistcoat hung in tell-tale folds. There was a strange unnatural glitter in his eye, and he clutched me feverishly by the right arm.

"Give me your candid opinion about this," he said in husky tones. "I've been up all night over it:—

Buoyed by Blimpson's Tonic Malt,
Débutantes Mayfair assault.

Isn't that good? Isn't that almost certain to win it?"

I considered the lines.

"Sound in principle," I conceded, "but just a little clumsy in form. Have you no alternative version?"

I have seldom seen a man more cast down.

"I had thought of one other," he said slowly.

"Void of Blimpson's Tonic Malt,
London's season lacks its salt.

Does that one appeal to you? It contains a kind of play upon words which I thought rather happy. 'Season' and 'salt,' you see."

I saw. Terrible as the couplet appeared to me, I felt that now was the moment for consolation.

"I should send that one in," I said quite firmly.

Would that he had done so! In that case I feel he might be with us yet. But George Wilkinson had reached a stage, only too familiar, alas! to poets, in which the struggle for the unattainable perfection makes the accomplished, however beautiful, seem idle and vain. He went on struggling.

After a brief interval I received a telegram from him (prepaid reply). It contained these words:—

Stately dowagers exalt
Blimpson's world-famed Tonic Malt.

I answered, "What about the other one?"

A week later I was called to his bedside. A doctor and a trained nurse were in attendance. The room was filled with medicine-bottles and littered with manuscript-sheets. Feebly, with a frail hand, he motioned me to look at the latter.

Glorious Goodwood needs must halt
Save for Blimpson's Tonic Malt,

I read. And again—

But for Blimpson's Tonic Malt,
Batsmen would be maimed and halt.

And yet again—

Soused with Blimpson's Tonic Malt,
Singers reach the C in alt,

referring, I suppose, to the Covent Garden Opera. My eyes were too much blurred with tears to read more.

"Which of these has been sent in?" I asked the doctor.

"All of them," he said, "and a wrapper with every one. He is sinking so fast that we are obliged to humour him."

I noticed now that on a bookshelf, beside a rhyming dictionary, were something like a dozen large bottles of Blimpson's Tonic Malt from which the outer covering had been removed.

"Which was his favourite?" I inquired sadly.

The nurse picked up one which I had not hitherto seen.

"He dictated this yesterday," she said.

All the stars sing in their vault,
Led by Blimpson's Tonic Malt,

it ran.

The sick man opened his lips.

"Henley——" he murmured. Then he moaned and was still. In a few moments he had passed to where beyond these voices there is peace.

By a strange irony of fate it was that last wild outburst, that strange imaginative couplet of his which actually won the competition. Had he survived a few days longer he would have known of his success. I can never see Blimpson's Tonic Malt blazoned on the hoardings now without a catch in the throat.

EVOE.

Intelligent Anticipation.

"One person was arrested last night on suspicion of being concerned in this morning's murders."—*Daily Paper.*

"WASHINGTON, Saturday.
Lindbergh has landed her."
Sunday Paper.

Who is the fortunate lady?



THE DUBLIN DRIVING TEST.

MR. COSGRAVE'S SEVEN-IN-(AND-OUT-OF-) HAND.



Conductor. "NAH THEN, DON'T 'INDER US. WE 'RE LATE ENOUGH AS IT IS."

WHAT ENGLAND IS THINKING.

V.—LEEDS.

"LEEDS," says the Guide-Book "(pop. 445,550), the centre of the English cloth industry and the greatest cloth market in the world, situated on the polluted *Aire*, is of comparatively modern development, and offers little of interest to the tourist. Besides its woollen cloth factories and engineering works, Leeds has a very varied and important industrial activity, which is not without its effect on the atmosphere and on the hue of the buildings."

That is all, or nearly all, that the British Guide-Book has to say by way of general description of the city of Leeds. Yet Leeds is a very fine city. Leeds, as the Guide-Book confesses grudgingly, has one of the finest public parks in the country; Leeds has now a Palais-de-Danse which I will swear for cheapness, splendour and tasteful (if romantic) lighting and decoration is unsurpassed anywhere; Leeds has arrangements for the tram-queue much more advanced than London (and under cover too); Leeds has a statue of the BLACK PRINCE, and a Royal Exchange in the Perp.* style; Leeds has all sorts of things; Leeds, in my judgment, for all its "hue" and "atmosphere" and so forth, is as well worth a visit as Philadelphia or Melbourne, Baltimore or Montreal, Quebec or Rouen, or many another famous town. Leeds is "*the greatest cloth market in the world*," yet "*it offers little of interest to the tourist.*"

But what sort of creature is this "tourist"? Does he want nothing but dead bones and gargoyles? If Leeds had the greatest fossil in the world, or the most illegible brasses, or the most indecipherable epitaphs, or the most invisible ruins, we should all be invited to flock to the place. But since it has something not only great but alive the very Guide-Book shoos you away.

"The greatest cloth market in the world"—what does that mean? It means the home of the British trouser, on which, in a sense, the whole world depends. At Leeds in one day I went over two factories which were worth ten Norman churches and fifteen ruined abbeys complete with gargoyles (I speak purely as a "tourist"). At the first they begin with the tufts of Australian wool and finish with the tailor's length of cloth. At the second they begin where the first leaves off—it was a wholesale-tailoring concern—and they cut out, if necessary, forty trousers at a time. One man takes forty layers of cloth (with a pattern on the top) and gently urges them towards a whizzing circular knife, and this knife, following the chalk-lines, cuts out, as if it were cheese, forty lounge-suits before your eyes, forty waistcoats and forty trousers, forty backs and forty fronts.

And then all over the vast building are innumerable uncanny and monstrous little machines, the machines which cut out the button-holes and sew them up at the same time; the machines which sew the buttons on as well as hand can do it (though this will not be admitted in Savile Row); the machines which make those jolly and important little tabs on grey-flannel trousers; machines which say, "Thank you, Sir, and the next, please?" or very nearly. Europe is rotten with monuments and ruins, but all this is done at Leeds.

Why are we so modest or, may be, so ignorant about these things on which our far-flung Empire, etc.? Why does not some enterprising Tourist Agency have lunch with the Federation of British Industries, or the T.U.C., or somebody and organise Instructive Tours for the Bourgeois in the Industrial North and let them see at leisure a few of the many wonders of which in a flying five days I caught a glimpse; let them see the Mersey and the seven miles of the Liverpool Docks, the cotton mills of Man-

* Perpendicular. *See* Guide-Book.

chester and those very curious "Exchanges"; the vast engineering shops, the terrific cranes, the swarms of men and forests of machinery, the looms, the spindles, the regiments of girls, the furnaces, the molten metal swinging awfully overhead in the huge cauldron or cascading red-hot and terrible into the mould; let them crouch in the grimy "cage" and drop breathless through the darkness into the pit; let them hear how many men and women are on admirable terms with their employers and even, sometimes, keen upon their work; but let them be present also at that most dramatic and significant moment in the factory's day, one minute to five, when the great shop hums like a hundred hives and you would say that all those busy thousands had no aim in life but the manufacture of brass screws or tin-tacks, until the whistle sounds, the machines are hushed, and you are almost trampled by those busy thousands departing, running, stampeding from their monotonous tasks like men who shun the plague.

I think there is a tourist or two who would find some interest in these things if he was allowed. Perhaps difficulties would be made about trade secrets, and perhaps about interferences with work, but as to that I never noticed that the mill-girl slackened in her labours at the approach of Haddock. On the contrary, I sometimes felt they grew busier than ever, if only to show the bourgeois how hard a real "worker" works. I do not know how they feel about visitors, but I feel that, if I worked in a factory sewing buttons on the trousers of the bourgeois all the day, I should like to see an occasional bourgeois crawling about and be sure that some bourgeois was aware of my existence.

Anyhow it would be a better education for the bourgeois than reading leading articles about Capital and Labour or doddering round the cathedrals of the Continent with a *Baedeker* and a Phrase-Book. But it is not for me to work out the details. I throw out the grand constructive thought and leave the rest to the organisers.

I must confess that, for all their civic pride, the "Come to Britain" movement has not caught hold of these Northern cities to any wild extent. No one in Leeds or Liverpool would take a Londoner seriously who said that he was visiting their cities for fun. They all agree that there is "nothing to do" in their home towns; and there is "nothing to do," it seems, anywhere North of Hampstead. There is not, perhaps, an overflow of fun, but there are, I should say, one or two things to do, though you have to do them very early. And this perhaps is the snag in my scheme. When the giddy bourgeois has done his factories, he may be disappointed with the night-life of Leeds. The night-life of Leeds is definitely less voluptuous than that of New York, or Rome in the time of NERO. I do not think that, even after reading this article, Parisians or Americans will flock to Leeds for its cafés or its cabarets. There is no night-life at Leeds. Unlike the idle Southerner the citizens work, or rather toil, during the day (this by the way is an important distinction: in the South people work, but in the North they toil) and go to bed at ten. I walked for miles between eleven and twelve and did not meet so much as a policeman.

On Sundays at Leeds, as at Manchester and Liverpool, as, I gather, all over the frozen North, except at bad Blackpool and sensual Southport, there is no entertainment open except the picture-gallery and the pub. The real "pictures" are forbidden. Golf is godly but CHARLIE CHAPLIN is a crime. Heaven knows who is responsible for this, for I never met a mortal who did



Fierce and ill-tempered Female. "'OW MUCH IS IT, THIRD SINGLE?"
Mild Booking-Clerk. "FIFTEEN-AND-FOURPENCE."
Female. "MISERABLE LITTLE PROFITEER!"



Modern Mother. "AH, YES, RECTOR, THIS WRETCHED DAUGHTER OF MINE IS GROWING UP AND I SHALL HAVE TO TAKE TO MY KNITTING AND AN ARMCHAIR."

Daughter. "DON'T BE SO SILLY, MOTHER. YOU KNOW YOU CAN'T KNIT."

not resent it and question the sense of it. But some wise guardian watches over the morals of the North, and the young must hold hands in passages or whisper the old old story in the Art Gallery or the pub.

But still at Leeds there is that stupendous "Palais" of which I have spoken, with its lanterns and its changing lights and delicate colour-schemes, its sixpenny partners and raspberry sundaes and marvellously expert dancers. Here the gay heart of Leeds beats twice daily. On a sunny Monday afternoon I found the place, which is underground, full of young men; and this, mind you, is the stern strong North, not the effeminate Metropolis.

There is not much between us after all. Down here we think it natural to dance at three o'clock in the morning, and up there they think it natural to dance at three o'clock in the afternoon—that is all.

They do not seem to love the Jews in Leeds. I heard there were two or three smart gay dancing-places where white wine and wildness went on till midnight, and at these haunts, I was told, the rule was "*English clientèle only.*" After the theatre I went to one of them, a tasteful attractive little place; I heard the wild music of the Black Bottom and scampered into the supper-room. "The Montmartre of Leeds!" I thought. "The Night-Life of the North—and one hundred per cent. Gentile!" A charming supper-room, the waiters attentive, the floor divine. And not a soul there! Not a single soul but Haddock. Haddock and the waiters and the band, noble fellows!—playing and playing and playing and playing . . .

"So this is England," I murmured sadly.

A. P. H.

STROKES.

THE forehand drive, the backhand drive,
The volley, the lob, the smash—
These strokes, these fundamental five,
I've not as yet acquired, but I've
An option on a flying dive
Which brings the net down crash.

In rage my partner tears his hair
And rends his lovely clothes;
He has strokes and some to spare—
Unkind cuts that he lets me share,
A backhand compliment here and there,
Or a volley of awful oaths.

GUYED ENGLISH.

DURING a recent visit to France my wife and I, kept indoors for a few hours one day by inclement weather, cast about for reading-matter and found the hotel supplied with very little but advertising booklets of the kind issued by holiday resorts to attract English visitors.

In some of these we found unexpected entertainment—I refer to those that were translated too literally from the original idiomatic French. The results were often quite quaint. I could quote extensively, but my present purpose is more serious.

Human nature is a curious thing. We noticed (my wife and I) that the official *réclame* of an ordinary *plage*, if expressed in correct English, left us completely cold. On the other hand, when we found ludicrous errors, we could not resist reading the booklet through; and we have since observed that the same is true of other people. I have even seen visitors forming a collection of the more grotesque examples to post home to their friends.

The conclusion is obvious: that to secure the widest circulation for this

kind of propaganda it should be written in the worst possible English.

This brings me to my object, which is no less than to suggest a new profession for our youth. Why should not some of our bright young men set up in business as mistranslators? No capital would be needed; nothing in fact but a knowledge of French such as is acquired at a public school (or was in my time). Armed with this and a dictionary, a youth of high spirits should contrive to be sufficiently amusing, and more consistently so than the native. He would of course be wise to make an unconscious ally of the local printer by giving him a free hand.

There should be no difficulty in convincing the French, who, in my experience, are very shrewd business-men, that there is money in it.

I would adduce in support of my contentions the great interest which has been shown this month in the faulty English of the Paris Salon catalogue. *The Times* published numerous letters about it, and on its leader-page too—a most valuable free advertisement for the Salon.

OXFORD IN TRANSITION.

PERTURBING rumours reached my ears of late
Of Oxford, fallen from her high estate,
No more the dreamer of heroic dreams,
But unadorably degenerate;

Of the tarantulation of the breed
Who once came up ostensibly to read,
But now, when less than half-way through their schools,
Fly off tangentially and run to seed,

Lured to explore the perilous expanse
Of speculation, commerce or finance,
Or in the fluctuant field of salesmanship
To seek a well-remunerated stance;

Of mornings spent, not in the lecture-hall
Intent upon the precious words that fall
From Learning's lips, but in the padded lounge
Where human lizards congregate and crawl,

Forging those brittle matutinal links
That bind them to the everlasting minx
In that peculiar *camaraderie*
Which ends, as it began, in smokes and drinks;

Of boats deserted or so feebly manned
That aged experts, as they sadly stand
Upon the towpath, muse upon the days
When college crews were fit to win the "Grand."

* * * * *

I came, I saw, I wondered. In the High,
In the June sunshine, as the stream passed by
Of youths and maids in highly-coloured hose,
Few signs of decadence could I espy.

I scanned them carefully from toe to crown,
And, of the tribe belonging to "the gown,"
I saw that nearly half were in the pink—
At any rate from knee to ankle down.

I dined with dons who mainly talked of sport,
Who told me anecdotes of TOMMY SHORT,
And found that in the Senior Common Room
The favourite beverage was vintage port.

Soon after, in a motor-bus, I had
The joy of listening to an undergrad
Conversing with a friend and telling him
That "BROWNING's poetry was not half bad."

I was, I frankly own it, overjoyed
To hear a Balliol scholar, quite devoid
Of mental swank, who candidly declared
That he was getting quite fed up with FREUD.

And so I came away, calm and serene
In the conviction that in mind and mien
The Oxford undergrads and dons are not
Entirely feminised or epicene.

Yet as I ponder on last week's debate
I cannot bring myself to castigate
The cynic who observed, "Let them all come;
Oxford's one chance is in a Women's Eight."

BRIGHTER TENNIS.



SHALL IT BE THE LENGLEN BANDEAU?



OR THE WILLS PEAK?



OR THE BOROTRA BÉRET?



AH! HAPPY THOUGHT!

Commercial Candour.

From a draper's advertisement:—

"There are unbelievable bargains (until you see them) in Ladies' Shoes, Stockings, etc."—*South African Paper.*

FRIENDS OF THE AUTHOR.

IF John d'Argent Typer's new book about the theatre isn't a success the fault won't be mine. The fault won't be John d'Argent Typer's either. Or Mr. Typer's friends'. Or the Boston police force's. Chappie too has done everything she could.

The girl and I happened to be passing a bookstore on Lower Fifth Avenue. A crowd five or six deep was gathered round one of the windows.

"What 's the excitement?" said Chappie.

I explained to her in a few words that it was fallacious reasoning to suppose that a crowd of rushing New Yorkers gathered round a window meant excitement. It might mean anything; it might mean that beyond the glass was a shoe-maker nailing on a half-sole, or a cook lifting spaghetti out of boiling water, or a dizzy blonde typing off a telegram for the Western Union, or a dizzy blonde flipping griddle-cakes, or—just a dizzy blonde. One of the first requisites of a New York job, I explained to her, was stage presence; if you can't help being fussed when a crowd of rushing New Yorkers pauses at your window to watch you, then you had better try to land a job developing photograph films, which will probably remain out of a display window as long as anything else.

"But this is a bookstore," the girl pointed out. "There would be no point in having a man soling shoes in a bookstore window."

"Well," I said, "you can't tell, with all these books on tramping and hiking. You can't guard yourself too carefully against publicity stunts. There aren't many things you can do nowadays without obeying some half-forgotten advertisement. Say, chief," I said to an old man with a beard in an olive-drab uniform, "what 's all the gun-play about, anyhow?"

"Search me, buddy," he said; "I been here half-an-hour and I can't dope it out. And I can't stick around here all day; I gotta telegram to deliver."

About this time somebody up front tore himself reluctantly away from the show and I caught a glimpse of a window splashed with ink. Beyond the ink-stains seemed to be a desk and a chair. In a corner of the window was a sign which read:—

HAVE YOU GOT YOUR COPY OF
LORD OF THE AISLES,
THE BOOK THAT WAS BANNED BY THE BOSTON POLICE FORCE?
HAVE IT AUTOGRAPHED BY THE AUTHOR.
STEP INSIDE.

"Oh! I 've never had an autographed book," said Chappie.

As far as I knew the girl had never had a book of any kind.

"Come along, then," I said, thinking that perhaps from even such a humble beginning as this she might yet become interested in literature.

"Can I help you?" asked a young woman in a blue smock as we came into the chattering crowd inside the store.

"I 'd like a copy of the book that was banned by the Boston police force," I said.

"Which one?"

"The autographed one, please," said Chappie.

The young woman produced a copy of the book and elbowed her way towards the window where Mr. Typer was seated, Chappie eagerly at her heels. He was a man of nineteen or twenty, wearing the black-rimmed spectacles of the college graduate and the dark double-breasted coat of the salesman of bonds. His hair was as neat as a new fifty-dollar bill. He wore a smooth tightly-drawn cravat such as one finds in the marble halls of a big bank. There wasn't even any ink on his fingers.

"Dear me," I mused, "what is the profession coming to?"

"I 'd like very much to have——" began Chappie, as the young woman in the blue smock laid the book on the desk.

Mr. Typer slid it briskly in front of him, shook a large blot of ink at the faces of the throng beyond the glass, and wrote on the fly-leaf, "To my friend, from John d'Argent Typer."

"That 's perfectly darling of you," said Chappie. "Now will you autograph one for my mother?"

The young woman in the blue smock produced another copy, opened it and laid it before him. Mr. Typer finished jotting down "25c." on a pad at his elbow, shot another contemptuous spray of ink at the window and wrote on the fly-leaf, "To my friend, from John d'Argent Typer."

"Thank you so much," said Chappie. Then, while Mr. Typer was jotting down another "25c." on the pad at his elbow, she turned to me: "Where 's your copy?"

Instantaneously the young women in the blue smock produced it.

"I want this for a very nice cousin of mine," said Chappie to Mr. Typer, giving me a grateful smile.

Mr. Typer lighted a cigarette and wrote on the fly-leaf, "To my friend, from John d'Argent Typer."

"Thank you *so* much," said Chappie. "And now——"

"Come along, girl," I said. "Mr. Typer 's getting tired of you."

"Oh, but I know father would adore one."

"I doubt very much——"

"Oh, please." The young woman in the blue smock produced another copy.

"And just one more for father," said Chappie to Mr. Typer. "He 's awfully fond of books."

Mr. Typer obligingly wrote on the fly-leaf, "To my friend, from John d'Argent Typer."

"He will be *so* interested," said Chappie, referring to her father. "Isn't he a dear to do it? I love literary men," referring to Mr. Typer.

As I turned away Mr. Typer was jotting down another "25c." on the pad at his elbow.

"How much are these, please?" I asked the young woman in the blue smock.

"You have four copies?"

"Yes," I said, flushing.

"That will be ten dollars."

The flush vanished. I handed her a twenty-dollar bill in order to have something coming back.

"Perhaps," suggested the young woman in the blue smock, "you would like some of the other books that were banned by the Boston police force?"

"You haven't got a copy that the Boston police have autographed, have you?" I asked.

She shook her head with an indulgent smile.

"Then would you mind tying a piece of paper round these?" I said.

"I am so sorry," she said. "Mr. Typer has requested us not to wrap any of his books."

"But these scarlet covers," I said—"they cry out to everybody that I have just bought Mr. Typer's book, which is none of their business."

"But it is Mr. Typer's business," she said, allowing me a moment in which to think that over.

"Oh, and Cousin Sue!" squealed Chappie. "She would simply love——"

"Come, my child," I said; "if I mistake not we already have a copy for Cousin Sue."

"No," she said; "we have father's and mother's and mine and yours."

"No," I explained; "none of the inscriptions on these fly-leaves applies to me." MANHATTAN.



Bobby (who has been told at school to bring a copy of his birth-certificate). "OH, DADDY, MISS JACKSON TOLD ME TO TELL YOU TO SEND HER A COPY OF—ER—I FORGET THE NAME OF IT—BUT ANYWAY IT 'S MY EXCUSE FOR BEING BORN."

THE DOG-ROSES.

THESE are the little dog-roses, these
Follow their mistress, thick as bees,
Run to her whistle and dance to her tune
Morning, evening and afternoon;
Little dog-roses, little dog-roses
All at the heels of their Lady June!

The Lady June she *had* to;
She wore her party togs;
She says, "And 'tis too bad, too,
I've got to leave the dogs;
I've got to walk a garden
With all the *dressy* crew,
And, though I 'd beg its pardon,
Still, dogs 'ud never do."

The Lady June departed,
"You dare," says she, "to stir;"
But scarcely was she started
Before they 'd followed her,
Along the hedgerow creeping
To look which way she went,
And sitting down and peeping
And hoping she 'd relent.

The Lady June relented;
She called, "Well, come on, do;
Was ever maid tormented
By such a plague as you?
But, if I 've got no sermon
On Disobedience,
There 's this I *will* be firm on—
You 'll stop outside the fence!"

So when you see dog-roses
Outside the garden-gate
(Which everybody knows is
Quite commonplace o' late),
Then, to the facts a-falling,
The compliment implied,
You 'll say, "'Tis June come calling—
I see her dogs outside."

These are the little dog-roses, these
Wait for their mistress (as one sees),
Wait on her whistle or wag to her tune
All day down to the rising moon;
Little dog-roses, little dog-roses
Hard on the heels of their Lady June!

THE PASSION FOR TRUTH.

FOR the benefit of those readers who deemed it necessary to answer a list of fifty questions which I put three weeks ago, and who believe that they obtained half marks thereon, I would like to say that the feat is impossible in the present unsatisfactory state of human knowledge. We do not know, for instance, whether beetles are happy. In all probability we never shall know. It may be even that we are not meant to know.

These remarks apply also to such questions as

What is the meaning of life?

What is the greatest number of wides ever bowled in a single over?

Who will o'er the downs so free?

Who was the wife of CAIN?

How far is the doctrine of predestination reconcilable with that of free will?

and

Why was the cassowary?

There were many other questions in the list the answers to which, perfect vision being denied to us, fall into the same category. A few were included, however, which could be answered by dint of patient research or by the possession of special knowledge, and perhaps I ought to say a word or two about these.

No. 2. *Who was the shortest man in the Bible?*

The answer to this question is BILDAD the Shuhite. One correspondent answered correctly. It is plain therefore that he learnt Bible questions out of a book from which I also was taught in my youth—an entirely serious book, containing besides this only one other lapse into hilarity when it inquired, "Who was the first man to break all the Commandments?" and gave MOSES as the response. I have lost all trace of that book. I wish I could find it again. I think it must have been published in America.

No. 5. *What is the most popular way of pronouncing Cirencester?*

"Ziren" is probably the best reply. "Ciciter" is definitely wrong; but there is a good deal to be said for the correspondent who answered simply "Cirencester."

No. 10. *What are the names of the heroes who fought at Troy?*

There is no difficulty about this. It was only necessary to put one's back into the work.

No. 14. *What is the legal speed limit imposed on motor vehicles passing through Evesham?*

This was easy. One only had to consult the A. A. Handbook. A year or two ago the limit was four miles an hour. This year there is no limit at all. The four miles per hour limit was obviously imposed to prevent motorists from attempting to pass pedestrians travelling in the same direction. The entire removal of the speed limit probably means that motorists have relinquished the attempt.



A LIVING ADVERTISEMENT.

No. 27. *What is a strike?*

This was well answered by a correspondent from Lincolnshire:—

"A strike is a piece of wood resembling a ruler, used to level the contents of a bushel measure. Hence the name of 'The Bushel and Strike' for public-houses."

I am pleased to be able to supply this information to politicians and all others whom it may concern.

No. 28. *What were the dying words of* HELIOGABALUS?

No marks could be awarded here. But I respect the ingenuity of the answer, "They were too indistinct to be heard."

No. 38. *Why did the antelope?*

Because the gnu gnu.

No. 39. *What do the letters M.O.B.Y.C. stand for?*

Quite a lot of people seemed to know this. But none of them stated who the yachtsman was.

No. 44. *For what was* ADAM *notorious?*

Nobody said "Mantelpieces."

No. 45. *Which are the principal Chinese poets?*

Here the ignorance of my readers caused me a good deal of pain. There is no accounting for tastes, of course, and some may have a fancy for the literary work of one dynasty, others for another. But whatever may be said about the Chinese poets previous to the year 700 A.D. there can be no excuse for leaving out PO-CHÜ-I amongst later writers, if only for the lines—

"After lunch—one short nap;
On waking up—two cups of tea;"

or—

"All the morning I have lain perversely in bed;
Now at dusk I rise with many yawns.
My warm stove is quick to get a blaze.
At the cold mirror I am slow in doing my hair;"

or perhaps his even more beautiful—

"As I lay on my pillow my vinous complexion, soothed by sleep, grew sober."

My readers seem to know nothing at all about the Chinese poets, whose songs, although the translation of them can never give an adequate idea of the beauty of the original, have long been available for Western students to peruse.

Last, and in a special category, I place question

No. 7. *Where is my pipe?*

I scarcely dared hope for a correct answer to this, but by good fortune one correspondent stumbled on the right solution. It had gone down between the back and the seat of an armchair, and I have now recovered the thing. As it was really for this purpose that I set the whole examination we can none of us say, can we, that it has not served a useful end.

EVOE.

Another Sex Problem.

"Boston bull lost on coast highway . . . named Nancy Lee; dark brindle, small female."—*Advt. in American Paper.*

"Miss —— charmed the house with her song and pas de suet, gracefully performed. Miss —— delightedly sang 'The Frothblowers' Anthem.'"—*Local Paper.*

Stout girls, both of them.

MANNERS AND MODES AT ASCOT.



ALTHOUGH THE YOUNGER RACING SET UNDOUBTEDLY CONTRIBUTES TO THE PICTURESQUENESS OF THE SCENE—



IT IS THE LEAVEN OF DIE-HARDS THAT GIVES TO THE ROYAL MEETING ITS UNIQUE *CACHET*.

LIVESTOCK IN BARRACKS.

VI.—MUZZLE THE MONKEY.

Of course there are some animals that are allowed in barracks and some that are not. Without laying itself open to the charge of being too pernickety the Army Council has, no doubt wisely, decided that small monkeys come in the second category.

So Private Rifle was definitely in the wrong when he returned from week-end leave with a small monkey, which he told Private Pullthrough he had bought from a cousin in the Navy, after mendaciously explaining to the Corporal of the Guard that it had followed him home because he had a nice kind face.

The monkey spent Sunday night in the barrack-room tied to a bed, and during Monday was successfully concealed from both the Orderly Officer and prowling sergeants by a great-coat, which very nearly removed it by suffocation from the list of effectives.

Monday evening was a red-letter evening in the history of the regimental canteen. In fact there was such a crowd round the bar that every man had to hold his glass in his hand and dared not leave it on the counter for a moment. In the centre of it was Private Rifle, by then well stricken in beers, and the monkey, whom Rifle had attempted to name Jacko, but whom public opinion had christened Muzzle in view of a strong resemblance which everyone in the canteen had noticed except Private Muzzle. The monkey, shy at the beginning of the evening, had now gathered beerage way and had been prevailed upon to do a few tricks with a military flavour, such as dying for the Sergeant-Major, presenting arms, saluting Lance-Corporal Pouch and loving Private Muzzle, which last brought the house down and sent Private Muzzle off to bed, remarking, in language unfit for exact reproduction, that some blighters considered themselves very funny, didn't they?

In the midst of the excitement the Orderly Corporal appeared, to close the canteen. It was Corporal Foresight, a stickler for discipline, and so the monkey was hurriedly buttoned into Private Rifle's tunic.

Now neither you nor I would like to be buttoned into Private Rifle's tunic; nor did the monkey. What he actually did is not quite clear, but Private Rifle suddenly leapt into the air, uttering eldritch screams of uncontrollable mirth and jumped out of the window. He arrived later in his barrack-room, saying that he had lost the monkey and that he had always been ticklish from a boy.

Where Muzzle the Monkey spent Monday night is not known. That he was not bored, however, was proved by the appearance next morning of "D" Company office-cat, which, looking as though it had had three rounds with a tornado and its tail tonsured, crept into the office and sank into an exhausted slumber. At intervals throughout the morning it woke up with a nervous start and immediately jumped three feet vertically in the air, trying at the same time to face all ways at once. The monkey himself was not seen till dinner-time, when he made friends with Private Butt, who generously shared Private Barrel's dinner with him. Thereafter Private Barrel tried to recapture him, employing the lure of a pot of jam, borrowed from the cookhouse, to bring him within reach. Both the monkey and the pot, however, disappeared considerably more rapidly than Barrel had counted on, and he spent the afternoon explaining to a sceptical audience that he hadn't eaten the jam himself. It is only fair to the monkey to point out that he did return the empty pot, for Sergeant Haversack found most of it in his bed that night, just before getting out again and bandaging his foot.

Muzzle the Monkey's next appearance was in the Officers' Mess at about midnight. He entered by a window unobserved and crept along the rafters of the roof till he was directly over a select poker party. At this point he tripped over an electric-light wire and fell suddenly and unexpectedly on to the exact centre of the card-table, where he gibbered angrily at the players for a second before disappearing like a flash up the chimney. This caused a bit of a sensation.

It was not till next morning that the hue-and-cry became general, when Lieutenant Holster, while inspecting the new guard prior to mounting it, saw one of the men looking uncomfortable and finally observed that a small monkey had just appeared on top of his steel helmet, having arrived there by the back stairs. Now Holster was an easy-going officer, but the rules about correct dress on guard-mounting parades are very stringent. And, though on certain occasions men are allowed to wear official emblems in the cap, the nature and scope of these emblems are rigidly laid down. So Holster told the man off for wearing a monkey on guard-mounting. He then brushed the animal off his own cap, whither it tactlessly leapt during his rebuke, and reported to the Adjutant that an unauthorised monkey was occupying the roof of the guard-room.

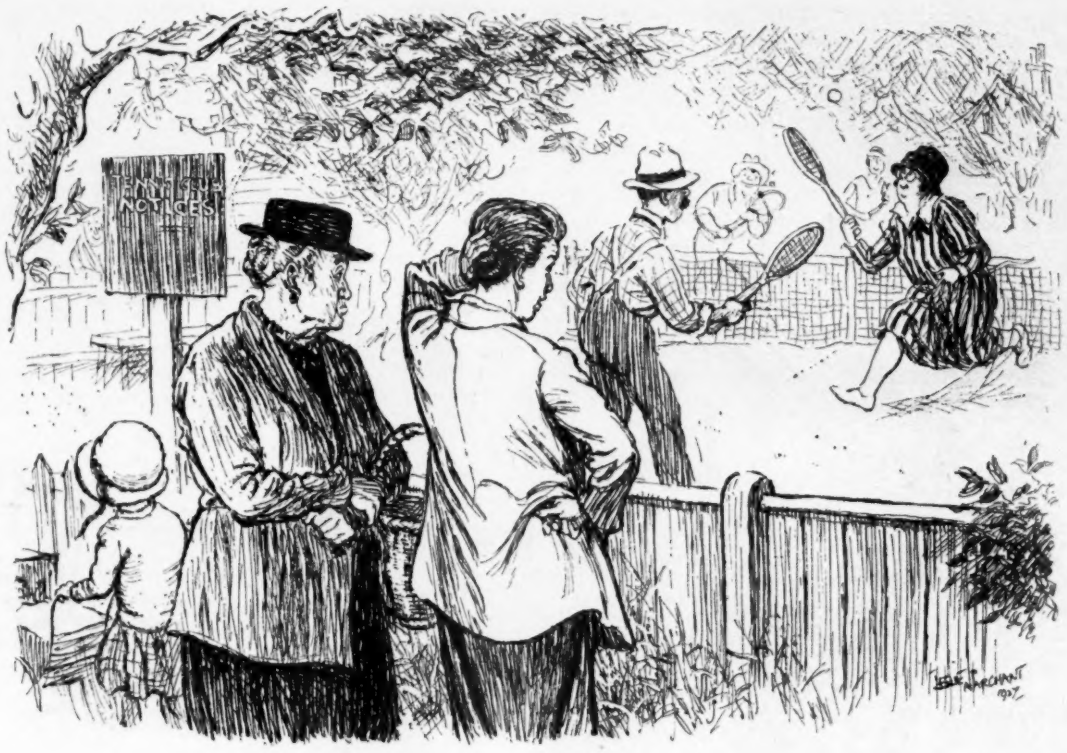


"AN UNAUTHORISED MONKEY WAS OCCUPYING THE ROOF OF THE GUARD-ROOM."

The Adjutant, sitting at his office desk, ordered the R.S.M. to have the monkey re-captured and find out who was responsible for bringing it into the barracks. Our Adjutant is pretty good at this sort of thing.

I don't know where the R.S.M. got his ideas on monkey-catching, but he ordered out all the defaulters and armed them with a rope, an empty sack and a half-peeled banana apiece. These last, by the way, were requisitioned from the canteen grocery-bar, and eventually led to a correspondence four months in length and three inches in depth between seven different people as to who should pay.

Muzzle the Monkey evaded capture easily during the morning. He only came down from the roof twice, on each occasion when an incautious pursuer had put down his banana for a moment in order to tie a slip-knot in his rope. In the afternoon, when people began to climb up on to the roof, he flung stones and moved to another roof. When they threw slip-nooses he caught hold of the ends till someone started to pull and then he let go. This always got him a



First Onlocker (to second ditto). "FANCY PEOPLE GOIN' ALL THE WAY TO WIMBLEDON TO SEE *THAT* PLAYED!"

laugh till the R.S.M. forcibly commandeered for his capture-party anyone who commented audibly on the methods employed.

At 4 P.M. the monkey was still at liberty. He had covered most of the barracks just ahead of a large crowd of pursuers and seemed to be enjoying it. Private Rifle was already under open arrest. Misjudging the R.S.M.'s intelligence he had remarked in his hearing once too often and far too innocently, "Wonder 'oo the little beggar belongs to?"

At 6 P.M. nearly the whole battalion was enlisted in the hunt, in consequence of ill-advised laughter in front of the R.S.M.

At 6.15 Miss Sergeant-Major Magazine, aged eleven, came past, held out her hand and said, "Chup-chup-chup!" and Muzzle the Monkey came and perched on her shoulder. A. A.

"A SPRING YEARNING.

With hooded beads the flowers nod
Where breezes sport in glee;
They greet my football on the sod
And scent the air for me."

Anglo-Swiss Paper.

Another proof that, in Switzerland at any rate, winter oft lingers in the lap of spring.

CROSS-CHANNEL CONTROL.

IN view of the approach of the Channel-swimming season, the I.S.C.C.S. (Incorporated Society for the Control of Channel Swimmers) and its affiliated body in France, the S.S.M. (Société Sécurité de Mer) have jointly issued a list of rules which must be observed on all occasions. For the benefit of our readers who are thinking of accomplishing the feat this summer we have pleasure in publishing them.

(1) In order to avoid congestion, no swimmer will be allowed to make the journey from each side more than once.

(2) Before entering the water each swimmer must report to an official of one of the Societies and state—in addition to the usual particulars of name, sex, nationality, parentage, etc.—his or her reason for making the attempt. This should be indicated under one of the three headings, Sentimental, Financial or National.

(3) Swimmers passing one another must observe the rules of the road. Cutting in will be severely punished.

(4) Swimmers must give way to the Cross Channel Steamship service. Ocean-going liners, however, need not be afforded any precedence.

(5) Swimmers must not leave any bottles or litter floating in the Channel as this might be a cause of serious interference with shipping.

(6) In order to avoid confusion, swimmers are requested, if possible, not to arrive simultaneously on either shore.

(7) On due notice being given, receptions can be arranged, the Societies having procured a supply of photographers, pressmen, officials and spectators to be available at any time. A small charge will be made for these. Cheering, if required, will be extra.

(8) The Societies have also made arrangement with a jazz band, consisting of five musicians who are also experienced sailors, to accompany any swimmer who wishes to hire them. Early application is essential as dates are rapidly being booked up.

(9) Certificates of the Societies can be obtained in any language (including American) for the sum of one shilling or six francs; one-and-sixpence or nine francs for the double journey.

Our Versatile Prelates.

"The Courtenay Chapel at the Lymington Parish Church, built about 1325 A.D., is being restored and will be re-decorated by the Bishop of the Diocese."—*Provincial Paper.*



Mother (to small daughter who is bewailing the departure of a favourite Nannie). "BETTY, *darling*, YOU REALLY MUST STOP CRYING. WHY, LOOK AT PETER—HE HASN'T CRIED AT ALL."
Betty. "M-M-MEN NEVER C-C-CARE."

THE RUNAWAYS.

I SEEM to see, small son of mine, a taxi at the door,
And that means Callers coming, and Callers *are* a bore,
And so I think this afternoon would be much better spent
If you and I took hats and coats and shoes and sticks and went.

If we stay here, small son of mine, I know what it will be—
Torrents of talk and talk and talk and tea and tea and tea,
And the good sun shining overhead and the white road running straight;
Come out of it, small son of mine, come out—by the back gate.

I know a place not far from here where splendid engines pass;
I know a place where you and I could sit us on the grass
And see all makes of motor-cars and take their numbers down,
And quite forget the Callers we had left behind in town.

I know a wood where birds abound—it 's not so far away;
I know a water-meadow where the baby rabbits play,
Where you might chase a butterfly and I might take my ease,
And both of us could do for hours exactly what we please.

So let 's be bad—slip on your shoes—and get into disgrace,
And beat it till the landscape melts into some better place,
Yea, beat it to the Chiltern Hills, a better place by half,
And, if they strafe us at their tea, by all means let them strafe.

Let 's see the thundering engines crash down the long hill by Tring,
Let 's climb the downs by Ivinghoe, let 's—oh! let 's anything,
So long as stuffy drawing-rooms are left far, far astern
And we 're away in a countryside of bracken, whin and fern.

I 'll pull our own two-seater out and then we 'll drive and drive,
And after that we 'll walk and walk until we feel alive;
And when we 've driven all we want and when our walkings cease,
We 'll buy ourselves our scones and cakes and eat our tea in peace.

And we 'll wait while evening comes along, we 'll laze and snooze and slack,
And—Callers will have gone by then—we 'll think of getting back;
And, if displeasure chance to fall on me, small son, and you,
I 'll stand the row and face the Court and glad to do it too.
The front-door bell! Quick, hats and coats, and a bolt into the blue!

H. B.

"PENDLETON, Ore.—Holding that the defendant was too drunk to know what he was doing and was temporarily insane at the time, a jury in justice court acquitted —— on a charge of driving a car while intoxicated."—*Canadian Paper.*

The man who killed his father and mother and got off on the ground that he was a poor orphan must have met a jury like this.



THE DARKENING OF THE SUN.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, June 13th.—It is not often that the House resumes its labours on a Monday. Perhaps that is why it resumed them to-day with so feeble a show of enthusiasm. But it raised a mild cheer for Mr. A. M. SAMUEL, Parliamentary Secretary to the Department of Overseas Trade. It was a cheer of double character, congratulating the Minister on his recovery from the injury that has so long laid him by the heels and commiserating with him on the sentence of extinction passed upon his Department in his absence by a ruthless CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

Quite the least troubled waters in which questioners fish are those presided over by Mr. AMERY. Sir JOHN POWER made them even smoother than usual to-day by pouring palm-oil on them. The Minister, replying, said that Dutch East Indian experiments in improved palm-oil production had been investigated by Nigerian and Gold Coast officials, who had duly reported to their Governments. Altogether it appeared that "more and better margarine" is a slogan dear to the COLONIAL SECRETARY'S heart.

Mr. LOCKER-LAMPSON, replying to Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY, gave an elaborate précis of the military situation in China, which continues, the House gathered, to be a confused mass of advancing, retreating, deserting, bribe-taking, Communist, anti-Communist, Nationalist-and-Communist, Nationalist-but-not-Communist, Christian, Independent, and other Generals complete with their armies, and an odd army or two that has no Generals at all. "Can the Minister say," asked Mr. J. H. THOMAS in his most impressive tones as soon as the recitation was ended, "whether his answer means that things are better or worse?" There was no reply.

The House plunged somewhat wearily into the eleventh allotted day of the Trade Disputes Bill. Mr. A. HENDERSON wished to include a definition in the Bill making the term "trade union" include "any association or body of employers." Sir DOUGLAS HOGG resisted it on the ground that, as far as political levies were concerned, they were already included. A definition of the expression "lock-out" was agreed to, and one proposing to define the word "calculated" was rejected. Doubtless the House would have gone on defining indefinitely had not the merciful guillotine descended at 10.30 P.M.



A MONSTROUS DOVE

"Which startled both our heroes so
They nearly dropped their quarrel."

SIR ARTHUR STEEL-MAITLAND. SIR LESLIE SCOTT. MR. CLYNES.

Tuesday, June 14th.—Before the famous incident occurred there was no doubt a good deal of discussion in Arabia as to whether etiquette and *amour propre* and things like that demanded that MAHOMET should go the mountain or the mountain to MAHOMET. A like discussion arose to-day, Sir ROBERT THOMAS insisting that the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE should go to the Shipbuilding Joint Enquiry Committee (which blames rings and price-fixing associations for the high cost of shipbuilding), and Sir P. CUNLIFFE-LISTER insisting that it was for the Committee to come to him. Why, if something can be done to stimulate shipbuilding, the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE should not sail in and do it without reference to any Committee, joint or otherwise, was not made clear.



BENJAMIN DISRAELI MOND.

"*I* AM ON THE SIDE OF THE ANGELS."

Sir W. EDGE, looking quite nervous for one who is no stranger to the House, was introduced by Sir R. HUTCHISON and Mr. FENBY, and the Liberals present managed to lift quite a resounding cheer.

The last day allotted to the Committee stage of the Trade Disputes Bill produced quite a lively and valuable debate. The subject-matter was an Amendment and an accompanying Schedule, moved by Sir LESLIE SCOTT, providing within limitations for the reference of every industrial dispute to a conciliation tribunal, prior to which any strike or lock-out should be illegal. The proposal followed closely the conciliation machinery that has been working successfully for many years in Canada.

Mr. CLYNES opposed. He wanted no interference with the strike weapon, which was much more valuable than conciliation machinery. Moreover conciliation was alien to the spirit of the Bill. The gist of his speech and that of Mr. HARTSHORN, who supported him, struck the same note as *Mr. Dooley's* New Year's Eve reflections. "Give me a good inimy!" exclaimed the philosopher. The Bill was an attack on Trade Unionism. Let it stay that way and not get all mussed up with conciliation.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE supported the Amendment. It took a long time, he said, to get anything done in Parliament. Here was a chance for the Government to do a little light conciliating. Why could they not for once in a way adopt the motto, "Do it now"? Sir ALFRED MOND spoke in a similar vein, and so did other Conservatives.

For the Government, however, Sir A. STEEL-MAITLAND politely rejected the Amendment. The Government, he said, were all for conciliation, but not in this Bill, which was not an attack on Trade Unionism, as Mr. HARTSHORN had said, but a counter-attack on the T.U.C. and its general strike of last year. He suggested that when the Bill was out of the way a Committee might be set up to consider the whole question of industrial arbitration. Members on both sides of the House took up this suggestion eagerly, and by the time they had finished they had the Minister pinned down to a pretty definite proposal.

Then Messrs. CLYNES and THOMAS, possibly a little frightened at the reception given to the proposal by some of their followers, declared that Labour would have no truck with such an inquiry as long as the Trade Union Bill was in existence. This belated bit of fire-breathing did not much impress the House, which proceeded to carry both Schedules of the Bill and complete its passage through Committee.

Wednesday, June 15th.—Sir P. RICHARDSON, who has a hopeful disposition, asked the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS if the United States had been approached with the suggestion that they should pay for the War. Mr. LOCKER-LAMPSON replied that everybody knew our position, which was that we did not care who paid for the War, but until the philanthropists stepped forward we would go on paying what we owed and getting back as much of it as we could from those who owed money to us.

An unpleasing incident of a not unfamiliar type occurred when, in reply to various Questions, Mr. LOCKER-LAMPSON emphatically denied that the British Mission in Russia employed any spies. "What a lie!" shouted Mr. BUCHANAN rudely. This form of badinage, so popular in Gorbals, is resented in the House. Mr. BUCHANAN, having admitted the offence, was invited by the SPEAKER to withdraw the remark. Mr. BUCHANAN shook his head and was thereupon requested by the SPEAKER to leave the House. He left.

Mr. C. EDWARDS asked the PRIME MINISTER if he would consider reducing the old-age pension age to sixty, so that those enjoying it might be withdrawn from industry and make room for the younger generation. Mr. BALDWIN said it would cost too much. Besides, an old-age pensioner was not debarred from working, so the younger generation would not benefit. No substitute has been found, apparently, for the aboriginal method of saving one's parents from a laborious old age by respectfully eating them.

Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN is no pet of Misses LAWRENCE and WILKINSON. The way they set about him after he had moved the Second Reading of the Audit (Local Authorities) Bill was a liberal advertisement of the fact that the female of certain species is deadlier than the male. Miss LAWRENCE said he had "atrociously violated the principles of the constitution." Miss WILKINSON said there was no greater enemy of local government than the Minister. Compared with these onslaughts the rest of the Opposition arguments were tame, and Mr. LANSBURY, though told quite frankly that the purpose of the Bill was to prevent "Poplarism," was almost apologetic.



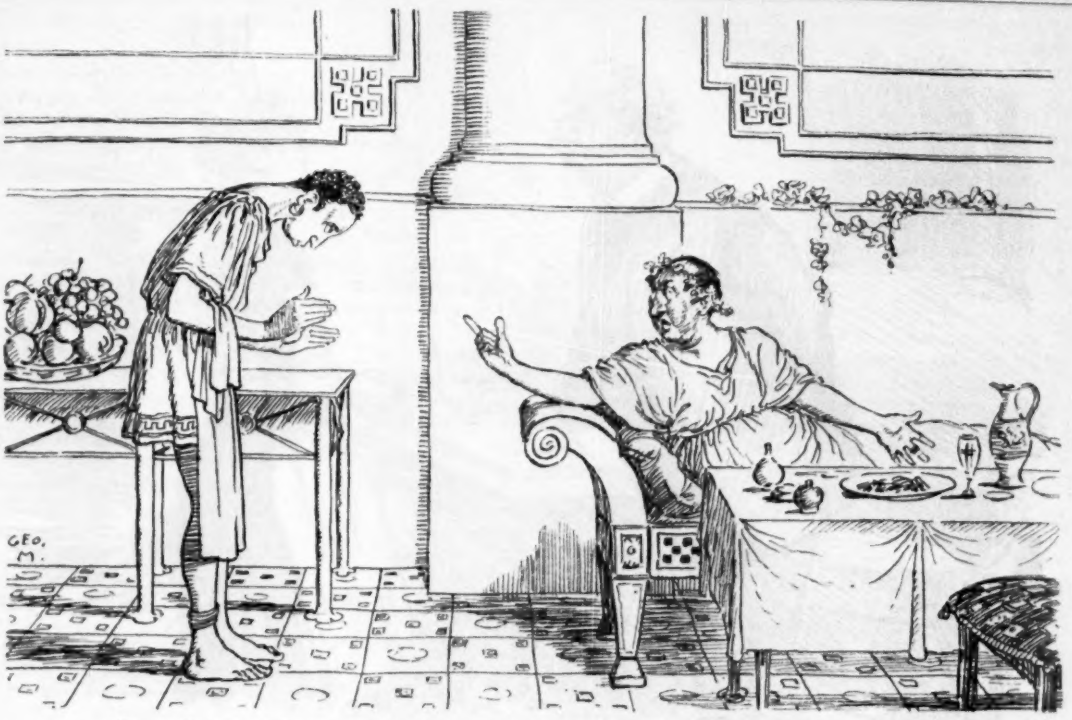
WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.
MR. LANSBURY TO MR. N. CHAMBERLAIN.

Thursday, June 16th.—The House of Lords, sitting for the first time after its Whitsun recess, paid a tribute of glowing eulogy to the late Lord LANSDOWNE, who for so many years wielded a "singular influence," as Lord SALISBURY phrased it, in their Lordships' House and in the councils of the nation. "Such a man, such services, such a character and, if I may use the phrase, so great a gentleman," said the LORD PRIVY SEAL, "even this country can ill afford to lose."

The sensitive anatomies of the Labour Party are peculiarly susceptible to the ill effects of noise and vibration, as everybody knows—the jarring note in the House of Commons is never struck by *them*—and Mr. RILEY asked the MINISTER OF HEALTH if he would appoint a Committee to consider the effect of noise and vibration on the human system. The Minister thought the time was not yet ripe.

A question involving a peculiarly monstrous charge against "the British military in Nanking" was asked by Mr. WELLOCK, Labour Member for Stourbridge. The reply was that there were no British troops in Nanking. Thereupon a discussion arose as to whether such questions should be asked if there was no foundation for the charges made. The SPEAKER said the responsibility rested with the Members who put the questions. Mr. WELLOCK very properly said he would make further enquiries of his informants and also make amends for any mistake that had been made, but Mr. CLYNES maladroitly tried to make the thing a Party question and not merely a question of good taste by asking the SPEAKER whether, if such a question were not to be allowed, he would also stop questions "containing monstrous implications on us on this side of the House." To him a slander on the Army is apparently no more than a slander on the Conservative Party!

Viscount WOLMER having explained that more telephones does not mean cheaper telephones and Mr. GUINNESS having announced that a ban was on French cherries because the worm that dieth not, or at any rate hasn't died yet, still infests them, the House turned to the Ouse Drainage Bill. All sides agreed that something must be done, and that right speedily, if large areas of the best agricultural land in England were not to suffer. Trouble began on the question as to who should pay. The House heard of lowlanders and highlanders and middle levellers, who might be in favour of drains in the abstract but not on their pockets. Sir LUCAS TOOTH led a dissentient Conservative phalanx into the Lobby; and the Socialists opposed the Bill because it proposed to spend a large lump of Government money on the new drainage scheme without the drained land being nationalized; but the second reading was carried by 58.



Roman Epicure. "SLAVE! THESE NIGHTINGALES' TONGUES HAVE NOT BEEN HUNG LONG ENOUGH!"

AT THE SIGN OF THE NEW HUMOUR.

(*With acknowledgments to "The Daily Mail."*)

GOOD MORROW, my little Nordics, my little Anglo-Saxon business-men, my little spavined spelter merchants and Hanoverian hog-wallopers! Good morrow, Mr. Hoggenheim, of Peabody, Hoggenheim & Grümpf, manufacturers, in your most Christian city of Birmingham, of brass idols for the East African trade. Clear as my Lord Roland's horn at Roncesvalles I bid you good morrow. Good morrow, my little Lutherans, my little Lollards, my little followers of Wyclif the Whited Sepulchre—may nothing you dismay! Nay, come nearer. By the pig of St. Anthony of Padua, patron of all beasts outcast and unclean, I wish you no harm! Am I not minister *in partibus infidelium?* Shall I not lighten your darkness? Little better than Albigenses though you be, I am no De Montfort—I will not plough you into the fields.

And now, my mere English, my merry stockbrokers and usurers, my base exiles from the Lux Latina, what of it this bright morning? Shall it be the history of your own land, good my groundlings? As certain of your own prophets, notably Stuffelpimpf of Düsseldorf, have observed, a country's heroes personify a country's history. By the Blessed Massacre of St. Bartholomew, so be it! Where shall we start, my hearties? With Harry Tudor, the Great White Cad of Christendom? Or that red-haired persecutor of the innocent, his daughter Elizabeth? Or your great British bully and profiteer, Noll Cromwell, with his hymn-whining sycophant, Johnnie Milton? 'Oddsfish and frog's legs, I am a match for any of them! Name of a pipe, I am!

Or George of Hanover and his lackey, Walpole? ("Vat a man!" as your great English scholar and gentleman, Sir Moses Masham, *né* Blumenstein, said to me regretfully when Mr. Justice Crabbe sent the papers in the Assimilated Nitrates Merger to the Public Prosecutor, "I tell you vat, my poy, ve need anuzzer Valpole!") Is it to be Pudding Times and profit-snatching, my little whimpering Whigs and whippersnappers?

Faugh! I have done; you get no more from me. *Conspuez* your Henry Tudor! Pah! to your profit-snatchers! It is a fine morning; I will not offend it. I will think of that pious pontiff, Alexander VI., and his saintly sons and daughter, of the kindly Catherine de' Medici and that virtuous Louis who revoked the infamous Edict of Nantes. And when I think of these, my puppets, I gloat, I . . . (Left gloating.)

EUROPE'S WEAK SPOT.

[The Lithuanian Government has banned the reading of SHAKESPEARE in schools on the ground that his work is "too strong meat for babes."]

THERE used to be a mania
In studious Lithuania
For cramming children's crania
With SHAKESPEARE's pungent truths;
But now as a comestible
They 've found that he 's detestable
And rankly indigestible
To Lithuanian youths.

To British sense (and vanity)
It borders on insanity
To hold our WILL's humanity
For *any* babe too strong;
We think that if your palate is
Too soft for his moralities,
O Lettish boy or gal, it is
Your palate that is wrong.

"BOWLERS ON TOP."
Headline in Daily Paper.

Where else should they be worn?

"The man is a patient of Sir Joseph's. I know him only by the name of Mr. X. He is thirty-six years old, about your height—though considerably shorter."
—— *Magazine.*

"X" seems a good name for one who is such an unknown quantity.



The General (to Cook, "Perfect treasure, Sir!—been in our family for years"). "AH, MARY, THE DOCTOR TELLS ME I MUST KNOCK OFF ALL SOUPS AND CURRIES. MUSTN'T TOUCH 'EM—MUSTN'T TOUCH 'EM! NOW, WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?" *Mary.* "WELL, SIR, WE MUST CHANGE OUR DOCTOR AT ONCE."

THE VITAMINS.

A SCIENTIFIC SONG.

Vitamin "A"
Keeps the rickets away
And succours the meagre and nervy;
"B" 's what you lack
If the stomach is slack,
And "C" is the foe of the scurvy;
So when a man dines
Let him murmur these lines,
Or sure he will live to deplore it—
Just ask yourself, "What
Disease have I got,
And which is the Vitamin for it?"

A doctor with a microscope
Was mixing mutton-fat and soap
When what was his surprise to see
A Thing invisible to me
(And I am quite prepared to bet
That no one else has seen it yet).
It showed upon its gentle face
Affection for the human race,
And it is very rare to find
An organism of such a kind;
So, with a microscopic grin,
He christened it a VITAMIN.

There are three Vitamins, not four;
I have no doubt there will be more,
But for the present you and me
Must do the best we can with three;

And NELSON, RALEIGH, DRAKE, ST. PAUL
Did fairly well with none at all.
These simple people never knew
The secrets shared by me and you;
No chemical analysis
Of this and that and that and this
Their hearty dinners did condemn—
They gobbled what was given them;
But this affects a man's inside,
And all these foolish fellows died.

But you and I, of sterner schools,
Must eat by scientific rules.
You may remember, as a kid,
A fuss about the Proteid,
And at (I think) a later stage
The Calories became the rage;
The Carbohydrates now and then
Have exercised the learned men,
And whether people took enough
Albuminous and starchy stuff;
For nothing, we may well conclude,
Is quite so dangerous as food—
In fact, before the doctors call
It 's safest not to eat at all.

It is my purpose here to state
That all these views are out of date,
And even surgeons now admit
The little Vitamin is IT.
So do not plunge a hasty fork
Into the pickles or the pork,

But telephone to Harley Street,
"Is this a vital thing to eat?"
Before you order what you want—
Tripe, caviare, or *crème de menthe*,
Before you seize and swallow whole
Some luscious bird or fancy sole,
Send for the manager and hiss,
"Is there a Vitamin in this?"

There are no Vitamins in lard;
From bacon they are wholly barred;
In potted meat they are not seen,
Nor olive-oil nor margarine;
In vain your families you cram
With coffee, cocoa, sugar, jam;
I very much regret to add
That tapioca 's just as bad.
Nor do I know how we contrive
For years and years to keep alive
When most of what we eat and drink
Would be much better down the sink.

"A."

But courage! in cod-liver oil
The healthy little creatures toil;
And any backward child of mine
Who showed a softness in the spine
Should frequently be fed on that,
With good hard-roes and bits of fat.
Fresh butter, cheese and yolk of egg
Will fortify the infant leg,
For here again are found, they say,
Those Vitamins we christen "A";

In cabbage too and other greens,
And lettuces (but not in beans).

"B."

But better still for you and me,
Who are not children now, is "B."
His duty, which he does not shirk,
Is just to make the stomach work.
If my supply of "B" is small
My liver does not act at all
And things go on in my inside
Which never can be justified.
Those old philosophers and saints
Who had mysterious complaints
And perished on some lonely mount
In ways for which we can't account—
The explanation 's clear to me,
They did not get enough of "B."
Well, "B" occurs in nuts and peas,
In lentils, beans and things like these,
In wholemeal rye and wholemeal wheat
And bread which is not fit to eat,
In roes of fish and some dried fruits
And milk and yeast and uncooked roots;
And death, as far as I can see,
May be preferred to eating "B."

"C."

But "C" is quite another thing,
Of "C" with frank delight I sing;
For "C" 's the pretty Vitamin
Who makes and mends that schoolgirl skin
And stops us coming out in lots
Of horrid, horrid little spots.
"C" is the very best excuse
For drinking pints of orange-juice;
For "C's" sweet sake fine ladies feed
Upon the radish and the swede.
Tomatoes, salads, lemons, milk
Keep noble skins as smooth as silk;
The prettiest girl I ever saw
Ate cauliflower and rhubarb raw.
But best of all about him is
That "C" abounds in strawberries.

"D."

The doctors, I am glad to see,
Admit that there are none in tea;
They worship, as I said before,
Three only; but I know one more.
For I have found a Vitamin
In brandy, burgundy and gin;
And I salute with three times three
The little chap I know as "D."

Vitamin "A"
Keeps the rickets away
And succours the meagre and nervy;
"B" 's what you lack
If the tummy is slack,
And "C" is the foe of the scurvy;
And so when you dines
Remember these lines,
And, if you'll be guided by me, Sir,
It don't matter what
Disease you have got—
Just order a bottle of "D," Sir!

A. P. H.



A BUSY DAY.

Grandmother (trying to interest boy). "MY DEAR, I SEE THAT ONE OF THE SURREY CRICKETERS MADE A THOUSAND RUNS YESTERDAY."

Another Impending Apology.

From an article on MUSSOLINI:—

"When I met him . . . it was as I expected, for I have met many famous men. He was unaffected, with none of the inferiorness he displays in public."—*Sunday Paper.*

"Wanted, experienced General . . . wages no object to experienced girl."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

Oh, aren't they?

"Napoleon was the most supremely competent administrator that has ever lived."
DEAN INGE, as quoted by a Provincial Paper.

What would he have been like if he had lived the *other* half?

"Mrs. —— asserted that one of the reasons why farmers were not doing well was because farm labourers did not get sufficient money to live properly, and therefore could not give of their best while sold for 2s. a dozen at Newport."—*Provincial Paper.*

You can hardly wonder at it.

"Arrangements have been made for a series of lectures to clergy on July 11th-16th in Trinity College, Dublin. The lecturers will be as follows:—The Rev. Dr. —— on Messrs. A. Guinness, Son and Co.'s shipments of porter from Dublin, as officially returned for period May 25th to June 1st, 1927."—*Irish Paper.*

No one can accuse him of having chosen a dry subject.

AT THE PLAY.

RUSSIAN BALLET (PRINCES)
"THE CAT."

BRIEFLY the synopsis repeats the old fable telling how a young man implores Aphrodite to transform a cat, which he greatly admires, into human shape; how Aphrodite consents, and the cat becomes a beautiful girl, who is won by the young man's graceful wooing; how, at the height of his triumph, the goddess, to test the integrity of the girl's affection, offers a distraction by causing a mouse to scamper across the nuptial chamber; and how the girl instantly reverts to type, pursues the mouse and is changed back into a cat, to the lover's immense chagrin.

I am not in a position to say how far this is true to animal nature; whether an actual cat, in a moment of amorous preoccupation, would be diverted by a mouse crossing her field of vision. But let that pass; for we are here in an unnatural world, as you will gather, quite apart from the matter of divine intervention, as soon as you see the spectacle.

For the scene is full of enormous geometrical figures made of talc: a hanging arc, several rectangles and, I daresay, a brace or so of parallelepipedons. Through one of two large holes in a screen may be seen a lady with a feline mask. This is the cat. On a raised platform is a cubist Aphrodite in talc. Her intervention has to be assumed, for she is not constructed to take any part in the proceedings. Prominent in the centre of the floor is a grey mouse, monstrous, motionless, awaiting the goddess's word to get a move on. All this is to be taken seriously.



CAT-WORSHIP.
M. SERGE LIFAR.

Enter *The Young Man* with six companions. They go through a variety of physical exercises, that are well below the standard of the average acrobatic troupe in a circus. On their retirement the hero, who wears, in addition to the garment of obligation, a talc chest-protector and a talc pair of greaves, executes some interesting movements, slightly archaistic and reminiscent of *L'Après-midi d'un Faune*, and concludes by prostrating himself before the goddess.

At this point the cat, who has watched these operations with an inscrutable air, disappears and comes on in human shape. Follows a formal *pas de deux* of love-making that grows more and more intimate, till suddenly the mouse, which can only by a miracle have hitherto escaped the girl's notice, starts off across the floor. She pursues it into the wings, and then resumes her original seat of observation with her cat's mask restored. The young man falls to the ground, taking up an extremely difficult posture indicative of *rigor mortis*. His companions re-enter bearing huge geometrical figures—rhomboids and ellipses—apparently to be employed as funeral properties.



LADY INTO CAT.
MLLE. ALICE NIKITINA.

In his remarkable performance as *The Young Man*, M. SERGE LIFAR, though he aimed less at grace than originality, achieved grace by the sheer beauty of his finely-modelled figure. Mlle. ALICE NIKITINA, as *The Cat*, gave an exhibition of very perfect virtuosity, in which the gossamer airiness which is the particular charm of the Russian ballet was designedly tempered by a certain formalism of pose and gesture.

As for the geometric devices of the setting ("architecture and sculpture constructed by GABO and PEVSNER") I have read that they were intended to be symbolic of the mental training of these young gymnasts. Why they specialised in this branch of learning I cannot say; possibly because the maker of the ballet wanted something that would harmonise with the geometric quality of their physical exercises. Unfortunately the one scene had to serve not only for a combined gymnasium and classroom, but for what the synopsis describes as the "nuptial chamber" of the lovers. If the mouse had not interposed, it must have meant a veritable nightmare for the bride.

On the first night Mlle. NIKITINA came before the curtain to break the news to us that the railway had failed to deliver these properties in time for the performance of *The Cat*. She did not state the cause of the delay—whether the engine had bucked, or the guard had held them up to do a proposition or two in Euclid with them.

By way of compensation we were given *Carnaval*, always a delight with its fascinating music and movements, the pathos of its tragic *Pierrot*, and its women's dresses that make a modern audience look so silly. Then we had *Petroushka*, with M. MASSINE (a welcome re-appearance) very effective in the main part; M. THADEE SLAVINSKY as *The Moor*, and Mme. ALEXANDRA DANILOVA, who was the best of the three in keeping up the semblance of puppetry, as *The Dancer*. Perhaps in *Petroushka* we could do better with less of the crowd, which delays the action

of the tragedy; and anyhow the stage at the Princes Theatre is not large enough for it.

La Boutique Fantasque, though admirably given, was not well chosen for the same programme; it meant too much doll for one evening.

The Wednesday programme included *Cimarosiana* whose old-world simplicity is so pleasant a relief from latter-day symbolism. The dancing here was a pure joy; and in particular the *pas de six*. Finally, *The Three-Cornered Hat* found M. MASSINE and Mme. LUBOV TCHERNICHEVA (as the *Miller* and his *Wife*) and M. GEORGES BALANCHIN (as the wearer of the Hat) in great form.

The audience on the first night was large and enthusiastic, but on Wednesday the attendance in the stalls was sparse. It may have been Ascot, or the prices, which are rather high for so short a programme. It was eked out by some delightful symphonic interludes, including "The Flight of the Bumble Bee," from an opera of RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF'S, all admirably conducted by Mr. EUGENE GOOSSENS; but even so the intervals were terribly long. Still, with so exquisite a quality in M. DIAGHILEFF'S entertainment, one would be churlish indeed to quarrel with the quantity of it. O. S.

"THE HAPPY HUSBAND" (CRITERION).

Mr. HARRISON OWEN'S highly unethical and entirely diverting farcical comedy suffers just a little from the intrusion of a number of too conscientiously cynical epigrams in the vein of WILDE—"Virtue is its own punishment," and that sort of thing, which is rather too easy. But it is a technically sound piece of work, the situations are handled with a refreshing originality, and, as art has nothing to do with edification, the author as artist is to be warmly congratulated.

Yet he can also moralise at need, for it is possible to read between the naughty lines this serious message: One of the duties of an attentive husband is to be jealous. An honest woman who has been nine years married may well be exasperated by a kindly indifferent partner's calm assumption that she is not merely above suspicion but above the battle of temptation. She may be infuriated when summed up by her friends as "a dear little woman but straight as a die"; *Dot Rendell* (Miss MADGE TITHERADGE) will show them whether she is as straight as all that. Fortified by three cocktails, specially shaken to meet the situation by her sympathetic sister, *Stella Tolhurst* (Miss MABEL SEALBY), she falls in with the suggestion of *Harvey Townsend* (Mr. A. E. MATTHEWS), a philandering monomaniac who goes about risking rebuffs, but on balance getting a great deal of amusement as he understands it, that she should come and see the lovely view of the downs by moonlight from the South Room.



UNSAYING IT WITH FLOWERS.
Frank K. Pratt . . MR. CHARLES LAUGHTON.



THE PASSIONATE LOVER.
Harvey Townsend . . . . MR. A. E. MATTHEWS.
Dot Rendell . . . . . MISS MADGE TITHERADGE.

Harvey has just drawn a blank with the lovely provocative *Consuelo*, whose looks belie her and who is abjectly faithful to her fatuously sententious, many-antlered American husband, *Frank K. Pratt* (Mr. CHARLES LAUGHTON), erstwhile petitioner in *Pratt v. Pratt*, *Wilkinson*, *Cohen*, *Chapman*, *Hopkins*, and *Baily*. He has therefore some excuse for taking jealous care of the second *Mrs. P.*

Unfortunately a burglar wanders into the South Room and, under cross-examination, alludes to the fact that there was a lady with *Harvey*. Which lady? *Consuelo*, of course, say all the men, poor *Pratt* first among them. But *Dot* declares that she was the indiscreet one, and all but *Pratt* believe her to be tactfully shielding the distressed and misjudged *Consuelo*. All this to *Dot's* unconcealed fury. Not even, it seems, when proofs to the contrary are given, will anybody regard her as other than straight as a die.

Consuelo, however, is independently cleared, whereupon every man suspects his wife or *fiancée*, except the blandly confident *Bill Rendell*, the Happy Husband, who never finds out, but, under *Harvey's* direction, pretends a jealousy he does not feel, and so all ends well both for him and *Dot*.

Mr. OWEN handles his ingeniously selected material with great skill and contrives an original and extremely neat, if abrupt, ending. Perhaps he occasionally permits himself a lapse from taste (as distinguished from propriety, which naturally isn't in his programme), as when the servants are dragged into his web of suspicion. But lively jesting covers a multitude of sins.

Miss MADGE TITHERADGE'S *Dot*, sober or drunk, and honestly made-down just plain enough to carry conviction, was an excellent performance. Miss MABEL SEALBY'S *Stella* seemed to me no less intelligently and effectively done. Mr. A. E. MATTHEWS had an engaging part wherein he could sport that casual air which so well becomes him. Mr. LAWRENCE GROSSMITH (the Happy Husband), Mr. DAVID HAWTHORNE (his brother-in-law), Mr. ERIC COWLEY (a silly ass), Miss ANN TREVOR (the ass's *fiancée*), Miss STELLA ARBENINA (the beautiful *Consuelo*), Mr. CARL HARBORD (a most original burglar product of Eton and Oxford)—all helped to make the pace. But the outstanding performance was

that of Mr. CHARLES LAUGHTON as that poor fish, *Pratt*. Mr. LAUGHTON builds a part up with great skill and intelligence, and is always quite unrecognisable, so that he may miss for a time at the public's hands the full tribute that is his due. His Russian Governor in *The Greater Love*, his hooligan in *Liliom*, and this egregious American are as different as good chalk, good cheese and good red herring. T.

MEN AND WOMEN.

IT was while sitting as a guest at a rather serious club where there is a long table that I heard the conversation which follows. How the topic of education came up I forget, but this is what happened.

"There is only one real educational problem," said an important member, "and that has nothing to do with the pronunciation of Latin or Greek or any nonsense of that kind; it has to do with life as we have to live it, and the sooner the head-masters and head-mistresses of England come to some understanding on the matter the better it will be for everybody."

He glared at us as though we had challenged him to mortal combat.

"What," he asked, "is the principal cause of the hostility of men to women and women to men?"

"Personally," said a meek listener, "I have no hostility, but I should admire woman more if she did not soap the sponge."

There was a murmur of agreement.

"And I," said another, "should admire her more if she squeezed tooth-paste tubes only at the far end, instead of, as now, anywhere."

He also won a measure of approbation.

"And I," said another, "should admire woman more if, when she is helping me on with my coat, she did not relax in her lifting at the very moment when she ought to make the most intelligent effort."

"Hear, hear," said everyone, even the stern propagandist who had started this hare.

"But," he remarked, "no one has yet mentioned the society-cleaving, the harmony-destroying, disparity between the sexes to which I was alluding, and which, if we are to get along with any comfort, must be a matter of compromise."

He glared again.

"Look at those windows," he said, waving a hand in the direction of the street.

We looked.

"Do you notice anything about them that is remarkable?" he asked.

"They are rather cleaner than usual," said the meek man.

"I didn't mean that," said the important man, "although it happens to be true. No, the remarkable thing is that, although it is fine and warm, they are all shut. Why? Because this is a man's club. Were you to go to a woman's club you would find the windows all open. Even in winter. And there," he said, leaning back and, for once, beaming—"there is my case in a nutshell.

"The time has come," he resumed, "when every schoolmaster must institute a course of instruction and experiment which shall make it possible for all the boys now under his care, when they grow up, to sit in draughts without complaining or without taking cold. Similarly the time has come when every schoolmistress must institute a course of instruction and experiment which shall make it possible for all the girls now under her care, when they grow up, to be in rooms where the windows are closed and not complain, feel ill, swoon or threaten to swoon."

He glared again.

"Because," he went on, "the world is being ruined to-day, for women, by men who very properly like the windows closed, and especially the windows of railway carriages; while it is being ruined for men by the women who want those windows open. Why, there are women who will sit by an open window in a train even in a tunnel. Rather than not have their current of air they will have sulphur smoke with it. There are women who will sit by the open window of an aeroplane!"

We all groaned.

"I am glad you are with me," he said. "And of course it is we who are the sufferers to a far greater extent than women. It is only a woman here and there who will shut a window when a protest is made, and the men who have the courage to make that protest are very few; for, in spite of her desperate efforts towards equality—not the least of which is seen in her growing tendency to smoke even in the streets—woman still retains not a little of her old reputation as the damsel in distress, the lady who is all the better for a knight in armour, the object of chivalry, if not actually quixotry. Whereas, notwithstanding their disgust at seeing women adopt masculine airs and privileges, there are still many men who, if they are asked to open a window for a woman, will do so, even with the fear of pneumonia weighing upon them. Hence more men are catching colds from the open windows of women than there are women feeling faint because of the closed windows of men. There are, however, enough sufferers of both sexes to make my scheme extremely valuable, and no serious guardian of the young, with the welfare of the future on his mind, can neglect it."

He glared again, then he beamed again, then he glared and beamed both at once, and, lunch being over, we rose and separated.

What will be the result? Ah!

E. V. L.

GHASTLY GASTRONOMY.

ACCORDING to a contemporary, the world was ransacked to find exotic and out-of-the-way dishes for the recent annual banquet of the Société d'Acclimatation. The meal started with birds'-nest soup *aux œufs*, followed by Russian *bolets* (1), but became more enterprising at the fish course, at which *sandre* (2), sauce Gribiche, was offered. Alternative *entrées* were *matelote* of uromastyx (3) and grilled porcupine steaks. *Mouflon de Corse* (4) followed. After this dizzy flight of culinary fancy the guests were brought to earth with haricots from Chile. The most interesting fruit was stewed papye (5).

VITELLIUS in his highest bliss
Had nothing (not a cent!) on this.
Though he regaled himself with gravies
Distilled from tongues of *raræ aves*,
Not he, nor any of his group,
Declined and fell on birds'-nest soup;
Not once at feasts, however jolly,
Did he devour a Russian *bolet*;
And as for fish, the *sandre* grew
In regions CÆSAR never knew;
Nor did his guts perform gymnastics
On *matelote* of uromastyx;
He never even wished to dine
On steaks of fretful porcupine.
Conceivably (a last resource)
He may have tried *mouflon de Corse*,
But, since COLUMBUS was not yet,
His Chile beans he failed to get,
Nor could America supply
The fruit called pápye (or papye?)—
All these comestibles he missed,
Being no Gallic scientist.

Which of these learned men designed
This meal exotic and refined
And turned the gastronomic scales
Against such fare as frogs and snails?
Or did perhaps our savant make
A most unfortunate mistake
And give the conscientious cook
The wrong leaf from his pocket-book—
An error, probably his last,
Which brought about this strange repast
And forced the banqueteers to guzzle
On portions of a cross-word puzzle?

Clues: (1) An edible fungus, whitish-yellow in colour. (2) A fish of rare species found only in the rivers of Eastern Europe. (3) A lizard of repulsive appearance imported from the sands of the Sahara. (4) A cross between a deer and a kid. (5) A fruit found only in tropical America.



MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.

XLV.—MISS SHEILA KAYE-SMITH.

WHO is SHEILA? what is she
That critics all commend her?
Such a gracious gift hath she
The charm to seize and render
Of our English Arcady.

Then to SHEILA let us sing,
Of SHEILA'S praises telling;
And, by way of thanksgiving,
Let all the folk in Sussex dwelling
Sussex posies at her fling.



Insatiable Artist. "HI! WAITER! BRING A CLEAN TABLE-CLOTH. WE CAN'T DRAW ON THIS—IT 'S TOO DIRTY."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

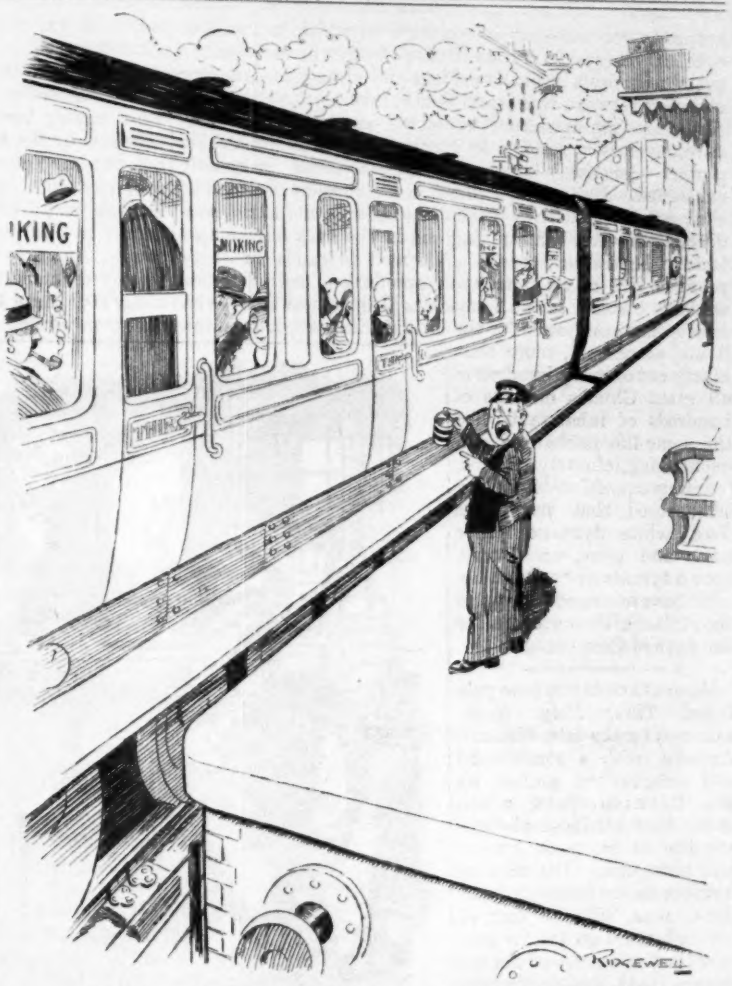
MRS. EDITH WHARTON'S new novel is in some sense a departure, and your appreciation of it will, I think, largely depend on your attitude towards the school of social fiction from which it departs. If this school's reverent preoccupation with the passions and whimsies of the leisured classes never struck you as something rather effeminate, the undeniably cruder and more full-blooded handling of the newcomer will probably set your teeth on edge. If—I state my own case—the Jamesian touch has occasionally seemed a trifle man-millinerish, you may welcome as heartily as I do the profaner attitude of the present book. *Twilight Sleep* (APPLETON) is Mrs. WHARTON'S synonym for the atmosphere of plausible pain-shunning in which moneyed men and women, especially moneyed Americans, for the most part envelop themselves. Thanks to plumbers, dentists, oculists and patent religions, the middle-aged stave off the qualms of mortality even more successfully than the young, who have only dancing, athletics and dope to keep them going. *Pauline Manford*, a perfectly poised and efficient fifty, is the protagonist of the first class; *Lita Wyant*, the wife of her son by a divorced husband, the fine flower of the second. An excellent "crowd" includes the most convincingly indigent *Marchesa* I have ever met between boards. The crumbling of *Pauline's* respectable world and its undeniable formative relationship to *Lita's* putrescent one have obviously been studied with all Mrs. WHARTON'S accustomed subtlety. What is novel is the book's broadly comic handling of illustrative episodes. Never before has anything of Mrs. WHARTON'S moved me to open laughter, and, if she herself has not shrunk from crowning morbid tragedy with an anti-climax of burlesque, I do not see why I should not admit that I enjoyed the innovation.

Certainly anyone would say, looking at our publishers' lists, that we play our games with sufficient seriousness. And yet our championships, they tell me, take wing one after another and fly from our shores—generally Westward. Not all the floods of advice on How to Play Golf could preserve us from the American invasion, and I do not suppose that our lawn-tennis advisers, be they never so expert, will avail to bring a British champion (male) back to the centre court at Wimbledon—just yet. All the same we can extend a welcome to *Modern Lawn Tennis* (LANE), which is sponsored by the well-known Spanish player, Señorita LILI DE ALVAREZ, who with Miss HELEN WILLS shares the succession to SUZANNE LENGLEN as Wimbledon's greatest "draw" among the ladies. This is a pleasant little book, containing a sufficiency of useful hints, and the photographs of the charming author that are scattered so lavishly through its pages are alone well worth the price. I am rather sceptical with regard to these volumes of advice by the expert. Players who want to improve their game would get better value for their money, I suspect, by paying for a seat and watching a few championship matches. But there are some hints in this little book that should be useful. The

Spanish lady-champion is all for a sporting game, and not shirking one's weak points. She is sound too about regarding the game as a game and not as the most serious business in life. But I still hold that these charming action-photographs are the really valuable part of the lesson. Any lady would willingly lose her matches, I am sure, if she could only contrive to look as graceful as Señorita DE ALVAREZ.

In his third novel, *A Friend of Antacus* (DUCKWORTH), Mr. GERARD HOPKINS has adopted the now familiar device of presenting his principal character through the minds of others. It was perhaps as well that he did, because this is the story of a man who was false to his wife "for very love of her," and with a motive of that kind any decent husband would rather leave it to his friends than make such a claim for himself. (Besides, he might not think of it.) It is the Hawtreyish *Glenner Passingham* and his friend *Ruth Callander* who evolve this ingeniously extenuating theory, and if they cannot quite bring it off no one who listens to them, as they talk over their tea-cups, will regret that they tried. Mr. HOPKINS is a past-master of elegant dialogue. And "past" is, I think, the right word for it. This is not the speech of to-day, phonographically recorded in the manner of modern realism. But we did talk like this once, if we were clever enough, in the days when we had leisure to finish our sentences and take our turns—thirty years ago, let us say, when HENRY HARLAND wrote *The Cardinal's Snuff-Box*. I cannot say that I liked the lapse into melodrama at the end, but at least it is brief, and it comes too late to spoil a pleasant and restful entertainment. To all whose nerves are a little jarred by our modern stridency I commend this delicate and graceful tale.

Old mills, old ships and old bridges are characters rather than constructions. No two of them are alike and each has its own legend of commerce with mankind and the elements. Many have attained celebrity in song and story, and the ships and bridges at any rate have been frequently described by experts on their anatomy and history. Yet no one, I believe, has anticipated Mr. THURSTON HOPKINS's claim to be the first historian of old English mills; and, though the researches he now puts forward are for the most part confined to one county, his choice of Sussex has rendered the present haul a particularly rich one. Starting with the querns of troglodytes and cave-dwellers, he arrives by quick stages at water-mills and wind-mills, his illustrator, Mr. JAMES MARTIN, appending a useful diagram of the interior of Shipley Mill to the text's description of its mechanism. Thus equipped with an easy knowledge of runners and bedstones, sweeps, sails or mill-blades, the old post-and-socket mill with a lever to turn the sails, and the smock mill with its rotating cap, we sally forth into Sussex. Brighton is our base, Ditchling our first halt; and we subsequently encounter not only wind-mills in various stages of decay, but tide-mills with undershot wheels (at Bishopstone) and forging mills all over the Weald. Histories, some ghostly, of millers, ironmasters and smugglers are incidentally secured, and the hostelries frequented by these worthies occur often enough to make *Old English Mills and Inns* (PALMER) an acceptable title for the book. Yet I feel that Mr. HOPKINS, like his fellow-enthusiast of the Dee, lives by his mill, and I trust that the additional volume half-promised us here will be wholly given over to its fast-disappearing vestiges.



THE SEASIDE SEASON: A TRAGIC OPENING.

At the time when Lieut.-Colonel P. T. ETHERTON was writing *China—The Facts* (BENN) there were residing in the "foreign concession" at Tientsin three Chinese ex-presidents and more than a dozen ex-war-lords, all taking refuge, under the protection of those Europeans and Americans whom theoretically they desire to drive out of the country, from the wrath of their own compatriots. Situations of this kind, half tragedy, half comic-opera, are typical of the tangle of grievous contradictions that constitutes the Far-Eastern Question, a reasonable understanding of which is impossible unless the history, ways of thought and social organisation of the population concerned are first studied. Colonel ETHERTON supplies clearly and concisely and with

authority the necessary information on which to found an opinion. He speaks of the various persons who have become prominent, deals with the endless and almost meaningless civil war between North and South, investigates the causes of the existing hatred for foreigners, and estimates future developments in relation to ourselves and the three other powers—America, Japan and Russia—most intimately concerned. Best of all, I think, is his account of China as she really is. There at present, he tells us, industrial conditions are worse than in England in the dark days before factory legislation; bands of armed brigands in every province live on an unresisting population; half-educated students clamour for an immediate Utopia, and Bolshevist agents plot annoyance for the British Empire; but behind it all, amazingly, more than ninety out of every hundred of all great China's millions of hundreds of inhabitants live the same life, unchanged and unchanging, infinitely toilsome, infinitely squalid and infinitely self-assured, that they have lived while dynasties have come and gone, and home-grown tyrants or "foreign devils" have no more than rippled the surface of their dream since the days of CONFUCIUS.

Messrs. CONSTABLE have published *Three Plays* (posthumous) by the late WILLIAM ARCHER, with a reminiscent and enlightening preface by Mr. BERNARD SHAW which shows that kaleidoscopic personality at his most human and perceptive. His view of ARCHER as an intensely emotional man, who for fear of letting himself go too far preferred not to start, and always wore a mask that partly concealed his real lovableness, seems to fit the facts. Of the three plays, *Martha Washington* is a chronicle drama with eight episodes in the life of GEORGE WASHINGTON, seen mainly through his wife. It is a sound piece of work of sustained interest, and should play well. In *Beatriz Juana* and *Lydia* ARCHER has taken the themes of an Elizabethan tragedy and comedy and rewritten them, using a modern technique and a subtler psychology than was usual with the Elizabethans—the sort of conscientious experiment which only such a man as this learned and zealous playwright would have the courage and industry to make. *Beatriz* is a fine villain, and *Lydia* a charming paragon, but I felt myself wishing at times that their re-creator had not made them talk blank verse.

The simple-hearted white-haired veteran so pleasantly portrayed by Mr. CYRIL MAUDE and Mr. CHARLES HANSON TOWNE in *The Actor in Room 931* (JOHN MURRAY) was less the hero of his own story than the amiable repository of the stories of other people. *Oliver Silver*, enjoying a dignified leisure in the Hôtel Splendide, whose proprietor, an old friend of his, had retired—as far as any actor ever really retires—from the theatre, became the benefactor and counsellor of various queer persons inhabiting that palatial establishment in little old New York. There was the cashier, whose secret ambition it was to become a detective. There was *Lillie*, the neglected little daughter of an actress who, having been hardened by marital misfortunes, was softened by the illness of her child. There was *Pete*, the bell-boy, who cherished a passion for the stage. There was a dancer who became a broncho-steerer and married an English peer. There was an actress who discovered a lost parent in *Charles* the door-man. There was the married couple, *Jack* and *Queenie*, each of whom, having been previously divorced unknown to the other, lived in terror of discovery. And there was a night-elevator man who had once commanded a pirate ship. These abbreviated episodes obviously contain material enough for half-a-dozen books. I own to some disappointment at learning so little of the history of *Oliver Silver* himself, the kind old gentleman whose concern for his fellow-creatures kept him in a state of perpetual agitation, from which I am glad to say he ultimately found release—where? Yes, in a cottage in Devonshire.



"PLEASE I WANT SIXPENNORTH O' WHAT THIS BOTTLE SMELLS OF."

Mr. M. P. SHIEL'S novel, *How the Old Woman Got Home* (RICHARDS), is rather difficult to place, but it may perhaps best be classed as a modernist "shocker." Its plot is sensation of the crudest; kidnappings, mysterious millionaires and other such melodramatic properties following on each other in bewildering succession, to say nothing of a heroine rejoicing in the remarkable name of *Mâhndorla*; but even at its most exciting moments the hero, *Caxton Hazlitt*, with whom it is to be feared the essayist would be in no haste to claim kinship, is always ready to embark upon wordy dissertations on religio-politico-economic theories, strongly tinged with half-baked Bolshevism. The style in which the book is written is in keeping with its peculiar design; the author allows his undeniable cleverness to betray him into the use of a number of tiresome affectations, not the least of which is his singularly meaningless use of inverted commas.

Mr. EDGAR WALLACE is an emperor in the world of sensational fiction, and as such he ought to be judged. Regarding him, then, in this exalted aspect I am constrained to say that his newest tale, *The Feathered Serpent* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), has ruffled me. Mr. WALLACE'S situations are as tense as ever, and his crop of criminals as active and prolific. But I have failed to find in it the originality of which I fondly imagined that he possessed an inexhaustible store, and the young journalist-detective, *Peter Dewin*, is of a type so familiar in tales of crime that his holidays are overdue. My peevishness comes, I have no doubt, from the fact that I have placed Mr. WALLACE on a throne and hate to see the faintest symptom of a topple from it.

CHARIVARIA.

"THE skirt as now worn," says a fashion writer, "has reached the utmost limit of abbreviation possible." This is the sort of rash assertion that puts our flappers on their mettle.

* * *

We hear of an American who says that the spectacle of the sun's corona may be good enough for Britishers, but that in American eclipses nobody pays attention to anything less than a corona-corona.

* * *

Owing to the preliminary Press publicity given to the eclipse many people have received the impression that it is under the direction of Mr. C. B. COCHRAN.

* * *

Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE has announced the positively final extinction of *Sherlock Holmes*. But he can always get another volume out of him later on from Beyond the Veil.

* * *

Three New York churches are to form the ground-floors of skyscrapers, the upper storeys of which will be occupied by families acceptable to the church trustees. Only those who come in on the ground-floor will be considered to be entitled to mansions in the skies.

* * *

"There is always rubbish in the air," says a scientist. Yes, but you're not obliged to listen-in to it.

* * *

A *Daily Mail* reader whose dog has a mania for swallowing pins mentions that he is a sharp dog. He would be.

* * *

A newspaper reminds us that there are not enough seats for all the Members of the House of Commons. The provision of straps is a reform that is long overdue.

* * *

Although a bishop has admitted his acquaintance with the Charleston, the prevailing opinion among the higher clergy is understood to be that it is not the gait for gaiters.

* * *

There's one consolation about the new electric-hare craze. These greyhounds can't write articles for the Press.

* * *

A Plymouth sailor has accused a shipmate of stealing his teeth. The alleged thief seems to have overdone the idea of Naval disarmament.

Congratulations to Mr. R. D. BLUMENFELD, editor of *The Daily Express*, upon completing his first forty years in Fleet Street.

* * *

Mr. COSGRAVE's failure in the General Election is ascribed to the hostility of the publicans. They are believed to be hopeful of putting the "public" into Republic.

* * *

The defeat of a Conservative M.P. in a race with pigeons from Westminster to his constituency is regarded in Opposition circles as another staggering blow to the Government.



THE PENALTY OF ACHIEVEMENT.

THE DOG THAT CAUGHT THE ELECTRIC HARE.

In a leading article in a daily paper the opinion is expressed that golf is only a game. We deplore our contemporary's injustice to the myriad toilers of the links.

* * *

A correspondent urges that the humane-killer pistol should be universally used. We expect, however, that the mosquito will still be slaughtered with a savage slap.

* * *

"Labour's forward movement is advancing," says a leader-writer in a Socialist paper. This of course is much better than advancing backwards.

* * *

ANSWER TO AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT.—No. It is not necessary to take out a licence for hot dog.

A Nebraska farmer has invented an automatic plough that will work without a man's guidance. In time the human factor will be so far eliminated from farming that even the grumbling will be done by gramophone.

* * *

The new type of FORD car is guaranteed to do sixty miles an hour, and it is rumoured that, after severe tests, a select committee of humourists has failed to detect anything funny about it.

* * *

A lost cow being cared for at a Hull police-station refuses to let herself be milked by a policeman. She is probably afraid of being charged with attempting to corrupt the Force by bribery.

* * *

We are not surprised that women are taking more and more to rowing. Look at the chance it gives them of saying something about another woman behind her back.

* * *

Motoring members of a Surrey golf club are warned to be careful at a certain cross road near the club house. The committee dislike to see a man foozle his pedestrian.

* * *

If the test case to be tried next month succeeds, chequelets may be introduced. We await with greater interest the time when banks will permit over-draftlets.

* * *

An old country house at Farnham Royal has been turned into a Zoo for parasites. We suppose every Zoo has to start in a small way.

* * *

"Take care of your vitamins," says a daily paper headline. We always take ours out every morning on a leash for exercise.

* * *

A writer in *The Daily News* thinks there is a gradual back-to-femininity movement. And some young men we have seen appear to be in its van.

* * *

It is expected that France and the United States, together with other great Powers, will shortly open negotiations for a No More War movement. One way to ensure its success is not to have another war until the last one is paid for.

* * *

It is gratifying to learn that the Glow-worms' Union gave its members permission to work overtime during the eclipse of the sun on June 29th.

THE AMBIGUOUS SYMPTOMS.

"I WONDER," said Edward, "if you happen to remember a blighter called Harold, who used to be most awfully bright at farmyard imitations and had one of those very chatty sisters? Because I saw him the other day, and the poor devil's in rather a hole. Wan, you know, and glazed about the eyes. I found him in Baker Street staring at a bunch of lilies in a florist's window and holding up the traffic for yards; and you know what that generally means. *Cherchez*," said Edward profoundly, "*la femme*."

He took off his horn-rims and polished them with extreme care.

"As a matter of fact," he explained, "it's all his aunt. She's one of those very hygienic women who live in fear of catching something, and Harold happened to be stopping with her for the week-end when the Packhams were giving their dance, and she found out that he hadn't been vaccinated for years and years. So on the Saturday morning she had him done. I asked Harold why he didn't resist, because after all it was *his* arm, but he just said I didn't know his aunt or I wouldn't ask such fool questions. I told you he was a trifle wrought.

"Well, by the Monday morning he had a sort of uneasy expectant feeling in the left shoulder, but nothing much else, so he thought he might as well go to the dance, especially as they'd told him that in a day or two he'd be feeling about as cheerful as a newly-exhumed mummy. His aunt gave him a yard or so of red ribbon to tie himself up in, and it came out of his pocket every time he wanted to use his handkerchief. You know how it does.

"Well, he got there fairly latish and found quite a lot of people he knew, so that, what with one thing and another, he was feeling passably cheered when, just before the supper-dance, some grinning imbecile fetched him a mighty clout on the left shoulder that nearly felled him. And as he was turning round to speak a few words on the subject of gentlemanly behaviour in ball-rooms he caught sight of Caroline coming in from the balcony.

"Caroline," said Edward, "is one of those hags who either bowl you over so completely that you can't tell what they're like or else leave you so frightfully chilled that you don't notice. It's curious, but there are women like that. As a matter of fact we sported together in early infancy, so I know she's got red hair; but half the people you meet say she's sandy and the other half say she's Titian. Anyway, as soon as Harold saw her he experienced a most curious feeling. He went all weak at the knees, you know, and dry in the throat, and felt a sort of half-painful tingling all over him. At least that's how he describes it, but he says it was one of those frightfully elusive sensations you can't put into words. So when he'd recovered a bit he asked to be introduced to her, and from what I can make out they spent the rest of the evening on strictly Thou-and-I lines. Harold inclines to get a bit incoherent where Caroline is concerned.

"Now all this time the feeling kept on, getting stronger if anything, and by the end of the evening he was pretty sure he'd done it. Fallen in love, you know," explained Edward. "Harold is one of these writing birds, and he's never been in love in his life, although you mightn't think it from the bilge he produces. But he's always wanted to see if he's been getting it right, and so of course he was most awfully bucked. They found they were both going to the same dance on Friday, but Caroline was going to be out of town till then, and Harold went home feeling all wretched and groggy and no end buoyed about the whole business.

"In the morning he was worse, and he felt that, if the prospect of not seeing Caroline for three days could make him feel so utterly miserable, well, then he must really have got it at last. And then his aunt sent up to see why he wasn't at breakfast.

"Well, Harold didn't want to be disturbed in his amorous meditations, so he sent down a perfectly truthful message to say that he was rather off the spot and averse from all thoughts of food; which of course brought his aunt up at once to ask how he was feeling.

"'Not too bright,' said Harold.

"'Then I expect it's taking nicely,' said his aunt. 'Let me look at your arm.'

"Well, she looked at his arm, and said she didn't know when she'd seen a more satisfactory one, and that he must expect to be a bit under the weather for a fortnight or so, and, if he liked to stay in bed all day, she'd bring up a jig-saw for him to play with. And you can imagine," said Edward solemnly, "what he felt like when she'd left him. It's bad enough to suffer the pangs of love when you're sure it *is* love, but when it may be vaccination a man doesn't know where he is.

"And the trouble is that it will be at least another fortnight before he does know, because of his having taken so frightfully well, and the symptoms being much the same in both cases. It's a very awkward position, because he doesn't want to raise Caroline's hopes too much, and, on the other hand, she might quite well get herself married off while he was waiting for his arm to go down. I told you half the people you met thought she was Titian.

"But it only shows you," concluded Edward, replacing his glasses, "what awful rot it all is when they talk about the benefits of science. You should hear Harold on the subject."

THE FAIRWAY.

["None but a practical atheist can play eighteen holes Sunday after Sunday and drive straight and steady."—*An address given in Scotland.*]

THE Sunday golfer (to his shame)
Who finds he's fairly on his game,

Whose every drive goes hard and straight
And never seems to deviate

Or to the left, or to the right,
Is really in a horrid plight.

By every virtue he displays,
By every brassie shot he lays

Bang on the pin, by every vice
He shuns, including hook and slice,

By all the hurts that don't attract
His lively ball—in point of fact

By all the shots he hasn't missed
He proves himself an atheist.

A minister has told us so,
A godly man, who ought to know.

It may be true; I cannot say;
With me it's just the other way.

My decent strokes from tee to green
Are very few and far between;

And, when I find my lowly lot
Lit by a self-respecting shot

With driver, brassie, even spoon,
It glows within me as a boon

That gives me in that gracious hour
Assurance of a Higher Power.

But, when I labour through the rough,
When the long grass is wet and tough,

When furze and heather, stones and sand,
Are my sure fate on either hand,

When as the time goes dully by
I never get a happy lie,

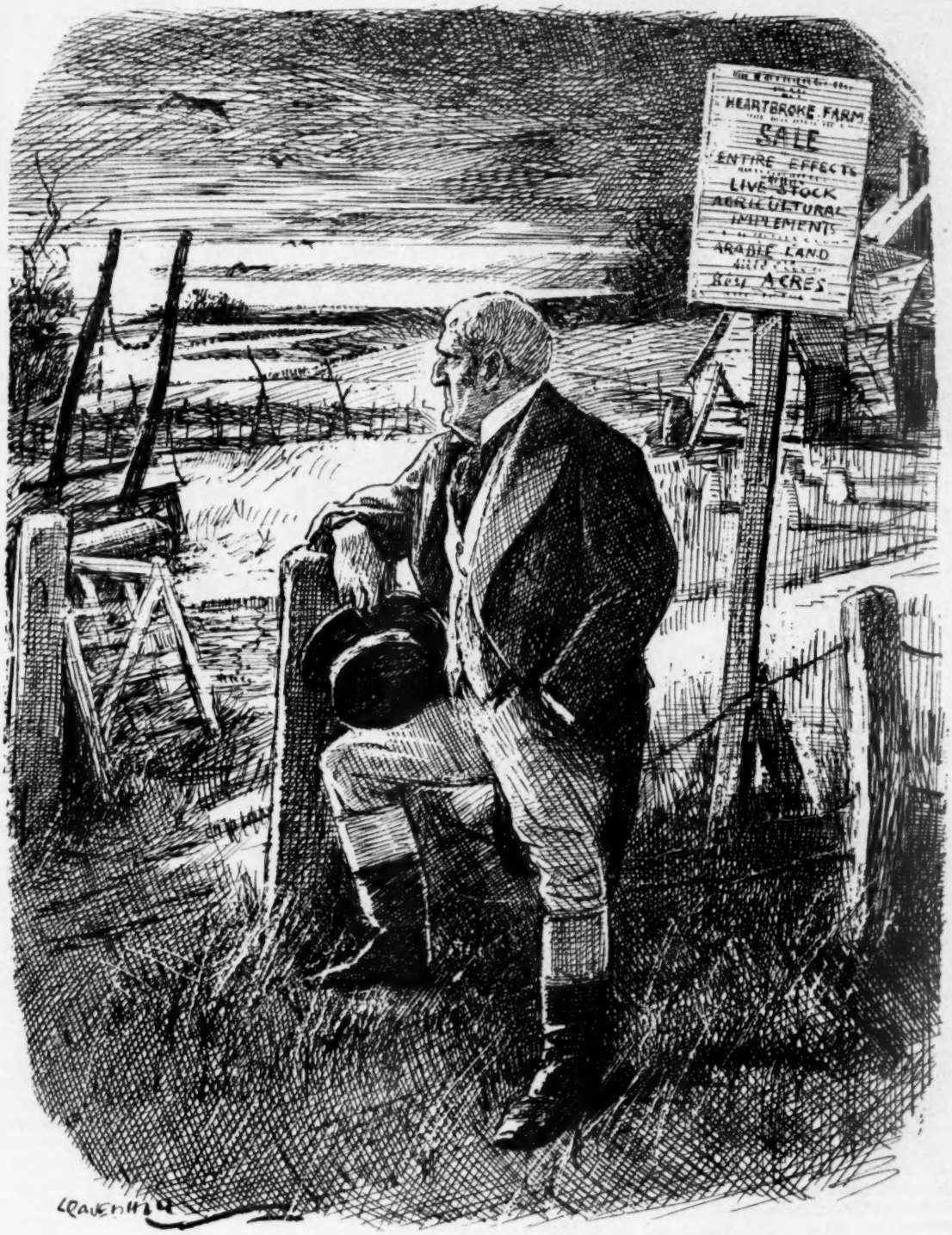
Why, then, when all is cold and drear
And the broad world contains no cheer,

I know in all its naked starkness
The horror of the Powers of Darkness.

DUM-DUM.

"'For Heaven's sake don't stop me,' cried Mr. ——, when interrupted in a flow of ovatory at the Farmers' Conference."
New Zealand Paper.

We don't know the exact meaning of "a flow of ovatory," but infer that it is the kind of thing which at election times is often checked by the homœopathic administration of a rotten egg.



THE LAND OF NO PROMISE.

JOHN BULL. "WHEAT GONE AND MEAT GOING. AND TO THINK THEY USED TO CALL ME 'FARMER BULL'!"



THE UNINVITED GUEST PROBLEM.

HOSTESSES ARE INSISTING THAT INVITATION CARDS SHOULD BE BROUGHT, BUT THESE CAN BE FAKED. THE ONLY SAFE WAY IS TO INSIST THAT BIRTH CERTIFICATES AND PASSPORT PHOTOGRAPHS SHOULD BE CARRIED ON THE PERSON.

IN PRIVATE LIFE.

THE INCOME-TAX COLLECTOR.

AFTER another long day spent at his employment, profession or vocation, Hector Ferrett, Income-tax Collector, returned to his private residence or domicile. He entered a formal room where portraits of famous Chancellors of the Exchequer hung on the buff-papered walls, and, after a searching scrutiny to assure himself that all was in order, rang the bell. A maid-servant or female employée appeared.

"This form," he said, tapping his waistcoat, "must be filled up. I have to request that you will prepare a full meal; according to the provisions, within twenty-one minutes. This demand is final."

He seated himself at the head of the table and fixed his eyes on the clock. In twenty minutes and a-half the maid returned and set a meal before him. This also he scrutinised searchingly.

"To the best of your judgment and belief this represents the total meal from every source whatsoever?" he inquired severely.

"Y-yes, Sir," the maid faltered, for she was new to the service of the Bureaucracy and found it unnerving.

"Any deductions in respect of children or other dependent relatives?" was the next question.

"M-Mrs. Ferrett has taken the young ladies to the pictures, Sir, and——"

The raised hand of Hector Ferrett checked her. Then he indicated the vacant chairs, drew a blue-pencil from his breast-pocket and made a cross on the white tablecloth in front of each.

"Say 'None,'" he bade her sternly. "It is not sufficient to leave the spaces blank."

"N-n-none, Sir," she gasped and, in obedience to his mechanical gesture of dismissal, she hurried away to compose a formal month's notice that even a bureaucrat could not fail to understand.

"OXFORD HAS WOMAN POET.

For the first time in the history of the university the Newgate prize for English verse has been won by a woman, Gertrude E. Trevelyan, of Lady Margaret Hall."—*American Paper.*

"Shades of the prison-house begin to close upon the growing" girl.

ADAMS, STOKER . . .

"Adams, stoker. A good orator but a bad stoker . . ."

I have been reading the White Paper (m d 2874), Russia No. 2 (1927) DOCUMENTS, illustrating the Hostile Activities of the Soviet Government and Third International against Great Britain. It is not very exciting, and most of it, no doubt, was forged by Mr. BALDWIN, but, be that as it may, some of the work is extremely funny.

Take for example one of the Arcos Raid discoveries, the "Letter dated Moscow, 26th April, 1927, from SOPHIE to Comrade Atkins. Enclosed in an envelope marked 'Mr. Atkins, 29th April, 1927, 580.'"

N. 3/12.
Moscow, April 28th, 1927.

DEAR COMRADE,—I am sending you to-day 240 bulettins for distribution among the readers of *The Worker*, 313 for general distribution and 32 for the Transport Workers %%—total 585/Five hundred and XXXXXX Eighty Five/Bullatens. ? SOPHIE.

Receipt.

I have received Five Hundred and Eighty-five Bulletins.

Date .....

Signed .....

This is the kind of thing that I do when I am trying to be funny about typewriters. And it is very hard that Mr. BALDWIN should step in and spoil the market. And look at the end of the letter to Comrades WATKINS and BOB ELLIS:—

"How is Comrade Watkins? Please give him our very best regards.
With fraternal greetings,
G. SLOUTSKY."

Where is the humourist who would dare to invent anything quite so easy as Comrade WATKINS and Comrade SLOUTSKY? People would say that we were exaggerating. But there it is, all printed in a White Paper. Then there are Comrade ZAKS and Comrade BIXBY, of New York, and the International Conference of Revolutionary Leather Workers, and *The Voice of the Leather Worker*, which is the paper of the U.S.S.R. Leather Workers' Union, and *The Progressive Shoe-Workers' Monthly*, and the International Committee of Propaganda and Action, and JUSEFOVITCH, and RAFAILOVITCH, and "Fraternally yours," and "With comradely greetings," and many other simple little proletarian expressions, which with all respect I do *not* believe that Mr. BALDWIN could invent.

But the one human passage among all these terrifying documents is the letter of KARL BAHN to JAN JILINSKY about the recruiting of British Communists for Soviet steamers. Cŏmrade BAHN is quite bitter about the situation. Comrade BAHN is bitter first about Comrades MUKALOV, BURNS and YASVOIN, who are in control; then Comrade YASVOIN is got rid of and Comrade GLUSHCHENKO takes his place; but Comrade GLUSHCHENKO is "ignorant of English," he quarrels with Comrade EZHBA, he calls the Comrades "lazy swine," things are just as bad as ever, and Comrade BAHN has absolutely no use for Comrade GLUSHCHENKO. Indeed, it is very difficult to discover which of the Comrades Comrade BAHN *has* any use for.

And when he comes to "The types of British Communists" recommended for service on Soviet steamers I really do sympathise with him. "Such people .... are almost exclusively without experience of the sea .... Those who turn up with most testimonials are prone to be the refuse from the Labour Movement, have long been unemployed, are completely unaccustomed to work and assume that their membership of the British Communist Party will guarantee them their wages and will entitle them to do no work at all." They drink heavily, they steal provisions, they are mistrusted by the Comrades, they work for one day and then do not turn up for two days; they appear on the third day, have dinner and promise to come on the morrow, but fail to turn up .... Really, it almost looks as if our British Communists had not been doing the square thing by the Soviets. "Ramsay," for example, "not a sailor; after working a few days did not go to sea, excusing himself on the pretext that by living amongst seamen he would have to sacrifice his ideas." The low hound!

(*Continued on next page.*)



FOR HENLEY.

THE PROTECTOR PROTECTED.

"Ramsay was universally described as a slacker."

And Adams!

"Adams, stoker. A good orator but a bad stoker and a slacker. The other stokers had to do his work for him. Deserted in Odessa and is now employed at the Seamen's Club there, *presumably as organiser.*"

I can see ADAMS. Can you not see ADAMS? I can see ADAMS on the upturned tub, on the soap-box, on the NELSON plinth, a burning fiery furnace of a man, not very much washed but very idealistic, oozing with eloquence, explosive with indignation about the wrongs of the workers, and the toiling masses, and the serfs and bond-slaves, and how they produce all the wealth; about the idle masters, the drones, the parasites; about the glories of Russia, and all the rest of it . . . Oratory? I tell you, it carries me away even to think of it!

And then I see another picture. I see ADAMS going aboard the ss. *Trotsky* to form a "cell" and help to train "politically conscious seamen," who, after preliminary training, may be "employed for Communistic agitation on other British ships." Poor ADAMS, so full of ideals, goes down to the stokehold to find a cell, and someone hands him a shovel. A *shovel!* Someone suggests work. *Work!* Work for ADAMS! Shovelling coal! And this is the ss. *Trotsky*. A Soviet ship! A revolutionary vessel! O *Comrade!*

So ADAMS fainted, I expect, and "the other stokers had to do his work for him."

I am sorry for ADAMS. That voyage to Odessa was not done in a day; and day by day, as it became clearer that the wind of ADAMS' oratory was not wafting the good ship *Trotsky* onward, that the ideals of ADAMS were not combustible, that the furnaces were better fed by coal than Communism, and that, what with one thing and another, the presence of ADAMS in the stokehold was not much assisting the progress of the vessel, harsh feelings, I fear, and unkind utterances must have multiplied in that stokehold. And can we wonder that at Odessa, disappointed, disillusioned, but still clinging to his ideals, our suffering ADAMS deserted the *Trotsky?*

The scene changes to the Seamen's Club, and there is ADAMS, we may take it, to-day, "employed presumably as an organiser."

"Presumably" is very good. Comrade BAHN has a fine choice of words. "Presumably." If a man is useless for any other purpose he may still be an "organiser." And what man could be better fitted to organise the cessation of work than one who ("presumably") has never concealed his detestation of work and at the first opportunity has always stopped work and made an oration?



THE ECLIPSE.

"IF YOU DON'T BEHAVE YOURSELF, OSBERT, I SHAN'T BRING YOU NEXT TIME."

So there is ADAMS, diligently organising at the Seamen's Club in Odessa, and now and then, I suppose, making a good speech. Perhaps by now he makes them in Russian. I wonder if they work him hard. I think they do. And I wonder if he is happy. I think not. I wonder if he loves the Russians as much as ever. I wonder if he writes home to father ADAMS and mother ADAMS and sister ADAMS, and suggests that they should join him. I wonder . . .

But never mind ADAMS. The man I am sorry for is Comrade BAHN. "As yet not one single satisfactory seaman has been recommended." It does seem hard that, when a man comes among the Island Race, with its nautical traditions and so forth, and asks a really representative organisation like the British Communist Party to send him decent British seamen to be trained for agitation on British ships, he should get nothing but "the refuse of the Labour Party, people who are not seamen," drink heavily, steal the stores, and do not work on the next day. Have our British Communists *no* sense of what is due to a friendly foreign country?

"Adams, stoker. A good orator but a bad stoker . . ." I wonder if Mr. A. J. COOK was a good collier!

And what poor fish our politicians are! I do not agree with those who would say that because poor Comrade BAHN had such poor fortune he was not worth bothering about and should have been left to carry on. He was a nasty little Comrade and we can do just as well without him. But here is a White Paper which has caused a great rumpus and broken off relations with many millions of Russians. And the truest, the most significant, the most amusing, revealing and devastating thing in it is

"*ADAMS, stoker. A good orator but a bad stoker . . .*"
Comrade BAHN.

And not one politician has said a word about him!

A. P. H.

"The Archdeacon of Hereford again presided at the formal opening ceremony on Wednesday, which was, nevertheless, 'Worcester's Day,' the ceremony being performed by the Bishop of Worcester in a brief but was quickly engulfed to his waist in on for seven thousand."
Local Paper.

We are not quite clear whether it was the Bishop or the Archdeacon who underwent this ordeal, but are glad that it fell short of total immersion.

Ars est celare artem.

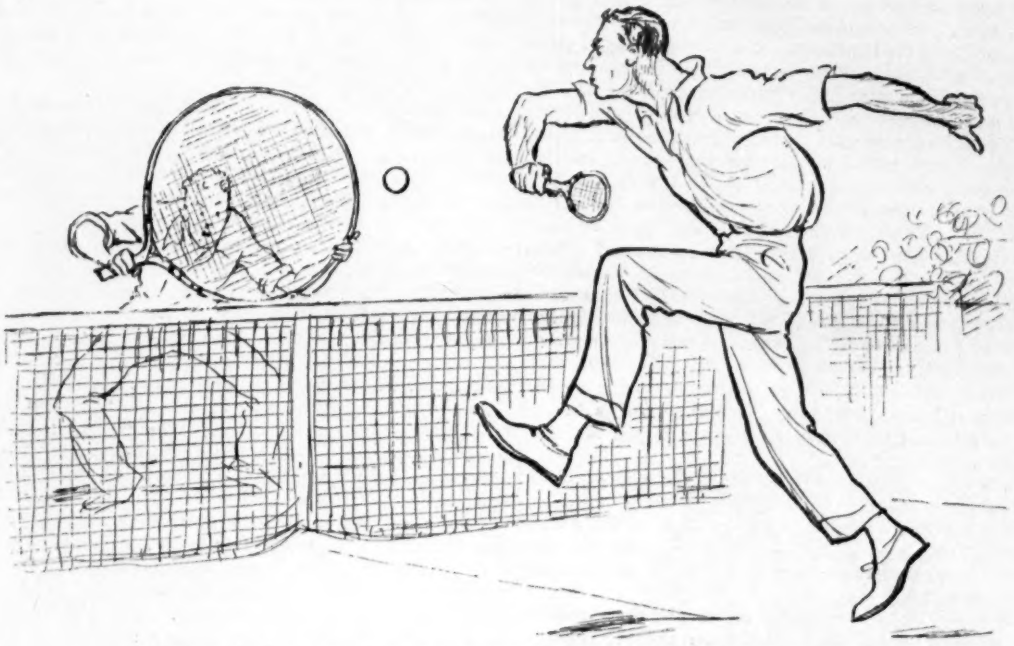
From an account of the Newdigate Prize-poem:—

"Miss Trevelyan describes the legend in smoothly-flowing blank verse, of which the following lines are a good example:—

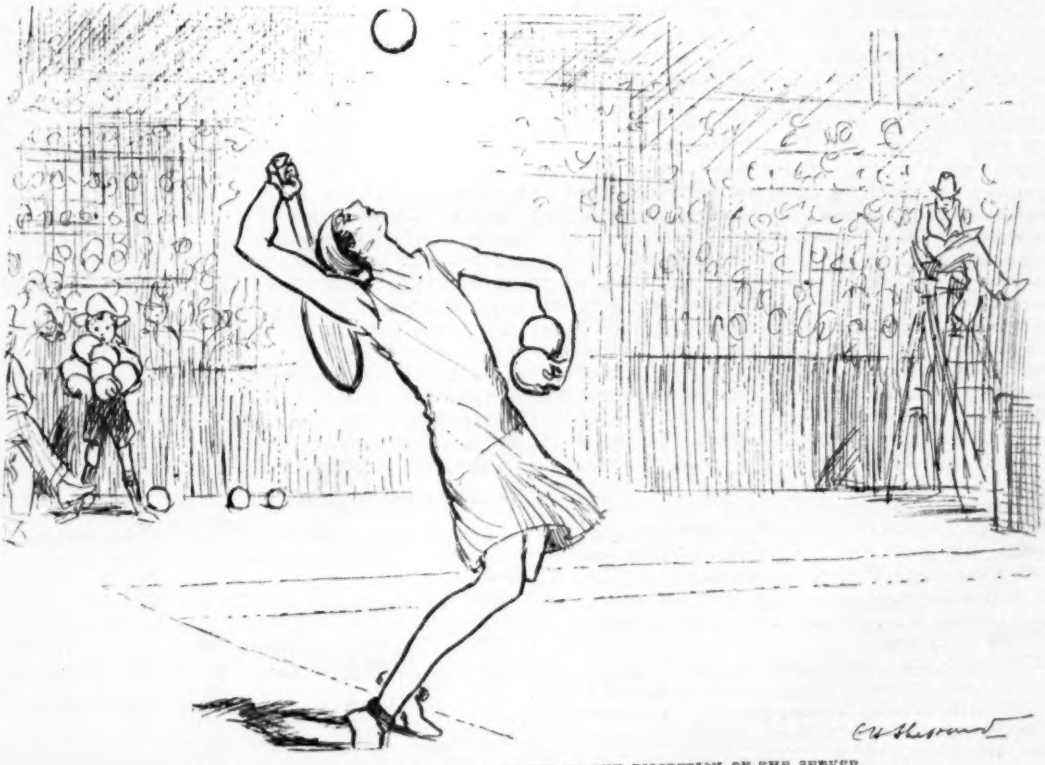
'Weep not! In one soft noontide shower
There shine all suns that ever set.
Weep not for youth's swift morning hour—
The ripening corn knows no regret.'"
Morning Paper.

You don't often get blank verse that rhymes so well as this.

BRIGHTER WIMBLEDON.



THE SIZE OF THE RACQUET MIGHT BE IN INVERSE RATIO TO THE ABILITY OF THE PLAYER.



OR THE SIZE OF THE BALL MIGHT BE LEFT TO THE DISCRETION OF THE SERVER.

THE STRATEGY HUTCH.

WE in our barracks here are a mere unconsidered limb of the body militaristic, of which the War Office is the mighty head. Of course we have our own petty interests, but we are out of the big things. We know nothing of those weighty War Office conclaves, bursting with brains—conferences at which the most junior participant is a full Colonel (to run errands), conferences at which Field-Marshal curses Field-Marshal as deep calls to deep; conferences at which questions of high military policy are deliberated, such as whether the private soldier should polish the chape of his bayonet scabbard, or else black it over, or else leave it to Providence. We only come in for the back-wash of these deliberations, when, months later, our Lieutenant James runs in Private O'Jector on guard-mounting parade for having his chape unpolished. Then the Adjutant spends several hours with the R.S.M., firstly in finding out whether it has to be polished or blacked over, and secondly, in ascertaining exactly what the chape is. Private O'Jector, who had left it to Providence, is finally dismissed with an admonition and the warning that Providence will in future not be considered to have any status as a higher military authority . . . .

Well, as I say, we know nothing of the War Office and its mighty works. We refer casually to it as the War Box or the Battle-Shack, or even the Strategy Hutch; while sometimes, after commercial travellers have been visiting the Mess Secretary, we have been known to call it our London Office.

But the other day Lieutenant Holster and I became more deeply involved. The Colonel actually sent us up to London to visit the Strategy Hutch. It was an errand on which he had to send an officer of high tactical and diplomatic ability; and Holster, poor fool! thinks I was accompanying *him*, whereas of course he was accompanying *me*. We took no luggage save iron rations, a water-bottle and a portmanteau full of War Office letters in duplicate bearing on the question in hand.

We arrived early in the day and entered by the proper visitors' door. There are four doors to the War Office, and the proper visitors' door is the one the visitor tries last. In fact, you find it is not on the outside of the building at all—a discovery which induces a proper feeling of respect for higher authority straight away.

Here a seneschal made us write down on a bit of paper our names, ages, business and date of last inoculation against sleepy sickness. We, primed beforehand, gave our business and put down that we wished to see A.G. 57. You must never name any officer in the War Box; always give the number of his branch. This is to baffle blackmailers. You can't really blackmail a bit of the alphabet and feel you are getting away with it.

The seneschal however said: "Bless me, Sir, you don't want to see A.G. 57 for that! The orficer you want is A. 523."

We demurred. He argued the point.

We demurred some more; whereupon he called up a large policeman, who stood by in a fatherly manner, and we stopped demurring. Then he scratched out our A.G. 57, wrote in A. 523, patted us on the head and sent us off under the charge of a guide who told us snappy stories of the Crimea as we went.

We tramped along, occasionally stopping for rest and refreshment, till we were introduced to A. 523, who was a very important Artillery Officer, probably of the rank of *Oberfeuerwerker*, as the Germans so delightfully put it.

This Over-Fireworker said: "What do you mean by coming to me about this? You ought to have gone to A.G. 57. This sort of thing wastes my time. What do you mean by it? Don't answer me back!"

He then called up another guide and played us at A.G. 57. The gentleman we wanted to see was absent, and so we were served across the corridor to A.G. 58. A.G. 58 returned the service to A.G. 56. A smart rally ensued and we at length found ourselves in front of our quarry in A.G. 59 and got to business.

The business did not take long. It was merely to do with a remark of the War Office about the distance between our barracks and the Supply Depôt. The Battle Shack had said it was four miles as the crow flies, or flew, and our Colonel had queried this, saying that he had no crow and could one be issued to him, please, together with written authority to bring it on his ration strength? This had led to some rather acrimonious correspondence. It was at last decided that, if the personal element were introduced in the shape of my well-known charm of manner and Lieutenant Holster's inability to see a joke against himself, the question of "Crows, straight-flying, military distances, for estimation of . . . 1," might be satisfactorily settled.

And it was. But when we set out on our return journey with light hearts we found that someone had mislaid the door. We circled what we took to be the ground floor five times in unsuccessful quest and it was by the merest chance that we discovered at the end of the fifth lap that, owing to a slight miscalculation of heights and distances, we were still on the first floor. Of course I quite understand that it would have been inconvenient to have an exit on the first floor.

When we reached the door we were told to show the papers we had filled in at the start. We said we had left them in A.G. 59. The door-keepers and police laughed sarcastically and said we could not go out till we had given them up. This is a good dodge. A spy would never think of that. He would spend all his ingenuity in getting into the War Office and would have none left when he tried to get out. About every month, I suppose, they have a blood-hound chase in the corridors and definitely round up those that have not died of starvation or broken heart.

We trudged back, found our friend A.G. 59, and he gave us our papers and asked us to lunch. We accepted, feeling we should at least get out under his shadow, but to our surprise he took us to the top of the building.

Did you know there was a complete restaurant on the top-floor of the Strategy Hutch? It is a fine thought. It is an even finer thought that the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR has presumably had to apply for a licence to sell intoxicants with meals.

The actual lunch took a long time in getting started, for our order had to be written out in quadruplicate, one copy to go to the kitchen, one to the Quartermaster-General for information, and one for the restaurant file. The fourth copy we had to sign on receipt of the food, which was then vouchered on to our host's charge.

The *menu* was a little puzzling. I remember a bit of it:—

RETURN OF FOOD READY FOR CONSUMPTION ON THE 30/5/27.

GRILL SECTION.	PRICES (as per Vocabulary of Stores).	REMARKS COLUMN.
Steaks	1*s.*	Good.
Do. (with onions) . . .	1*s.* 3*d.*	Brought up to full strength.
Chops, Mutton	10*d.*	
Do. do. (yesterday's) . .	6*d.*	Part worn.
Do. Lamb	1*s.*	
Do. do. Chump . . .	1*s.* 2*d.*	Rifle Regiments only.
Curry, ordinary, with or without Chutney	2*s.*	
Do., Special, Indian Army Colonels, for use of . . .	2*s.* 6*d.*	Temp. 95° Centigrade.



Lady Passenger. "WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOUR BABY?"
American Mother. "HE 'S *TURRIBLY* DISCOURAGED ABOUT HIS TEETH."

However, I digress. We had a good meal; our rations came up to time, and when we left we carried away, according to orders, the unconsumed portion. Once more we reached the exit, this time with our papers in order, and everything would have been all right, but Lieutenant Holster, having caught a cold in the passages, sneezed loudly.

There was a sensation. We were instantly arrested, searched for missing documents, and finally, when our identity was established, we were given ten days' notice to leave the War Office for ill-considered humour. It was all terribly unfortunate. What I mean is, Holster's sneeze did sound exactly like "Arrcossh." A. A.

"She even came up to the net and served brilliantly, a thing she very rarely does."—*Daily Paper.*

Only when the foot-fault man is very sound asleep.

ADVICE TO A MIXER.

Go not to Lady Blank's in Berkeley Square,
Because you know exactly who 'll be there;
Nor visit Mrs. Tibbs in Audley Street,
For there you 're never certain whom you 'll meet.

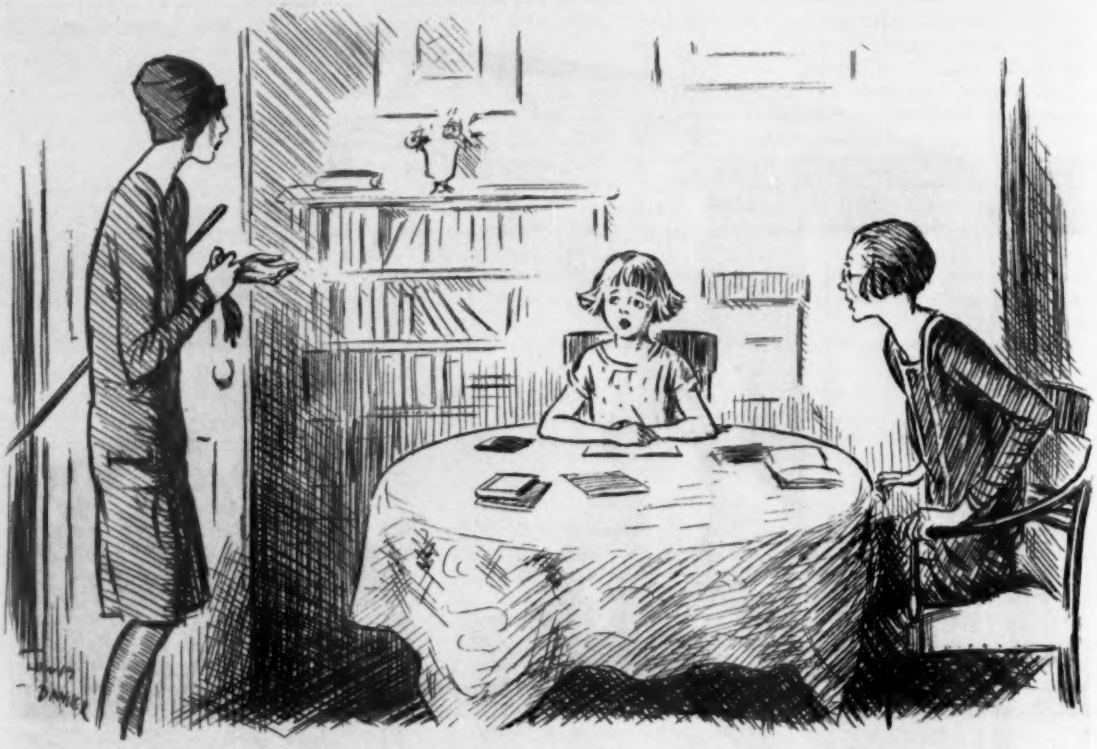
E. P. W.

History Rewritten.

À propos of the WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR celebrations:—

"No matter how fundamentally the coming of the Norman may have shaped for the better our rough island story, the bosom of the man in the Hastings street is no longer stirred at the thought of it. It is not the crafty, efficient Norman William, but the ill-fated, heroic Harold Hadrada (*sic*) that stirs in the Sussex bosom those pangs of admiration and regret that outlive the centuries."—*Evening Paper.*

Does KIPLING know this?



Mother (finding the situation in the schoolroom a little strained). "WHAT'S WRONG? AREN'T YOU WORKING PROPERLY?"
Child. "*I'M* DOING MY BEST. BUT FRENCH GRAMMAR ALWAYS SEEMS TO SORT OF FLY TO MISS PRINGLE'S HEAD."

A WINDY SHORE.

"A BREATH of fresh air" was what they called it. "Don't stifle in London this week-end, but come down and get a breath of fresh air by the sea.

I got it.

The first warning I had that anything unusual was going to happen was after I had crossed the line of the Downs. I was driving a car and the wind began to roar in its bonnet like an angry moose in a swamp. A little further on the car itself began to buck and curvet about the road, which was full of holes and one of the worst on which I have ever driven. I observed then that the upper branches of the few miserable trees which remained between me and the Channel were festooned with long trails of seaweed. Seaweed hung also on the telegraph-wires. Traces of maritime life, the shells of whelks and the claws of crabs, were to be observed glittering on the hedgerows. Steering as nearly as possible into the wind, I hove to in front of the last lone group of houses.

"We get it a bit blowy here at times," said my host, who appeared at the door.

He had a dog with him. It vaguely resembled a Cairn, but, as its fur was all blown over its face by the wind, I found it almost impossible to tell.

"Show me where the garage is," I said, "and I'll warp her in."

It appeared that his garage was full—probably with rocks and sand—and I had to go to another which lay a little way inshore over a desolate piece of common. I reached it by slightly raising the hood of the car and running backwards before the gale. Then we went in to tea.

"I must apologise for not having it in the garden," said my hostess, "but really to-day——"

Just then there was a tremendous thump against the window.

"What's that?" I cried, starting from my chair.

"Only a sea-gull," said my hostess.

The garden presented a curious spectacle. It was strewn with the heads of sea-pinks and roses, the holy-hocks were lying flat, and every now and then one could see tufts of seaweed and spindrift flying above the fence.

"Do you often get it like this down here?" I asked my host.

"Only with a south-west wind," he said, "at this time of year. Of course the east winds are a bother in the winter."

"You forget the land winds, my dear," said my hostess. "Sometimes they are the worst of all."

I felt that they would be. After all, a sea wind can do little more than blow the ocean fauna into the house. A land wind, I felt, might blow the terrene fauna into the ocean. I was glad that I had not come down in a land wind.

But my host was built of sterner stuff.

"Oh, nobody minds the land winds here," he said. ". . . Bother!"

It was only the wireless installation. Happily it missed the greenhouse by about a yard.

"Not that it matters very much," said my host as we looked at the tangled *débris* of post and wires. "We hardly ever hear anything except Morse from the battleships, down here."

"I suppose it is now and then quite calm along this coast?" I said, in an ingratiating way, holding my hair on with my left hand.

"Oh, often," agreed my hostess. "But we usually have a sea-fog then. That's rather terrible, because the ships are groaning like animals all the time. Tony and I hate it when it's calm. We like these healthy breezes."

As she spoke a healthy breeze came up from the sea and hit me behind like a ram.

"What about a game of tennis?" remarked my host. "Would you care for a few sets before dinner?"

I should like to describe that game in detail, but no. The court was sunk a little and sheltered, as my host explained, by some kind of hardy perennial shrub. Below the shrub-line the balls maintained a fairly normal flight; but an inch above it they were liable to stop suddenly in the air, or gain the velocity of lightning, or travel in circles like a boomerang.

We only played one set. It came to an end when my host hit a deep lob which passed out over the base-line—the base-line on his own side of the court. Not that he was disheartened by that. It was the blowing down of one of the side-nets that caused us to abstain from further frolic. As we were both struggling in the toils, I cut my thumb on a mussel and then one of the back-nets came down too. Altogether it seemed useless to proceed. We decided to take a turn. That was my host's expression, not mine. We decided to take a turn along the coast.

He showed me the places where the coast was crumbling away into the sea.

"What stops it from going right in?" I asked. "The wind?"

He explained to me the method by which the wooden groynes curbed the rapacity of the tide. I looked at them with interest. In the shelter of nearly every one were to be seen a miserable couple or more raising sandwiches to their blue lips with shivering fingers or drinking out of thermos flasks.

"What are they doing?" I asked, with a certain amount of curiosity.

"It is a favourite place for picnic parties," he said.

I looked at them again. The beach on which they sat seemed to consist principally of pebbles, old tins, dried seaweed, scrap iron, boots, pebbles, dried seaweed and old tins. The sky was grey overhead, the wind ravened about them and the sea hissed angrily at their feet.

"It is very strange," I thought.

We walked on a little further, and the coast became still more exposed. After a few moments I noticed that my host was speaking. For how long he had been doing so I could not tell. When he had finished I ran round to leeward of him and asked him to repeat his words. He did so.

"I was merely saying that you must find this a bit fresher than spending the week-end in London," he said.

I ran rapidly round to windward of him again. "I do," I said.



Bridge Fiend. "DRAT IT! IT'S CLEARING UP, AND I SUPPOSE WE SHALL HAVE TO GO OUT IN THAT CONFOUNDED BOAT!"

We then returned home.

In the middle of the night I was awakened, partly, I think, by the constant ringing of the telephone bell and partly by the howling of the dog. After about twenty minutes my host came to my door to reassure me.

"It's only the wind that's ringing the telephone-bell," he said, "and I think Angus has been howling at it."

The dog had turned out to be a Cairn after all.

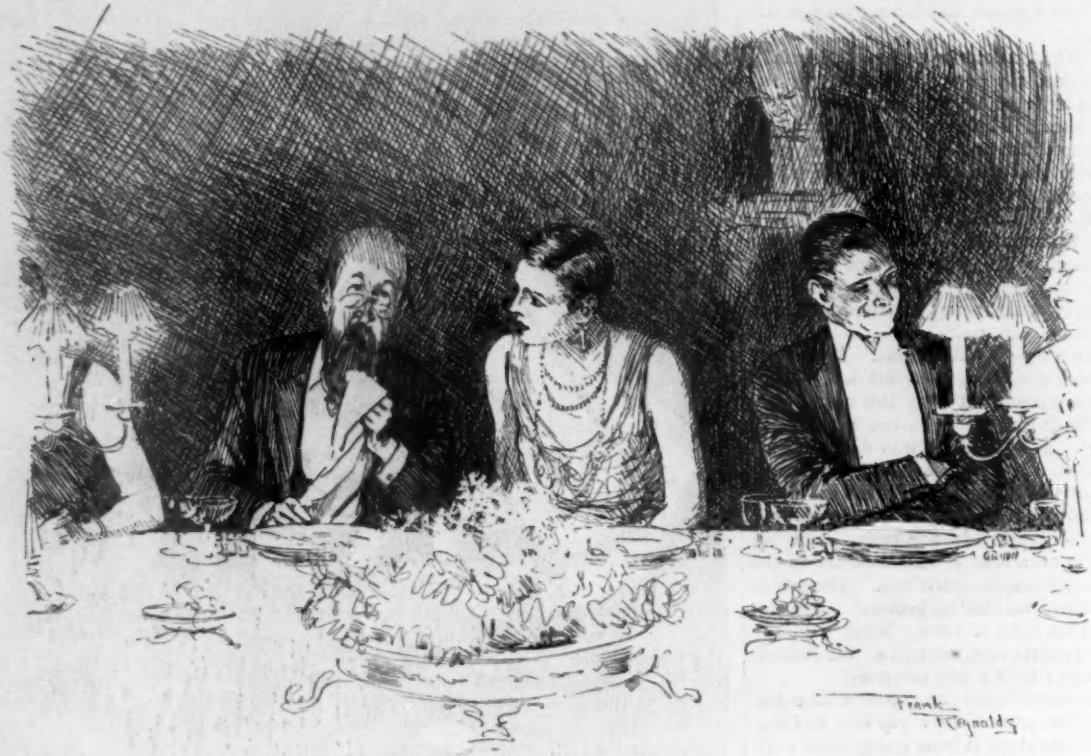
He told me that he thought he could stop the telephone-bell from ringing and the dog would be quiet. A few minutes later he succeeded. There was now no sound except the bellowing of the wind and the howling of the dog. It did not seem to notice that the telephone-bell had stopped. Or perhaps it was just feeling dreary. One never knows with animals.

At 6 A.M. the gale stopped. At 9 A.M. I got up. At half-past nine the gale did the same. It stayed up all day and did not go down till dusk. Happily it brought heavy rain, and I had a number of letters to write.

On Monday morning my host knocked at my door early.

"Come and have a bathe," he said. "There's just time before the gale starts again. It's sure to get up when the tide turns."

I thought it over for a minute. Then I turned on my side and made a loud noise like a gale. He retired. EVOE.



Lady (keen on tennis, to dull neighbour). "HAVE YOU BEEN TO WIMBLEDON?"
Dull Neighbour. "YES. I ONCE SAW A REVIEW OF THE VOLUNTEERS THERE."

FOR THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

[There are said to be three tons of toys in the *Renown*.]

"I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
And oh! it was all laden
With pretty things for thee!"

I saw a cruiser steaming across an English sea,
And oh! it was all laden with pretty things for thee;
There were tea-sets in the cabin and blankets in the hold,
A Noah's Ark with wallabies, a porringer of gold.

I saw a cruiser homing; no battle-cruiser bore
Such freight of baby baubles for a pretty maid before—
Such dolls with dainty finery and little shoes and socks
And tiny carven furniture and trunks to hold their frocks.

I saw a cruiser homing as swiftly as could be;
She brought a pair of threepennies as pretty pelf for thee
From little girls in Adelaide, still young enough to guess
The proper wealth to fit the palm of a very small princess.

I saw a mother dreaming, a-dreaming o'er the sea,
And oh! her heart was laden with pretty thoughts of thee;
She brought a store of lovely toys that cost her half a year
Of baby ways and nursery days, and oh! the price was dear.

"Colonel Sir Arthur Holbrook is to ask the Secretary of State for War whether he is aware that America has underbidden Australia for the whole of the War Office contract for 1,500,000 tins of beer."
Evening Paper.

We have long suspected that the States were not so dry as they claimed to be.

TO ALL GOOD LONDONERS.

Mr. Punch desires to support very heartily the appeal which has just been issued over the signatures of Lord ROSEBERY (Chancellor), Sir W. H. BEVERIDGE (Vice-Chancellor), and the Lord Mayor of LONDON, for a Sports Ground and Boat House for the University of London. Beginning as an examining body only, the University of London is now the largest of our teaching Universities; but it still lacks the social cohesion which is so essential a feature of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. On the academic side this defect is about to be made good by the development of a new University centre on the site recently purchased in Bloomsbury. There remains the need, no less imperative, of opportunity for intercourse in games. Twenty-eight acres of grassland near New Malden have been acquired and two acres on the river near Chiswick. Towards the cost of the original outlay and of partial endowment —some £74,000—a sum of over £14,000 has been raised, chiefly within the University, whose members are not a superfluously rich body. The wealth of the City of London should easily provide the rest; and Mr. Punch ventures to urge all patriotic Londoners to follow the lead of the PRINCE OF WALES in supporting a scheme which makes an immediate appeal to their pride of citizenship. Cheques should be made payable to the University of London Athletic Appeal Fund, and addressed to the Financial Officer, University of London, South Kensington, S.W.7.

Our Ruthless Advertisers.

From "Situations Vacant":—
"CLERK.—Young Lady for dissection."—*Birmingham Paper.*



THE GREAT COMPENSATION.

FIRST BACKWOODS PEER. "THIS MONSTROUS PROPOSAL WILL DEPRIVE US OF OUR ANCIENT PRIVILEGE OF VOLUNTARILY ABSENTING OURSELVES FROM THE UPPER HOUSE."

SECOND DITTO. "ON THE OTHER HAND WE SHALL THEN BE FREE TO GIVE THE POPULACE A CHANCE OF BEING REPRESENTED BY US ELSEWHERE."

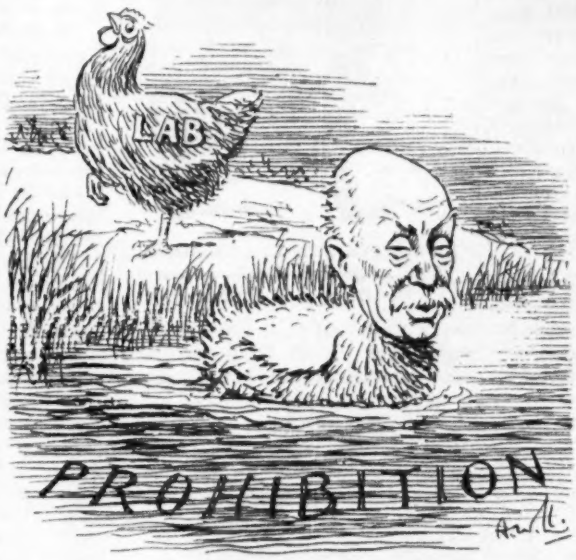
ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, June 20th.—A proletarian cynic might make much of the fact that nothing short of a proposal to reform the House of Lords can fill the House of Lords' Press Gallery. It is however the fate of Upper Chambers to be unspectacular. The *pièce de résistance*, if one may call it that—though the passionate resistance voiced by the Duke of MARLBOROUGH actually preceded it—was the statement of Lord CAVE, in which he outlined the Government's idea of what should be the outcome of the Fewer and Brighter Peers movement. The main purpose is to effect two alterations of the Parliament Act that their Lordships earnestly desire.

In the first place it is proposed to make it impossible—as under the Parliament Act it is possible—for the Commons to abolish the House of Lords without the latter's consent and without consulting the electorate. Secondly, it is proposed to have the question of what is a Money Bill decided, not, as at present, by the SPEAKER of the House of Commons, but by a Joint Committee of both Houses, which should be required to consider the purpose and substance as well as the form of the Bill. The term "money," moreover, would be confined to money raised by Imperial taxation.

The House of Commons, Lord CAVE said, could not be asked to make these amendments in the existing law unless their Lordships consented to be "reformed." It was accordingly proposed to cut their total numbers down to three hundred and fifty, to include, besides Lords Spiritual and Law Lords, an unspecified proportion of Government nominees—thus giving the Labour Party better representation in the matter of quantity (no slight was intended, said the LORD CHANCELLOR, on the *quality* of the Socialist Peers already *in situ*)—and a balance of Representative Peers, chosen by the Peerage from its own ranks. Both the latter classes of Peer would hold their seats for twelve years, one-third of each block retiring at the end of every four years. The other Peers would be given the privilege of sitting in or, at any rate, standing for the House of Commons.

It was a pity that the exigencies of procedure required the debate to be opened by Lord FITZALAN, whose motion—to the effect that it was time to do something about the House of Lords—was merely a formal invitation to the LORD CHANCELLOR to shoot, and whose remarks gave general approval to proposals that had still to be propounded. So with the Duke of MARLBOROUGH; we should have better appreciated the warmth of his feelings and the vigour of his gestures—he defended the hereditary principle with a sweeping motion of the right arm strongly reminiscent of TILDEN'S forehand drive—if Lord CAVE had got his blow in first.



The Foster-Mother (on dry land). "I WAS ALWAYS AFRAID THAT THAT STRANGE NESTLING OF MINE WOULD TAKE A LINE WHERE I COULD NOT FOLLOW HIM."

[Speaking on the Trade Disputes Bill Mr. SCRYMGEOUR referred to the failure of a suggestion that as a protest against the Bill the working-classes should boycott drink and tobacco, and declared that in the view of the general body of workers the Government could "smash all the trade unions in the country so long as they did not smash their bottles."]

The House of Commons commenced to debate the Trade Disputes Bill on Report; the debate, otherwise cast in the usual mould, being enlivened by the remark of Mr. SCRYMGEOUR that "so far as the general body of workers is concerned you can smash their trade unions so long as you do not smash their bottles."

Tuesday, June 21st.—With a day's respite from auto-reform the Lords returned to the more difficult problem of reforming (or not) the drink business, the occasion being the adjourned debate on the Bishop of LIVERPOOL'S Liquor (Popular Control) Bill. The purpose of the Bill is to give large towns and other substantial units of the population a form of local option, the optors—or are they optioners?—being entitled to choose between the *status quo*, a modified Carlisle system and complete prohibition.

Lord LAMINGTON, opposing the Bill, described its aims as a cheap form of philanthropy which proposed to do good to some persons at the expense of others. Lord PARMOOR, supporting the Bill, said the question of Prohibition in America was a long story, but did not agree that it was a sad one. Lord DAWSON opposed the Bill in an admirable speech, in which he cited a formidable array of figures to show that drinking was steadily decreasing as the result of better housing, better opportunities for out-door recreation and better education.

Lord BUXTON intimated that the mere fact that temperance prevailed should not be allowed to interfere with "popular opinion." The Bishop of DURHAM said it would be wrong to suppose the Church of England was behind the Bill, which was false in principle, obsolete in method and unsound in finance. The Earl of ONSLOW, speaking for the Government, said a sober England would be better promoted by public opinion than by legislation. The debate was adjourned.

Sir L. FORESTIER-WALKER will not, if Lord MONTAGU is to be believed, go down to posterity as the Man the Trees Loved. He informed Sir J. POWER in the House of Commons that in the last two seasons the Forestry Commissioners had planted eight hundred and thirty-five acres of conifers in the New Forest. But nothing was said of the noble trees that he had cut down in the course of his activities as a timber merchant.

On the Report stage of the Trade Disputes Bill Labour Members dared the ATTORNEY-GENERAL to define the term "industry," but he ignored the challenge. By way of reprisal he invited Sir H. SLESSER to disclaim the suggestion that the Courts could not be trusted to administer an Act of Parliament without class bias. Sir HENRY wriggled uncomfortably and said the ATTORNEY-GENERAL knew well what his views were, but he would not be drawn into enunciating them.

Mr. OLIVER STANLEY moved to leave out the word "calculated," and after some debate, in which Mr. THOMAS cited *The Times* in support of the

Conservative Amendment, Sir DOUGLAS HOGG promised to poke about and find some other phrase for "calculated" which would mean what the Government meant "calculated" to mean, but not what Mr. OLIVER STANLEY thought the Courts might construe it to mean. The debate was adjourned.

Wednesday, June 22nd.—There may be a lot of "dead wood" about the House of Lords, but to-day's adjourned debate on the Government's proposals to diminish it demonstrated that the live wood is very much alive. The Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND defended the hereditary principle, declaring that the public which had seen a German spy and an Indian Communist and a great many very good friends of Britain's very bad enemies returned to the House of Commons, was growing less enthusiastic about the electoral system. Better a backwoodsman in the Lords, they said, than a foreign spy in the Commons! He admitted however that the House of Lords was in some danger from impatient public opinion and urged the backwoodsmen to assist, as it were, in felling themselves.

Lord PARMOOR opposed the proposed reforms quite passionately. The effect would be, he suggested, that, while the present House of Lords was reactionary, a nucleus of it, chosen by the whole number, would be reactionary and then some.

The motto on Lord BIRKENHEAD'S escutcheon is "*Faber meæ fortunæ*," which may be roughly translated, "Whenever you see a Parmoor hit it." Embarking without ado on this congenial task the noble Earl proceeded to delight the assembled nobility with excerpts full of strong reactionary meat from the breathings of that sturdy Conservative lawyer, Sir ALFRED CRIPPS, wherein he declared that "he wanted a change in the House of Lords because he wanted it much stronger." "I will not answer," declared the squirming victim as his tormentor paused to demand if these were still his views. What he (Lord BIRKENHEAD) objected to was not so much that Lord PARMOOR should have suddenly changed but that he should expect other Conservatives to change with him.

Lord BEAUCHAMP, speaking for the Liberals, thought the best plan, if there must be a change, was to have the members of the House of Lords elected by the House of Commons. The Duke of BUCCLEUCH thought that the "chilliness or stuffiness" of the Upper Chamber would prevent the Socialists introduced into it from doing



"MALBROUCK S'EN VA-T-EN GUERRE."
(*After a tapestry at Blenheim Palace.*)
THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

anything to hurt their Lordships' susceptibilities. Lord ASTOR wanted to know what the position of the peeresses would be. Were they to be elected or nominated?

Until Mr. GROVES asked about it Lord EUSTACE PERCY was apparently unaware of the "widespread indignation" caused by the invitation extended by the Air Ministry to the West Ham Education Department to send schoolchildren to see the rehearsal of the R.A.F. display at Hendon, and thought there was no occasion for the Board of Education to play the fidgety aunt.

Mr. KIRKWOOD, in an unexpected burst of humour, asked if the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION was aware that railings were placed round schoolhouses in order to familiarise the children with pikes and bayonets?

Thursday, June 23rd.—The Lords concluded their debate and defeated Lord ABRAN'S amendment—to the effect that the Government had no mandate to reform the House of Lords—by 208 votes to 54. No new point was raised, save the admission by Lord SALISBURY—which the PRIMATE approved—that there would be a relative decrease in the number of Lords Spiritual.

The HOME SECRETARY told the House how many Russians had left the country since relations with the Soviet Government had been broken off and how many remained. Many of the latter, he explained, were still being "checked out," which is presumably the same as being chucked out, only more so.

As Mr. CHURCHILL declined to give time for the discussion of the proposed changes in the House of Lords, Mr. CLYNES intimated that the Opposition would secure it by moving a Vote of Censure.

The Third Reading of the Trade Disputes Bill was carried by a big majority after a debate of which the principal features were a fine speech by Mr. CHURCHILL, and the suspension of Mr. MAXTON for calling the ATTORNEY-GENERAL a "blackguard and a liar." This is rapidly becoming the accepted formula with which a Clydesider tears himself from the House when he wants a little holiday.

Sir JOHN SIMON prophesied that the people to gain most by the Bill would be the Members of some future Socialist Government at loggerheads with the T.U.C. So there passed on its way to the Statute Book a Bill of which, whatever good it may do, all right-minded promoters of the Brighter Parliament movement will be glad to see the last.



The Professor. "YOU WILL NOTICE THE STRANGE EVOLUTION OF THE TRUE-BLUE CRIPPSALIS (A) INTO THE RED ADMIRAL BUTTERFLY (B)."
LORD PARMOOR (SIR ALFRED CRIPPS) AND LORD BIRKENHEAD.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE GREAT GOD BROWN" (STAGE SOCIETY).

THE Stage Society's production of EUGENE O'NEILL'S *The Great God Brown* proves that a play may fail in coherence and get the general pattern of its design badly muddled and still be more interesting and vital than many other works which attempt less and accomplish what they attempt neatly and completely. *The Great God Brown* is a genuinely exciting experience, and as spiritually exciting experience is not a common event in our theatre we cannot afford not to welcome this strange attempt to break the bonds of formalism. It has also given an opportunity to one of our younger and most promising producers, Mr. PETER GODFREY, to present on a full-grown stage ideas which he has worked out in the tiniest of little theatres. Those ideas are interesting and stimulating.

When I had recovered a little from the somewhat rarefied atmosphere, the Bloomsbury aura and the three dull thuds, intended, I assume, to symbolise the impact of ideas on the wooden heads of the uninstructed bourgeoisie of London, I surrendered myself entirely to Mr. O'NEILL'S sincerity, violence, crudeness, pathos, absurdity, insight—genius.

It is not possible to give a coherent account of this odd business. The author has not done that. There are four main characters: young *Dion Anthony*, artist and hypersensitive (with something of DIONYSUS and something of ST. ANTHONY, as Mr. O'NEILL elsewhere explains); his wife *Margaret*, an emotional constant lover and instinctive mother; *Cybel*, a harlot with wisdom and understanding, and young *Brown*, an architect without ideas and a successful organising contractor. To these four Mr. O'NEILL gives masks, which they carry in their hands, sometimes putting them before their faces, sometimes lowering them.

Margaret loves the young *Dion* when she looks on his mask, but is horrified when she sees the real face and through it the real mind of her husband. *Dion* in his misery seeks *Cybel*, the harlot, who for him puts aside her painted mask and makes the young painter throw aside his own and show his tortured self; she can then dispense wisdom and her motherly tenderness (the scenes between these two were beautifully written and as beautifully played by Mr. JOHN GIELGUD and Miss MARY CLARE). But brain-racking complications and confusions ensue when *Brown* murders *Dion* and assumes his mask, behind which he woos *Margaret*,



ENGLISH TOURIST, ON A CONTINENTAL HOLIDAY, SHUNNING THE SOCIETY OF A PERSONALLY-CONDUCTED PARTY OF COMPATRIOTS.

—complications and confusions worse complicated and confounded when a policeman shoots at the mask of *Dion* and kills—whom? I don't know; but am not ashamed to confess that I was moved and excited by the glimpses of Mr. O'NEILL'S ideas as they broke through the entanglements of his too-elaborate symbolism.

A Tired Business Man of my acquaintance who had wandered in asked me anxiously, "Can you make head or tail of all this?" His look of relief when I said, "No, but I'm thoroughly enjoying it," and he realised that he need not forthwith consult an alienist, will always remain a happy memory with me.

But, if I mistake not, here is fine stuff, transcending the absurdities in which it is wrapped; and I am not at all sure that, if some enlightened and courageous *entrepreneur* like Mr. C. B. COCHRAN would present it to a wider public, London would not imitate New York and give it something like the eight months' hearing it obtained there. It depends of course on whether the quest for mere eupepsia has taken too strong a hold of us all.

Those who follow the movements of modern painters in their heroic attempts to find a new form of expression should readily appreciate the somewhat analogous attempts of the expressionists, through emphasis by distortion, to create for the theatre new beauty—and new explosives! Mr. O'NEILL has lovely, haunting, exasperating, revealing things to say. What odds if he falters when trying to say them?

Mr. JOHN GIELGUD put fire and depth into *Dion Anthony*—an admirable performance; Mr. HUGH WILLIAMS, having a more difficult problem—for *Brown* became less a man or a Great God symbol than a mask behind a mask—did well with the part of *Dion's* envious and puzzled rival; Miss MARY CLARE gave to *Cybel* a rich tenderness which revealed what fine things she is capable of if provided with interesting and vital

matter. Miss MOYNA MACGILL'S *Margaret*, shadowy like *Brown*, was at least not made ridiculous or negligible. Mr. PETER GODFREY designed his setting and worked his batteries of lights into a significant and appropriate background for this grim fantasy. I last saw my Tired Business Man's brows corrugated with unaccustomed thought but the rapt expression of the convert dawning on his face. T.

"WILD-CAT HETTY" (SAVOY).

Wild-Cat Hetty is a blandly ingenuous essay in unblushing sentimentalism. But even those who like this kind of thing will not, I imagine, find it altogether the kind of thing they like. For it passes the boundaries of the conventions even in this easy-going *genre*.

Stephen Tredegar is a man of science with a belief that environment, not heredity, is the potent factor in the development of human beings. He has a friend, *Professor Raikes*, who, on the contrary, maintains that heredity is the arch-moulder of a man's destiny. Why not try the experiment, says *Raikes* to *Tredegar*, on this young wild-cat from the gutter whose life you have just saved—grand-daughter of a murderer, son of a drunken father and immoral mother, foul-mouthed, untamed, unwashed?

Behold our *Hetty*, after eight months of *Stephen* and his kindly vague aunt and his adoring, tame-cattish cousin, "dressed as a lady;" able to declaim with a nice emphasis and a B.B.C. announcer's careful accent, "Let me not to the marriage of true minds," down to the end of the sonnet's second quatrain; to sing with feeling one of the world's worst sentimental ballads; to wear her clothes with some sort of grace; able still on occasion to mislay her aitches, to remember her old strange oaths, to smack the butler's pie-face; consumed with love for *Stephen*; conversant with film morality to the point of putting on her best pyjamas, entering her patron's room in the dead of night and offering herself "body and soul," as often, in the old free days, a flickering GISH or NEGRI had done before her bulging eyes.

Naturally this episode revealed to the slow-witted *Stephen* the fact that he was really deeply in love with his "subject" (we all knew that), and the morrow sees him announcing with some complacency his approaching marriage. "But," says *Ursula*, "don't you see the baggage was making a fool of you just to prove that no man can resist a woman in her best pyjamas?" "Indeed?" says *Stephen*—an incredibly credulous sort—"then of course I can't marry her." Whether he changed his mind yet again, or whether *Hetty* decided to bounce out of her suburban cage and take sensibly to the gutter again, I don't know. And I was past caring. Why do people do these things? Why do intelligent actresses like Miss DOROTHY MINTO (*Wild-Cat*), and Mr. J. H. ROBERTS (eccentric *Professor*), Miss MARY JERROLD (vague *Aunt*), and Mr. PAUL CAVANAGH (*Stephen*, hereditary imbecile—the *Professor* was right), stand for it?

Miss DOROTHY MINTO had her moments at the beginning, before the great experiment began, but the experiment itself was one long desolation—unworthy of the author, Mrs. KILPATRICK, who has proved herself elsewhere to have a nice sense of humour. T.



A VIRTUOUS RAIKES' PROGRESS.

Professor Raikes . . . . . MR. J. H. ROBERTS.
Hetty . . . . . MISS DOROTHY MINTO.
Stephen Tredegar . . . . . MR. PAUL CAVANAGH.

"Lady ——, who has been seriously ill with a form of lackjaw, has made a rapid recovery." *Daily Paper.*

A very rare ailment among women.

TENNIS AS SHE IS REPORTED.

(*With acknowledgments to "The Daily Telegraph."*)

YESTERDAY'S eagerly-awaited encounter between Miss Blank and Miss Dash showed us once again the eternal contrast between the Classical and the Romantic. When these ladies last clashed in the sun-baked arena of Mentone the superior clarity of Miss Dash's ground-strokes just stemmed the tide of Miss Blank's more delicately articulated volleys. Since then three months' steady tournament practice has given the latter's game a cohesion and pungency it before lacked, and the question to be decided yesterday was whether the greater bravura of her polished and sharpened back-hand could discount the finesse and coloratura of the former's favourite chop. The result was the triumph of Cubism over Post-Impressionism. In the first set Miss Blank with a cascade of strident volleys literally tore her way to five-love. For a moment she relaxed the pressure, and Miss Dash almost imperceptibly absorbed two games. Braced by their loss to a quicker tempo, her adversary fluently sailed home on her own service.

In the second set the Northern player deliberately adopted a more spondaic rhythm, hoping to stalemate an opponent who regarded ground-strokes simply as stepping-stones to a commanding position at the net, and to lure her into a premature sortie. The other refused to rise. Realising the unwisdom of opening a jackpot when ten high, she was content to mark time and wait till a wrong move by her antagonist should enable her to take the trick. Firmly entrenched, she withered Miss Dash's frontal attacks with the rapid fire of her drives, and, counter-attacking under a barrage of crisp volleys, clawed her way out with the loss of only three games.

(Translation of the above: Miss Blank beat Miss Dash in a game of Lawn Tennis by two sets to love, 6—2, 6—3.)

"Great was the pleasure Mlle. Nikitina gave in the *Adagietto*. This ballet, a corpuscating satire that yet has moments of great charm, wears very well."—*Evening Paper.*

We must go and see them cate the corpus before the season ends.



Old Lady (to fieldsman on boundary). "THERE'S ROOM FOR YOU TO SIT DOWN, YOUNG MAN."

"AN IMPORTANT RESIDENCE:"

OR, THE HOUSE-AGENT IS RAPT BY THE MUSE.

OLD mansion, girdled by thy shrubberies,
Home of the nymphs and haunt of rustic Pan,
Affording, so superb the value is,
Unprecedented opportunities
For freehold purchase by a business-man!

Who that has longed for earth's most lovely spot
To end his days in can be unconvinced
On reading this: "*The Old Grange, Ottershot,*
For Sale by Private Treaty, or, if not,
By Auction on the twenty-seventh inst."?

Who that has seen thy photograph can doubt
Thy features, some unique and some sublime—
The artificial lake containing trout,
The recent decorations done throughout
To save thee from the envious tooth of Time;

Well situated on a sandy site
Commanding views of the surrounding vale,
For ever beautiful, for ever bright;
With six reception-rooms, electric-light,
And only twenty mins. from town by rail?

Unrivalled edifice of Georgian stone,
Containing several finely-panelled rooms,
What beaux and belles thy terraces have known
Whilst yet thy drainage system was thine own,
What games amongst the rhododendron blooms!

O large lounge-hall, O library, O lawn
Where many a dainty foot was wont to pass,
Touching the daisy-tips at early dawn!
O fountain with the genuine marble faun,
O offices, O admirable glass!

Thou hast no peer, with thy well-timbered grounds,
The noblest bargain of the neighbourhood;
There freedom dwells, there phantasy abounds,
And there is hunting with two packs of hounds,
The stabling excellent, the garage good.

A passion sometimes shakes me as I gaze
On all thy features filled with old-world charm—
Thine ample paddock and thy twisted maze,
Thy piggery which actually pays,
Thy dairy which the owner need not farm;

A horror strikes me lest thy portico,
Thine eighteen bedrooms, running h. and c.,
Thy baths above, thy cellarage below,
And all that proud magnificence should go
For less than what thine owner wants for thee.

EVOE.

"Sweated" Labour.

"Mr. W. W. Jacobs received only £1 a thousand for the first stories with which he made his name . . . But there are sadder stories than this of low payment."—*Evening Paper.*

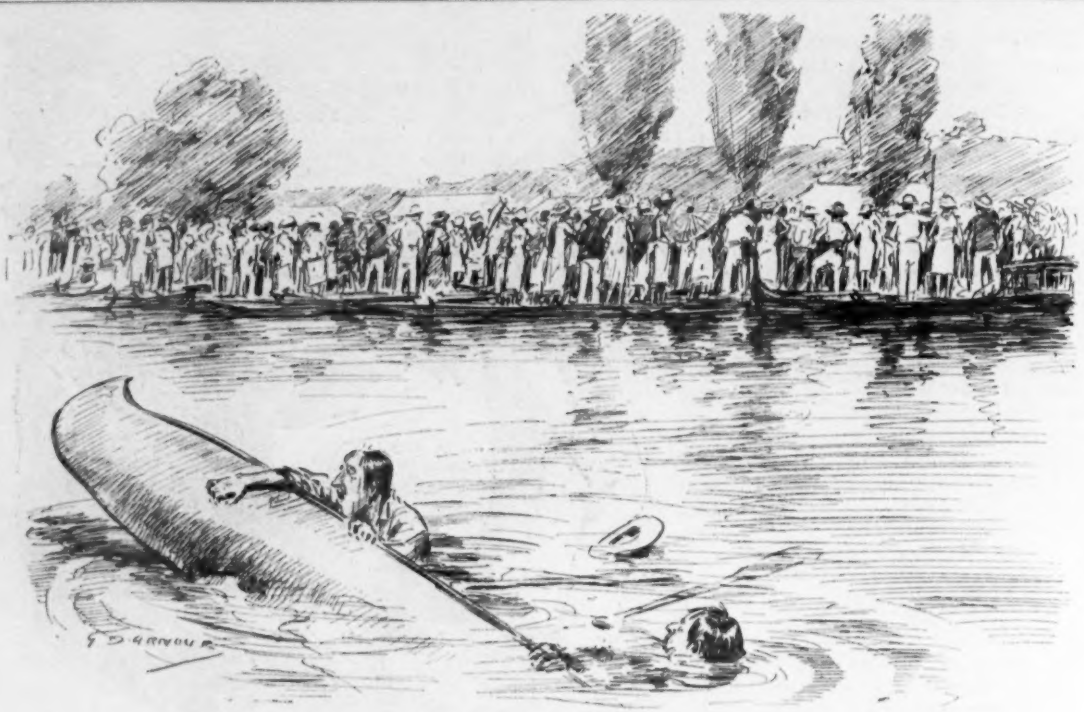
Surely not lower than a farthing a story!

". . . Major L. Green, who, despite all talk of Hallows, Makepeace, Macaulay and the Tyldesleys, undoubtedly won the championship of the counties for Lancashire last year by his ability to manage his team."—*Evening Paper.*

It was, of course, common talk that Lancashire owed nothing to MACAULAY.

"The new cruisers, with few exceptions, belong to the 10,000-ton class, the true displacement of which, with fuel 15,000,000 cakes of chocolate and packets of sweetmeats. And cakes! Between 60 and 70 varieties have to be baked daily to cater for their many tastes."—*Dominion Paper.*

We are all in favour of providing our gallant tars with a varied dietary, but this seems to us to be overdoing it.



HINTS FOR HENLEY.

IF YOU CHOOSE TO GO IN A CANOE DON'T UPSET IT JUST WHEN THE CROWD IS WATCHING THE FINISH OF AN EXCITING RACE. THEY MIGHT WELL BE TOO DISTRACTED TO REMARK YOUR DESIRE TO BE RESCUED.

SPEEP.

THE precautions which have been taken by the police at Beverley Hills (California) to secure the safety of Miss MARY PICKFORD in consequence of the information that she had been selected as the first victim of a two-hundred-thousand-pound kidnapping plot, have sent a thrill of agony through the civilized world. The danger, moreover, is not confined to the New World. Grave misgivings have been entertained that the infection had spread to England. An enormous van was recently noticed in the neighbourhood of Mr. CHESTERTON'S super-bijou residence near Beaconsfield, and a rakish-looking turbine-steamer has been observed manœuvring at amazing speed off the coasts of the Isle of Man.

It is therefore with the utmost satisfaction that Mr. Punch is able to assure his readers that, with a happy deviation from our usual *laissez-faire* methods, a complete organization for guarding against these perils is already in existence and functioning with admirable results.

The prospectus of the Society for the Prevention of the Elimination of Eminent Persons—described in the interests of brevity by the title of Speep—lies before us as we write, and after its perusal we feel convinced that in England at any rate genius can sleep soundly in its bed.

The prospectus opens with an impressive exordium on the deleterious and disintegrating effect of anxiety on the efficiency and creative powers of supermen and superwomen. The difficulties in the way of securing to them that tranquillity and composure essential to the exercise of their transcendent powers are not overlooked. Adequate protection by the State is impossible. The police are too fully occupied with their multifarious and constantly increasing duties in connection with the control of traffic. Restrictions on the carrying of arms by civilians place them in a defenceless position when confronted with maleficent miscreants armed to the teeth with lethal weapons of the latest pattern. It has therefore been left to private enterprise to come to the rescue of intimidated intellect, and Speep has nobly responded to the call.

The Society recognise that the use of machine-guns, apart from its illegality, is foreign to the spirit of British public opinion, but they are prepared to provide bodyguards recruited with the utmost care from men of robust physique and high character and wearing picturesque uniforms.

The fee for these bodyguards will depend on the number provided and the income of the person to be protected. Thus, an actor or actress (film or otherwise), an author or painter earning twenty thousand pounds a year is supplied with a guard of ten for an annual payment of one thousand pounds. For this sum the society undertake to provide everything—including musical instruments—except board and lodging. As already mentioned, no lethal weapons will be used, but the resources of applied science, whether lachrymatory or stincopating, will be utilised so as to repel any attack in a manner calculated to sterilise and paralyse the activities of the most audacious intruders. An extra charge, it should be added, is made for the supply to the Press of full particulars as to the progress of hostilities, with photographs of the Eminent Person at successive stages of his emergence from the danger zone into complete immunity from assault.

The prospectus concludes with a number of testimonials from grateful clients, from which we may select a few chosen at random:—

From Mr. ——, a world-renowned novelist.

"Since the arrival of your men my daily product has risen from seven-hun-

dred-and-fifty to three thousand words, and the flow of inspiration continues unchecked. My typists declare that they have never known me in finer feather. No intruders have been observed for more than a week, when a pseudo-photographer was completely routed by a massed-saxophonic sortie. I have begun to play golf again on the local links, with two of your guards as caddies, and the secretary has complimented them on their gentlemanly behaviour."

From Miss ——, the illustrious soprano, who holds the record for vocal altitude.

"Wonderful improvement in my health under your protective service. Appetite normal, complexion dazzling. Sustained the high G in *alt.* this morning for four minutes without any effort. Uniforms of your guards most dinky. Suspicious visitor purporting to be agent for dealer in alligator-skins headed off yesterday."

From Mr. ——, distinguished film-producer.

"Three desperadoes, detected last night in potting-shed, treated with anæsthetic spray and handed over in a comatose condition to the police. I regard your firm as a blessing and boon of the first magnitude. May Heaven continue to prosper your benevolent enterprise!"

From Lady ——, the caustic and coruscating diarist, and authoress of "Homicidal Homilies."

"I am at last experiencing a respite from the tyranny of my vindictive persecutors. Your service bids fair to rid me and my husband from the reign of terror inaugurated by our detractors and restore the rule of moral integrity and independence of speech and action. I can truthfully say that your men behave like perfect ladies, but with the added virtue of a humanity and honesty which I have never met among my own sex."

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"'My strength is as the strength of ten, because my heart is pure,' sang the Psalmist."
Evening Paper.

And the late Lord TENNYSON, when he said in his haste that all men are liars, was not so very far out.

"Parrots, beautiful Australian greys, lovely talkers, few unfortunately swear, cause roars of laughter; 55/- each; when ordering state if swearer required."

"Wanted, talking parrot, grey African preferred; moderate price; good home in rectory."
Consecutive Advts. in Weekly Paper.

With some difficulty we are resisting the temptation to put Advertiser No. 2 in communication with Advertiser No. 1.



She. "YOU MIGHT GET THE AFTERNOON OFF AND COME WITH US. ASK LEAVE TO ATTEND YOUR GRANDFATHER'S FUNERAL."
He. "NOT ME. I'M NOT THAT SORT OF ROTTER. BESIDES, I'M IN MY GRANDFATHER'S OFFICE."

DYNASTIC COUPLETS.

(After a well-known model.)

WHILE ink is black and blood is red
SMITH shall be Smith of Birkenhead.

Till women invade the Athenæum
STOLL shall be Stoll of the Coliseum.

Till coal is found in the Bight of Benin
COOK shall be the Cook of LENIN.

Until we forget the Queen of SHEBA
CAINE shall be Caine of the Castle of Greeba.

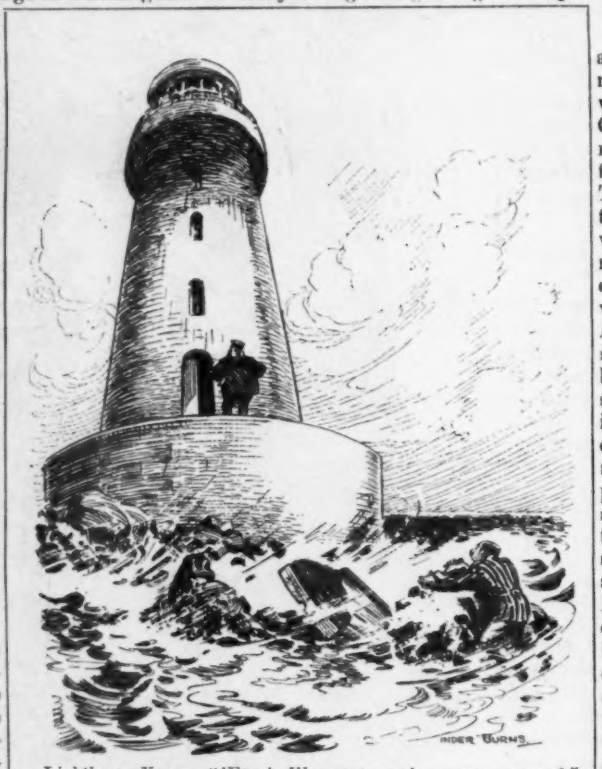
As long as there is a Bill of Selsey
AUGUSTUS JOHN shall be John of Chelsea.

While gold is yellow and copper brown
JONES shall be Jack of Silvertown.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A WHITE woman has at last entered Lhasa and stayed two months in the forbidden capital of Thibet; forbidden nowadays, she would have us understand, not by the Dalai Lama, its spiritual and temporal head, but by a European Power jealous of its sphere of influence. Madame ALEXANDRA DAVID-NEEL, Parisian born, lecturer in Comparative Religion at a Belgian University, friend of Asiatic scholars and mystics, adopted mother of an authentic Buddhist lama, makes no secret of her personal lack of acceptability to the British Raj. But for all that she writes *My Journey to Lhasa* (HEINEMANN) in English—and very good English—and can well afford to indulge in a little genial mockery of officials who trebled her hardships and quadrupled her interests. Research, whose records are to be published later, was her main object; her penetration of Lhasa but a natural feminine reaction to the interdict. But the mere fact that she had to tramp her way as a begging pilgrim enabled her to prosecute the research and explore the city with a thoroughness unknown to bearers of credentials. Her face stained with cocoa and charcoal, her hair eked out with plaits of yak's wool, fed (when she was fed) on barley-meal and buttered tea, with the stewed entrails of the national animal as a relish on ceremonial occasions, the mendicant pursued her course under the ægis of her *protégé*, the lama. This venerated youth, who had constantly to be put up to the ruses of the journey by his outwardly inconsiderable parent, is handled with maternal understanding of his importance and comicality. To me the prettiest thing in the book—not even excepting its delightful photographs—is the smiling reverence, as for a thing often droll yet always momentous, which it accords to religious phenomena.



Lighthouse Keeper. "'ERE! WOT YOU DOIN' ON THEM ROCKS?"
Boat-wrecked Tripper. "WHY? WHOSE ARE THEY?"

I rather doubt whether "effete aristocrats" is still the Communist's phrase for his separated brethren; and I doubt still more whether its repetition from the hustings would arouse the cold fury of a noble lady in the audience. However, this is the kind of thing that happens in *Power* (BUTTERWORTH); and if you cannot complacently envisage the psychology of the Surrey side embodied in a novel of contemporary political adventure, *Power* is not your book. Personally I feel that I should have got on very comfortably with *Alexander Raffalovitch*, the young Russian Jew, whose career is its main preoccupation, if he had not started life as a human being. This he undoubtedly did, only to lapse little by little into the puppetry he might with more effect have assumed at the outset. As a youth watching a raucous windbag sway a mob with phrases, *Raffalovitch* realizes the power of words and covets it for his own. Traditional Hebrew shamefastness in the presence of elders makes him bungle an explanation, and his grandfather believes he has in his son's child an apostle of political liberty. Launched by the Communists, *Raffal*, as he calls himself, secedes to Socialism, and as a Member of Parliament and popular dramatist loses his heart to the outraged auditor of his first inflammatory campaign. A stronger obstacle than *Lady Emma's* jingo creed obstructs the course of true love. Like another *Emma*, to whom she is frequently compared, this only daughter of an Earl has found her vocation as the consoler of a married man. The amatory fortunes of the trio, complicated by *Raffal's* regrets for his lack of principle (political, not sexual), are brought within sight of a pleasant curtain.

Country Life chooses this appropriately Olympian moment to publish *Bridle Wise*, wisdom which the author, Colonel S. G. GOLDSCHMIDT, rightly says is "a key to better hunters and better ponies." This good plain book, illustrated by Mr. LIONEL EDWARDS, who needs no bush, may well become a text work on Houyhnhnms. It contrasts violently with, let us say, *The Horse as Comrade and Friend* school, for however the latter book may delight us (and I'm sentimentalist enough to love it) it is surely outside practical politics. Colonel GOLDSCHMIDT is practical; he is a player of polo, a horseman and a horsemaster, and he is on the side of the Scriptures, and says in effect, "Keep the horse a slave, 'lest he fall upon thee.'" I find of special interest his chapters on handling a young horse and on "Fighting it out," *i.e.*, what to expect from a vicious or rebellious horse, when to expect it and how to show him who's who; and the author's authoritative hints on buying should prove most useful. On the whole Colonel GOLDSCHMIDT has but a poor idea of a horse's intellect, thereby differing from WHYTE MELVILLE, who lays it down that the rider is usually "the bigger fool of the two." The book states that there is only one job that a horse is called on to do that he enjoys doing and that is fox-hunting. We are told that the reason for this preference is atavistic and that horses rejoice in discomforting the carnivorous fox; but then hounds are carnivorous too, and *Mr. Jorrocks* has said (and I believe him) that "the 'orse loves the 'ound." And are ponies as bored by polo as Colonel GOLDSCHMIDT says? Shade of *The Maltese Cat!*

The author of *Monsieur Beaucaire* and other diverting trifles has drawn aside from the rush and fury of producing best-sellers to give us counsel, in *Looking Forward* (HEINEMANN), on the conduct of life, on the duty and method of being happy, on quitting "hooch," on growing old gracefully. This is a book of uplift, and the natural man is apt

to recoil from that kind of thing. It is neither profound nor stupid; nor original nor conspicuously lucid. But it is distinctly cheery and well-meant. Mr. BOOTH TARKINGTON has dramatised his amiable little essayettes with sundry characters—doctor, sick business-man, modern youth, cronies in a drug store—who debate the matters at issue. A book that anyway can do no harm—which is something.

The Recollections of Roderic Fyfe
(From LONGMANS) start with his early life,
And stop when he 's twenty-seven or so,
Though why I do not exactly know,
Unless he 's begun to share my doubt
As to the interest petering out;
But at least it 's not, I can safely say,
Because he 's arrived at the present day;
For all the matters that he recalls,
The folk he meets, his rises and falls,
Suggest the romance for which one looks
In Early-Victorian story-books.

There 's a sweet young aunt who is all the rage
In Shakespearean parts on the London stage;
There 's a dour old uncle from overseas
Aghast at such goings-on as these,
Who shoots her dead in her favourite *rôle*
With the definite object of saving a soul,
Though I couldn't unblushingly take my oath
As to whether it 's his or hers or both.
There 's Satan's Derby, at which—but stay,
I mustn't go giving the show away,
For in Mr. OXENHAM'S placid scene
The excitements are few and far between;
And when they arrive they scarcely seem
To have much to do with the dominant theme—
That evil-doers meet evil ends
And the good all marry their lifelong friends.



"THAT 'S THE PERISHER THAT LET ME DOWN LAST WEEK. ELECTRIC TORTOISE *HE* OUGHT TO BE CHASING!"

Mr. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL is not a professional laughter-maker and his name seldom figures in a list of "living English humourists." Nevertheless there is no one who can better exploit the possibilities of a humorous idea, and in *That Island* (COLLINS) he has exercised this talent of his to the full. *Jacob Dinwiddy*, a retired grocer, is shipwrecked on his way to Australia and is cast up, with his wife, his family and his domestic staff, on an island in the South Seas. Having knighted himself to impress the natives, he proceeds, with a magnificent and most diverting lack of proportion, to administer the island exactly as though it were some vast and thickly-populated empire. Every institution at home must have its counterpart here, from parliamentary government to a home for lost dogs. It was just there that I took my hat off to Mr. MARSHALL; I had myself anticipated a good many of *Sir Jacob's* enterprises, but a home for lost dogs, in an island where there were no dogs, was beyond my vision. There are other characters in the book, all of them sharply individualised and genuinely alive. If never explosively funny, *That Island* is yet the most consistently amusing book I have read for some time. I can think of nothing better for a long and lazy summer afternoon.

The Jewel of Malabar (MURRAY) is concerned with the Moplah rising of 1921, which has been described as "the most serious rebellion in India since the Mutiny." With his account of the fierce and fanatical fighting that characterised this revolt Mr. DONALD SINDERBY has blended a tender love-story. *Sir John Bennville* was a fearless soldier and what is known as a very good sort, but he had queer ideas which made him something of a conundrum to his fellow-officers. They could not believe in his seriousness when he declared his determination to marry a native girl. Mr. SINDERBY contrives to make us appreciate the disastrous results that would follow such a marriage and at the same time, by the appealing picture he draws of *Kamayla*, to engage our sympathies on her side. She is a noble and a tragic figure, and her story will linger in the memory.



THE SOCIALIST RECORD.

I FOUND him in that peculiar mood of reverie which overtakes him twice per annum when he reviews the events and movements of the past half-year. I reminded him that when he was last in that mood we had just reached the rather inglorious conclusion of the Coal Stoppage.

"I remember well," said Mr. Punch; "and I recall how little credit any of our political parties got out of that futile performance."

"It becomes you, being what you are," I said, "to distribute impartially your largesse of blame. But even you must admit that, while the Socialists have miserably failed to recover any of the prestige which they lost by the fiasco of the General Strike and the Coal Stoppage which it encouraged, the Government's stock stands vastly higher to-day than it did six months ago. This no doubt is due in part to the soundness of its recent policy, abroad and at home, but it is also due to the gratuitous stupidity of the Socialist Opposition, by which the faults of that policy have been obscured and its merits thrown into sharp relief.

"What a record! It began with that treasonable correspondence with Mr. EUGENE CHEN, for which, if we had been at war with China, as they made out that we were trying to be, they would have been put up against a wall and shot. And you will remember how they hated our sending troops to Shanghai to protect the lives of a British community which didn't count because it contained no working-men (using the term in the curiously restricted sense which they always give it). Then again, when the stronghold of Arcos, which promised to rival the new Reptile House at the Zoo, was raided and the plotting of the Soviet Trade Delegates against our national life exposed, the cause of these outraged innocents appealed at once to the chivalrous instincts of the Socialist Party. For any foreign nation that happens, like China, to be an embarrassment to England they have a great regard, but Soviet Russia, whose dearest object is the destruction of our Empire, they simply adore."

"In the case of China," said the Sage, "one can understand (if one can understand anything that happens in China) that there is something to be said for those who sympathise, as indeed our Foreign Office has sympathised, with the alleged ideals of the Nationalists. 'China for the Chinese' sounds like a reasonable slogan, and I wish we could hear more of a similar slogan, 'Britain for the British,' as an alternative to 'Britain for the Socialists.' But the case of Russia is different, and no one will ever begin to make me understand the sympathetic tone of some of our Socialist leaders towards the Soviet Government. What I find least forgivable in their record is their apparent indifference to the appalling ignorance of their supporters in regard to the moral degradation of the

working-classes, and the nameless horrors of child-life, under that infamous *régime*. I notice that quite recently they have recognised that the wholesale murders committed by their friends were open to adverse comment and have expressed a qualified disapproval of them. Yet where Socialists gather together you may still hear their orators shouting, 'Hands off Russia!' (as if anybody wanted to touch her)—'Hands off Russia, the Paradise of the Proletariate!'"

"No doubt," I said, "they find it safer to play on the popular ignorance of the conditions of life in Russia than to attempt the task of stimulating resentment against the Trade Disputes Bill. For where they did not come up against an unshakeable torpor, they would find in the sensible British working-man a tacit approval of a Bill that offers him relief from the haunting fear of strikes in which he has no interest, from a levy raised for political ends that may not be his own, and from the intimidation, physical and moral, which has made existence intolerable for himself and his wife and his children."

"I still hold to my view," said Mr. Punch, "that this Bill is the working-man's charter—his charter of freedom from the tyranny of a system which, though it has done him incalculable service in the past, is now carried on less in his interest than in that of its officials, and for political rather than industrial aims. And I think that the Socialist Party made the mistake of their lives in howling at the Bill before they had so much as set eyes on it, instead of waiting to criticise its defects—patent enough, as it proved; and in continuing, after they had learned its contents, to indulge in noisy vituperation (varied by that ridiculous exit *en masse*) when they might, if they had had the best interests of Labour at heart, have contributed their special experience to the common stock of wisdom and so shared the Government's credit for the reform of a good organisation gone wrong."

"And then," I said, "for a final exhibition of statesmanship with which to round off the half-year's work, responsible men like Messrs. CLYNES and THOMAS, who are not supposed to see red, refused to lift a finger in support of a scheme for setting up some machinery of conciliation, unless the Trade Disputes Bill were first scrapped. What a record!"

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"There's the Oval," I said. "You would meet lots of the more leisured labouring-class there. A few home-truths between the innings, or even between the overs, might be well received. Or what about a Pleasant Sunday Afternoon in Trafalgar Square? You'd get the real red stuff there, hawking its Soviet literature."

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THE SOCIALIST RECORD.

I FOUND him in that peculiar mood of reverie which overtakes him twice per annum when he reviews the events and movements of the past half-year. I reminded him that when he was last in that mood we had just reached the rather inglorious conclusion of the Coal Stoppage.

"I remember well," said Mr. Punch; "and I recall how little credit any of our political parties got out of that futile performance."

"It becomes you, being what you are," I said, "to distribute impartially your largesse of blame. But even you must admit that, while the Socialists have miserably failed to recover any of the prestige which they lost by the fiasco of the General Strike and the Coal Stoppage which it encouraged, the Government's stock stands vastly higher to-day than it did six months ago. This no doubt is due in part to the soundness of its recent policy, abroad and at home, but it is also due to the gratuitous stupidity of the Socialist Opposition, by which the faults of that policy have been obscured and its merits thrown into sharp relief.

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